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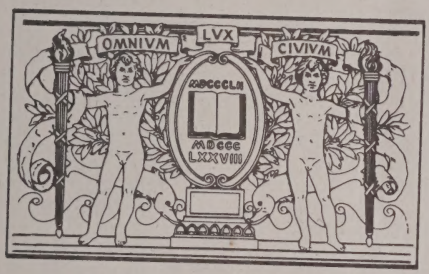

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THE

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1921

THE SECRET DOOR

BY SIR PAUL DUKES

LATE at night I stood outside the Tauride Palace in Petrograd, which had become the centre of the revolution. No one was admitted through the great gates without a pass. I sought a place about midway between the gates, and, when no one was looking, scrambled up, dropped over the railings, and ran through the bushes straight to the main porch. Here I soon met folk I knew — comrades of student days, revolutionists. What a spectacle within the palace, lately so still and dignified! Tired soldiers lay sleeping in heaps in every hall and corridor. The vaulted lobby, whence the Duma members had flitted silently, was packed almost to the roof with all manner of truck, baggage, arms, and ammunition. All night long, and the next, I labored with the revolutionists to turn the Tauride Palace into a revolutionary arsenal.

Thus began the revolution. And after? Everyone knows now how the hopes of freedom were blighted. Truly had Russia's foe, Germany, who dispatched the 'proletarian' dictator Lenin and his satellites to Russia, discovered the Achilles' heel of the Russian revolution. Everyone now knows how the flowers of the revolution withered under the blast of the class war, and how Russia was replunged into starvation and serfdom. I will not dwell on these things. My story relates to the time when they were already cruel realities.

I

My reminiscences of the first year of Bolshevist administration are jumbled into a kaleidoscopic panorama of impressions gained while journeying from city to city, sometimes crouched in the corner of crowded box-cars, sometimes traveling in comfort, sometimes 'riding' on the steps, and sometimes on the roofs or buffers. I was nominally in the service of the British Foreign Office, but the Anglo-Russian Commission (of which I was a member) having quit Russia, I attached myself to the American Y.M.C.A., doing relief work. A year after the revolution I found myself in the Eastern city of Samara, training a detachment of Boy Scouts. As the snows of winter melted, and the spring sunshine shed joy and cheerfulness around, I held my parades, and together with my American colleagues organized outings and sports.

Then one day, when in Moscow, I was handed an unexpected telegram — 'urgent' — from the British Foreign Office. 'You are wanted at once in London,' it ran. I set out for Archangel without delay. Thence by steamer and destroyer and tug to the Norwegian

frontier; and so, round the North Cape to Bergen, with, finally, a zig-zag course across the North Sea, dodging submarines, to Scotland.

At Aberdeen the Control Officer had received orders to pass me through by the first train to London. At King's Cross a car was waiting; and knowing neither my destination nor the cause of my recall, I was driven to a building in a side street in the vicinity of Trafalgar Square. 'This way,' said the chauffeur, leaving the car. The chauffeur had a face like a mask. We entered the building, and the elevator whisked us to the top floor, above which additional superstructures had been built for war emergency offices.

I had always associated rabbit-warrens with subterranean abodes; but here in this building I discovered a maze of rabbit-burrow-like passages, corridors, nooks, and alcoves, piled higgledy-piggledy on the roof. Leaving the elevator, my guide led me up one flight of steps so narrow that a corpulent man would have stuck tight, then down a similar flight on the other side, under wooden archways so low that we had to stoop, round unexpected corners, and again up a flight of steps which brought us out on the roof. Crossing a short iron bridge, we entered another maze, until, just as I was beginning to feel dizzy, I was shown into a tiny room about ten feet square, where sat an officer in the uniform of a British colonel. The impassive chauffeur announced me and withdrew.

'Good-afternoon, Mr. Dukes,' said the colonel, rising and greeting me with a warm hand-shake. 'I am glad to see you. You doubtless wonder that no explanation has been given you as to why you should return to England. Well, I have to inform you, confidentially, that it has been proposed to offer you a somewhat responsible post in the Secret Intelligence Service.'

I gasped. 'But,' I stammered, 'I have never — May I ask what it implies?'

'Certainly,' he replied. 'We have reason to believe that Russia will not long continue to be open to foreigners. We wish someone to remain there, to keep us informed of the march of events.'

'But,' I put in, 'my present work? It is important, and if I drop it — '

'We foresaw that objection,' replied the colonel, 'and I must tell you that under war regulations we have the right to requisition your services if need be. You have been attached to the Foreign Office. This office also works in conjunction with the Foreign Office, which has been consulted on this question. Of course,' he added, bitingly, 'if the risk or danger alarms you — '

I forget what I said, but he did not continue.

'Very well,' he proceeded, 'consider the matter and return at four-thirty tomorrow. If you have no valid reasons for not accepting this post, we will consider you as in our service and I will tell you further details.'

He rang a bell. A young lady appeared and escorted me out, threading her way with what seemed to me marvelous dexterity through the maze of passages.

Burning with curiosity, and fascinated already by the mystery of this elevated labyrinth, I ventured a query to my young female guide. 'What sort of establishment is this?' I said.

I detected a twinkle in her eye. She shrugged her shoulders and, without replying, pressed the button for the elevator. 'Good-afternoon,' was all she said as I passed in.

Next day I found the colonel in a fair-sized apartment, with easy chairs, and walls hidden by bookcases. He seemed to take it for granted that I had nothing to say.

'I will tell you briefly what we desire,' he said. 'Then you may make any

comments you wish, and I will take you up to interview — a — the Chief. Briefly, we want you to return to Soviet Russia and to send reports on the situation there. We wish to be accurately informed as to the attitude of every section of the community, the degree of support enjoyed by the Bolshevist government, the development and modification of its policy, what possibility there may be for an alteration of régime or for a counter-revolution, and what part Germany is playing. As to the means whereby you gain access to the country, under what cover you will live there, and how you will send out reports, we shall leave it to you, being best informed as to conditions, to make suggestions.'

He expounded his views on Russia, asking for my corroboration or correction, and also mentioned the names of a few English people I might come into contact with there. 'I will see if — a — the Chief is ready,' he said, finally, rising. 'I will be back in a moment.'

The apartment appeared to be an office, but there were no papers on the desk. I rose and stared at the books on the bookshelves. My attention was arrested by an edition of Thackeray's works in a decorative binding of what looked like green morocco. I used at one time to dabble in bookbinding, and am always interested in an artistically bound book. I took down *Henry Esmond* from the shelf. To my bewilderment the cover did not open, until, passing my finger accidentally along what I thought was the edge of the pages, the front cover suddenly flew open of itself, disclosing a box. In my astonishment I almost dropped the volume, and a sheet of paper slipped out and fell to the floor. I picked it up hastily and glanced at it. It was headed *Kriegsministerium, Berlin*, had the German Imperial arms imprinted on it, and was covered with minute handwriting in German. I had barely slipped it back into the box and replaced the volume on the shelf, when the colonel returned.

'A — the — a — Chief is not in,' he said, 'but you may see him to-morrow. You are interested in books?' he added, seeing me looking at the shelves. 'I collect them. That is an interesting old volume on Cardinal Richelieu, if you care to look at it. I picked it up in Charing Cross Road for a shilling.'

The volume mentioned was immediately above *Henry Esmond*. I took it down warily, expecting something uncommon to occur; but it was only a musty old volume in French, with torn leaves and soiled pages. I pretended to be interested.

'There is not much else there worth looking at, I think,' said the colonel casually. 'Well, good-bye. Come in to-morrow.'

I returned again next day, after thinking overnight how I should get back to Russia — and deciding on nothing. My mind seemed to be a complete blank on the subject in hand, and I was entirely absorbed in the mysteries of the roof-labyrinth.

Again I was shown into the colonel's sitting-room. My eyes fell instinctively on the bookshelf. The colonel was in a genial mood. 'I see you like my collection,' he said. 'That, by the way, is a fine edition of Thackeray.' I felt my heart leap. 'It is the most luxurious binding I have ever yet found. Would you not like to look at it?'

I looked at the colonel very hard, but his face was a mask. My immediate conclusion was that he wished to initiate me into the secrets of the Department. I rose quickly and took down *Henry Esmond*, which was in exactly the same place as it had been the day before. To my utter confusion it opened quite naturally, and I found in my hands nothing more than an *edition de luxe*, printed on India paper and pro-

fusely illustrated! I stared, bewildered, at the shelf. There was no other *Henry Esmond*. Immediately over the vacant space stood the life of Cardinal Richelieu as it had stood yesterday. I replaced the volume, and, trying not to look disconcerted, turned to the colonel. His expression was quite impassive, even bored.

'It is a beautiful edition,' he repeated as if wearily. 'Now, if you are ready, we will go and see — a — the Chief.'

Feeling very foolish, I stuttered assent and followed. As we proceeded through the maze of stairways and unexpected passages, which seemed to me like a miniature House of Usher, I caught glimpses of tree-tops, of the Embankment Gardens, the Thames, the Tower Bridge, and Westminster. From the suddenness with which the angle of view changed, I concluded that in reality we were simply gyrating in one very limited space; and when suddenly we entered a spacious study, — the sanctum of '— a — the Chief,' — I had an irresistible feeling that we had moved only a few yards, and that this study was immediately above the colonel's office.

It was a low, dark chamber at the extreme top of the building. The colonel knocked, entered, and stood at attention. Nervous and confused, I followed, painfully conscious that at that moment I could not have expressed a sane opinion on any subject under the sun. From the threshold the room seemed bathed in semi-obscurity. The writing-desk was so placed, with the window behind it, that on entering everything appeared only in silhouette. It was some seconds before I could clearly distinguish things. A row of half a dozen extending telephones stood at the left of a big desk littered with papers. On a side table were numerous maps and designs, with models of aeroplanes, submarines, and mechanical devices, while a row of bottles of various colors and a distilling outfit with a rack of test-tubes bore witness to chemical experiments and operations. These evidences of scientific investigation served only to intensify an already overpowering atmosphere of strangeness and mystery.

But it was not these things that engaged my attention as I stood nervously waiting. It was not the bottles or the machinery that attracted my gaze. My eyes fixed themselves on the figure at the writing-table. In the capacious swing desk-chair, his shoulders hunched, with his head supported on one hand, busily writing, there sat in his shirt-sleeves —

Alas, no! Pardon me, reader, I was forgetting! There are still things I may not divulge. There are things that must still remain shrouded in secrecy. And one of them is — who was the figure in the swing desk-chair in the darkened room at the top of the roof-labyrinth near Trafalgar Square on this August day in 1918. I may not describe him, or mention even one of his twenty-odd names. Suffice it to say that, awe-inspired as I was at this first encounter, I soon learned to regard 'the Chief' with feelings of the deepest personal regard and admiration. He was a British officer and an English gentleman of the finest stamp, absolutely fearless and gifted with unlimited resources of subtle ingenuity, and I count it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been brought within the circle of his acquaintanceship.

In silhouette I saw myself motioned to a chair. The Chief wrote for a moment, then suddenly turned, with the unexpected remark, 'So I understand you want to go back to Soviet Russia, do you?' — as if it had been my own suggestion.

The conversation was brief and precise. The words Archangel, Stockholm, Riga, Helsingfors, recurred frequently,

and the names were mentioned of English people in those places and in Petrograd. It was finally decided that I alone should determine how and by what route I should regain access to Russia and how I should dispatch reports.

'Don't go and get killed,' said the Chief in conclusion, smiling. 'You will put him through the ciphers,' he added to the colonel, 'and take him to the laboratory to learn the inks and all that.'

We left the Chief and arrived by a single flight of steps at the door of the colonel's room. The colonel laughed. 'You will find your way about in course of time,' he said; 'let us go to the laboratory at once.'

And here I draw a veil over the roof-labyrinth. Three weeks later I set out for Russia, into the unknown.

II

I resolved to make my first attempt at entry from the north, and traveled up to Archangel on a troopship of American soldiers, most of whom hailed from Detroit. But I found the difficulties at Archangel to be much greater than I had anticipated. It was 600 miles to Petrograd, and most of this distance would have to be done on foot through unknown moorland and forest. The roads were closely watched, and before my plans were ready, autumn storms broke and made the moors and marshes impassable. But at Archangel, realizing that to return to Russia as an Englishman was impossible, I let my beard grow and assumed an appearance entirely Russian.

Failing in Archangel, I traveled down to Helsingfors, to try my luck from the direction of Finland. Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, is a busy little city bristling with life and intrigue. At the time of which I am writing it was a sort of dumping-ground for every variety of conceivable and inconceivable rumor, slander, and scandal, repudiated elsewhere, but swallowed by the gullible scandal-mongers — especially German and *ancien-régime* Russian — who found in this city a haven of rest. Helsingfors was one of the unhealthiest spots in Europe. Whenever mischance brought me there, I lay low, avoided society, and made it a rule to tell everybody the direct contrary of my real intentions, even in trivial matters.

In Helsingfors I was introduced, at the British consulate, to an agent of the American Secret Service who had recently escaped from Russia. This gentleman gave me a letter to a Russian officer in Viborg, by name Melnikoff. The little town of Viborg, being the nearest place of importance to the Russian frontier, was a hornet's nest of Russian refugees, counter-revolutionary conspirators, German agents, and Bolshevist spies — worse, if anything, than Helsingfors.

Disguised now as a middle-class commercial traveler, I journeyed on to Viborg, took a room at the same hotel at which I had been told that Melnikoff stayed, looked him up, and presented my note of introduction. I found Melnikoff to be a Russian naval officer of the finest stamp, and intuitively conceived an immediate liking for him. His real name, I discovered, was not Melnikoff, but in those parts many people had a variety of names to suit different occasions. My meeting with him was providential, for it appeared that he had worked with Captain Crombie, late British Naval Attaché at Petrograd. In September, 1918, Captain Crombie was murdered by the Bolsheviki at the British Embassy, and it was the threads of his shattered organization that I hoped to pick up upon arrival in Petrograd.

Melnikoff was slim, dark, short, and muscular, with stubbly hair and blue eyes. He was deeply religious, and was

imbued with an intense hatred of the Bolsheviki — not without reason, since both his father and his mother had been brutally shot by them, and he himself had escaped only by a miracle. 'The searchers came at night,' so he told the story to me. 'I had some papers referring to the insurrection at Yaroslavl, which my mother kept for me. The searchers demanded access to my mother's room. My father barred the way, saying she was dressing. A sailor tried to push past, and my father angrily struck him aside. Suddenly a shot rang out, and my father fell dead on the threshold of my mother's bedroom. I was in the kitchen when the Reds came, and through the kitchen door I fired and killed two of them. A volley of shots was directed at me. I was wounded in the hand, and only just escaped by the back stairway. Two weeks later my mother was executed on account of the discovery of my papers.'

Melnikoff had but one sole object left in life — to avenge his parents' blood. This was all he lived for. So far as Russia was concerned, he was frankly a monarchist; so I avoided talking politics with him. But we were friends from the moment we met, and I had the peculiar feeling that somewhere, long, long ago, we had met before, although I knew this was not so.

Melnikoff was overjoyed to learn of my desire to return to Soviet Russia. He undertook not only to make the arrangements with the Finnish frontier patrols for me to be put across the frontier at night, secretly, but also to precede me to Petrograd and make arrangements there for me to find shelter. Melnikoff gave me two addresses in Petrograd where I might find him — one of a hospital where he had formerly lived, and the other of a small café that still existed in a private flat unknown to the Bolshevist authorities.

Perhaps it was a pardonable sin in Melnikoff that he was a toper. We spent three days together in Viborg making plans for Petrograd, while Melnikoff drank up all my whiskey except a small medicine-bottle full, which I hid away. When he had satisfied himself that my stock was really exhausted, he announced himself ready to start. It was a Friday, and we arranged that I should follow two days later, on Sunday night, the twenty-fourth of November. Melnikoff wrote out a password on a slip of paper. 'Give that to the Finnish patrols,' he said, 'at the third house, the wooden one with the white porch, on the left of the frontier bridge.'

At six o'clock he went into his room, returning in a few minutes so transformed that I hardly recognized him. He wore a sort of seaman's cap that came right down over his eyes. He had dirtied his face, and this, added to the three-days-old hirsute stubble on his chin, gave him a truly demoniacal appearance. He wore a shabby coat and trousers of a dark color, and a muffler was tied closely round his neck. He looked a perfect *apache* as he stowed away a big Colt revolver inside his trousers.

'Good-bye,' he said simply, extending his hand; then stopped and added, 'let us observe the good old Russian custom and sit down for a minute together.'

According to a beautiful custom that used to be observed in Russia in the olden days, friends sit down at the moment of parting, and maintain complete silence for a few instants, while each wishes the others a safe journey and prosperity. Melnikoff and I sat down opposite each other. With what fervor I wished him success on the dangerous journey he was undertaking for me!

We rose. 'Good-bye,' said Melnikoff again. He turned, crossed himself, and passed out of the room. On the thresh-

old he looked back. 'Sunday evening,' he added, 'without fail.'

I saw Melnikoff only once more after that, for a brief moment in Petrograd, under dramatic circumstances. But that comes later in my story.

III

I rose early next day, but there was not much for me to do. As it was Saturday, the Jewish booths in the usually busy little market-place were shut, and only the Finnish ones were open. Most articles of the costume I had decided on were already procured; but I made one or two slight additions on this day, and on Sunday morning, when the Jewish booths opened. My outfit consisted of a Russian shirt, black-leather breeches, black knee-boots, a shabby tunic, and an old leather cap with a fur brim and a little tassel on top, of the style worn by the Finns in the district north of Petrograd. With my shaggy black beard, which by now was quite profuse, and long unkempt hair dangling over my ears, I was a sight, indeed, and in England or America should doubtless have been regarded as a thoroughly undesirable alien.

On Sunday an officer friend of Melnikoff's came to make sure that I was ready. I knew him by the Christian name and patronymic of Ivan Sergeievitch. He was a pleasant fellow, kind and considerate. Like many other refugees from Russia, he had no financial resources, and was trying to make a living for himself, his wife, and his children by smuggling Finnish money and butter into Petrograd, where both were sold at a high premium. Thus he was on good terms with the Finnish patrols, who also practised this trade and whose friendship he cultivated.

'Have you any passport yet, Pavel Pavlovitch?' Ivan Sergeievitch asked me.

'No,' I replied; 'Melnikoff said the patrols would furnish me with one.'

'Yes, that is best,' he said; 'they have the Bolshevist stamps. But we also collect the passports of all refugees from Petrograd, for they often come in handy. And if anything happens, remember you are a "speculator." '

All are stigmatized by the Bolsheviki as speculators who indulge in the private sale or purchase of foodstuffs or clothing. They suffer severely, but it is better to be a speculator than a spy.

When darkness fell, Ivan Sergeievitch accompanied me to the station and part of the way in the train, though we sat separately, so that it should not be seen that I was traveling with one who was known to be a Russian officer.

'And remember, Pavel Pavlovitch,' said Ivan Sergeievitch, 'to go to my flat whenever you are in need. There is an old housekeeper there, who will admit you if you say I sent you. But do not let the house porter see you, — he is a Bolshevik, — and be careful the house committee do not know, for they will ask who is visiting the house.'

I was grateful for this offer, which turned out to be very valuable.

We boarded the train at Viborg and sat at opposite ends of the compartment, pretending not to know each other. When Ivan Sergeievitch got out at his destination, he cast one glance at me, but we made no sign of recognition. I sat huddled up gloomily in my corner, obsessed with the inevitable feeling that everybody was watching me. The very walls and seats seemed possessed of eyes. That man over there, did he not look at me — twice? And that woman, spying constantly (I thought) out of the corner of her eye! They would let me get as far as the frontier; then they would send word over to the Reds that I was coming. I shivered, and was ready to curse myself for my fool adventure. But there was no turning

back! '*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*,' wrote Virgil. (I used to write that on my Latin books at school — I hated Latin.) 'Perhaps some day it will amuse you to remember these things.' Cold comfort, though, in a scrape, and with your neck in a noose. Yet these escapades *are* amusing — afterward.

At last the train stopped at Rajajoki, the last station on the Finnish side of the frontier. It was a pitch-dark night, with no moon. It was still half a mile to the frontier. I made my way along the rails in the direction of Russia, and down to the wooden bridge over the little frontier river Sestro. Great hostility still existed between Finland and Soviet Russia. Skirmishes frequently occurred, and the frontier was guarded jealously by both sides. I looked curiously across at the gloomy buildings and the dull twinkling lights on the other bank. That was my Promised Land over there, but it was flowing, not with milk and honey, but with blood. The Finnish sentry stood at his post at the bar of the frontier bridge; and twenty paces away, on the other side, was the Red sentry. I left the bridge on my right, and turned to look for the house of the Finnish patrols to whom I had been directed.

Finding the little wooden villa with the white porch, I knocked timidly. The door opened, and I handed in the slip of paper on which Melnikoff had written the password. The Finn who opened the door examined the paper by the light of a greasy oil lamp, then held the lamp to my face, peered closely at me, and finally signaled to me to enter.

'Come in,' he said. 'We were expecting you. How are you feeling?'

I did not tell him how I was really feeling, but replied cheerily that I was feeling splendid.

'That's right,' he said. 'You are lucky in having a dark night for it. A week ago one of our fellows was shot as we put him over the river. His body fell into the water and we have not yet fished it out.'

This, I suppose, was the Finnish way of cheering me up.

'Has anyone been over since?' I queried, affecting a tone of indifference.

'Only Melnikoff.'

'Safely?'

The Finn shrugged his shoulders.

'We put him across all right — *a dalshe ne znayu* [what happened to him after that, I don't know].'

The Finn was a lean, cadaverous-looking fellow. He led me into a tiny eating-room, where three more Finns sat round a smoky oil lamp. The window was closely curtained and the room was intolerably stuffy. The table was covered with a filthy cloth, on which a few broken lumps of black bread, some fish, and a samovar were placed. All four men were shabbily dressed and very rough in appearance. They spoke Russian well, but conversed in Finnish among themselves. One of them said something to the cadaverous man and appeared to be remonstrating with him for telling me of the accident that had happened to their colleague a week before. The cadaverous Finn answered him with some heat.

'Melnikoff is a chuckle-headed scatterbrain,' persisted the cadaverous man, who appeared to be the leader of the party. 'We told him not to be such a fool as to go into Petrograd again. The Redskins are searching for him everywhere in Petrograd, and every detail of his appearance is known. But he *would* go. I suppose he loves to have his neck in a noose. With you, I suppose, it is different. Melnikoff says you are somebody important — but that's none of our business. But the Redskins don't like the English. If I were you, I would n't go for anything. But it's your affair, of course.'

We sat down to the loaves and fishes.

The samovar was boiling, and while we swilled copious supplies of weak tea out of dirty glasses, the Finns retailed the latest news from Petrograd. The cost of bread, they said, had risen to about eight hundred or a thousand times its former price. People hacked dead horses to pieces in the streets. All the warm clothing had been taken and given to the Red Army. The *Tchrezvichaika* (the Extraordinary Commission) was arresting and shooting workmen as well as the educated people. Zinovieff threatened to exterminate all the bourgeoisie if any further attempt were made to molest the Soviet government. When the Jewish Commissar Uritzky was murdered, Zinoviev shot over five hundred of the bourgeoisie at a stroke, — nobles, professors, officers, journalists, teachers, men and women, — and a list was published of another five hundred who would be shot at the next attempt on a commissar's life.

I listened patiently, regarding the bulk of these stories as the product of Finnish imagination. 'You will be held up frequently to be examined,' the cadaverous man warned me; 'and do not carry parcels — they will be taken from you in the street.'

After supper, we sat down to discuss the plans of crossing. The cadaverous Finn took a pencil and paper and drew a rough sketch of the frontier.

'We will put you over in a boat at the same place as Melnikoff,' he said. 'Here is the river, with woods on either bank. Here, about a mile up, is an open meadow on the Russian side. It is now eleven o'clock. About three we will go out quietly and follow the road that skirts the river on this side, till we get opposite the meadow. That is where you will cross.'

'Why at the open spot?' I queried, surprised. 'Shall I not be seen there most easily of all? Why not put me across into the woods?'

'Because the woods are patrolled, and the outposts change their place every night. We cannot follow their movements. Several people have tried to cross into the woods. A few succeeded, but most were either caught or had to fight their way back. But this meadow is a most unlikely place for anyone to cross, so the Redskins don't watch it. Besides, being open, we can see if there is anyone on the other side. We will put you across just here,' he said, indicating a narrow place in the stream at the middle of the meadow. 'At these narrows the water runs faster, making a noise, so we are less likely to be heard. When you get over, run up the slope slightly to the left. There is a path that leads up to the road. Be careful of this cottage, though,' he added, making a cross on the paper at the extreme northern end of the meadow. 'The Red patrol lives in that cottage, but at three o'clock they will probably be asleep.'

There remained only the preparation of 'documents of identification,' which should serve as passport in Soviet Russia. Melnikoff had told me I might safely leave this matter to the Finns, who kept themselves well informed of the kind of papers it was best to carry, to allay the suspicions of Red Guards and Bolshevist police officials. We rose and passed into another of the three tiny rooms that the villa contained. It was a sort of office, with paper, ink, pens, and a typewriter on the table.

'What name do you want to have?' asked the cadaverous man.

'Oh, any,' I replied. 'Better, perhaps, let it have a slightly non-Russian smack. My accent — '

The cadaverous man thought for a moment. 'Afirenko, Joseph Ilitch,' he suggested; 'that smacks of Ukrainia.'

I agreed. One of the men sat down to the typewriter and, carefully choosing a certain sort of paper, began to write.

The cadaverous man went to a small cupboard, unlocked it, and took out a boxful of rubber stamps of various sizes and shapes, with black handles.

'Soviet seals,' he said, laughing at my amazement. 'We keep ourselves up to date, you see. Some of them were stolen, some we made ourselves, and this one — ' he pressed it on a sheet of paper, leaving the imprint 'Commissar of the Frontier Station Bielo'ostrof' — 'we bought from over the river for a bottle of vodka.' Bielo'ostrof was the Russian frontier village just across the stream.

I had had ample experience earlier in the year of the magical effect upon the rudimentary intelligence of Bolshevist authorities of official 'documents,' with prominent seals or stamps. Multitudinous stamped papers of any description were a great asset in traveling, but a big colored seal was a talisman that leveled all obstacles. The wording of the document, even the language in which it was written, was of secondary importance. A friend of mine once traveled from Petrograd to Moscow with no other passport than a receipted English tailor's bill. This 'document of identification' had a big printed heading with the name of the tailor, some English postage-stamps attached, and a flourishing signature in red ink. He flaunted the document in the face of the officials, assuring them it was a diplomatic passport issued by the British Embassy!

This, however, was in the early days of Bolshevism. The Bolsheviki gradually removed illiterates from service, and in the course of time restrictions became very severe. But seals were as essential as ever.

When the Finn had finished writing, he pulled the paper out of the typewriter and handed it to me for perusal. In the top left-hand corner it had this heading: —

Extraordinary Commission of the Central Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Red Armymen's Deputies.

Then followed the text: —

CERTIFICATE

This is to certify that Joseph Ilitch Afirenko is in the service of the Extraordinary Commission of the Central Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Red Armymen's Deputies, in the capacity of office clerk, as the accompanying signatures and seal attest.

'In the service of the Extraordinary Commission?' I gasped, taken aback by the amazing audacity of the thing.

'Why not?' said the cadaverous man coolly; 'what could be safer?'

I burst into laughter as I realized the grim humor of pretending to belong to the institution that employed all the paid hirelings of the Tsar's secret police to suppress the last vestiges of the liberty of the revolution!

'Now for the signatures and seal,' said the Finn. 'Tihonov and Friedmann used to sign these papers, though it does n't matter much; it 's only the seal that counts.'

From some Soviet papers on the table he selected one with two signatures from which to copy. Choosing a suitable pen, he scrawled beneath the text of my passport, in an almost illegible slanting hand, 'Tihonov.' This was the signature of a proxy of the Extraordinary Commission. The paper must also be signed by a secretary, or his proxy. 'Sign for your own secretary,' said the Finn, laughing and pushing the paper to me. 'Write upright this time, like this. Here is the original. Friedmann is the name.'

Glancing at the original, I made an irregular scrawl, resembling in some way the signature of the Bolshevist official.

'Have you a photograph?' asked the cadaverous man.

I gave him a photograph I had had taken at Viborg. Cutting it down small,

he stuck it at the side of the paper. Then, taking a round rubber seal, he made two imprints over the photograph. The seal was a red one, with the same inscription inside the periphery that was printed at the head of the paper. The inner space of the seal consisted of the five-pointed Bolshevist star, with a mallet and a plough in the centre.

'That is your certificate of service,' said the Finn; 'we will give you a second one of personal identification.'

Another paper was quickly printed off with the words, 'The holder of this is the Soviet employee Joseph Ilitch Afirenko, aged 36 years.' This paper was unnecessary in itself, but two 'documents' were always better than one.

It was now after midnight, and the leader of the Finnish patrol ordered us to lie down for a short rest. He threw himself on a couch in the eating-room. There were only two beds for the remaining four of us, and I lay down on one of them with one of the Finns. I tried to sleep, but could n't. I thought of all sorts of things — of Russia in the past, of the life of adventure I had elected to lead for the present, of the morrow, of friends still in Petrograd who must not know of my return — if I got there. I was nervous, but the dejection that had overcome me in the train was gone. I saw the essential humor of my situation. The whole adventure was really one big exclamation mark. *Forsan et hæc olim* —

IV

The two hours of repose seemed interminable. I was afraid of three o'clock, and yet I wanted it to come quicker, to get it over. At last a shuffling noise approached from the neighboring room, and the cadaverous Finn prodded each of us with the butt end of his rifle. 'Wake up,' he whispered; 'we'll leave in a quarter of an hour. No noise. The people in the next cottage must n't hear us.'

We were ready in a few minutes. My entire baggage was a small parcel that went into my pocket, containing a pair of socks, one or two handkerchiefs, and some dry biscuit. In my other pocket I had the medicine bottle of whiskey I had hidden from Melnikoff, and some bread.

One of the four Finns remained behind. The other three were to accompany me to the river. It was a raw and frosty November night, and pitch-dark. Nature was still as death. We issued silently from the house, the cadaverous man leading. One of the men followed behind, and all carried their rifles ready for use.

We walked stealthily along the road the Finn had pointed out to me on paper overnight, bending low where no trees sheltered us from the Russian bank. A few yards below, on the right, I heard the trickling of the river. We soon arrived at a ramshackle villa, standing on the river-bank, surrounded by trees and thickets. Here we stood stock-still for a moment, to listen for any unexpected sounds. The silence was absolute. But for the trickling of the river, there was not a rustle.

We descended to the water under cover of the tumble-down villa and the bushes. The stream was about twenty paces wide at this point. Along both banks there was an edging of ice. I looked across at the opposite side. It was open meadow, but the trees loomed darkly a hundred paces away on either hand and in the background. On the left I could just see the cottage of the Red patrol, against which the Finns had warned me.

The cadaverous man took up his station at a slight break in the thickets. A moment later he returned and announced that all was well. 'Remember,' he enjoined me once again, in an under-

tone, 'run slightly to the left, but — keep an eye on that cottage.'

He made a sign to the other two, and from the bushes they dragged out a boat. Working noiselessly, they attached a long rope to the stern and laid a pole in it. Then they slid it down the bank into the water.

'Get into the boat,' whispered the leader, 'and push yourself across with the pole. And good luck!'

I shook hands with my companions, pulled at my little bottle of whiskey, and got into the boat. I started pushing, but with the rope trailing behind, it was no easy task to punt the little bark straight across the running stream. I was sure I should be heard, and had in midstream the sort of feeling I should imagine a man has as he walks his last walk to the gallows. At length I was at the farther side, but it was quite impossible to hold the boat steady while I landed. In jumping ashore, I crashed through the thin layer of ice. I scrambled out and up the bank, and the boat was hastily pulled back to Finland behind me.

'Run hard!' I heard a low call from over the water behind me. D—— it, the noise of my splash had reached the Red patrol! I was already running hard when I saw a light emerge from the cottage on the left. I forgot the injunctions as to direction, and simply bolted away from that lantern. Halfway across the sloping meadow I dropped and lay still. The light moved rapidly along the river bank. There was shouting, and then suddenly two shots; but there was no reply from the Finnish side. Then the light began to move slowly back toward the cottage of the Red patrol, and finally all was silent again.

I lay motionless for some time, then rose and proceeded cautiously. Having missed the right direction, I found that I had to negotiate another small stream that ran obliquely down the slope of the meadow. Being already wet, I did not suffer by wading through it. Then I reached some garden fences, over which I climbed, and found myself in the road.

Convincing myself that the road was deserted, I crossed it and came out on to the moors, where I found a half-built house. Here I sat down to await the dawn — blessing the man who invented whiskey, for I was very cold. It began to snow, and, half-frozen, I got up to walk about and study the locality as well as I could in the dark. At the cross-roads near the station I discovered some soldiers sitting round a bivouac fire, so I retreated quickly to my half-built house and waited till it was light. Then I approached the station, with other passengers. At the gate a soldier was examining passports. I was not a little nervous when showing mine for the first time; but the examination was a very cursory one. The soldier seemed only to be assuring himself that the paper had a proper seal. He passed me through and I went to the ticket-office and demanded a ticket.

'One first class to Petrograd,' I said boldly.

'There is no first class by this train, only second and third.'

'No first? Then give me a second.' I had asked the Finns what class I ought to travel, expecting them to say third. But they replied, first, of course, for it would be strange to see an employee of the Extraordinary Commission traveling other than first class. Third class was for workers and peasants.

The journey to Petrograd was about twenty-five miles, and, stopping at every station, the train took nearly two hours. As we approached the city, the coaches filled up, until people were standing in the aisles and on the platforms. There was a crush in the Finland station at which we arrived. The

examination of papers was again merely cursory. I pushed out with the throng, and looking around me on the dirty rubbish-strewn station, I felt a curious mixture of relief and apprehension.

My life, I suddenly realized, *had* had an aim — it was to stand here on the threshold of the city that was my home, homeless, helpless, and friendless, one of the common crowd. That was it — *one of the common crowd.* I wanted, not the theories of theorists, or the doctrines of doctrinaires, but to see what the greatest social experiment the world has ever seen did for the common crowd. And, strangely buoyant, I stepped lightly out of the station into the familiar streets.

EDUCATION FOR AUTHORITY

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I

THE people were astonished, for he taught them as one having authority, and not as those who had gone to college (unauthorized translation). They were astonished that every reference to their sacred books was to contradict them; that over against their hitherto unquestioned authority he should set himself in authority; that these obvious things he said should be so true, so astonishingly new and true: homely, familiar things, not out of books, but out of life and nature.

Except for a faint echo of Isaiah and the Psalmist, and some half dozen references to Old Testament law (which he cited to refute), all the matter in the Sermon on the Mount is from common life and the out-of-doors: the house on the rock; the good tree and the evil fruit; the false prophet; the straight gate; the son who asks a fish; the pearls before the swine; the lilies of the field — familiar matter, and commonplace, but suddenly new with meaning, and startling with authority.

Isaiah had dealt earlier with these things; and one rises from that prophet wondering what more can be said, how better said. Yet Isaiah never spake like the man of this Sermon. This man had the books of Isaiah, but he went behind the books with his observations, as substance goes behind shadow, appealing from the books direct to life and nature.

Life and nature are still the source of originality, the sole seat of authority. Books make a full man. It is life and nature that give him authority. But life and nature are little reckoned with in formal education; small credit is given them in the classroom; yet authority, — authorship, — poet and prophet, are the glory of education. Or is it the end of education to produce the scribe?

Neither scribe nor author is the end of our *school* education; but that average intelligence upon which democracy rests. Not scribe but citizen, not author but voter, is the business of the school, the true end of its course of study. The schools are the public's, con-

cerned with the public, with the education of living together. There are several educations, however: one, in the public school, for democracy; another, in and out of school, for individuality; and another distinct and essential education, in life and nature, for authority — as great a national need as democracy. We need peace and prosperity, and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; but quite as much does this nation need vision — to walk in truth and beauty. Where there is no vision, the people perish.

Can we educate for vision? teach men authority — to preach a Sermon on the Mount? to land on Plymouth Rock? to write a Walden Pond? to be an Abraham Lincoln? to dare a league of nations? These are visions, daring, dangerous visions, not out of books, but new, out of life and nature. We must educate for vision — for dreams and deeds that are without precedent.

But not in school. Thoreau and Cyrus Dallin went to school, yet they went to nature more. Jesus went little to school. He knew a few great books profoundly; but he was not bound out to books for an education. It is hardly strange that the schools should make nothing of this. It is passing strange, however, that we parents, dreaming dreams for our children, should send them to school for their whole education, getting no hint from an opposite course that was found fit for Jesus.

There were schools and books aplenty, and young Saul of Tarsus had them, and had Gamaliel for his teacher. The boy in Nazareth had a few great books of poetry and prophecy; He had his school, too, but it was the carpenter's shop, the village street, the wild, lonely hills reaching off behind the town. This was his education; and there is none better — none other perhaps — for authority.

Supreme utterance is always poetic utterance, deeply human, deeply religious, and as fresh and daring as the dawn. Such utterance may come untaught. But if the conscious power for such utterance is the possession of the few, the instinct for it and the joy in it is a quality of all human minds. Deeper within us than our conscious mind, deeper than our subconscious mind, this instinct for utterance is the essence of the unconscious, the inmost, mind, whose substance is the flux of all originals. We can all utter, create, make; and we should have in our education the raw materials out of which new things are made.

There were other boys in Nazareth, who had the books, the work-bench, the village street and the lonely hills, without acquiring authority. This single boy was different. So is every boy — Yet no matter how different this particular boy, the significant thing is that He had for teachers the humble people, work with tools, the solemn, silent hills, and a few beautiful, intensely spiritual books, and that out of this teaching He learned to speak with authority.

So it was with Lincoln: the very same books, work with his hands, elemental people, the lonely backwoods. Lincoln and Edward Everett were different; not so different in genius, however, as in education. 'Lincoln,' says a biographer, 'was a self-made man, in whom genius triumphed over circumstance.' I should rather say that of Everett, the accomplished scholar, Greek professor, President of Harvard College, Governor of Massachusetts, editor, senator, foreign minister, who, in spite of all this circumstance, was something of an orator. But standing beside Lincoln at Gettysburg, he spoke for an hour with this vast book-education, like the Scribes, leaving Lincoln, with his natural education, to speak for five minutes with authority. No, genius and circumstance in Lincoln were by chance

joined together; conventional education happily did not put them asunder.

It is not often so with genius. Chance cannot get the consent of circumstance; nor to-day is there any match for convention. The trouble is too much school education and too little natural education. We limit education to the school, as if the school were a whole education! Neither Lincoln nor Everett had a whole education. It is idle to speculate on what Lincoln might have been, had his ancestors stayed in Hingham, where they landed, and had he gone to Derby Academy and to Harvard. What actually happened on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek is more significant. For here he was born, the son of a carpenter, and he had for teachers his father's tools, the prairie, the westering pioneers, the great river, the *Life of Washington*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Æsop, Shakespeare, and the Bible — the large electives that well cover the course of natural education.

This is the education for authority. A child cannot be educated for authority on lesser books, with sophisticated people, with pointless play instead of work, with ordered lessons in school in place of the dear disorder of nature, and her companionship, and his own soul's. The simple needs of authorship have not changed.

II

But what child nowadays has such teaching? Who looks after his natural education — his religion? As a factor in education, religion has almost ceased to operate, notwithstanding the church schools. The sensitive spirit cannot seek after God in school. It should have a universe — and have it all alone. As truly as ever do we live, and move, and have our being in God; but at this present moment we have so much more of being in business, and move so much faster by motor, that it seems that our existence in God must have been prenatal, or might become possibly a post-mortem affair.

Religion in education is strictly the part of someone — the parental part of education, and no business of any school. Is it because I fail that I seem to see all parents failing in religion? My children have not had what I had in religion — not my Quaker grandfather certainly, who was lame and walked slowly, and so, I used to think, and still think, more surely walked with God. My first memory of that grandfather is of his lifting an adder out of the winding woodpath with his cane, saying, 'Thee must never hurt one of God's creatures' — an intensely religious act, which to this day covers for me the glittering folds of the snake with the care, and not the curse, of God.

Years later I was at work in the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole. Dr. C. O. Whitman was lecturing. He had traced the development of the cod's egg back to a single cell of jellied protoplasm, when he paused.

'Gentlemen,' he said, with dramatic restraint, 'I can go no further. There is that in this cell we call life. But the microscope does not reveal it. We all know what it does. But who knows what it is? Is it a form of motion? The theologian calls it God. I am not a theologian. I do not know what life is.'

He need not have been a theologian — only a very little child once, with his lame grandfather to tell him the snake is God's; and in those after years, coming to the end of his great lecture on the embryology of the cod's egg, and to the greater mystery in that cell of living protoplasm, he would have spoken with authority.

It is not every child whose sleep is as light as little Samuel's, whose dreams are stirred by strange voices as were Joan of Arc's; but there are many more

such children than there are parents like Hannah, or priests like Eli, to tell them that it is the voice of God.

The crimson was fading into cold October gray as I came upon him — twelve years old, and just an ordinary boy, his garden fork under the hill of potatoes he had started to dig, his face upturned, his eyes following far off the flight of a wild duck across the sky.

'He who from zone to zone,'

I began, more to myself than to him.

'Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,'

he went on, as much to himself as to me.

'Father,' he added reflectively, as the bird disappeared down the dusky slope of the sky, 'I'm glad I know that piece.'

'Why?' I asked.

'I see so much more when the wild ducks fly over.'

'How much more do you see?'

'I see the wild ducks and God flying over together.'

And is he a poet who sees less? Beauty and truth that do not reach religion do not reach the human heart. An education that lacks religion must lack authority, because it cannot know who made the flat-headed adder, who flies with the wild duck, who works in the cod's egg, to will and to do. Religion is the consciousness of the universe — that it is infinite, eternal, and that it is all God's!

III

The realm of art, the Kingdom of Heaven, and the life of this dear earth admit only little children. Great utterance is universal utterance, simple and unique.

Henry Adams, in the course of his 'Education,' had come from the South Seas to Paris with John La Farge. 'At the galleries and exhibitions he was shocked,' so he says, 'by the effort of art to be original; and when, one day, after much reflection, La Farge asked whether there might not still be room for something simple in art, Adams shook his head. As he saw the world, it was no longer simple and could not express itself simply. It should express what it was, and this was something that neither Adams nor La Farge understood.'

But it was precisely this sophisticated world that Adams did understand, and not simple men and women. Adams was not born a babe into life, but an Adams into Boston, with (to quote him) 'the First Church, the Boston State House, Beacon Hill, John Hancock and John Adams, Mount Vernon Street, and Quincy all crowding on [his] ten pounds of babyhood.' And the trouble with Henry Adams was that he never got from under.

Jesus was more fortunate. He was born in a stable. Lincoln had the luck of a log cabin on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, as had Cyrus Dallin, the sculptor, only his cabin stood within a stockade in wild, unsettled Utah. Boston has found room for Dallin's Appeal to the Great Spirit, as the world has found ample room for the Gettysburg Address — simple, elemental things of art that shall never want for room.

The world is not simple; or the cell of the cod's egg, either. The forces of cleavage are in that cell, the whole fearful fish is there, and future oceans of fish besides, all in that pellucid drop of protoplasm. Society never was, never can be, simple. It cannot be educated for authority, but only to know and accept authority.

God speaks to the man, not to the multitude — to Moses on the Mount, not to the people huddled in the plain. Society commissions, but the individual finds the truth, reveals the beauty. 'Art,' says Whistler, 'is limited to the infinite, and beginning there, cannot progress. The painter has but the same

pencil, — the sculptor the chisel of centuries, — and painter and sculptor consequently work alone.'

We forget that scribes get together in schools, but that creators work 'each in his separate star,' as lonely as God; and that the education of the creator is strictly in the hands of those responsible for him. The responsibility of professional teachers is for children. They must think children, in terms of men and women; and must educate them for society. We parents must think the child, must educate the child, not for society, but for himself — for authority. The teachers, looking upon their pupils, see the people, equal before the law, sharing alike the privileges, shouldering alike the responsibilities — one another's keepers, upon whose intelligence and right spirit the nation rests. Thus, as teachers, they see their children and their educational duty.

As a parent, I must see my child as foreordained from the foundation of the world; and looking upon him, I must cry, 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor — or poet, or prophet, for he shall have authority.' So, as a parent, I must think of my child and of my educational duty.

God's work is not done; and mine may be the son called from the beginning, to complete in line, or color, or word, or deed, the divine thing God started but could not finish. For God is not complete until he is made flesh, and dwells among us.

There is no school that can provide for this Only Son. School education is social — it is for all; for life together; how to even and average life's extremes. The private school for the brilliant mind is pure sophistry, and Simon-pure snobbery. Averaging, of course, is a process down, as well as up, to a common level — a social level. Democracy is that common social level. Education in a democracy must average — teach the high to come down, the humble to rise, and all of us to walk together. Not trying to do more than this for any, or daring to do less than this for all, it must hinder no mind either by merging individuality, or by setting up a material well-being for the better values of the spirit.

The level of education has risen lately in the public schools; university standards meanwhile have distinctly deteriorated — have sought the average. 'College education is now aimed to qualify the student, not to give him quality.' The college has become a business institution; even the college of liberal arts is now a pre-pedagogical, pre-medical, pre-legal, or some other pre-practical vocational school.

Students still come to college to serve, come seeing visions too, being young — but visions of business. In the multitude of twenty college classes passing through my lecture-room I know of but one student to finish his course, bent as he was born, to poetry. He is now spinning a Ph.D. cocoon for himself, the poet about to emerge a college professor!

This is not the fault of youth. Trailing clouds of glory do they come from God who was their home. But they land in America for business. And in such numbers!

I believe in numbers, in business. I freely trust the work of the state with this safe, sane average — but it was none of them who wrote the Declaration of Independence, the Proclamation of Emancipation, or the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The poet cannot be the direct product of the schools. His education is more out of things than books, more out of solitude than society, more out of nature than schools. The author is single, original, free; he uses raw mate-

rials, elements, earths that are without form and void. In him is the pattern of all new worlds. His life is to shape them, and give them suns and stars. But in place of raw materials, the unattempted yet in prose or rhyme, we give him only the graded systems of the schools, which make for many essential things, but which may be more deadly to his creative faculty than anything the headlong angels fell on in Hell. For they had, at least,

The dark, unfathomed, infinite abyss,

through whose obscure one of them must find his uncouth way; whereas our unfallen children are run into the school machine at five, and earlier, as oranges into a sorter, the little ones dropping out through their proper hole into shop or office, the bigger ones rolling on until they tumble into college.

Human nature is unique, and not to be handled by machine. It is active, a doing nature, fit for unfinished earth, not heaven, the earth-partner, and co-creator in God's slowly shaping world. Send human nature to school? But if school can make them, why are we without 'a great poet, a great philosopher, a great religious leader'? Why is it that 'the great voices of the spirit are stilled just now'? It is because education is too far removed from the simple, the original — from life and nature.

IV

A poet is still-born in Boston every day — killed by toys in place of the tools that make them; by books in place of the life they tell of; by schools, museums, theatres, and stores, where things are pieced and ordered, filmed, collected, canned, and labeled, in place of a whole world of whole things, until the little poet asks me, as one did the other day, 'What does cream come from?' a sterilized concoction in a bottle, brought by the grocer, his nearest approach to a cow and a milking-stool! Yet he was to have written of

Wrinkled skin on scalded milk!

The educating process is started wrong, and started too early. It should start with work. Watch a child at mud-pies or building a dam. Such intense application, such concentrated effort, such complete abandon! Play? The sweat on that little face, the tongue tight between the teeth, the utter unconsciousness of burning sun and cooling dinner, are the very signs of divine creative work.

Every son of God needs, if not a world to create, an earth to *subdue*. But instead of allowing him to work, we teach him to be amused, as if his proper frame were passive, his natural action irresponsible; as if he must be kept busy at winding things up and watching them run down.

We have not the courage of our convictions — if indeed we have educational convictions! No father, asked for bread, would give a stone; but when asked for truth and beauty and reality, how few of us have the courage to give a son what Jesus had, or Lincoln had, or the two years before the mast that young Richard Henry Dana had!

Quitting his cultured home, his sophisticated college, his conventional city, Dana escaped by way of the old, uncultured sea, with men as uncultured. He had plum-duff on Sundays. *Two Years Before the Mast* tells the story of that escape from scribbling into living, from a state of mind like Boston, out and down around the Horn.

To save the poet and prophet now standardized to scribes, shall we do away with schools? I have known too many freak poets, too many fool prophets, to say that. Genius is unique; it is also erratic, and needs to toe the mark in school. The training for expression

is more than wandering lonely as a cloud. There is much for the poet in trigonometry, and in English grammar. He must go to school to meet his fellows, too, and his teachers — but not until he is able both to listen to the doctors and to ask them questions.

Education for authority must both precede and continue with conventional education; equal place made for chores, great books, simple people, and the out-of-doors; with that which is made for texts, and recitations, and schoolroom drill; parents sharing equally with professional teachers in the whole process, unless we utterly nationalize our children.

Two of my children are in a Boston high school, having five hours of Latin, five of German, five of French, three of English, three of mathematics, three of history, two of military drill — twenty-six hours in all. And they call it educational! That is not education. That is getting ready for college — which is not to be confused with education. It fits for college, not for authority; it is almost certain death to originality and the creative faculty.

There must be a course of study in school and college, and it must be shaped to some end. Is it, however, the right end of four years in high school, to get to college? or the right end of four years in college, to get into a job? There is a certain Spartan virtue in this high-school study, something that makes for push and power, but nothing of preparation for great utterance in sermon or song.

The children do not know that the poet in them is being killed. I know — but I only half believe the poet to be in them!

The sin of the fathers — this fear of the divine fire! Mine are ordinary children. I should have adopted them, foundlings of unknown elfin parentage. Then I had believed, and had given them to Merlin, as Arthur was given, or to the Lord, as Hannah gave little Samuel.

I did have them born and brought up in the hills of Hingham, forced out of the city when the second one came. I gave them the farm, the woods, the great books, the simple people, and religion, but timidly — allowing them at this day to take fifteen hours of study in foreign languages to three meagre hours in their glorious native tongue. And these are to be poets and prophets!

Then they must needs speak in German, French, and Latin. English is a foreign tongue in the Boston high schools. John Gower did his *Confessio Amantis* in three languages, but Geoffrey Chaucer found it a life's task to conquer his native English, sighing, —

> The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne.

Poets have scarcely time to learn their own language. If any of them are going through American high schools, they will learn a few French irregular verbs, know that *Weib* is neuter, and how *Amo* is conjugated, but they will not know the parts of the verbs 'lay' and 'lie,' and their vocabulary of adjectives will be limited to 'some' and 'dandy' or to 'some-dandy.'

'We don't need to study English, we inherit it,' one of my college men said to me.

'How much did you inherit?' I asked; and as a test turned to Whittier's *Snow-Bound*, which lay on my lecture-room desk, and read to him, —

> Meanwhile we did our nightly chores
> Brought in the wood from out of doors —

and the ten lines that follow, finding eight words — 'littered,' 'mows,' 'walnut bows,' 'herds-grass,' 'stanchion,' 'chores,' 'querulous,' and 'birch' — that were foreign to the majority of the class — without meaning, and so without image and poetry. It chanced that

I was wearing a brown Windsor tie, and I saw one student nudge another and whisper, 'The cows had "walnut bows" on like the professor's.'

Rubbing it in a little, I declared that I could open any English book, and on any page find a word that none of them had ever used, and that most of them would not even understand. On my desk lay a small wrapped book from some publisher. I cut the string; found it a supplementary reader for the eighth grade, and opening it in the middle, took the middle paragraph on the page, and began to read, —

'The ragged copses on the horizon showed the effect of the severe shelling' — a war-story, reprinted from the *Youth's Companion!*

'Copses,' I said to the young man who had inherited the English language, 'what does "ragged copses" mean?'

He took one profound look into his heritage, — in the region of his diaphragm, — then cast his eyes slowly around the horizon of the room, and answered, that he did n't know what the ragged *policemen* were doing there in No Man's Land!

I turned to a young woman student. 'What does "ragged copses" mean?' I asked.

She raised her hands to her face, shivered cruelly, and replied that she just hated such horrid words — she just hated to think of that battlefield all strewn with ghastly tattered *corpses!*

And what shall be said of another college man, reporter on the Boston *Globe*, whose chief told me of sending him to get a story about a little bay colt that was prancing gayly up Newspaper Row. Turning at the office door, the reporter asked doubtfully, 'You said a *bay* colt — Is that some kind of sea-horse?'

'Who said sea-horse?' snorted the editor. 'I said a bay colt out on the street.'

'Is that a new breed of horse?'

'Breed?' roared the editor. 'Breed? I said a bay colt — a color, not a breed!'

'Oh, come now,' said the undone reporter, 'don't jolly me. There is n't any such color in the rainbow.'

'Nor among neckties either,' added the editor; 'but there is among horses, as any farm-boy knows.'

What any farm-boy knows is the beginning of the knowledge and the foundation of the vocabulary of authority. The farm-boy's elemental, but amazingly varied, word-horde is the very form of universal speech. Poets and prophets have always used his simple words; and poets and prophets must ever live as he lives, and learn what he has learned of language and things.

> And Nature, the old nurse, took
> The child upon her knee,
> Saying, 'Here is a story book,
> Thy father has written for thee.'

That was the first story-book. It still remains the greatest of source-books. Here the human story begins; against this background the plot unfolds; and here ends. Here is written that older tale of *Limulus polyphemus*, the horse-shoe crab, and that ancienter story of the stars. Into the Book of Nature are bound all the 'Manuscripts of God' — the originals of all authors, whether they create in words, or notes, or colors, or curves; the originals of the past, of the present, and that longer, richer future.

> 'Come wander with me,' she said,
> 'Into regions yet untrod;
> And read what is still unread
> In the manuscripts of God!'

Mother of us all, Nature should be the teacher of all, lest she be denied that chosen one to whom she would give authority. It is she who shall show him how, 'in the citron wing of the pale butterfly with its dainty spots of orange,' he shall see 'the stately halls of fair gold, with their slender saffron pillars':

and 'how the delicate drawing high upon the walls shall be traced in tender tones of orpiment, and repeated by the base in notes of graver hue.'

But these things are written in books, and hung in galleries, and can be taught more quickly there? They cannot be taught at all there. Nature keeps no school. She teaches her pupils singly, revealing to each what is for him alone. He can learn many things in school, but not authority — not how to paint Whistler's Mother, or how to write Wordsworth's 'Stepping Westward,' or how to cut a single marble of the Parthenon.

'By what authority doest thou these things?'

The poet answers: 'Nature is my authority,

'And that auxiliar light
Which on the setting sun bestows new splendor.'

Yet the schools overflow, as if authority were there! Students come to paint and to play, before they learn to see and hear; they come to write, before experience has given them anything to say. They must come to school, the prophet from the wilderness, the poet from the fields and hills, when twice ten summers have stamped their minds forever with

The faces of the moving year.

The first Monday of September, labor is on parade. The Tuesday after, and the school-children of America are on the march — a greater host than labor's, as its work is greater. This is the vastest thing we Americans do, this mighty making of the democratic mind — the average mind. But it is not a poetic-prophetic mind we are making — not educated for authority.

Too, too few of all this marching multitude are coming to their little books well read in the Book of Nature; and to their little teachers from earlier, elemental lessons with the thoughtful hills, with the winds, and the watchful stars.

Earth and the common face of nature
have not spoken to them
. . . rememberable things.

This is not for the schools to do; this is *beyond* the schools to do; and besides, it is then too late; for Derwent, or some other winding stream, should murmur to the poet-babe while still in arms, and give him

Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind,
A foretaste, a dim earnest of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves.

We Americans do not give beauty and joy to our children. We are not a happy-hearted, imaginative people. It is the foreign children who steal the flowers from our parks; who dance to the hurdy-gurdy; who haunt our picture galleries — little lovers of warmth, and tone, and color!

Every worker bee in the hive might have been a queen, had not the pitiless economy of the colony cramped her growing body into a worker cell, till, pinched and perverted, she takes her place in the fearful communism of the tribe, an unsexed thing, the normal mother in her starved into an abnormal worker, her very ovipositor turned from its natural use into a poison-tipped sting.

Theoretically, we are not communistic, but in industry and education we have put the worker-cell theory into operation, cramping the growing child into practically a uniform vocational system, intellectually overfeeding, and spiritually underfeeding the creator in him into a worker — a money-maker.

Some fathers of us, more mothers, perhaps, might ask prophets and poets of the Lord; but who of us would have the courage to educate such children for poetry and prophecy?

MOVIES

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

Let me begin by saying that I am not a movie fan. Therefore there is a lot about movies that I do not know. Most of my friends honestly dislike them. But now and then I find one, equally intelligent, equally educated, who attends regularly. I go very seldom, myself; but I should undoubtedly, during the last year, have seen more movies, if good ones had been accessible. I have not great experience, but I have at least overcome certain initial prejudices.

It is certain that the movies have come to stay — for a time. What form the theatrical art of the twenty-first century will take, we do not know. It may be that movies will be superseded by something that even Mr. Wells cannot guess at. At present, we are confronted with something universally popular. Our best legitimate actors have condescended to the screen, and Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin are known to yellow folk in kimonos, brown folk in sarongs, and Paraguayans of the plain.

The movies have had to bear a great deal of criticism of late, as corrupters of the public morals. I have never seen one of the 'unclean' movies they talk about. I do not doubt they exist. But I should say that the danger of the film-play is due rather to its wide dispersion than to its actual badness. That is: if one bad picture is released, a million people will see it; whereas a dozen bad plays reach only a very few spectators in comparison. According to all that I can learn, motion-picture producers are much more scrupulous than theatrical managers. Moreover, I believe that you actually could go further in a moving picture, without legitimate shock, than you could on the stage. There is something very shadowy and unreal still in the film presentment of life. I never saw *Zaza* — except played by a German stock company, when Zaza, in her most vivid scene, was swathed to the neck in a red flannel dressing-gown. But I had *Zaza* described to me in its day, and I have never seen anything like that on the screen. Say what you will, people who are looking for the 'suggestive' will get much more of what they want for their money by looking at half-dressed flesh and blood than they will by looking at one-quarter-dressed photographs. The movies are a two-dimensional world, and crimes are committed in three dimensions. Personally, I have seen only decent movies. I incline, in any case, to believe that the movie peril lies elsewhere.

The peril of the movies, in other words, is vulgarity. By which I do not mean physical indecency, or even situations by implication *risqués*. I mean general cheapness of ideals, and sentimentalism, far more than salaciousness. I doubt if the adverse critics have put their fingers on the real reason for this vulgarity, or found the real analogy.

There is not much sense, for example, in comparing the moral effect of the movies with the moral effect of the

legitimate stage. In most places, taking the country through, the admission fee is very small. The mass of the people who go to them constantly, year in and year out, are the people who never went, and never would go, year in and year out, to ordinary plays. The movie public is not — taking the country through, as I say — the theatre-going public. The movies are certainly a new substitute for something; but what they are a substitute for is not the legitimate stage. They are a substitute, rather, for cheap vaudeville (and they are much better for the public morals than cheap vaudeville) and for cheap literature. The girls who throng the movie theatres are the girls who used to read Laura Jean Libby and Mrs. Georgie Sheldon. The boys who throng them are the ones who used to read *Nick Carter* and *Deadwood Dick*. Chewing-gum was always included with both. The people who can afford Broadway plays, or who have Broadway theatres within their reach, are not the ones who create the dependable movie audience. It is the people who never could afford the first-class theatres, or who do not live where they could get at them, even if they had the money, who swell the film-corporations' dividends. When those people saw plays at all, they usually saw a 'ten-twent'-thirt'' show: *Bertha the Sewing-Machine Girl*, or *the Queen of the High-Binders*. They did not go to the theatre much, anyway; they read cheap literature in pink and green covers, for which they paid the traditional dime. They do not read so much of it now. Less of it — far less — is produced. The demand has fallen off. The people who used to call for it now go to the movies. And if any of you were ever wicked enough, in childhood, to stalk the *New York Fireside Companion* (or whatever it was) to the kitchen coalhod (against orders) and read *A Little Wild Rose and the Blight that Fell upon It or Was She His Lawful Wife?* then you know that the movies are better for that public than the literature they have displaced. Even the not very clean movie is better than the works of Albert Ross. Any movie I have ever seen or heard described is not only good morals but great art, in comparison. You must chalk it up to the credit of the movies that they have actually displaced those books. They have closed up that literary red-light district.

Let me repeat, and then have done with this argument: the people who go to moving pictures would not, had there been no moving pictures, have been going to see *Hamlet*. They would have been going to see *The Queen of the Opium Ring;* they would have been reading *Ten Buckets of Blood or The Apple-woman's Revenge,* or they would have been walking the streets with an eye out for personal adventure. The corruptible ones, I mean. The hard-worked mothers of families — who are a large part of movie audiences in small towns — would have been sitting at home inventing, for sheer emptiness and weariness of mind, bitter little scandals about their neighbors. The men would have been — we have all been told — in the wicked, wicked corner saloon. We must get it firmly fixed in our minds that the movies represent a step up, not a step down, in popular amusement. Of course, you may be fancying that all these people, if deprived of movies, would be attending university extension lectures. But, if so, I think you are quite wrong.

The question of the very young, I admit, remains. There is no doubt that too many children go to the movies too frequently. In well-run theatres they are not admitted unless accompanied by an older person; but the necessary escort is usually forthcoming. Babes in arms, I know, are frequent spectators

at the theatre I occasionally go to. I suppose it will not particularly hurt the babes in arms: the theatre is better ventilated, probably, than their own homes. The boys and girls from eight to sixteen are the real problem. Even so, I should want to be very sure how their parents would otherwise provide for their leisure, before I condemned this particular way. I do think that, for those of us who are trying to bring up our children sanely and wisely, the movies are an obstacle, especially in a small town where the posters are flamboyant and unavoidable. The children beg to go. You can deal with the circus and the Hippodrome — things that have to be succumbed to only once a year. But with three different matinées a week, all the twelve months, it is harder. Every now and then there is a picture that they may as well see: something spectacular in the right sense, travel-and-animal things, *Alice in Wonderland* or *Treasure Island*. When once they have been, they want to go again. But that is up to the careful parent.

I admit, too, that boys and girls, young people in general, who never did read the literature I have referred to, are now movie fans. The picture palace is not the haunt of the proletariat simply. By no means. The taste of the young is likely to be to some extent corrupted. But again, what would they be doing if they did not go? We must not be foolish enough to think that the movies are the only difference between our generation and theirs, or that the well-brought-up young thing, if movies were out of the way, would be cultivating his taste in the fashion his grandparents would have approved. The film-play may be a step down for some, where it is a step up for others; but I am cynical enough to believe that, if a generation feels like stepping down, it will do so. The undergraduates of Princeton, for example (so I have been told), all go to the movies every evening at seven o'clock. I think that is a little exaggerated, perhaps, but there is no doubt that they go very regularly. Perhaps it is unfortunate. Perhaps the undergraduates of fifteen years ago were better off. But before I admitted that, I should like to be sure that the undergraduates of fifteen years ago read Shakespeare or discussed metaphysics at seven o'clock in the evening. I am very much from Missouri in this matter.

II

All this sounds like defense of the movies, which I have admitted to be vulgar. Let us look at this special vulgarity a little. When a good novel, say, is dramatized, it is practically always vulgarized. You cannot put a work of art into a different medium without, to a large extent, spoiling it. Especially a work of art which has been wrought out of words cannot be put into a wordless medium without losing a great deal. The great faults of the picture play, I seem to make out, are two: sensationalism and sentimentalism. I read, the other day, in a motion-picture magazine (two weeks' allowance for that, alas!) the following statement, made by a big producer: 'We would not have dared, five years ago, to use one hundred and fifty feet of film with only mental movement in it.' I take it that they are stressing 'mental movement' increasingly. Even so, you cannot photograph mere psychology indefinitely.

When I hear that Joseph Conrad is going to devote himself to writing for the movies, I wonder greatly. *Lord Jim* in the pictures would not be precisely *Lord Jim*, would it? But I have gathered also from the magazine for which son's allowance was spent, that the cry is more and more for original plays, not for dramatizations. On the whole, that may be a good thing. Now and then

a particular novel lends itself specially to the filming process: as you read the novel itself, you can see its manifest destiny. But, generally speaking, a good novel loses immensely. A large part of the work of the novelist consists of creating human beings. What they say and what they think are as important as what they physically do. And there is a limit to the mental movement that can be conveniently or even wisely registered. But to say that novels are usually vulgarized in screen-versions is not necessarily to damn screen-plays. The dramatized novel does not, for that matter, usually make a good play on the real stage. The technique is other; the same points must be differently made and differently led up to. There are exceptions, of course; but certainly the best plays are those that were written as plays. And I fancy the best movies will be those that were written as movie-scenarios. Certainly, if Mr. Conrad is to devote himself to film-making, I hope it will be by writing new scenarios, not by helping them to adapt *Victory* or *The Rescue*.

This vulgarization of books in the process of making films of them is, I dare say, pretty nearly inevitable. In any novel that tempts the producers there are sure to be one or two big scenes that are admirably adapted to pictorial presentment. (The rare novel of the picaresque type — alas, that we have so few! — really cries out for the screen.) But most of the preparation for those scenes, most of the preliminary stuff that gives them their significance, is not transferable to celluloid. Something has to be substituted for the unpictorial bulk of the book. The natural way is to stress minor episodes, make striking scenes out of quiet ones, exaggerate mental movement into physical movement. Often *sauce piquante* has to be added out of hand. At times a delicate situation has to be made crude.

Henry James is an extreme instance; but imagining *The Awkward Age* on the screen will give you an idea of the difficulties of filming any book whatsoever that depends to any extent on slow and subtle delineation of character. For the sake of the argument, suppose *The Awkward Age* to be taken over by a producer: Mrs. Brook and Vanderbank would have to be sacrificed at once; you would have to give them at least one scene which showed them to be lovers. Mrs. Brook's wail, 'To think that it's all been just *talk!*' could hardly be got across to a movie audience. The scene at Tishy Grendon's, where Mrs. Brook 'pulls the walls of the house down' — what could you do but show little Aggie as a definitely abandoned creature? The close-up of a French novel would not turn the trick. How on earth could you explain Vanderbank — in a movie — without sacrificing Nanda? *The Awkward Age* is perhaps the extremest possible case, but any producer who dramatizes a serious novel is confronted with some of these problems. Even the concession of 'a hundred feet of mental movement' will not atone for the necessary violence done to psychology. There are books where psychology bears, at almost every turn, visible fruit; so that, going from scene to scene, the spectator can make out for himself the underlying shifts of mood. But these books should be sifted from those that pursue a different method.

On the other hand, some great novels would lend themselves better to the screen than to the stage. *Vanity Fair*, for example — or so I imagine. Exceeding violence was done to *Vanity Fair* when it was turned into the play *Becky Sharp*. It was not Becky, it was not Thackeray, it was not *Vanity Fair*, it was not anything. But I can imagine a film version of the book that would be something — if the producer were willing to spend enough money on

it. The fault of the play was that it had to confine itself to a few scenes, and the epic quality of Becky's life was lost. What the screen can give us, if it chooses, is the epic quality. But that is for the future. It means, too, very careful selection of subject.

The vulgarization of the novel, in screen versions, is almost inevitable, — save for a chosen few, — as I have tried to indicate. But vulgarity is there, even in the original plays. Again, I fancy that is not so much a matter of necessity as of the easiest way. People have been so pampered by 'stunts' on the screen that they expect, they demand, thrills. The drama of real life is not apt to be expressed in quick getaways over roofs, leaps from cliff to cliff, or even the achievement of freedom by means of a racing car. But those make a convenient way to thrills. Contrasts, too, — just because the moving picture is such an excellent medium for them, — are overdone. Too much is pushed off on them; they are made too crude, too violent. The chance for vivifying contrasts — whether of past scenes with present, or of character with character, or of one person's background and situation with another's — is one of the moving picture's greatest assets, artistically speaking. As is also lapse of time, that most difficult thing in the world for the novelist to manage gracefully and plausibly. Juxtapositions and antitheses ('antithesis is the root of all style'), which call for the greatest technical skill of an author who is restricted to words and the architectonics of the novel, are easily achieved for him in the pictures.

My own notion is, you see, that there is a perfectly legitimate field in art for the picture-play; and that only by taking it as a different genre, and exploiting its own vast possibilities, can the best results be got. If the tendency to vulgarity is there, even in the original plays, I fancy that is because the makers of them are still feeling for the right convention. It is too new an art for its laws to have been completely tabulated. I think people must get away from the idea that the movie scenario is at all the same thing as a play; or that any good book can be made into a good film. I do not mean by this that the material of screen plays is restricted. I do not think it is, any more than that of any other genre. But I believe that there is still a great deal to learn about the proper exploitation of this new medium, and that a great deal of the vulgarity of films comes from too narrow a view of what can be done and too great ignorance, as yet, of how to do it. The danger is that the easiest way will prevail, and that the moving-picture art will degenerate before it has had a chance to grow up. The plea that the movie audience can understand nothing that is not emotionally cheap and easy is ridiculous. A large number of our immigrants have been used to better stuff, dramatically, than Broadway gives them. Shakespeare knew perfectly, you may be sure, how successfully *Hamlet* would hit the groundlings. He was just as consciously writing great melodrama as he was consciously writing great poetry. The movie audience that surrounds me when I go is not, for the most part, a cultivated or an educated audience. But it prefers the better movies to the worse ones. And I think — excellent indication — that it shows signs of revolting against the jokes from the *Literary Digest.*

III

One of the great foes to improvement in moving-picture art would seem to be the close-up. The close-up, I take it, is still the approved field of such 'mental movement' as appears in a play. Now, I have not seen all the great

movie stars. But I have seen half a dozen of the best-known movie actresses, and the simple fact is that, when they register emotions in a close-up, they all look precisely alike. They grimace identically. Either — it seems to me — they have not learned how to use the close-up properly for dramatic purposes, or there is something the matter with the close-up itself, and it should be gingerly dealt in. I incline to believe that it is a matter of imperfect technique. These women move differently, act differently, 'suggest' differently, in the body of the play. It is only when you stare into their tearful or triumphant faces, made colossal, that they all become alike. It may be that make-up has something to do with it. But the fault is there. The men are nearly as bad, but not quite. I suppose all heroes do not have to have cupid's-bow mouths, for one thing. People do not have such fixed standards for male charm. Both men and women need more subtlety in this matter of close-ups. I believe there are too many close-ups, anyhow; but I am sure that the close-up has possibilities which many of our stars have not mastered. I know, because I have several times seen Sessue Hayakawa.

I am so little an authority on movie stars that I do not wish to name names in this essay. Though I have seen a good many of the most famous, I have not seen them all. Those I have seen, I have not seen enough times. But I have seen ——, and ——, and ——, and —— (more than once, some of them), who are at the very top of popularity and fame. (I am omitting entirely, for the present, the slap-stick stuff, and speaking only of serious plays.) And if I had not seen Sessue Hayakawa, I should think, perhaps, the subtle, the really helpful close-up was well-nigh impossible. Hayakawa has proved to me that it is not; that great acting, of the quiet sort, can be done on the screen. I have seen his immobile profile describe a mental conflict as I have never seen it done on the real stage except by Mrs. Fiske in *Rosmersholm*. I have always thought that Mrs. Fiske's silent profile, conveying to an audience the fact that incest had been unwittingly committed, was one of the greatest pieces of acting I have ever seen. I did not suppose it could be easily matched on the real stage, and I should never have dreamed it could be done at all on the screen. But I believe that, if necessary, Hayakawa could do it. Each play that I have seen 'the Jap' in was worse than the last, and I have begun to be afraid that he is going to be forced — why, I do not know — into the contortionism, the violence, the eventual absurdity, that must, I suppose, always be waiting to engulf the emotional screen actor. But I shall never forget the first simple little play I saw him in, where the setting amounted to nothing, the characters were few and humble, and the acting was supremely quiet and very great. *It can be done.* And as this is a discussion of movie possibilities simply, not of movie achievements up to date, that is all we need to know. I am not saying that others have not done it. I can only say, out of my small experience, that he is the one who has proved to me most conclusively that it is just as possible to have great acting on the screen as on the stage.

The sentimentalism to which we have referred is simply, I think, a prevalent vice of our own day, and not to be credited to movies any more than to any other form of popular art. Certainly our books are as rotten with it as our picture-plays. But books have had a long history, and novel, play, poem, and essay are established genres. They will pull up. It is because the moving-picture genre is young and as yet unsure, because it is still without traditions,

that it stands in peril of succumbing to any bad fashion that is going.

There are various attempts being made and planned, I believe, to make the movie, not only pure, but high-brow. I have never seen the results. But I wonder if the authors of these attempts are using the right methods. Are they utilizing the great, the special assets of the screen? The prime thrill in a movie is the thrill of the spectacular. Great spaces, with horsemen riding, men lying in ambush; the specks in the distance growing; flight and pursuit, wherever and whoever; the crowd, the passionate group; the contrast (as I have said) of past and present, rich and poor, happy and unhappy, hero and villain, can all be made vivid to an extent that must leave mere words (unless used by a master) lagging far behind. What one may call the processional value of the movies can hardly be exaggerated. Whereas the play must gather up its action into a few set scenes, the movie can show life in flux — people going naturally about their appointed ways, as, in the world, people do. I used to think, when I was new to film plays, that the unnatural movement of the actors was due to some law of the camera. But again, it is not so. A few weeks ago I saw a well-known male star in a not particularly interesting adaptation of a once popular novel, and the star bore himself like a human gentleman. He moved as slowly and as gracefully as he pleased. There was none of that jerky rhythm, which is so prevalent that one is sometimes tempted to think it the inevitable gait of the screen. Whether he paced the floor, or took up a book, or lighted a cigarette, or got into a motor-car, or clasped the heroine in his arms, he did it all with perfect naturalness, with the usual rhythm of well-controlled muscles. So it, too, can be done.

I believe that both the sensationalism and the sentimentalism which constitute movie-vulgarity can be largely checked and controlled. The genre should be exploited for its artistic possibilities, which are great, and the actors should develop variety rather than one conventional mode. There is no doubt that, at present, the most attractive films are those which use vast landscapes and numbers of people in motion. But you cannot restrict the movie-art to plays of this type. It has been proved by certain actors and actresses that 'mental movement' and natural bodily action are not impossible to 'get across.' The cheapening, the over-simplification and over-stressing of emotion, are not inevitable concomitants of filming a story. You can get your thrill quietly, subtly. The words that are reft from the actor must be made up for, by him, with more than usual significance of bodily and facial expression. But again, it can be done. And to help along, there is that immense potentiality of temporal, social, personal, emotional contrast which no other genre really possesses. Antithesis, so far, has not, I imagine, been either generally enough or subtly enough used. From the hovel to the palace is one way, to be sure; but that is cheap and easy. It does not begin to tap the possibilities. A proper contrast, properly shown, will make up for chapters of verbiage; but the contrast must be carefully made in every detail. Mere 'velvet and rags, so the world wags' will not do.

I am told that America is really responsible for the moving-picture genre: that we are the chief sponsors, if not the positive authors, of the movie. It is we who must make or mar it as an art. I know nothing about foreign films; I have never seen any outside of the United States. I do not know whence these movies come which are doing, according to unquestionable authority, such harm among the brown and yellow races. But I quite see that we have

a great responsibility on our hands. I have heard it said and corroborated, in unimpeachable quarters, that to the movies is due a large part of the unrest in India. For a decade, the East Indian has been gazing upon the white man's movie; and it is inevitable that he should ask why the people who behave that way at home should consider that they have a divine mission to civilize and govern other races. Whatever one thinks of the movie, I believe we should all agree that it does not illustrate, particularly well, the social superiority of the white race. The Anglo-Indian official and his wife may be supremely scrupulous and tactful; but the native is, of course, going to consider that the movie gives them away.

I have no doubt that the worst films, not the best, are shipped to the remoter continents. Japan is overrun with foreign movies, as well as India. I do not know about China, but certainly the Dutch East Indies, Indo-China, the Straits Settlements are invaded. Read the guide-books. Mr. J. O. P. Bland, who has been observing alien races in their own habitat, for many years, with patient precision, avers that the American (and perhaps European) movie is doing incalculable harm to the mixed populaces of the South American republics. To take only one instance: we can perfectly see that to the Hindu and the Mohammedan, the Japanese, and the South American of Hispano-Moorish social tradition, the spectacle of the movie-heroine who is not only unchaperoned but scantily dressed, who more or less innocently 'vamps' every man within striking radius, who drives her own car through the slums at midnight, who places herself constantly in perilous or unworthy contacts, yet who is on the whole considered a praiseworthy and eminently marriageable young woman, is not calculated to enhance the reputation of Europe or the United States. She violates every law of decency, save one, that is known to the Hindu, the Japanese, or the mestizo of South America. It is scarcely conceivable to them that anyone but a prostitute should behave like that. Yet they have it on good authority — the film — that she is the daughter of the American millionaire or the British peer, who considers himself immeasurably the poor Hindu's, the poor Jap's, the poor peon's superior.

Nor do I believe that Charlie Chaplin is destined to spread the doctrine of the White Man's Burden very successfully. We deal, in these other continents, with peoples to whom unnecessary bodily activity is not a dignified thing. You cannot possibly explain Charlie Chaplin to them correctly. You just cannot. They simply think that official Anglo-Saxons are minuetting in the parlor for diplomatic reasons, and that Charlie Chaplin is the Anglo-Saxon 'out in the pantry.' Paris is as keen, I understand, on 'Charlot' as England and the United States. But compared with Asia, Africa, and South America, France and England and we are, as it were, one flesh.

This particular problem is none of my affair. But it might be well, all the same, not to present ourselves as totally lacking in social dignity at the very moment when we are being so haughty about the Monroe Doctrine and Japanese exclusion and the White Man's Burden in general. The people who are told that we are too good to mess up with them in a league of nations must wonder a little when they look at Charlie Chaplin, having previously been told that he is the idol of the American public. I have taken Charlie Chaplin merely because of his positively world-wide popularity. The love of slap-stick is not confined to the Anglo-Saxon tribe, though I believe no other tribe likes it one half so much. Personally, I am bored to tears by Charlie.

But as a public, there is no doubt that we adore him. We understand perfectly that our peculiar sense of humor in no wise prevents us from carrying on an enlightened form of government with a good deal of success. Slap-stick has always been in the Anglo-Saxon's blood. But I can see that the Brahmin or the Samurai, who gazes on Charlie and the custard pie, might legitimately wonder whether, after all, Charlie was intended by the Deity to govern the whole planet; cannot you?

That was, in a sense, a digression. For what I really had set myself to do was to indicate what, it seemed to me, were some of the possibilities of the moving picture — the moving picture as an artistic genre, that is. I have no means of knowing what technically may be achieved in another decade or two: what marvels of color, of scene-shifting, and the like. But all that is stage-managing, not the play itself. I fancy, being largely Anglo-Saxon still in our make-up, we shall go on with slap-stick to the end of the chapter. Probably the alien among us will be more quickly educated to slap-stick than to any other of our ideals. It will be the first step in Americanization. I do not see how you can develop slap-stick except along the line of least resistance. It can only go a little further all the time, and become a little more so.

But the movie drama has a more serious and varied future than that. It is important. It must chuck — it ought to chuck — the Aristotelian unities overboard. The three unities have long since ceased to be sacred, yet the memory of them has overshadowed the whole of European play-writing. Our serious drama has violated them, but it has never positively contradicted them — flung them out of court. Unity of action has at least been kept, in most cases. Even unity of time has often been stuck to; and in rare cases of late, unity of place. There has been no virtue in discarding the three unities, except the virtue that is made of necessity. But the screen-play must discard them, in order to find itself. Unity of time and unity of place alike would kill the movie. Even unity of action is by no means necessary to it. At least, so it seems to me; but then I am very strong for the picaresque, the epic movie. Certainly, unity of action in the strictest dramatic sense is not a virtue in the screen-play. It is precisely the movie's chance to give the larger, looser texture of life itself. It does not, at its best, have to artificialize and recast life as does the well-made play. Its motto not only is, but ought to be, 'Good-bye, Aristotle!' This may seem a superfluous saying, since we have been bidding that gentleman farewell so vociferously for so long. Yet the drama has, up to our own time, been on speaking terms with him. The drama, I fancy, will have to continue to be on speaking terms with him; and I am not sure that the one-act play, which has so much vogue at present, has not actually invited him to come back and have a cup of tea.

The movie is another matter. It has its own quite different future; and producer, director, actor, and author will all have to pull together to make that future artistically as well as commercially brilliant. More power to their elbows!

EXILE AND STEAMER

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THERE is moonlight and sunlight, there are the stars and the sea. Some days are gray and ribbed with the white trouble of the surf. Some are white days, full of a sparkle of sunlight like a spray above the water. On some days mountains that have been long lost rise out of the sea; at noon they are faint and far away; but with evening they draw in and cast anchor before the little cabin where you live. They are blue. Thus beauty, in her various fashion, smites with her rod the rock of your monotony, and water does indeed gush forth; you drink and are assuaged. But still you look to the sea; you have a glass at hand, — it is a ship's glass, — and it is not for beauty that you hunt with your glass: it is for excitement. You are hunting for the very heart and flaming core of excitement, and that is a steamer. Living in lonely places like this, you are a prey to obsessions; you are obsessed by certain sleepless thoughts; they stir in your heart while you sleep, and they speak without ceasing of steamers. It is they that drive you in the morning to your glass, and to be looking all day out to sea, and at night to be searching the dark for a little cluster of stars that are low upon the horizon, like the Pleiades in March; but oh, they are not the Pleiades—they shine with a difference: they are the lights of a steamer!

How shall I be telling of steamers to the dwellers in great harbor towns, where the loveliest ladies of the sea come and go without applause? Or to inlanders who never see a mast at all, unless it is the superstructure of an oil-well? You whose house is on the Hudson, where a steamer is at anchor before your very door — it is eight bells; the hour was struck, and did you hear the bell? The signal stands in the engine-room at 'Full Steam Ahead,' and did you hear that drumming? A week she lay in the river; this morning she is gone, and are you therefore lonely in the world?

In the lost places of the earth a steamer is the great Presence — she furnishes the empty seas. However far out and dim, with her little plume of smoke, she leaves her wake in the heart. There are shores where from every white man's cabin her passing is followed with a sigh; speculation broods upon her all day long. Her ports, her flags, her cargo, her crew, seem a little while to live in the mind after she has gone down the slope of the world. She may be a poor, mean, unkempt cargo-boat, dingy upon a bright sea, but she is the symbol of migration, and a winged flutter in the heart.

As for The Steamer, that is another matter — a matter of Elijah and the ravens. Be sure that Elijah, once he got the ravens' schedule, was not caught napping. He was up and had his glass out before the ravens were overdue. And be sure that there is no steamer so mean, so obscure in her listed sailings, but is The Steamer to prisoners somewhere, behind a barring of cocoanut palms or a grating of ice. Be sure that she will put on airs once she has dropped behind her betters, and will go swelling

into little empty harbors where there is only one calendar, and she the only saint written there. Before the anchor falls, white men are off to her between the breaches in the surf. The chain is hardly taut when the little canoes and the surf boats are alongside, and white men are running up the ladder. And suddenly, with the letting go of the anchor, in that great room of the sea and sky, or in that narrow river-room with its forest wall, there are the agitations of traffic and of commerce. The winches fore and aft thrum and clamor; voices of white men and of black men rise from the water level and from the deck; cargo is slung off and on, dripping with the gilt of palm-oil and the dust of rice-bags, or reeking of salt fish.

A day is all too short for what must be done with the barber and the steward and the purser and the chief and the captain of The Steamer. All the white men find a day too short. Night comes too soon; the steamer hangs upon the dark like a bouquet of fireworks, arrested. The last load of cargo has gone over the side; the ship's launch has ceased to sob and sleeps in her berth on deck; the second officer has made his last bitter comments and has gone below to wash himself, and the time has come for the white men to go ashore. They hang over the railing calling to their little crews that are asleep; they negotiate the difficult descent into their boats, — for the trade swell is about the ship now, — and they go off into the rain.

There is this about The Steamer — she comes and she goes. You keep your best white ducks for her; you keep all your dates for her; you set your watch by her chronometer and your life by her schedule. Your letters home are full of her worship. But she has such sweethearts in every port; the rush and enthusiasm of her advent is matched by the rush and enthusiasm of her exit; she carries her garland of lights away into the darkness, or her feather of smoke into the noon; she grows smaller and dimmer; her drums grow fainter, and once again in a silence and a void you are 'ten leagues beyond man's life,' you 'can have no note unless the sun were post.'

You see how, with The Steamer, it is a kiss and a blow. Between the kiss of her coming and the blow of her going is the span of your little day — all the honey of news and of gossip, all the wine of excitement, must be savored now. I think of the many little settlements by the sea waiting to hear of the war from The Steamer, on a day of her days. I think of the first camouflaged steamer staggering up a river on her accustomed schedule, like a fistful of lightning in the hand of Jove. No supernatural visitation could have more astonished her worshipers, all unprepared. I think of her captain shaping her course all through the war, in the dark, unarmed, without convoy — the very idol and providence of the outposts of the earth. And of the captains young and old, whose names you do not know; and some of them, for their service of The Steamer, wear medals, and some of them lie in the waste of the sea. For all you do not know their names, their names are known; living and dead, they are remembered. Exiles remember and bless them — steamer, and captain, and the engineers in the vitals of the ship, and the little cabin-boys who did their little duties when the steamer was under fire.

In my heart I see her now, and she is under fire. She is unarmed; she zigzags before her smoke-screen, trembling with her speed. You lean on the iron wall of the engine-house, under that bright sky where it is morning, and you watch the great fountains play upon the level of the sea where the shells strike the water. You think of the engineers,

who will never come on deck if the ship goes down; and you see on the bridge the legs of the little cabin-boy, whose head, inside the pilot-house door, waits on an order. All the life of the ship, under the cover of the smoke-screen and the sob of haste and the scream of the exhaust, waits on an order. That young captain biting on his pipe, his megaphone in his hand, is a symbol of man's will to order. He is enshrined there on the bridge above the trouble of the ship, — an image of ultimate resistance so intense, on so many solitary seas, that his astral — if ever at all there is an astral — must still patrol the course of the steamer he saved, or of the steamer that was lost.

There is nothing stranger than a map — with its understood relation to a place, and the way they do not resemble. You would never guess, to look at a place on a map, what its aspect really is. Often I go to the map-room in the public library, where I ask for the Southern Cameroun. I look and look at that symbol of the African forest, until my secret knowledge unfolds in my heart, and I see again those little mountains under their green cloak; I cross those rivers in canoes, or by the old, old bridges of the fallen trees; those many little ravines are blue again and full of the trouble of drums. Then I laugh at the map, with its colors and its names; and it is as if, in a group of strangers, you have met the eyes of your friend. And so it is with the listed sailings of steamers — so many and so broadcast: their names and their published ports trouble your mind as little as the birds that migrate in the autumn. But oh, let them be but due where you are, and they touch you where you live. And of these there is one that drops her anchor in your very heart — you call her My Steamer. You name her so, and all your fellow exiles call her yours; your ardor does so subjugate your little world.

For My Steamer you wait and wait, and you weary waiting. You cease to breathe, lest contrary winds blow upon her. But your ardor has spoked the wheel of time; it slackens. The moons wax and wane with a strange and cruel deliberation. Well I remember my first affair with a steamer, and that the seasons dragged, and then the days. Long after, I came upon a calendar with those days crossed off; and when I saw that record of faint hours, I felt again the sickening arrest and backward swing of time.

An affair with a steamer is not always mutual. There she is at Kribi to the north of you, and you with a glass under the eaves since the dawn asking her by wireless, — the wireless of the heart, — is she yours. And boys running north by the beach to ask the captain, is she yours. And boys running south by the beach to say that she will be down by two o'clock or not at all. And you, packed and ready, on the indigo shade upon the sand at two o'clock, and still on the sand at three o'clock, but driven back by the tide at four o'clock; and by misgivings at five o'clock driven up a path you know too well, to a thatch which you had thought you need not seek again.

And now boys run up the beach to say, 'Steamer live for come'; and she anchors well in. The red of evening grows behind her, her lights blossom on the dark, but no boat comes ashore. You are going to bed, when you are summoned by a lantern — 'Boat live for come'; and you race back to the water's edge, all your zests renewed.

But it is a false alarm. There on the sand you find a black man streaming with sea-water; he has swum ashore from the ship in search of the launch, and under the illusion that this is Powell's trading-post and that you are Powell. With his wet hand he urges upon you a bill of lading, incredibly dry.

You dismiss him coldly, waving him south, and hoping that you are never to see him again. You do not know how often and often he is to accost you again in memory, his wet body gilded by the light of the lantern and his bill of lading incredibly dry.

In the morning that steamer is gone! And before the shocking emptiness of the sea your friends say, 'Oh, do let's sit down!' And they tell sad stories of the defections of steamers: of how Mr. Menkel, in a canoe, with bag and baggage, tried to hold up a steamer with a gesture, like a traffic policeman — and failed; of how the Gaults waited weeks and weeks for a steamer that did not come, because she had blown up in the Congo River, as you may see for yourself between Boma and Matadi; of how many a steamer has passed by on pretext of quarantine; of how, off Quillu, when the surf is high, the steamer will not so much as call. Until, what with tales of the coldness of steamers and their misadventures, you cannot think how you are to get home at all.

Yes, you wonder that. Many a man has wondered that. Betrayed by some steamer, he has thought of his little cabin, with its million roaches — that he must live there forever; and that he is never to escape the sound of the reiterant surf and its endless pacings. Long after, he will sigh when he thinks of that season, rainy or dry; he will remember dark thoughts that came upon him then, and his sleepless nights. A trader who cut the vein in his wrist with the scissors off his counter told the mission doctor that he knew he was never to go home. He would never live to get home, he said. And he could no longer endure that shanty of his, with its store of cotton print and salt fish and matches and tobacco. So he cut his wrist. And then he sent, as you see, for the doctor. And the doctor, a long time wise in the things of exile, sent him off in a canoe, with a lantern and a little crew who were to travel with their 'big Massa' until they met the steamer from the south. For it is a great thing, said the doctor, to feel water under the keel.

That is a wonderful feeling. And it is wonderful, when you have lived so long by the light of a lantern, to find a star in your ceiling. For there it is in the ceiling of your cabin — a star. And there, beneath the light of that star, is an apple. Because you look as he had hoped you would look when you see the star shining like this upon the apple, the steward tells you that, yes, he likes to have an apple aboard his steamer. He lets you know at once that he is proud of his steamer, and ashamed where there is cause. He will speak to you often of these things.

I see myself stretched at ease on the deck of My Steamer, sunk in an excess of languor and of calm. It is a night as bright as silver and as clear as glass. We are moored to a great tree beside a bank of the Congo River; a million little voices speak to me from the sedges on the margin, and the steward speaks to me. He has brought me my coffee, and he tells me of the shame he feels. He is ashamed of his knives and forks, of his linen and the bugs in his beds; he is ashamed of his captain, who is tipsy, and he groans there in the moonlight: 'This is no place for you, miss, no place at all!'

But oh, what does he, all ashamed there on his execrable boat, know of the ineffable calm that is the atmosphere of My Steamer, where I am as safe from his knives and forks and the weevils in his oatmeal as a silly silver lamb at the heart of a glass ball! Not the clamor of the winches, or the thunder of the great mahogany logs as they come aboard, or the clangor of iron rails as they go over the side, can break that insulation. Only the rattle of the anchor-

chain and the signal to the engine-room can do this; and if we lie off every settlement on the West Coast and go up every stream in the delta of the Niger, for every time the anchor is weighed I will tremble, and will tremble in my heart whenever the ship trembles with that shudder of getting under weigh, which is the initial throe of the ecstasy of going home.

When last I went to Africa, it was in war-time, and I took five steamers. Five steamers I took, and for these five steamers I waited in five several ports, for five æons of time; until at last I said that, if ever in opening a book I came upon a traveler waiting on a dock, open sea-beach, or river-bank, for a galley, caracul, frigate, clipper, or steamer, I would then close the book. I would never read, I said, of Jason and the Argo, or of Hero and Leander, or even of Europa and the Bull. All adventures taking account of transportation by water would be for me forever anathema. And I would forever forget my voyage of the five steamers. But often and often, in a kind of little flock, the odd assorted lot of them comes back to mind; I see them in my heart and I love them.

There is the Montevideo, and she is a lady. There is the Delphin, so little, so rolling, and so dirty, carrying her cargo of flies from the clean, pale alleys of Cadiz to the sea-based mountains of the Canaries. There is the Cataluna, — not so very neutral, — with her marred romantic beauty, and her bright lacquers in her cabins, and her noble deck, where it is always one o'clock of the afternoon, and we are drawing away from the Canaries. The afternoon clouds are gathering on the Pillars of Hercules; gray gulls are flying; a young priest hangs his little golden bird on the port side, under the awning, and at once and forever that little bird casts a tendril of song out to sea. There is the Burutu; and still I see her come into the harbor of Dakar at dusk, her lights fore and aft the color of primroses, and her signals flat in the wind from Timbuctoo. Still I see her pick her way in the dark down the West Coast, or, in the safety of a river, paint the forest walls with her light. In my heart I save her forever from that betrayal in the English Channel, where she was lost, and her crew. And still I remember that last little steamer of all, whose name I have forgotten, who had no cabins, but suffered her passengers on her bridge, where they idly slept while she hurried all night under the stars upon the errands of exiles. For them she turned the furrow and cast her anchor in their service wherever there was a lamp at night, or a zinc roof to shine in the sun. She was for them, in those irregular war-times, a kind of miracle — a sweet chariot swinging low and coming for to carry them home. She was Their Steamer.

AT NIGHT

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

Is my heart ordered, clean, and sweet,
For my loved Master's hasting feet?

Is my heart warm, that, when He stands
Chilled, He may stoop and warm his hands?

And quiet that He may be blest —
Tired from all turmoil — and have rest?

And lighted, that He may forget
The rough road, and the storm and wet?

Garnished with fragrant flowers, that might
Recall dear joys across black night?

And is there bread? and wine? lest He
Should thirst — or should be hungry?

Hark! Who is there? Oh, enter in!
Enters a man bowed down with sin.

Behind him, bent, is one who stands,
A broken heart within her hands;

And back of them (oh, shut the wild
Night out!) a shrinking starvèd child.

. . . . . .

A step! O Master do not wake
Thy friends who sleep here for thy sake!

Disturb them not, O Mighty Guest!
They sleep! They have such need of rest!

The Master smiles, then He and I
Go softly; speak but whisperingly.

THE INTERPRETER. I

A ROMANCE OF THE EAST

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

THERE are strange things in this story, but, so far as I understand them, I tell the truth. If you measure the East with a Western foot-rule, you will say, 'Impossible.' I should have said it myself.

Of myself I will say as little as I can, for this story is of Vanna Loring. I am an incident only, though I did not know that at first.

My name is Stephen Clifden, and I was eight-and-thirty; plenty of money, sound in wind and limb. I had been by way of being a writer before the war, the hobby of a rich man; but if I picked up anything in the welter in France, it was that real work is the only salvation this mad world has to offer; so I meant to begin at the beginning, and learn my trade like a journeyman laborer.

I had come to the right place. A very wonderful city is Peshawar — the Key of India, and a city of Romance, which stands at every corner, and cries aloud in the market-place. But there was society here, and I was swept into it — there was chatter, and it galled me.

I was beginning to feel that I had missed my mark, and must go farther afield, perhaps up into Central Asia, when I met Vanna Loring. If I say that her hair was soft and dark; that she had the deepest hazel eyes I have ever seen, and a sensitive, tender mouth; that she moved with a flowing grace like 'a wave of the sea' — it sounds like the portrait of a beauty, and she was never that. Also, incidentally, it gives none of her charm. I never heard anyone get any further than that she was 'oddly attractive' — let us leave it at that. She was certainly attractive to me.

She was the governess of little Winifred Meryon, whose father held the august position of General Commanding the Frontier Forces, and her mother the more commanding position of the reigning beauty of Northern India, generally speaking.

But Vanna — I gleaned her story by bits when I came across her with the child in the gardens. I was beginning to piece it together now.

Her love of the strange and beautiful she had inherited from a young Italian mother, daughter of a political refugee; her childhood had been spent in a remote little village in the West of England; half reluctantly she told me how she had brought herself up after her mother's death and her father's second marriage. Little was said of that, but I gathered that it had been a grief to her, a factor in her flight to the East.

'So when I came to three-and-twenty,' she said slowly, 'I felt I must break away from our narrow life. I had a call to India stronger than anything on earth. You would not under-

stand, but that was so, and I had spent every spare moment in teaching myself India — its history, legends, religions, everything! And I was not wanted at home, and I had grown afraid.'

'What were you afraid of?'

'Of growing old and missing what was waiting for me out here. But I could not get away like other people. No money, you see. So I thought I would come out and teach here. Dare I? Would they let me? I knew I was fighting life and chances and risks if I did it; but it was death if I stayed there. And then — Do you really care to hear?'

'Of course. Tell me how you broke your chain.'

'I spare you the family quarrels. I can never go back. But I was spurred — spurred to take some wild leap; and I took it. So six years ago I came out. First I went to a doctor and his wife at Cawnpore. They had a wonderful knowledge of the Indian peoples, and there I learned Hindustani and much else. Then he died. But an aunt had left me two hundred pounds, and I could wait a little and choose; and so I came here.'

It interested me. The courage that pale elastic type of woman has!

'Have you ever regretted it? Would they take you back if you failed?'

'Never, to both questions,' she said, smiling. 'Life is glorious. I've drunk of a cup I never thought to taste; and if I died to-morrow I should know I had done right. I rejoice in every moment I live — even when Winifred and I are wrestling with arithmetic.'

'I should n't have thought life was very easy with Lady Meryon.'

'Oh, she is kind enough in an indifferent sort of way. I am not the persecuted Jane Eyre sort of governess at all. But that is all on the surface and does not matter. It is India I care for — the people, the sun, the infinite beauty. It was coming home. You would laugh if I told you I knew Peshawar long before I came here. Knew it — walked here, lived. Before there were English in India at all.' She broke off. 'You won't understand.'

'Oh, I have had that feeling, too,' I said patronizingly. 'If one has read very much about a place —'

'That was not quite what I meant. Never mind. The people, the place — that is the real thing to me. All this is the dream.'

The sweep of her hand took in not only Winifred and myself, but the general's stately residence, which to blaspheme in Peshawar is rank infidelity.

'By George, I would give thousands to feel that! I can't get out of Europe here. I want to write, Miss Loring,' I found myself saying. 'I'd done a bit, and then the war came and blew my life to pieces. Now I want to get inside the skin of the East, and I can't do it. I see it from outside, with a pane of glass between. No life in it. If you feel as you say, for God's sake be my interpreter!'

'Interpret?' she said, looking at me with clear hazel eyes; 'how could I? You were in the native city yesterday. What did you miss?'

'Everything! I saw masses of color, light, movement. Brilliantly picturesque people. Children like Asiatic angels. Magnificently scowling ruffians in sheepskin coats. In fact, a movie staged for my benefit. I was afraid they would ring down the curtain before I had had enough. It had no meaning. When I got back to my diggings I tried to put down what I had just seen, and I swear there's more inspiration in the guide-book.'

'Did you go alone?'

'Yes, I certainly would not go sightseeing with the Meryon crowd. Tell me what you felt when you saw it first.'

'I went with Sir John's uncle. He

was a great traveler. The color struck me dumb. It flames — it sings. Think of the gray pinched life in the West! I saw a grave dark potter turning his wheel, while his little girl stood by, glad at our pleasure, her head veiled like a miniature woman, tiny baggy trousers, and a silver nose-stud, like a star, in one delicate nostril. In her thin arms she held a heavy baby in a gilt cap, like a monkey. And the wheel turned and whirled until it seemed to be spinning dreams, thick as motes in the sun. The clay rose in smooth spirals under his hand, and the wheel sang, "Shall the vessel reprove him who made one to honor and one to dishonor?" And I saw the potter thumping his wet clay, and the clay, plastic as dream-stuff, shaped swift as light, and the three Fates stood at his shoulder. Dreams, dreams, and all in the spinning of the wheel, and the rich shadows of the old broken courtyard where he sat. And the wheel stopped and the thread broke, and the little new shapes he had made stood all about him, and he was only a potter in Peshawar.'

Her voice was like a song. She had utterly forgotten my existence. I did not dislike it at the moment, for I wanted to hear more, and the impersonal is the rarest gift a woman can give a man.

'Did you buy anything?'

'He gave me a gift — a flawed jar of turquoise blue, faint turquoise green round the lip. He saw I understood. And then I bought a little gold cap and a wooden box of jade-green Kabul grapes. About a rupee, all told. But it was Eastern merchandise, and I was trading from Balsora and Baghdad, and Eleazar's camels were swaying down from Damascus along the Khyber Pass, and coming in at the great Darwazah, and friends' eyes met me everywhere. I am *profoundly* happy here.'

The sinking sun lit an almost ecstatic face.

'It may be very beautiful on the surface,' I said morosely; 'but there's a lot of misery below — hateful, they tell me.'

'Of course, I shall get to work one day. But look at the sunset. It opens like a mysterious flower. I must take Winifred home now.'

'One moment,' I pleaded; 'I can only see it through your eyes. I feel it while you speak, and then the good minute goes.'

She laughed.

'And so must I. Come, Winifred. Look, there's an owl; not like the owls in the summer dark in England —

'Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping,
Wavy in the dark, lit by one low star.'

Suddenly she turned again and looked at me half wistfully.

'It is good to talk to you. You want to know. You are so near it all. I wish I could help you; I am so exquisitely happy myself.'

My writing was at a standstill. It seemed the groping of a blind man in a radiant world. Once perhaps I had felt that life was good in itself — when the guns came thundering toward the Vimy Ridge in a mad gallop of horses, and men shouting and swearing and frantically urging them on. Then, riding for more than life, I had tasted life for an instant. Not before or since. But this woman had the secret.

Lady Meryon, with her escort of girls and subalterns, came daintily past the hotel compound, and startled me from my brooding with her pretty silvery voice.

'Dreaming, Mr. Clifden? It is n't at all wholesome to dream in the East. Come and dine with us to-morrow. A tiny dance afterwards, you know; or bridge for those who like it.'

I had not the faintest notion whether governesses dined with the family or came in afterward with the coffee; but it was a sporting chance, and I took it.

Then Sir John came up and joined us.

'You can't well dance to-morrow, Kitty,' he said to his wife. 'There's been an outpost affair in the Swat Hills, and young Fitzgerald has been shot. Come to dinner of course, Clifden. Glad to see you. But no dancing, I think.'

II

Next evening I went into Lady Meryon's flower-scented drawing-room.

Governesses dine, it appeared, only to fill an unexpected place, or make a decorous entry afterward, to play accompaniments. Fortunately Kitty Meryon sang, in a pinched little soprano, not nearly so pretty as her silver ripple of talk.

It was when the party had settled down to bridge and I was standing out, that I ventured to go up to her as she sat knitting by a window — not unwatched by the quick blue flash of Lady Meryon's eyes as I did it.

'I think you hypnotize me, Miss Loring. When I hear anything, I straightway want to know what you will say. Have you heard of Fitzgerald's death?'

'That is why we are not dancing to-night. To-morrow the cable will reach his home in England. He was an only child, and they are the great people of the village where we are little people. I knew his mother as one knows a great lady who is kind to all the village folk. It may kill her. It is traveling to-night like a bullet to her heart, and she does not know.'

'His father?'

'A brave man — a soldier himself. He will know it was a good death and that Harry would not fail. He did not at Ypres. He would not here. But all joy and hope will be dead in that house to-morrow.'

'And what do *you* think?'

'I am not sorry for Harry, if you mean that. He knew — we all know — that he was on guard here holding the outposts against blood and treachery and terrible things — playing the Great Game. One never loses at that game if one plays it straight, and I am sure that at the last it was joy he felt and not fear. He has not lost. Did you notice in the church a niche before every soldier's seat to hold his loaded gun? And the tablets on the walls: "Killed at Kabu River, aged 22." — "Killed on outpost duty." — "Murdered by an Afghan fanatic." This will be one memory more. Why be sorry?'

Presently: —

'I am going up to the hills to-morrow, to the Malakhand Fort, with Mrs. Delany, Lady Meryon's aunt, and we shall see the wonderful Tahkt-i-Bahi Monastery on the way. You should do that run before you go. The fort is the last but one on the way to Chitral, and beyond that the road is so beset that only soldiers may go farther, and indeed the regiments escort each other up and down. But it is an early start, for we must be back in Peshawar at six for fear of raiding natives.'

'I know; they hauled me up in the dusk the other day, and told me I should be swept off to the hills if I fooled about after dusk. But I say — is it safe for you to go? You ought to have a man. Could I go, too?'

I thought she did not look enthusiastic at the proposal.

'Ask. You know I settle nothing. I go where I am sent.'

She left the room; and when the bridge was over, I made my request. Lady Meryon shrugged her shoulders and declared it would be a terribly dull run — the scenery nothing, 'and only' (she whispered) 'Aunt Selina and poor Miss Loring.'

Of course I saw at once that she did not like it; but Sir John was all for my going, and that saved the situation.

I certainly could have dispensed with Aunt Selina when the automobile drew up in the golden river of the sunrise at the hotel. There were only the driver, a personal servant, and the two ladies: Mrs. Delany, comely, pleasant, talkative, and Vanna —

We glided along the straight military road from Peshawar to Nowshera, the gold-bright sun dazzling in its whiteness — a strange drive through the flat, burned country, with the ominous Kabul River flowing through it. Military preparations everywhere, and the hills looking watchfully down — alive, as it were, with keen, hostile eyes. War was as present about us as behind the lines in France; and when we crossed the Kabul River on a bridge of boats, and I saw its haunted waters, I began to feel the atmosphere of the place closing down upon me. It had a sinister beauty; it breathed suspense; and I wished, as I was sure Vanna did, for silence that was not at our command.

For Mrs. Delany felt nothing of it. A bright shallow ripple of talk was her contribution to the joys of the day; though it was, fortunately, enough for her happiness if we listened and agreed. I knew Vanna listened only in show. Her intent eyes were fixed on the Tahkt-i-Bahi hills after we had swept out of Nowshera; and when the car drew up at the rough track, she had a strange look of suspense and pallor. I remember I wondered at the time if she were nervous in the wild open country.

'Now pray don't be shocked,' said Mrs. Delany comfortably; 'but you two young people may go up to the monastery, and I shall stay here. I am dreadfully ashamed of myself, but the sight of that hill is enough for me. Don't hurry. I may have a little doze, and be all the better company when you get back. No, don't try to persuade me, Mr. Clifden. It is n't the part of a friend.'

I cannot say I was sorry, though I had a moment of panic when Vanna offered to stay with her — very much, too, as if she really meant it. So we set out perforce, Vanna leading steadily, as if she knew the way. She never looked up, and her wish for silence was so evident, that I followed, lending my hand mutely when the difficulties obliged it, she accepting absently, and as if her thoughts were far away.

Suddenly she quickened her pace. We had climbed about nine hundred feet, and now the narrow track twisted through the rocks — a track that looked as age-worn as no doubt it was. We threaded it, and struggled over the ridge, and looked down victorious on the other side.

There she stopped. A very wonderful sight, of which I had never seen the like, lay below us. Rock and waste and towering crags, and the mighty ruin of the monastery set in the fangs of the mountain like a robber baron's castle, looking far away to the blue mountains of the Debatable Land — the land of mystery and danger. It stood there — the great ruin of a vast habitation of men. Building after building, mysterious and broken, corridors, halls, refectories, cells; the dwelling of a faith so alien that I could not reconstruct the life that gave it being. And all sinking gently into ruin that in a century more would confound it with the roots of the mountains. Gray and wonderful, it clung to the heights and looked with eyeless windows at the past. Somehow I found it infinitely pathetic: the very faith it expressed is dead in India, and none left so poor to do it reverence.

But Vanna knew her way. Unerringly she led me from point to point, and she was visibly at home in the intricacies. Such knowledge in a young woman bewildered me. Could she have studied the plans in the Museum? How else should she know where the abbot

lived, or where the refractory brothers were punished?

Once I missed her, while I stooped to examine some scroll-work, and following, found her before one of the few images of the Buddha that the rapacious Museum had spared — a singularly beautiful bas-relief, the hand raised to enforce the truth the calm lips were speaking, the drapery falling in stately folds to the bare feet. As I came up, she had an air as if she had just ceased from movement, and I had a distinct feeling that she had knelt before it — I saw the look of worship! The thing troubled me like a dream, haunting, impossible, but real.

'How beautiful!' I said in spite of myself, as she pointed to the image. 'In this utter solitude it seems the very spirit of the place.'

'He was. He is,' said Vanna.

'Explain to me. I don't understand. I know so little of him. What is the subject?'

She hesitated; then chose her words as if for a beginner: —

'It is the Blessed One preaching to the Tree-Spirits. See how eagerly they lean from the boughs to listen. This other relief represents him in the state of mystic vision. Here he is drowned in peace. See how it overflows from the closed eyes; the closed lips. The air is filled with his quiet.'

'What is he dreaming?'

'Not dreaming — seeing. Peace. He sits at the point where time and infinity meet. To attain that vision was the aim of the monks who lived here.'

'Did they attain?' I found myself speaking as if she could certainly answer.

'A few. There was one, Vasettha, the Brahmin, a young man who had renounced all his possessions and riches, and seated here before this image of the Blessed One, he fell often into the mystic state. He had a strange vision at one time of the future of India, which will surely be fulfilled. He did not forget it in his rebirths. He remembers—'

She broke off suddenly and said with forced indifference, —

'He would sit here often looking out over the mountains; the monks sat at his feet to hear. He became abbot while still young. But his story is a sad one.'

'I entreat you to tell me.'

She looked away over the mountains.

'While he was abbot here, — still a young man, — a famous Chinese pilgrim came down through Kashmir to visit the Holy Places in India. The abbot went forward with him to Peshawar, that he might make him welcome. And there came a dancer to Peshawar, named Lilavanti, most beautiful! I dare not tell you her beauty. I tremble now to think —'

Again she paused, and again the faint creeping sense of mystery invaded me. She resumed: —

'The abbot saw her and he loved her. He was young still, you remember. She was a woman of the Hindu faith and hated Buddhism. It swept him down into the lower worlds of storm and desire. He fled with Lilavanti and never returned here. So in his rebirth he fell —'

She stopped dead; her face pale as death.

'How do you know? Where have you read it? If I could only find what you find and know what you know! The East is like an open book to you. Tell me the rest.'

'How should I know any more?' she said hurriedly. 'We must be going back. You should study the plans of this place at Peshawar. They were very learned monks who lived here. It is famous for learning.'

The life had gone out of her words — out of the ruins. There was no more to be said.

We clambered down the hill in the

hot sunshine, speaking only of the view, the strange shrubs and flowers, and, once, the swift gliding of a snake, and found Mrs. Delany blissfully asleep in the most padded corner of the car. The spirit of the East vanished in her comfortable presence, and luncheon seemed the only matter of moment.

'I wonder, my dears,' she said, 'if you would be very disappointed and think me very dense if I proposed our giving up the Malakhand Fort? Mr. Clifden can lunch with the officers at Nowshera and come any day. I know I am an atrocity.'

That night I resolutely began my packing, and wrote a note of farewell to Lady Meryon. The next morning I furiously undid it, and destroyed the note. And that afternoon I took the shortest way to the Sunset Road to lounge about and wait for Vanna and Winifred. She never came, and I was as unreasonably angry as if I had deserved the blessing of her presence. Next day I could see that she tried, gently but clearly, to discourage our meeting; and for three days I never saw her at all. Yet I knew that in her solitary life our talks counted for a pleasure.

III

On the day when things became clear to me, I was walking toward the Meryons' gates when I met her coming alone along the Sunset Road, in the late gold of the afternoon. She looked pale and a little wearied, and I remember that I wished I did not know every change of her face as I did.

'So you have been up the Khyber Pass,' she said as I fell into step at her side. 'Tell me — was it as wonderful as you expected?'

'No, no — you tell me. It will give me what I missed. Begin at the beginning. Tell me what I saw.'

I could not miss the delight of her words, and she laughed, knowing my whim.

'Oh, that pass! But did you go on Tuesday or Friday?'

For these are the only two days in the week when the Khyber can be safely entered. The British then turn out the Khyber Rifles and man every crag, and the loaded caravans move like a tide, and go up and down the narrow road on their occasions.

'Tuesday. But make a picture for me.'

'You went up to Jumrood Fort at the entrance. Did they tell you it is an old Sikh fort and has been on duty in that turbulent place for five hundred years? And did you see the machine-guns in the court? And everyone armed — even the boys, with belts of cartridges? Then you went up the narrow winding track between the mountains, and you said to yourself, "This is the road of pure romance. It goes up to silken Samarcand, and I can ride to Bokhara of the beautiful women, and to all the dreams. Am I alive and is it real?" You felt that?'

'All, every bit. Go on!'

She smiled with pleasure.

'And you saw the little forts on the crags and the men on guard all along — rifles ready! You could hear the guns rattle as they saluted. Do you know that up there men plough with rifles loaded beside them? They have to be men, indeed.'

'Do you mean to imply that we are not men?'

'Different men, at least. This is life in a Border ballad. Such a life as you knew in France, but beautiful in a wild-hawk sort of way. Don't the Khyber Rifles bewilder you? They are drawn from these very Hill tribes, and will shoot their own fathers and brothers in the way of duty as comfortably as if they were jackals. Once there was a

scrap here and one of the tribesmen sniped our men unbearably. What do you suppose happened? A Khyber Rifle came to the colonel and said, "Let me put an end to him, Colonel Sahib. I know exactly where he sits. He is my grandfather." And he did it.'

'The bond of bread and salt?'

'Yes, and discipline. I'm sometimes half frightened of discipline. It moulds a man like wax. Even God does n't do that. Well — then you saw the traders: wild shaggy men in sheepskin, and women in massive jewelry of silver and turquoise — great earrings, heavy bracelets loading their arms, wild, fierce, handsome. And the camels, — thousands of them, — some going up, some coming down, — a mass of human and animal life. Above you, moving figures against the keen blue sky, or deep below you in the ravines. The camels were swaying along with huge bales of goods, and with dark beautiful women in wicker cages perched on them. Silks and carpets from Bokhara, and blue-eyed Persian cats, and bluer Persian turquoises. Wonderful! And the dust — gilded by the sunshine — makes a vaporous golden atmosphere for it all.'

'What was the most wonderful thing you saw there?' I asked her.

'The most beautiful of all, I think, was a man — a splendid dark ruffian, lounging along. He wanted to show off, and his swagger was perfect. Long black onyx eyes, and a tumble of black curls, and teeth like almonds. But what do you think he carried on his wrist? A hawk with fierce yellow eyes, ringed and chained. Hawking is a favorite sport in the hills. Oh, why does n't some great painter come and paint it all before they take to trains and cars? I long to see it all again, but I never shall.'

'Surely Sir John can get you up there any day.'

'I am leaving.'

'Leaving?' My heart gave a leap. 'Why? Where?'

'I had rather not tell you.'

'I shall ask Lady Meryon.'

'I forbid you.'

And then the unexpected happened, and an unbearable impulse swept me into folly — or was it wisdom?

'Listen to me. I would not have said it yet, but this settles it. I want you to marry me. I want it *atrociously!*'

It was a strange word. What I felt for her at that moment was difficult to describe.

She looked at me in transparent astonishment.

'Mr. Clifden, are you dreaming? You can't mean what you say.'

'Why can't I? I do. I want you. You have the key of all I care for.'

'Surely you have all the world can give? What do you want more?'

'The power to enjoy it — to understand it. I want you always with me to interpret, like a guide to a blind fellow. I am no better.'

'Say like a dog, at once!' she interrupted. 'At least, you are frank enough to put it on that ground. You have not said that you love me. You could not say it.'

'I don't know whether I do or not. I know nothing about love. I want you. Indescribably. Perhaps that is love — is it? I never wanted anyone before. I have tried to get away and I can't.'

'Why have you tried?'

'Because every man likes freedom. But I like you better.'

'I can tell you the reason,' she said, in her gentle, unwavering voice. 'I am Lady Meryon's governess, and an undesirable. You have felt that?'

'Don't make me out such a snob. No — yes. You force me into honesty. I did feel it at first. But I could kick myself when I think of that now. It is utterly forgotten. Take me and make

me what you will, and forgive me. Only tell me your secret of joy. How is it you understand everything alive or dead? I want to live — to see, to know.'

It was a rhapsody like a boy's. Yet at the moment I was not even ashamed of it, so sharp was my need.

'I think,' she said, slowly, looking straight before her, 'that I had better be quite frank. I don't love you. I don't know what love means in the Western sense. It has a very different meaning for me. Your voice comes to me from an immense distance when you speak in that way. You want me — but never with a thought of what *I* might want. Is that love? I like you very deeply as a friend, but we are of different races. There is a gulf.'

'A gulf? You are English.'

'By birth, yes. In mind, no. And there are things that go deeper, that you could not understand. So I refuse quite definitely, and our ways part here, for in a few days I go. I shall not see you again, but I wished to say good-bye.'

I felt as if my all were deserting me — a sickening feeling of loneliness.

'I entreat you to tell me why, and where.'

'Since you have made me this offer, I will tell you why. Lady Meryon objected to my friendship with you, and objected in a way which —'

She stopped, flushing palely. I caught her hand.

'That settles it, that she should have dared! I'll go up this minute and tell her we are engaged. Vanna — Vanna!'

For she disengaged her hand.

'On no account. How can I make it more plain to you? I should have gone soon in any case. My place is in the native city — that is the life I want. I have work there; I knew it before I came out. My sympathies are all with them. They know what life is — why, even the beggars, poorer than poor, are perfectly happy, basking in the great generous sun. Oh, the splendor and riot of life and color! That's my life — I sicken of this.'

'But I will give it to you. Marry me, and we will travel till you're tired of it.'

'And look on as at a play. No, I'm going to work there.'

'For God's sake, how? Let me come too.'

'You can't. You're not in it. I am going to attach myself to the medical mission at Lahore and learn nursing, and then I shall go to my own people.'

'Missionaries?'

'They teach what I want. Mr. Clifden, I shall not come this way again. If I remember — I'll write to you, and tell you what the real world is like.'

She smiled, the absorbed little smile I knew and feared.

'Vanna, before you go, give me your gift of sight. Interpret for me. Stay with me a little and make me see.'

'What do you mean, exactly?' she asked in her gentlest voice, half turning to me.

'Make one journey with me, as my sister, if you will do no more. Though I warn you that all the time I shall be trying to win my wife. But come with me once, and after that — if you will go, you must. Say yes.'

She hesitated — a hesitation full of hope — and looked at me with intent eyes.

'I will tell you frankly,' she said at last, 'that I know my knowledge of the East and kinship with it goes far beyond mere words. In my case the doors were not shut. I believe — I *know* that long ago this was my life. If I spoke forever, I could not make you understand how much I know, and why. So I shall quite certainly go back to it. Nothing — you, least of all — can hold me. But you are my friend — that is a

true bond. And if you would wish me to give you two months before I go, I might do that if it would in any way help you. As your friend only — you clearly understand. You would not reproach me afterward when I left you, as I should most certainly do?'

'I swear I would not. I swear I would protect you even from myself. I want you forever; but if you will only give me two months — Come! But have you thought that people will talk? I'm not worth that, God knows.'

She spoke very quietly.

'That does not trouble me. It would only trouble me if you asked what I have not to give. For two months I would travel with you as a friend, if, like a friend, I paid my own expenses. — No, I must do as I say; I would go on no other terms. It would be hard if, because we are man and woman, I might not do one act of friendship for you before we part. For though I refuse your offer utterly, I appreciate it, and I would make what little return I can. It would be a sharp pain to me to distress you.'

Her gentleness and calm, the magnitude of the offer she was making, stunned me so that I could scarcely speak. She gave me such opportunities as the most ardent lover might in his wildest dream desire, and with the remoteness in her eyes and her still voice she deprived them of all hope.

'Vanna, is it a promise? You mean it?'

'If you wish it, yes. But I warn you that I think it will not make it easier for you when the time is over.'

'Why two months?'

'Partly because I can afford no more. No! I know what you would say. Partly because I can spare no more time. I think it unwise for you. I would protect you if I could — indeed I would!'

It was my turn to hesitate now. Would it not be better to let her go before she had become a part of my daily experience? I began to fear I was courting my own shipwreck. She read my thoughts clearly.

'Indeed you would be wise to decide against it. Release me from my promise. It was a mad scheme.'

The superiority — or so I felt it — of her gentleness maddened me. It might have been I who needed protection, who was running the risk of misjudgment — not she, a lonely woman. I felt utterly exiled from the real purpose of her life.

'I will never release you. I claim your promise. I hold to it.'

She extended her hand, cool as a snowflake, and was gone, walking swiftly up the road. Ah, let a man beware when his wishes fulfilled rain down upon him!

To what had I committed myself?

Strange she is and secret,
Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold and as cold sea-shells.

Yet I would risk it.

Next day this reached me: —

DEAR MR. CLIFDEN, —

I am going to some Indian friends for a time. On the 15th of June I shall be at Srinagar in Kashmir. A friend has allowed me to take her little houseboat, the Kedarnath. If you like this plan, we will share the cost for two months. I warn you it is not luxurious, but I think you will like it. I shall do this whether you come or no, for I want a quiet time before I take up my nursing in Lahore. In thinking of all this, will you remember that I am not a girl but a woman? I shall be twenty-nine my next birthday.

Sincerely yours,
VANNA LORING.

P.S. But I still think you would be wiser not to come. I hope to hear you will not.

I replied only this: —

DEAR MISS LORING, —

I think I understand the position fully. I will be there. I thank you with all my heart.

Gratefully yours,
STEPHEN CLIFDEN.

IV

On the 15th of June, I found myself riding into Srinagar in Kashmir, through the pure, tremulous green of the mighty poplars that hedge the road into the city. The beauty of the country had half stunned me when I entered the mountain barrier of Baramula and saw the snowy peaks that guard the Happy Valley, with the Jhelum flowing through its tranquil loveliness. The flush of the almond-blossom was over, but the iris, like a sea of peace, had overflowed the world, and the blue meadows smiled at the radiant sky. Such blossom! the blue shading into clear violet, like a shoaling sea. The earth, like a cup held in the hand of a god, brimmed with the draught of youth and summer and — love? But no. For me the very word was sinister. Vanna's face, immutably calm, confronted it.

The night I had slept in a boat at Sopor had been my first in Kashmir; and I remember that, waking at midnight, I looked out and saw a mountain with a gloriole of hazy silver about it, misty and faint as a cobweb threaded with dew. The river, there spreading into a lake, was dark under it, flowing in a deep, smooth blackness of shadow, and everything waited — for what? Even while I looked, the moon floated serenely above the peak, and all was bathed in pure light, the water rippling in broken silver and pearl. So had Vanna floated into my life, sweet, remote, luminous.

I rode past the lovely wooden bridges, where the balconied houses totter to each other across the canals in a dim splendor of carving and age; where the many-colored native life crowds down to the river-steps and cleanses its flower-bright robes, its gold-bright brass vessels, in the shining stream; and my heart said only, 'Vanna, Vanna!'

My servant dismounted and led his horse, asking from everyone where the Kedarnath could be found; and two little bronze images detached themselves from the crowd of boys and ran, fleet as fauns, before us.

Above the last bridge the Jhelum broadens out into a stately river, controlled at one side by the banked walk known as the Bund, with the Club House upon it and the line of houseboats beneath. She would not be here; my heart told me that; and sure enough the boys were leading across the bridge, and by a quiet shady way to one of the many backwaters that the great river makes in the enchanting city. There is one waterway stretching on and afar to the Dal Lake. It looks like a river — it is the very haunt of peace. Under those mighty chenar or plane trees, that are the glory of Kashmir, clouding the water with deep green shadows, the sun can scarcely pierce, save in a dipping sparkle here and there, to intensify the green gloom. The murmur of the city, the chatter of the club, are hundreds of miles away.

We rode downward under the towering trees, and dismounting, saw a little houseboat tethered to the bank. It was not of the richer sort that haunts the Bund, where the native servants follow in a separate boat, and even the electric light is turned on as part of the luxury. This was a long, low craft, very broad, thatched like a country cottage afloat. In the afterpart the native owner and his family lived — our crew, our cooks and servants; for they played many parts in our service. And in the forepart, room for a life, a dream, the joy or curse of my days to be.

But then, I saw only one thing — Vanna sat under the trees, reading, or looking at the cool, dim, watery vista, with a single boat, loaded to the river's edge with melons and scarlet tomatoes, punting lazily down to Srinagar in the sleepy afternoon.

For the first time I knew she was beautiful. Beauty shone in her like the flame in an alabaster lamp, serene, diffused in the very air about her, so that to me she moved in a mild radiance. She rose to meet me with both hands outstretched — the kindest, most cordial welcome. Not an eyelash flickered, not a trace of self-consciousness.

I tried, with a hopeless pretence, to follow her example and hide what I felt, where she had nothing to hide.

'What a place you have found! Why, it's like the deep heart of a wood.'

I threw myself on the grass beside her with a feeling of perfect rest.

The very spirit of Quiet seemed to be drowsing in those branches towering up into the blue, dipping their green fingers into the crystal of the water. What a heaven!

I shut my eyes and see still that first meal of my new life. The little table that Pir Baksh, breathing full East in his jade-green turban, set before her, with its cloth worked in a pattern of the chenar leaves that are the symbol of Kashmir; the brown cakes made by Ahmed Khan in a miraculous kitchen of his own invention — a few holes burrowed in the river-bank, a smouldering fire beneath them, and a width of canvas for a roof. But it served, and no more need be asked of luxury. And Vanna, making it mysteriously the first home I ever had known, the central joy of it all. Oh, wonderful days of life that breathe the spirit of immortality and pass so quickly — surely they must be treasured somewhere in Eternity, that we may look upon their beloved light once more!

'Now you must see the boat. The Kedarnath is not a Dreadnought, but she is broad and very comfortable. And we have many chaperons. They all live in the stern, and exist simply to protect the Sahib-log from all discomfort; and very well they do it. That is Ahmed Khan by the kitchen. He cooks for us. Salama owns the boat, and steers her and engages the men to tow us when we move. And when I arrived, he aired a little English and said piously, "The Lord help me to give you no trouble, and the Lord help you!" That is his wife sitting on the bank. She speaks little but Kashmiri, but I know a little of that. Look at the hundred rat-tail plaits of her hair, lengthened with wool; and see her silver and turquoise jewelry! She wears much of the family fortune and is quite a walking bank. Salama, Ahmed Khan, and I talk by the hour. Ahmed comes from Fyzabad. Look at Salama's boy — I call him the Orange Imp. Did you ever see anything so beautiful?'

I looked in sheer delight, and grasped my camera. Sitting near us was a lovely little Kashmiri boy of about eight, in a faded orange coat, and a turban exactly like his father's. His curled black eyelashes were so long that they made a soft gloom over the upper part of the little golden face. The perfect bow of the scarlet lips, the long eyes, the shy smile, suggested an Indian Eros. He sat dipping his feet in the water, with little pigeon-like cries of content.

'He paddles at the bow of our little shikara boat, with a paddle exactly like a water-lily leaf. Do you like our friends? I love them already, and know all their affairs. — And now for the boat.'

'One moment. If we are friends on a great adventure, I must call you Vanna, and you me Stephen.'

'Yes, I suppose that is part of it,' she said, smiling. 'Come, Stephen.'

It was like music, but a cold music

that chilled me. She should have hesitated, should have flushed — it was I who trembled.

So I followed her across the broad plank into our new home.

'This is our sitting-room. Look, how charming!'

It was better than charming: it was home, indeed. Windows at each side opening down almost to the water; a little table for meals, with a gray pot of irises in the middle; another table for writing, photographing, and all the little pursuits of travel; a bookshelf, with some well-worn friends; two low, cushioned chairs, two others for meals, and a Bokhara rug, soft and pleasant for the feet. The interior was plain unpainted wood, but set so that the grain showed like satin in the rippling lights from the water.

'It is perfect,' was all I said, as she waved her hand proudly to show it; 'it is home.'

We dined on the bank that evening, the lamp burning steadily in the still air and throwing broken reflections in the water, while the moon looked in upon us among the leaves. I felt extraordinarily young and happy.

The quiet of her voice was as soft as the little lap of water against the bank; and Kahdra, the Orange Imp, was singing a little wordless song to himself as he washed the plates beside us.

'The wealth of the world could not buy this,' I said; and was silent.

V

And so began a life of sheer enchantment. Looking back, I know in what a wonder-world I was privileged to live. Vanna could talk with all our shipmates. She did not move apart, a condescending or indifferent foreigner. Little Kahdra would come to her knee and chatter to her of the great snake that lived up on Mahadeo, to devour erring boys who omitted to say their prayers at proper Moslem intervals. She would sit with the baby in her lap, while the mother busied herself in the sunny boat with the mysterious dishes that smelt so good to a hungry man.

'I am graduating as a nurse,' she would say laughing, as she bent over the lean arm of some weirdly wrinkled old lady, bandaging and soothing at the same time. Her reward would be some bit of folk-lore, some quaintness of gratitude, which I noted down in the little book I kept for remembrance — and do not need, for every word is in my heart.

We pulled down through the city next day, Salama rowing, and Kahdra lazily paddling at the bow. A wonderful city, with its narrow ways begrimed with the dirt of ages, and its balconied houses looking as if disease and sin had soaked into them and given them a vicious, tottering beauty, horrible, yet lovely too. We saw the swarming life of the bazaar; the white turbans coming and going, diversified by the rose and yellow Hindu turbans; the fine aquiline faces and the caste-marks, orange and red, on the dark brows. I saw two women — girls — painted and tired like Jezebel, looking out of one window carved and old, and the gray burnished doves flying about it. They leaned indolently, like all the old, old wickedness of the East that yet is ever young — 'Flowers of Delight,' with smooth black hair braided with gold and blossoms, and covered with pale-rose veils, and gold-embossed disks swinging like lamps beside the olive cheeks, the great eyes artificially lengthened and darkened with *soorma*, and the curves of the full lips emphasized with vermilion. They looked down on us with apathy, a dull weariness that held all the old evil of the wicked, humming city. It had taken shape in those indolent bodies

and heavy eyes, which could flash into life as a snake wakes into fierce darting energy when the time comes to spring — direct inheritrixes from Lilith, in the fittest setting in the world — the almost exhausted vice of an Oriental city as old as time.

'Look — below here,' said Vanna, pointing to one of the great ghats — long rugged steps running down to the river. 'When I came yesterday, a great broken crowd was collected, almost shouldering each other into the water, where a boat lay rocking. In it was the body of a man, brutally murdered for the sake of a few rupees and flung into the river. I could see the poor brown body stark in the boat, with a friend weeping beside it. On the lovely deodar bridge people leaned over, watching with grim, open-mouthed curiosity, and business went on gayly where the jewelers make the silver bangles for slender wrists, and the rows of silver coins that make the necks like "the Tower of Damascus builded for an armory." It was all very wild and cruel. I went down to them —'

'Vanna — you went down? Horrible!'

'No; you see I heard them say the wife was almost a child and needed help. So I went. Once, long ago, at Peshawar, I saw the same thing happen, and they came and took the child for the service of the gods, for she was most lovely, and she clung to the feet of a man in terror, and the priest stabbed her to the heart. She died in my arms.'

'Good God!' I said, shuddering; 'what a sight for you! Did they never hang him?'

'He was not punished. I told you it was a very long time ago.'

She said no more. But in her words and the terrible crowding of its life, Srinagar seemed to me more of a nightmare than anything I had seen, excepting only Benares; for the holy Benares is a memory of horror, with a sense of blood hidden under its frantic, crazy devotion, and not far hidden, either.

Our own green shade, when we pulled back to it in the evening cool, was a refuge of unspeakable quiet. She read aloud to me that evening, by the small light of our lamp beneath the trees; and, singularly, she read of joy.

'I have drunk of the Cup of the Ineffable,
I have found the Key of the Mystery;
Traveling by no track, I have come to the Sorrowless Land; very easily has the mercy of the great Lord come upon me.
Wonder is that Land of rest to which no merit can win.
There have I seen joy filled to the brim, perfection of joy.
He dances in rapture and waves of form arise from his dance.
He holds all within his bliss.'

'What is that?' I asked, when the music ceased for a moment.

'It is from the songs of the great Indian mystic — Kabir. Let me read you more. It is like the singing of a lark, lost in the infinite of light and heaven.'

So in the soft darkness I heard for the first time those immortal words; and hearing, a faint glimmer of understanding broke upon me as to the source of the peace that surrounded her. I had accepted it as an emanation of her own heart, when it was the pulsing of the tide of the Divine. She read, choosing a verse here and there, and I listened with absorption. Suppose I had been wrong in believing that sorrow is the key-note of life; that pain is the road of ascent, if road there be; that an implacable Nature presides over all our pitiful struggles and writes a black 'Finis' to the holograph of our existence? What then? Was she teaching me that joy is the only truth, — the only reality, — and all else illusion? Was she the Interpreter of a Beauty eternal in the heavens and reflected in broken prisms in the beauty that walked visible beside me? I listened as a man to

an unknown tongue; but I listened, though I ventured my protest.

'In India, in this strange country where men have time and will for speculation, such thoughts may be natural. Can they be found in the West?'

'This is from the West — might not Kabir himself have said it? Certainly he would have felt it. "Happy is he who seeks not to understand the Mystery of God, but who, merging his spirit into thine, sings to thy Face, O Lord, like a harp, understanding how difficult it is to know — how easy to love Thee." We debate and argue, and the Vision passes us by. We try to prove it, and kill it in the laboratory of our minds, when on the altar of our souls it will dwell forever.'

Silence — and I pondered. Finally she laid the book aside and repeated from memory and in a tone of perfect music: 'Kabir says, "I shall go to the House of my Lord with my Love at my side; then shall I sound the trumpet of triumph."'

When she left me alone, the old doubts came back — the fear that I saw only through her eyes; and I began to believe in joy, only because I loved her. I remember that I wrote in the little book that I kept for my stray thoughts these words, which are not mine but reflect my vision of her.

'Thine is the skill of the Fairy Woman, and the virtue of St. Bride, and the faith of Mary the Mild, and the gracious way of the Greek woman, and the beauty of lovely Emer, and the tenderness of heart-sweet Deirdré, and the courage of Maev the great Queen, and the charm of Mouth-of-Music.'

Yes, all that and more; but I feared lest I should see the heaven of joy through her eyes only, and find it mirage, as I had found so much else.

(To be concluded)

THE ATTAS—A JUNGLE LABOR-UNION

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

Pterodactyl Pups led me to the wonderful Attas — the most astounding of the jungle labor-unions. We were all sitting on the Mazaruni bank, the night before the full moon, immediately in front of my British Guiana laboratory. All the jungle was silent in the white light, and only a big fish broke now and then. On the end of the bench was the monosyllabic Scot, who ceased the exquisite painting of mora butterfly tresses and jungle shadows only for the equal fascination of searching bats for parasites. Then the great physician, who had come six thousand miles to peer into the eyes of birds and lizards in my dark-room, working with a gentle hypnotic manner that made the little beings seem to enjoy the experience. On my right sat an army captain, who had given more thought to the possible secrets of French chaffinches than to

the approaching barrage. There was also the artist, who could draw a lizard's head like a Japanese print, but preferred to depict impressionistic Laocoön roots.

These and others sat with me on the long bench and watched the moon-path. The conversation had begun with possible former life on the moon, then shifted to Conan Doyle's *Lost World*, based on the great Roraima plateau, a hundred and fifty miles west of where we were sitting. Then we spoke of the amusing world-wide rumor, which had started no one knows how, that I had recently discovered a pterodactyl. One delightful result of this had been a letter from a little English girl, which would have made a worthy chapter-subject for *Dream Days*. For years she and her little sister had peopled a wood near her home with pterodactyls, but had somehow never quite seen one; and would I tell her a little about them — whether they had scales, or made nests; so that those in the wood might be a little easier to recognize.

When strange things are discussed for a long time, in the light of a tropical moon, at the edge of a dark, whispering jungle, the mind becomes singularly imaginative and receptive; and, as I looked through powerful binoculars at the great suspended globe, the dead craters and precipices became very vivid and near. Suddenly, without warning, there flapped into my field, a huge shapeless creature. It was no bird, and there was nothing of the bat in its flight — the wings moved with steady rhythmical beats, and drove it straight onward. The wings were skinny, the body large and of a pale ashy hue. For a moment I was shaken. One of the others had seen it, and he, too, did not speak, but concentrated every sense into the end of the little tubes. By the time I had begun to find words, I realized that a giant fruit bat had flown from utter darkness across my line of sight; and by close watching we soon saw others. But for a very few seconds these Pterodactyl Pups, as I nicknamed them, gave me all the thrill of a sudden glimpse into the life of past ages. The last time I had seen fruit bats was in the gardens of Perideniya, Ceylon. I had forgotten that they occurred in Guiana, and was wholly unprepared for the sight of bats a yard across, with a heron's flight, passing high over the Mazaruni in the moonlight.

The talk ended on the misfortune of the configuration of human anatomy, which makes sky-searching so uncomfortable a habit. This outlook was probably developed to a greater extent during the war than ever before; and I can remember many evenings in Paris and London when a sinister half-moon kept the faces of millions turned searchingly upward. But whether in city or jungle, sky-scanning is a neck-aching affair.

The following day my experience with the Pterodactyl Pups was not forgotten, and as a direct result of looking out for soaring vultures and eagles, with hopes of again seeing a white-plumaged King and the regal Harpy, I caught sight of a tiny mote high up in mid-sky. I thought at first it was a martin or swift; but it descended, slowly spiraling, and became too small for any bird. With a final, long, descending curve, it alighted in the compound of our bungalow laboratory and rested quietly — a great queen of the leaf-cutting Attas returning from her marriage flight. After a few minutes she stirred, walked a few steps, cleaned her antennæ, and searched nervously about on the sand. A foot away was a tiny sprig of indigo, the offspring of some seed planted two or three centuries ago by a thrifty Dutchman. In the shade of its three leaves the insect paused, and

at once began scraping at the sand with her jaws. She loosened grain after grain, and as they came free they were moistened, agglutinated, and pressed back against her fore-legs. When at last a good-sized ball was formed, she picked it up, turned around and, after some fussy indecision, deposited it on the sand behind her. Then she returned to the very shallow, round depression, and began to gather a second ball.

I thought of the first handful of sand thrown out for the base of Cheops, of the first brick placed in position for the Great Wall, of a fresh-cut trunk, rough-hewn and squared for a log-cabin on Manhattan; of the first shovelful of earth flung out of the line of the Panama Canal. Yet none seemed worthy of comparison with even what little I knew of the significance of this ant's labor, for this was earnest of what would make trivial the engineering skill of Egyptians, of Chinese patience, of municipal pride and continental schism.

Imagine sawing off a barn-door at the top of a giant sequoia, growing at the bottom of the Grand Cañon, and then, with five or six children clinging to it, descending the tree, and carrying it up the cañon walls against a subway rush of rude people, who elbowed and pushed blindly against you. This is what hundreds of leaf-cutting ants accomplish daily, when cutting leaves from a tall bush, at the foot of the bank near the laboratory.

There are three dominant labor-unions in the jungle, all social insects, two of them ants, never interfering with each other's field of action, and all supremely illustrative of conditions resulting from absolute equality, free-and-equalness, communalism, socialism carried to the (forgive me!) *anth* power. The Army Ants are carnivorous, predatory, militant nomads; the Termites are vegetarian scavengers, sedentary, negative and provincial; the Attas, or leaf-cutting ants, are vegetarians, active and dominant, and in many ways the most interesting of all.

The casual observer becomes aware of them through their raids upon gardens; and indeed the Attas are a very serious menace to agriculture in many parts of the tropics, where their nests, although underground, may be as large as a house and contain millions of individuals. While their choice among wild plants is exceedingly varied, it seems that there are certain things they will not touch; but when any human-reared flower, vegetable, shrub, vine, or tree is planted, the Attas rejoice, and straightway desert the native vegetation to fall upon the newcomers. Their whims and irregular feeding habits make it difficult to guard against them. They will work all round a garden for weeks, perhaps pass through it *en route* to some tree that they are defoliating, and then suddenly, one night, every Atta in the world seems possessed with a desire to work havoc, and at daylight the next morning, the garden looks like winter stubble — a vast expanse of stems and twigs, without a single remaining leaf. Volumes have been written, and a whole chemist's shop of deadly concoctions devised, for combating these ants, and still they go steadily on, gathering leaves which, as we shall see, they do not even use for food.

Although essentially a tropical family, Attas have pushed as far north as New Jersey, where they make a tiny nest, a few inches across, and bring to it bits of pine needles.

In a jungle Baedeker, we should double-star these insects, and paragraph them as 'Atta, named by Fabricius in 1804; two Kartabo species, *sexdens* and *cephalotes;* Leaf-cutting or Cushie or Parasol Ants; very abundant. *Atta*, a subgenus of *Atta*, which is a genus of *Attii*, which is a tribe of *Myrmicinæ*, which is a subfamily of *Formicidæ*,' etc.

With a feeling of slightly greater intimacy, of mental possession, we set out, armed with a name of one hundred and seventeen years' standing, and find a big Atta worker carving away at a bit of leaf, exactly as his ancestors had done for probably one hundred and seventeen thousand years.

We gently lift him from his labor, and a drop of chloroform banishes from his ganglia all memory of the hundred thousand years of pruning. Under the lens his strange personality becomes manifest, and we wonder whether the old Danish zoölogist had in mind the slender toe-tips which support him, or in a chuckling mood made him a namesake of C. Quintius Atta. A close-up shows a very comic little being, encased in a prickly, chestnut-colored armor, which should make him fearless in a den of a hundred anteaters. The front view of his head is a bit mephistophelian, for it is drawn upward into two horny spines; but the side view recalls a little girl with her hair brushed very tightly up and back from her face.

The connection between Atta and the world about him is furnished by this same head: two huge, flail-shaped antennæ arching up like aerial, detached eyebrows — vehicles, through their golden pile, of senses which foil our most delicate tests. Outside of these are two little shoe-button eyes; and we are not certain whether they reflect to the head ganglion two or three hundred bits of leaf, or one large mosaic leaf. Below all is swung the pair of great scythes, so edged and hung that they can function as jaws, rip-saws, scissors, forceps, and clamps. The thorax, like the head of a *titanothere*, bears three pairs of horns — a great irregular expanse of tumbled, rock-like skin and thorn, a foundation for three pairs of long legs, and sheltering somewhere in its heart a thread of ant-life; finally, two little pedicels lead to a rounded abdomen, smaller than the head. This Third-of-an-inch is a worker Atta to the physical eye; and if we catch another, or ten, or ten million, we find that some are small, others much larger, but that all are cast in the same mould, all indistinguishable except, perhaps, to the shoe-button eyes.

II

When a worker has traveled along the Atta trails, and has followed the temporary mob-instinct and climbed bush or tree, the same irresistible force drives him out upon a leaf. Here, apparently, instinct slightly loosens its hold, and he seems to become individual for a moment, to look about, and to decide upon a suitable edge or corner of green leaf. But even in this he probably has no choice. At any rate, he secures a good hold and sinks his jaws into the tissue. Standing firmly on the leaf, he measures his distance by cutting across a segment of a circle, with one of his hind feet as a centre. This gives a very true curve, and provides a leaf-load of suitable size. He does not scissor his way across, but bit by bit sinks the tip of one jaw, hook-like, into the surface, and brings the other up to it, slicing through the tissue with surprising ease. He stands upon the leaf, and I always expect to see him cut himself and his load free, Irishman-wise. But one or two of his feet have invariably secured a grip on the plant, sufficient to hold him safely. Even if one or two of his fellows are at work farther down the leaf, he has power enough in his slight grip to suspend all until they have finished and clambered up over him with their loads.

Holding his bit of leaf edge-wise, he bends his head down as far as possible, and secures a strong purchase along the very rim. Then, as he raises his head, the leaf rises with it, suspended high over his back, out of the way. Down

the stem or tree-trunk he trudges, head first, fighting with gravitation, until he reaches the ground. After a few feet, or, measured by his stature, several hundred yards, his infallible instinct guides him around pebble boulders, mossy orchards, and grass jungles to a specially prepared path.

Thus in words, in sentences, we may describe the cutting of a single leaf; but only in the imagination can we visualize the cell-like or crystal-like duplication of this throughout all the great forests of Guiana and of South America. As I write, a million jaws snip through their stint; as you read, ten million Attas begin on new bits of leaf. And all in silence and in dim light, legions passing along the little jungle roads, unending lines of trembling banners, a political parade of ultra socialism, a procession of chlorophyll floats illustrating unreasoning unmorality, a fairy replica of 'Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.'

In their leaf-cutting, Attas have mastered mass, but not form. I have never seen one cut off a piece too heavy to carry, but many a hard-sliced bit has had to be deserted because of the configuration of the upper edge. On almost any trail, an ant can be found with a two-inch stem of grass, attempting to pass under a twig an inch overhead. After five or ten minutes of pushing, backing, and pushing, he may accidentally march off to one side, or reach up and climb over; but usually he drops his burden. His little works have been wound up, and set at the mark 'home'; and though he has now dropped the prize for which he walked a dozen ant-miles, yet any idea of cutting another stem, or of picking up a slice of leaf from those lying along the trail, never occurs to him. He sets off homeward, and if any emotion of sorrow, regret, disappointment, or secret relief troubles his ganglia, no trace of it appears in antennæ, carriage, or speed. I can very readily conceive of his trudging sturdily all the way back to the nest, entering it, and going to the place where he would have dumped his load, having fulfilled his duty in the spirit at least. Then, if there comes a click in his internal time-clock, he may set out upon another quest — more cabined, cribbed, and confined than any member of a Cook's tourist party.

I once watched an ant with a piece of leaf which had a regular shepherd's crook at the top, and if his adventures of fifty feet could have been caught on a moving-picture film, Charlie Chaplin would have had an arthropod rival. It hooked on stems and pulled its bearer off his feet, it careened and ensnared the leaves of other ants, at one place mixing up with half a dozen. A big thistledown became tangled in it, and well-nigh blew away with leaf and all; hardly a foot of his path was smooth-going. But he persisted, and I watched him reach the nest, after two hours of tugging and falling and interference with traffic.

Occasionally an ant will slip in crossing a twiggy crevasse, and his leaf become tightly wedged. After sprawling on his back and vainly clawing at the air for a while, he gets up, brushes off his antennæ, and sets to work. For fifteen minutes I have watched an Atta in this predicament, stodgily endeavoring to lift his leaf while standing on it at the same time. The equation of push equaling pull is fourth dimensional to the Attas.

With all this terrible expenditure of energy, the activities of these ants are functional within very narrow limits. The blazing sun causes them to drop their burdens and flee for home; a heavy wind frustrates them, for they cannot reef. When a gale arises and sweeps an exposed portion of the trail, their only resource is to cut away all sail and heave it overboard. A sudden

downpour reduces a thousand banners and waving, bright-colored petals to débris, to be trodden under foot. Sometimes, after a ten-minute storm, the trails will be carpeted with thousands of bits of green mosaic, which the outgoing hordes will trample in their search for more leaves. On a dark night little seems to be done; but at dawn and dusk, and in the moonlight or clear starlight, the greatest activity is manifest.

Attas are such unpalatable creatures that they are singularly free from dangers. There is a tacit armistice between them and the other labor-unions. The Army Ants occasionally make use of their trails when they are deserted; but when the two great races of ants meet, each antennæs the aura of the other, and turns respectfully aside. When Termites wish to traverse an Atta trail, they burrow beneath it, or build a covered causeway across, through which they pass and repass at will, and over which the Attas trudge, uncaring and unconscious of its significance.

Only creatures with the toughest of digestions would dare to include these prickly, strong-jawed, meatless insects in a bill of fare. Now and then I have found an ani, or black cuckoo, with a few in its stomach: but an ani can swallow a stinging-haired caterpillar and enjoy it. The most consistent feeder upon Attas is the giant marine toad. Two hundred Attas in a night is not an uncommon meal, the exact number being verifiable by a count of the undigested remains of heads and abdomens. *Bufo marinus* is the gardener's best friend in this tropic land, and besides, he is a gentleman and a philosopher, if ever an amphibian was one.

While the cutting of living foliage is the chief aim in life of these ants, yet they take advantage of the flotsam and jetsam along the shore, and each low tide finds a column from some nearby nest salvaging flowerets, leaves, and even tiny berries. A sudden wash of tide lifts a hundred ants with their burdens and then sets them down again, when they start off as if nothing had happened.

The paths or trails of the Attas represent very remarkable feats of engineering, and wind about through jungle and glade for surprising distances. I once traced a very old and wide trail for well over two hundred yards. Taking little Third-of-an-inch for a type (although he would rank as a rather large Atta), and comparing him with a six-foot man, we reckon this trail, ant-ratio, as a full twenty-five miles. Belt records a leaf-cutter's trail half a mile long, which would mean that every ant that went out, cut his tiny bit of leaf, and returned, would traverse a distance of a hundred and sixteen miles. This was an extreme; but our Atta may take it for granted, speaking antly, that once on the home trail, he has, at the least, four or five miles ahead of him.

The Atta roads are clean swept, as straight as possible, and very conspicuous in the jungle. The chief high-roads leading from very large nests are a good foot across, and the white sand of their beds is visible a long distance away. I once knew a family of opossums living in a stump in the centre of a dense thicket. When they left at evening, they always climbed along as far as an Atta trail, dropped down to it, and followed it for twenty or thirty yards. During the rains I have occasionally found tracks of agoutis and deer in these roads. So it would be very possible for the Attas to lay the foundation for an animal trail, and this, *à la* calf-path, for the street of a future city.

The part that scent plays in the trails is evidenced if we scatter an inch or two of fresh sand across the road. A mass of ants banks against the strange obstruction on both sides, on the one hand a

solid phalanx of waving green banners, and on the other a mob of empty-jawed workers with wildly waving antennæ. Scouts from both sides slowly wander forward, and finally reach one another and pass across. But not for ten minutes does anything like regular traffic begin again.

When carrying a large piece of leaf, and traveling at a fair rate of speed, the ants average about a foot in ten seconds, although many go the same distance in five. I tested the speed of an Atta, and then I saw that its leaf seemed to have a peculiar-shaped bug upon it, and picked it up with its bearer. Finding the blemish to be only a bit of fungus, I replaced it. Half an hour later I was seated by a trail far away, when suddenly my ant with the blemished spot appeared. It was unmistakable, for I had noticed that the spot was exactly that of the Egyptian symbol of life. I paced the trail, and found that seventy yards away it joined the spot where I had first seen my friend. So, with occasional spurts, he had done two hundred and ten feet in thirty minutes, and this in spite of the fact that he had picked up a supercargo.

Two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen, under the proper stimulus, invariably result in water; two and two, considered calmly and without passion, combine into four; the workings of instinct, especially in social insects, is so mechanical that its results can almost be demonstrated in formula; and yet here was my Atta leaf-carrier burdened with a minim. The worker Attas vary greatly in size, as a glance at a populous trail will show. They have been christened *macrergates*, *desmergates* and *micrergates;* or we may call the largest maxims, the average middle class mediums, and the tiny chaps minims, and all have more or less separate functions in the ecology of the colony. The minims are replicas in miniature of the big chaps, except that their armor is pale cinnamon rather than chestnut. Although they can bite ferociously, they are too small to cut through leaves, and they have very definite duties in the nest; yet they are found with every leaf-cutting gang, hastening along with their larger brethren, but never doing anything, that I could detect, at their journey's end. I have a suspicion that the little minims, who are very numerous, function as light cavalry; for in case of danger they are as eager at attack as the great soldiers, and the leaf-cutters, absorbed in their arduous labor, would benefit greatly from the immunity ensured by a flying corps of their little bulldog comrades.

I can readily imagine that these nestling minims become weary and foot-sore (like bank-clerks guarding a reservoir), and if instinct allows such abominable individuality, they must often wish themselves back at the nest, for every mile of a medium is three miles to them.

Here is where our mechanical formula breaks down; for, often, as many as one in every five leaves that pass bears aloft a minim or two, clinging desperately to the waving leaf and getting a free ride at the expense of the already overburdened medium. Ten is the extreme number seen, but six to eight minims collected on a single leaf is not uncommon. Several times I have seen one of these little banner-riders shift deftly from leaf to leaf, when a swifter carrier passed by, as a circus bareback rider changes steeds at full gallop.

Once I saw enacted above ground, and in the light of day, something which may have had its roots in an *Anlage* of divine discontent. If I were describing the episode half a century ago, I should entitle it, 'The Battle of the Giants, or Emotion Enthroned.' A quadruple line of leaf-carriers was disappearing down a hole in front of

the laboratory, bumped and pushed by an out-pouring, empty-jawed mass of workers. As I watched them, I became aware of an area of great excitement beyond the hole. Getting down as nearly as possible to ant height, I witnessed a terrible struggle. Two giants — of the largest soldier maxim caste — were locked in each other's jaws, and to my horror, I saw that each had lost his abdomen. The antennæ and the abdomen petiole are the only vulnerable portions of an Atta, and long after he has lost these apparently dispensable portions of his anatomy, he is able to walk, fight, and continue an active but erratic life. These mighty-jawed fellows seem never to come to the surface unless danger threatens; and my mind went down into the black, musty deqths, where it is the duty of these soldiers to walk about and wait for trouble. What could have raised the ire of such stolid neuters against one another? Was it sheer lack of something to do? or was there a cell or two of the winged caste lying fallow within their bodies, which, stirring at last, inspired a will to battle, a passing echo of romance, of the activities of the male Atta?

Their unnatural combat had stirred scores of smaller workers to the highest pitch of excitement. Now and then, out of the mêlée, a medium would emerge, with a tiny minim in his jaws. One of these carried his still living burden many feet away, along an unused trail, and dropped it. I examined the small ant, and found that it had lost an antenna, and its body was crushed. When the ball of fighters cleared, twelve small ants were seen clinging to the legs and heads of the mutilated giants, and now and then these would loosen their hold on each other, turn, and crush one of their small tormenters. Several times I saw a medium rush up and tear a small ant away, apparently quite insane with excitement.

Occasionally the least exhausted giant would stagger to his four and a half remaining legs, hoist his assailant, together with a mass of the midgets, high in air, and stagger for a few steps, before falling beneath the onrush of new attackers. It made me wish to help the great insect, who, for aught I knew, was doomed because he was different — because he had dared to be an individual.

I left them struggling there, and half an hour later, when I returned, the episode was just coming to a climax. My Atta hero was exerting his last strength, flinging off the pile that assaulted him, fighting all the easier because of the loss of his heavy body. He lurched forward, dragging the second giant, now dead, not toward the deserted trail or the world of jungle around him, but headlong into the lines of stupid leaf-carriers, scattering green leaves and flower-petals in all directions. Only when dozens of ants threw themselves upon him, many of them biting each other in their wild confusion, did he rear up for the last time, and, with the whole mob, rolled down into the yawning mouth of the Atta nesting-hole, disappearing from view, and carrying with him all those hurrying up the steep sides. It was a great battle. I was breathing fast with sympathy, and whatever his cause, I was on his side.

The next day both giants were lying on the old, disused trail; the revolt against absolute democracy was over; ten thousand ants passed to and fro without a dissenting thought, or any thought, and the Spirit of the Attas was content.

WHAT DO BOYS KNOW?

BY ALFRED G. ROLFE

'ALL men are liars,' said the Psalmist, in his haste. It was a rash statement, which, doubtless, he had cause later to regret. Were he living now, and a teacher of youth, he might well be tempted to say in his wrath, 'All young people are fools'; and again he would be wrong, at least so far as boys are concerned. Girls I must leave to those who know them better than I. They look intelligent; but appearances are deceitful, and their conversation, while picturesque, is not always reassuring.

Once there was a girl who, through all the courses of a long dinner, entertained her neighbor with sprightly talk. At the time he thought that he had never enjoyed a conversation more; but when he meditated upon it, in the cold night watches, he realized that he had done all the talking, her share being confined to two words, 'rippin'' and 'rath-*er*.' The rest was 'charm.' That is, however, another story.

I have a theory that girls know better than boys how to make a little information, as well as a limited vocabulary, go a long way. It is a theory the truth of which it is difficult for me to establish, and I shall not attempt to do so. Boys, on the other hand, seem at times to glory in their ignorance. They wear it as a garment; they flaunt it in one's face. 'The world is still deceived with ornament,' but not by them. Knowledge is theirs, but 'knowledge never learned of schools,' hidden below the surface. This makes them a fascinating, if baffling, subject of study, and gives point to the query, 'What do boys know?'

For some years it has been part of my job as master in a large preparatory school for boys, to make out each year two 'information tests,' and to superintend the correction of the papers. Each test contains one hundred questions, and presupposes on the part of the pupil a bowing acquaintance with the masterpieces of English literature, including the Bible, some knowledge of the political doings of the day at home and abroad, and a smattering of what is politely, but vaguely, styled 'general information,' which comes from the habit of keeping open the eyes and ears.

The boys who take the tests range from twelve to nineteen years of age and are, for the most part, sons of wealthy parents. They have enjoyed all the advantages that money can buy. Many have traveled widely. Not a few have been exposed to the society of refined and cultured persons.

The tests are anticipated with an interest that amounts almost to enthusiasm. There are book prizes for the winners, and the successful ones receive from their fellows plaudits not usually given in this day and generation to those whose wits are nimbler than their heels.

After reading some hundreds of these 'general information' papers, I am forced to conclude that the average boy's ignorance of literature, especially of the Bible, is profound, not to say abysmal. The unplumbed depth of the abyss may, perhaps, be assigned to the youth who gave as his version of the third commandment, 'Thou shalt not

commit Deuteronomy!' but he will not lack company. The question, 'Who led the children of Israel into the Promised Land?' brought out an amazing array of candidates for that high honor, beginning with Noah, embracing all the prophets, major and minor, and ending with 'Moses, the Baptist.' Answers to the question, 'What book of the Old Testament has no mention of God?' ranged impartially from Genesis to Malachi, with a strong bias toward the former, in spite of its opening words, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'

It is only too evident that in many modern households family worship is unknown. No longer does 'the priestlike father read the sacred page,' while 'the children round the ingle form a circle wide.' As a matter of fact, one would have to look far to find an ingle in a modern apartment; the father, quite unpriestlike in garb and conversation, is on the links, or snuggling with pipe and paper in his easy chair; the children are swinging wide in quite another sort of circle, and the family Bible, if there be one, is lying, neglected, on the table, hidden from sight by *The New Republic*, *Vanity Fair* (not Thackeray's), and the *Golfer's Companion*.

How, then, is the boy to become acquainted with 'the only book,' as Walter Scott would have it? In Church and Sunday School? Many a boy never has attended either of them. In the public school? The Bible was banished from it long ago.

There remains the private school, in whose curriculum may be found a brief course in 'Bible,' which, in the boy's mind, takes its place with his other lessons, to be learned, recited, and joyfully forgotten as soon as possible. Why should he know who pulled down the temple of Dagon, or who slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass? These tragic happenings mean no more to him than the death of Baldur, the exploits of Asurbanipal, or many other 'old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago.'

Clearly, then, the fault lies not with the boy. Teacher and parent must share the blame, and it would ill become one who views the matter from the standpoint of the teacher only, to say which is the more culpable.

Unfortunately, the boy's ignorance of the great English masterpieces is not limited to the Bible. Profane literature receives but little better treatment at his hands. Every boy has a few favorite authors, whom he holds responsible for all that has been written in prose or verse since Shakespeare's day. Longfellow heads the list, with Tennyson and Kipling following closely; and many are the crimes that are committed in their names. There is some reason for attributing *The Vision of Sir Launfal* to Lord Tennyson, for he sang of knights and their visions; but why should he be made to father *Two Years before the Mast*, *Westward Ho!* and *The Ancient Mariner?* Evidently, in the minds of many boys, 'the sea is his, and he made it.' There are, however, two poems which every boy hails with joy as his very own. These are *Hiawatha* and *The Raven*. Few boys have read them, and fewer could quote a line of them, but the majority identify without difficulty quotations from either. How the boy knows them, I cannot tell, nor can he. It is one of the curiosities of literature.

'The proper study of mankind is man,' but it is evident that boykind has not greatly concerned itself with the study of boy: for we learn that the centre of the nervous system is the spine, spleen, lungs, pancreas, and 'diafram'; the bones of the forearm are the elbow, biceps, forceps, and habeas corpus; the normal temperature of the human body varies from fifty to two hundred and

twelve degrees, Fahrenheit; and one element in the atmosphere essential to the support of human life is gasoline, the other being, presumably, 'Mobiloil.'

The female of the species, if not more deadly than the male, is, in the boy's mind, more pervasive, for the feminine of ram is doe, dam, yew, roe, nanny-goat, and she-ram; while the feminine of farmer — hardly a fair question, that — is milkmaid, old maid, *farmeuse*, husband-woman, and Mrs. Farmer.

It has long been maintained that no English word rhymes with window, but one test brought to light several such rhymes, among them widow, Hindu, akimbo, shadow, billow, and potato!

When the history and geography of the United States are in question, the answers are equally astounding. The largest city of Ohio is Detroit, St. Louis, 'Sinsinnatah,' and 'Omerhaw.' (The average boy refuses to be a slave to orthography.) Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, and Roosevelt were all *impeached*, Farragut was admiral in the Spanish war, and Mr. Taft was the *third* President of the United States. In the youthful mind 'a hundred years are as a day,' and it matters little whether Lee surrendered at Appomattox or at Yorktown.

There is, however, a brighter side of the picture. Mother-wit often comes to the aid of ignorance, and the task of the examiner is lightened by many a gleam of humor. What, for instance, could be better than the answer which one boy gave to the question, 'Who discovered the Pacific Ocean?' His natural answer would have been, 'You can search me'; but flippancy is not encouraged; so he replied, 'The natives who lived along the shore.' Another defined *conjunctivitis* as 'the knack of getting along with people'; and a third would have a *barracuda* 'a feast where oxen are roasted whole.'

'How many legs has a Kaffir?' was a staggerer. Conjecture ranged from two to twelve, the majority favoring three, without making it clear what the unfortunate creature could do with the odd leg.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? May we say in our haste that all boys are fools? Prithee, not too fast. These are out-of-doors boys, living in a world of motor-cars, air-planes, and wireless. Many a boy who could not for his life name a member of Mr. Harding's Cabinet, can, by the sound of the engine, 'spot' every motor-car made in this country, improvise an aerial from the springs of his bed, or draw a model of a gasoline engine that would do credit to a mechanical engineer. Children of Martha, 'they are concerned with matters hidden — under the earth-line their altars lie.'

Perhaps they have chosen the better part. Who can say? At any rate, they are content to leave letters to those who love them; to let their secretaries do their spelling, and politicians manage the government, 'while they finger death at their gloves' end.'

I, who can distinguish but two makes of automobiles without giving a furtive glance at the hub-caps, am thankful that it is mine to ask the questions, not to answer them. I know full well that many boys who cannot say whether Keats is a poet or a breakfast food could make out a test that would put their masters to shame.

Times have changed, and those who aspire to ride the whirlwind have neither time nor inclination to trudge along the dusty paths of learning that their fathers trod.

> Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
> If I cannot carry forests on my back,
> Neither can you crack a nut, —

and he who judges a quarrel between the mountain and the squirrel has no easy task.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE BELL

BY BELLE SKINNER

On the thirteenth of September, 1920, the bell was christened.

It was a perfect day — not a cloud in the blue sky, not a breath of wind, not too warm, not too cool, brilliant sunshine — a perfect day.

The little village on the hill, the gray ruins of the Gothic church, the bell-tower, the classic lines of the old market, the red-tiled roofs of the few rebuilt cottages — all these, with the French and American flags and garlands of laurel leaves, made an incomparable setting for the ceremony.

The idea came about through a conversation with my host, the curé of Hattonchâtel, in which he told me of the ancient glories of the village, of its long ecclesiastical history dating back to the tenth century. In those early days Hattonchâtel was famous as a place of retreat for the bishops of Verdun, Metz, and Toul, from one of whom, Bishop Hatton, it took its name, *châtel*, of course, being the old form of château; and for several succeeding centuries it belonged to the Church — a fortress village enclosed by high, thick walls.

It was during its ecclesiastical existence that Hattonchâtel acquired most of its glory. The present church was built then, pure Gothic in style, as were the cloisters connecting the church with the bishop's palace at the end of the street; for bishops in those days did not walk exposed to the elements. Houses for the priests who came in the bishop's train were built then, also, and the famous old Market, now one of the *Monuments Historiques* of France. But though Hattonchâtel was, first of all, an ecclesiastical village, it was not unknown to the Court; its forest was one of the hunting preserves of Louis XIV; and during the season for chasing the wild boar, Hattonchâtel heard more than the mass.

Time passed.

Wars were fought around the village; for Hattonchâtel has always been the heart's desire of conquerors. Lying as it does on the crest of a high hill, which juts out like a promontory into the valley of the Meuse six hundred feet below, it dominates the countryside, and in the days of milder warfare was practically unassailable.

The Swedish bombardment, however, of the fourteenth century did its work well. The walls of the fortress were broken down, the strong gates demolished, and its entrance being no longer barred, peasant-life appeared in Hattonchâtel.

Out of the stones of the almost wholly destroyed church property the newcomers built their homes; and as the centuries passed, the fame of Hattonchâtel was no longer in the splendor of the Roman Church or in the brilliance of the French Court; rather, its glory lay in the courage of those spirits whose descendants, undaunted, are to-day resurrecting their devastated provinces — the peasants of France.

Monsieur le curé sadly called my attention to the empty bell-tower, and told me what the church bell means to a rural community in France: how the

villagers love and listen for it and sing songs about it, and how they speak of it affectionately as of a person, for bells have names in France. It is the bell that wakens them in the early morning and sends them to the fields to work; it tells them the noon hour; and again, the day's work done, it sounds the Angelus, bidding the faithful to prayer. It announces all the fêtes, it rings for the marriages, the births, the deaths.

Then the curé went on to tell me how, during the German occupation of the village, their church bell had been taken away and melted for military purposes, and they had heard no bell in Hattonchâtel for five long years.

The story was so simple, so appealing, that I could only say, 'Oh, monsieur le curé, let me replace the stolen bell.'

He replied, 'Ah, mademoiselle, Germany must pay for the wanton destruction she wrought in our villages, but, of course, we do not know when we can collect the money, and in the meantime — perhaps — '

So the bell was ordered, of bronze, a metre in height.

It is beautifully embossed with the symbols of the Roman Church, to which was added, according to custom, its name.

I fell in with the curé's suggestion that the bell should have my name; but my name is Belle, and the curé with a rueful shake of his head objected that no saint had ever been named Belle, and church bells must bear the names of saints. I admitted that I had been christened Isabel. Smiling approval, and with a splendid disregard of the English spelling, the curé wrote out, 'Isabelle.'

But that was not all. A bell, it seems, must have two Christian names.

The curé looked at me inquiringly. I suggested Ruth, my other name. With a deprecating gesture he replied testily, 'No, no, we cannot have Ruth.' As I had no other name to offer, the curé, inscrutable as the Sphinx, impatiently tapped his pencil on the table and said, 'Then choose a name.'

Almost with fear and trembling I gave my mother's, 'Sarah.'

'Ah, Sarah has been sainted,' he replied softly, and wrote in full, 'Sarah Isabelle.'

It piqued my disposition to inquire — Isabelle a saint in perfectly good standing: Ruth without the fold. Why, I wondered? But I did not ask the curé. I rarely bother him with questions. When I am a part of his household, I feel that I am living Balzac, and I would not venture to show an indiscreet curiosity that might break the charm.

In that war-torn house the spell of the eighteenth century is everywhere — in the irregular flagstones of the corridors, in the bits of faded wall-paper still hanging here and there, even in the cheap oak centre table about which we sat for our many conferences — a strange company: the curé alert, resourceful, always the dominant figure; the mayor shy, silent, determined; the notary looking like a sketch by Thackeray, and talking grandiloquently — these three children of Hattonchâtel breathing forth the atmosphere of old France, and I of another age and world, yet feeling through them the antiquity, the splendor, and the genius of their country, their ideal of patriotism; seeing through their eyes the changeless character and fearless courage of the men and women of Northern France, who, in the face of seemingly insuperable difficulties and hardships, are already beginning life anew amid the ruins.

Hattonchâtel on the Côtes-de-Meuse, in all its quaint beauty, has been quite unknown to tourists. Before the war the only way of visiting the village was

on foot. Now there is a good motor-road to the top of the hill; but the village itself remains the France of two hundred years ago, unchanged. Generation after generation of French peasants have lived as their fathers lived, and died as their fathers died, within the village walls, knowing nothing and desiring nothing but Hattonchâtel.

This village, then, gave the setting for the mediæval ceremony of the christening of the bell. We had chosen the date — September the thirteenth, the second anniversary of the liberation of the village by French and American troops, the two armies having come together at the foot of the hill. The exact point of meeting is marked by a stone shaft erected about a year ago, by the Salvation Army, to the memory of the First Division, the first of our troops to engage with the French in the battle for Hattonchâtel.

Perhaps because the hill was of such military importance during the Great War, perhaps because it was wrested from the Germans by the help of America, perhaps, too, a little because the new church bell would so soon and for always speak of America's love for France — perhaps for these reasons the authorities decided to add to the christening ceremony exercises by the State in celebration of the partial reconstruction of the village, especially the installation of the water-system. General Berthélot, Governor-General of Metz, was chosen to represent the Army, and the Sous-Préfet of the Meuse, to represent the Department.

When I looked out of my window in the curé's house, at eight o'clock on the morning of the great day, the hill was already black with people coming to the fête. Some of them had walked half the night, so eager were they to be present. Up the hill they came, in families, in pairs, in groups of eight or ten, old and young, weak and strong, many of them wearing the costumes of Alsace and Lorraine, all in holiday attire, their worn faces aglow with pleasure and excitement — coming to the Christening.

The exercises began with mass at ten o'clock, at which a tablet dedicated to the memory of the soldier dead at Hattonchâtel was unveiled. This ceremony, conducted by Monseigneur Génisty, the Bishop of Verdun, took place in the ruins of the church. There was no cover over our heads. Not a vestige of roof remains. During the five years that the interior of the church has been exposed to the weather, shrubs four or five feet high have grown up in the nave; and it was against this lovely background of green that we built a temporary altar. On one side of the altar was improvised a throne for the bishop; on the other the peasant choir was grouped about a little portable organ.

The scene amid the ruins: the bishop in his purple robes, the acolytes in crimson slowly swinging the golden censers, the low chanting of the attendant priests and the youthful voices of the choir in response — this, with the sun's rays glinting on fragments of precious old glass still hanging in the battered window-frames, making them flash like jewels, and every available nook and corner packed with peasants, their heads bowed in reverence, made an unforgettable picture. As the services proceeded and the prayers were read, a fanfare of trumpets, from the *chasseurs-à-pied* stationed in the cloister, thrilled us with the thought of what the French army had meant to civilization, as it saddened us with the remembrance of France's terrible losses in the war, the while the smoke of the burning incense rising through the roofless church to heaven made us feel that every prayer for the soldier dead was mounting straight to the Throne of God.

The mass ended, we went outside for the principal event of the day — the Christening of the Bell.

This ceremony of mediæval origin, performed with all the pomp and dignity of the Roman Church, was full of picturesque details. Above us was the cloudless blue, around us were the wrecks of war — heaps and heaps of stones piled high, the tottering walls of the church, its bell-tower strangely upright; beyond, on all sides, the peasants, the black Alsatian bows and the white caps of Lorraine mingling with the dull gray garments of every day, all eagerly crowding in. Against these sombre colors the brilliant uniforms of the general and his staff stood out in vivid contrast; while stretching up the village street and fading away into the sky were masses of horizon blue, the uniform of the poilu of France.

The bell was placed on a low platform near the entrance to the cloisters. It was hung in a wooden frame entwined with green garlands and pink roses, and surmounted by a golden cross. At the right of the platform stood the godfather and godmother of the bell. On the other side were the priests and the choir. Opposite, and facing the bell, we built a tribune for the speakers and invited guests, and decorated it with the flags of France and America.

But the bell did not hang in the frame in its naked bronze: it was draped in a white lace robe, veiled from curious eyes as is a bride, and at a given point in the ceremony, the veil was laid back just as a bride is unveiled at the altar, and the bishop, amid the low chanting of the priests and the burning of the incense, touched it with holy water and pronounced its name.

'Je m'appelle Sarah Isabelle. J'ai pour parrain Monsieur Jules Haldrech, Maire. J'ai pour marraine Miss Skinner. J'ai été baptisée par Monseigneur Génisty, l'Évêque de Verdun, le 13 Septembre, 1920, l'Abbé Thierry étant curé à Hattonchâtel.'

The tongue was then placed in the bell, for as yet, remember, no one had heard its voice; a long blue ribbon was attached to it, which the bishop pulled three times, announcing in loud tones to Hattonchâtel and the whole countryside the advent, let us hope, of happier days for those stricken villages. His Grace then passed the ribbon to me, and I too sent the rich tone ringing out across the valley; in turn, the mayor and the curé followed.

Then to the music of the *Marche Lorraine* we crossed over to the tribune, where the civil exercises were opened by General Berthélot. The general paid a graceful tribute to America's help in the St. Mihiel Salient, with particular reference to Hattonchâtel; after which Monsieur le Sous-Préfet spoke eloquently of the work of reconstruction in the Department of the Meuse, and of what had already been accomplished there. He was followed by Major Cotchett, representing the American Embassy at Paris.

The speeches ended, the *marraine* of the bell, as a part of the christening ceremony and in keeping with its mediæval character, stepped out from the tribune and, amid acclaims and huzzas, quite in the manner of a feudal lord giving largesse, scattered *dragées* to the crowds.

So ended the christening.

Immediately afterward luncheon was served. It was like the feeding of the five thousand, with the miracle left out. The peasants of the village were served in their own homes; the principal guests were seated at a long table in the open square; the crowds found places for themselves among the ruins; but all were served. While we were engaged in eating, the newly christened bell was hoisted into the belfry, and a little later,

very dramatically, just as the champagne was being served, it pealed forth. The silence of five years of suffering was broken. Instinctively the musicians struck up the *Sambre et Meuse*, the whole company rose to its feet and, with tears in eyes and voice, saluted 'Sarah Isabelle.'

Toward evening we went down the hill, — on foot, like pilgrims going to a shrine, — and in the deep shadow we placed upon the monument to the First Division a laurel wreath. Carried as it was by two common soldiers, a doughboy of America and a poilu of France, to us it symbolized the close union of the two great Republics — together in war, together in peace.

FOR INSTANCE — PAUL ZONBOR

BY HARRY HUBERT FIELD

Unless we take seriously to heart the education of . . . the foreign-born, we shall sooner or later suffer the consequences.

— General John J. Pershing.

I

Paul Zonbor, son of a Hungarian laborer, was born in a small village near the town of Temesvar, where German is the common tongue.

In his childhood, Paul went to the village school, where, as he saw it in after years, the chief subject of enlightenment was, in general, the greatness and glory of the reigning families of the Austro-Hungarian kingdoms, and, in particular, the names of each and every prince, duke, and baron of the Hapsburg Empire, their titles, their great services to the country, their still greater service to the world at large. Supermen, these all, as Paul and his mates were taught: gods on earth, to be feared and venerated.

At the age of twelve, Paul, taken from school, was sent into the fields, where, with other laborers, he worked for a wage that barely bought food enough to maintain life, leaving the acquisition of clothing to kindly hazard.

As to the fields themselves, they belonged to a wealthy baron. His name the laborers knew, but not his face. What, indeed, should such a fine gentleman do, in a place so barbarous, so outlandish as this his estate on the Temes?

Still, it appeared he had need of whatever they could possibly make for him. So they went to work at sunrise. And when the sun stood over their heads, they stopped to eat their midday meal. And when the sun sank low, they stumbled home, dog-tired, to their rest, only to rise with the morrow's sun for another day like the last. The sky was their only clock, its moods their only variety.

Thus the years passed, until the time drew near when Paul must follow his brothers and his friends into the army, to serve his two years of compulsory training.

Now, the chief conscious grievance among the peasant inhabitants of the Temes district was that their sons were

forced to give two years out of their young lives for this same military training; forced to give two precious years to learn to defend with their own blood the lands of their princes and dukes; to learn to fight for their task-master's sake, whenever their task-master's lands or privileges might be endangered.

Further, the men conscripted from the Temes district must join a regiment officered by Austrians, who neither understood their men nor were in the least concerned about their lives or comforts. 'Hungarian dogs,' their expression ran, 'what are they fit for but cannon-fodder in case of need! Everything to its use.'

Then, when the young men came back to the village, the two years done, invariably they brought tales of brutal floggings undergone, of long sentences served in unspeakable prisons, of prodigious cruelties wantonly inflicted for offenses that, in the eyes of humane officers, would have passed unrecognized as offenses at all. Many wore disfiguring scars — the marks of willful blows from Austrian officers. And so, as the time came near when Paul must stand his turn, his ever-present under-horror became a constant obsession, and his nightly dreams were of conscription, of Austrian officers striking him with swords, of hideous black dungeons in which he fought for his food, fought for his life, fought for his reason, against battalions of rats.

Then came a Sunday afternoon when an uncle visited the Zonbors' mean little cottage, bringing a letter from his son, Paul's cousin, who had dared the unknown and crossed the sea. The letter spoke of a new land of promise — of a country of the free, where men earned more than a mere existing wage; a country where men *were* men, not mere slaves to the earth.

Thus it was that Paul Zonbor first heard of the United States of America. And from that very Sunday he determined to leave to the Austrian officers one man less to maltreat — to follow his bold cousin and to try his luck in the Country of the Free.

II

It was in the spring of the year 1906, to be exact, that a ship crowded with emigrants from Southeastern Europe, entering New York Harbor, brought as an atom among the horde this son of a Hungarian laborer, from the little village near Temesvar.

Once ashore, the atom shared a common lot — he was caught by one of the swarm of mercenary employment agents, who are always alert and eager to clutch any ignorant victim, to suck out his all.

These labor agencies are often owned and staffed by men born in Central Europe — men who, when first they set foot in America, were themselves helpless atoms in a helpless mass, and who themselves fell easy prey to the sharks. But, their own sufferings outlived, they draw from their scars no lesson of compassion — nothing but a sinister shrewdness in doing as they were done by. Posing as friends of the stranger in the land, they exploit the ignorance of their own countrymen, and make a cannibal livelihood by skinning them alive.

But Paul Zonbor knew nothing of these things. And now, whether for good or for evil, he had arrived in the Promised Land. To-day, years later, — a point which should be borne well in mind throughout this account, — to-day, years later, Paul Zonbor, looking back on these his first experiences, entirely forgets the nationality of those who skinned him, remembering only that it was in America, the Land of the Free, the Promised Land, that he was so skinned.

The job that he got from the cannibals took him into a night bakery, in the colossal city. Here again his mother-tongue, German, greeted him — was the only language either spoken or understood; and during the period that followed, he not only worked, but lived, moved, had his entire being among a German-speaking, German-thinking population. Never did it occur to him — never was it suggested to him — to try to learn something about the strange country that he had so newly made his home. His work left him stupefied. He seemed to have neither will nor energy nor imagination, when it was done, to reach out beyond into the true meaning, whatever that might be, of the Promised Land. He did not even suspect that it had another aspect than that in which he slaved. To all intents, he was living in Hungary, under Austrian influences still.

But even to-day he does not realize this. He still thinks that America, the Promised Land, of her own deliberate greed and inhumanity shoved him into that hole.

Yet, through the haze in his dull brain, one longing did arise and grow — a great and greater longing for open air. After the big skies of Central Europe, the long nights in an underground bakery, so suddenly assumed, were soon intolerable; and, after he had taken his necessary amount of sleep, the rag of daylight that remained was not enough. So, after a few months of stifling, the emigrant, bestirring himself, made shift for breath, and changed his vocation to that of laborer for a contracting company. You can see the like of him, any hour of any day, in any big city, handling a pick or shovel in the excavation for a new sky-scraper. And so, with no wider change, his life wound on.

But one morning came an incident: the man at the control carelessly pushed the wrong lever. Bang! Crash! A cry — a moan — silence. The crane had dropped its load. And two men who, a moment before, had been active bread-winners, lay motionless, crushed to death. The boss came along to gather the story, while the dead men lay at his feet.

'Oh, well — they 're only Hunkies!' he exclaimed, prefacing his orders with that one phrase of relief.

Paul Zonbor caught the words, and, by a perverse chance, he understood them every one. Through the fogs in his brain they took on life and glowed dully, with an evil fire. And they made his first clear picture of the concept that he was finally to call America.

America, he perceived, was a place where 'Hunkies' did not matter, alive or dead. American bosses, then, were merely Austrian officers in another guise. 'Only Hunkies' and 'cannon-fodder' were synonyms.

The laborers had no right under the crane?

The incident was an exceptional one?

Not more than one boss in a thousand is like the man that Paul heard speak?

True, true, true; and that thousandth boss was probably born anywhere on earth except under the Eagle of Liberty.

All true. Yet Paul Zonbor, living in the Promised Land, to this day thinks of that early boss of his as a typical American, and believes the typical American boss to be a cold-blooded slave-driver.

To be sure, he himself has since had bosses who have treated him in a humane and friendly way; but these, he is certain, must be the exceptions that prove the rule, as the only ones that he hears of aside from his own experience are described as slave-drivers and brutes.

Next, while Paul was working with the spade, came an opportunity to go to Pittsburgh, at better wages. He went.

Once arrived in the great iron centre, again he found whole communities living the only life he knew, speaking the only tongue he understood, and being the only things he imagined men to be. Here again, it was as if a piece of the Hapsburg Empire had been transplanted into the heart of the United States. Here, to such a community he naturally gravitated, and was at once submerged. Here, too, he met the woman he made his wife — a woman differing in no degree or habit from the one he would have married had he never left his native land.

By and by bad times came to Pittsburgh — strikes and riots, want and misery. Men were tossed about, pawns in a game they did not understand. Thus we find Paul Zonbor, with a handful of his countrymen, again casting loose and moving with all their possessions — this time to Buffalo.

Here Paul locates in a section of the city where he is able to buy all the necessities of life from stores owned by his countrymen; where the Austrians, the Southern Europeans, the Germans, have their own saloons, their own banks and clubs; where they never come into contact with English-speaking Americans outside their laboring hours.

And again Paul is swallowed up in a little Central Europe, under the spray of Niagara Falls!

III

Nevertheless, what with the passing of years, what with the evolution of natural character, Paul, for all the tightness of the shell in which he has lived, has grown. He has a certain quality now — and a heightened value. He can command steady work. In fact, he actually spent eight years under the same roof, in the great Buffalo plant that employed him. He has climbed upward in the respect of his community; has become a leader, well-liked and trusted; is the elected chairman of the club.

Moreover, he has learned, or so he believes, about America. If now you were to ask Paul any sort of questions about present-day politics, you would find that he possesses an amazing familiarity with things about which he knows nothing whatever. His knowledge to-day includes a great deal more than the history of the Hapsburg dynasty. He is ready and glib in discussing Bolshevism, Atheism, Darwinism, Marxism, Prohibition, John Brown, or the Mayflower. The names of labor leaders the world over are common to his memory, and he can dilate on the particular creed and preaching of each one.

Where did he gain all this knowledge? In America?

Yes, surely, since the laborer of the Temes knew nothing of it.

From Americans?

Most emphatically, no! America has not concerned herself with the mental processes of Paul Zonbor. Using his hands as vital tools, teaching him at most a little English in order to direct these tools, she has taken no cognizance of his mental processes beyond those used in shop practice.

It appears, however, that some sort of power exists, has existed, that does see a use for Paul's mentality. This power manifests itself in several shapes. For example, it supplies Paul Zonbor with weekly newspapers printed in the language he best understands — German. It supplies him also with whatever books he may desire to read, all written in that same language. That those books heavily tend to certain main lines, are chosen with purpose, and that his desires are guided toward them; that his judgment is distorted by them, is not apparent to Paul. His horizon affords so restricted a vision, that variety of conditions and compari-

son of values can play little part there as disputants of any systematic invader. And the actual invader is systematic indeed!

As has already been stated, Paul presides over a club. This club has a very considerable number of members, for Paul's class is large in the manufacturing city by the Falls. But the whole organization has not one real American member, and it would be strange to hear an English word spoken within its walls. It is, however, an exceedingly live and active centre. It has endless inner societies for all sorts of ends. But beyond that, it has an amazing lot of debates, meetings, lectures, concerts, where the proceedings, it seems, are stimulated by, and infused with a steady and consistent current from without.

Nothing that is done here in any way relates to America's America. Whether it be in songs, discussions, or teaching, the underlying trend is very strong and is always the same.

All the lecturers are 'sent' from some mysterious elsewhere. All lecture in German, and the majority of them state either that they are Russians or that they have been in Russia quite recently. Russia and Labor in that and other distant parts are, almost exclusively, the subjects of their talk. And never do they miss a chance to quicken their hearers' hatred against the employing classes of any country in the world.

Always they affirm that the laborers of other countries are ready to rise and salute Bolshevism, if only they can be sure that in the United States a majority will follow them. They tell how prosperous the Russians are, under their present rulers; how every man has to work for a living, — labor for a living, — explaining that thus none has to work for more than six hours a day. They tell how, in Russia, all profits are shared, and thus all alike are wealthy; and how more schools have been built by the régime of the last order than were built in a generation of Tsardom. And above all, always they beseech, nay, order, their audiences not to believe one word that is printed in the American press.

'All that it says is lies, damned, deliberate lies,' the speaker repeats, with a fire and an eloquence that drives his words deep. 'America the land of the free? Bah! Russia is the only free country on the face of the earth to-day. It is the only country that has rid itself of the High Capitalist — the gorging, wine-bibbing High Capitalist. *He* is your true enemy, with his wines and his women — as bad, and a hundred times worse than the officers that you thought abused you in the old days at home. Why, look at the hugeness of the thing: the men you see around you — the plant managers, the foremen and whatnots — are scarcely better off, in principle, than you are yourselves. They are only the tools of the High Capitalist. They are only slave-gang bosses, who *have* to drive you in order to keep their jobs. Pity them. The High Capitalists are nothing else than blood-sucking vampires, forever bleeding every man under their control, from the first down, in order to make a few more dollars to keep their palaces of wickedness.

'*But our day is coming*, mind you. Our plans are laid, our hour is close at hand. When the moment arrives, we shall strike in every country at the same time. Russia has already set us our example. Germany is on our side. Italy, Canada, France, and England will rise as one man when our leaders give the signal. Here in the United States we are well organized; but remember that each one of you has to spread our doctrine each hour of every day. So our victory is assured.'

What response does this teaching, preached day by day, year by year,

awaken in Paul Zonbor and the like of him? Keep sight of the fact that Paul Zonbor, — now confessedly a Bolshevik, — like nearly all Bolsheviki and I.W.W.'s, was born in an environment of hate. In his earliest childhood he saw his parents and all their world hating, bitterly hating, the rulers, the rich men, the officials of his native land. And he, in his turn and on his own account, grew up to hate them as bitterly.

Then, being perhaps something more virile than the rest, he left his native land to escape the exploiter of 'cannon-fodder,' taking refuge in the Land of the Free. He had expected much of this Promised Land. He had been taught, and had taught himself, to regard it most truly as heaven on a new earth, where men were paid fabulous sums for half the work that on the Temes barely bought food enough to maintain life. Were not the dollars huge weekly, nay, daily, fortunes when translated into his native currency?

Yet once in the Promised Land, what had he found? Was it not the term 'cannon-fodder' giving place, when the crane drops its load, to 'only a Hunkie,' while the mill grinds on over the dead?

Then other things happened — things that, in the dim light of the world in which he groped, nobody interpreted to him — nobody, until 'they' hunted him out with the doctrine that gives fresh direction to the old, fierce faculty of hate. So that, as the New World increasingly disappointed him, as the beauties of the Old World gradually blotted out, in his memory, the grievances that drove him across the sea, he transferred his hatred, strengthened with the strength of his full maturity, to objects chosen by the only teachers that came his way.

'Who are the High Capitalists?' you ask him now. 'Is the head of this plant one?'

'He? No. *He* works himself. You can see that. He is only a slave, driven like the rest of us.'

'Is the president of the corporation one?'

Paul hesitates. 'I don't know. I should have to see how much stock he owns. *But I can find out.* In two days' time. Do you want to know?'

And so you find that the 'High Capitalist' actually has no other name, no definite identity in Paul's mind, but is, in fact, merely an imaginary figure conjured behind mists by paid revolutionary agitators.

IV

What is the cure for this prodigious ignorance that is so genuinely misleading a great part of the foreign-born labor in America to-day?

As for those who make their livelihood by preaching a foul and destructive doctrine, — those who defile the world for greed and defilement's sake, — they are best left alone, with rope enough to hang themselves, since hang they will, if given time and space.

But as for those who are honestly deceived and misguided, like Paul Zonbor, they, surely, have a just claim on men of better understanding to be shown the truth, the way to right thinking and right living by the code of the Golden Rule.

If a right-thinking man sees a forest on fire, he will immediately take steps to quench that fire, no matter to whom the forest may belong. Yet many men who do themselves see outbreakings of the flame started in Russia and smouldering the world over, instead of jumping to help smother it, turn their heads away, either because they believe it to be none of their business, or because they are too self-occupied to care for the world at large.

That is to say, they will wait until

their neighbors have been destroyed and the flames have reached their own doors, before they will stir in their common duty.

When the Reds of Buffalo were arrested, at the beginning of last year, Paul Zonbor was overlooked. Paul had been pro-German in his sympathies all through the war, although not at that time an actively dangerous man. Since the Armistice, however, the multiplied weight of Bolshevist propaganda directed upon him as a key man, influencing the thought of his fellows, had had its cumulative effect. He was now in the condition where any spark might incite him to translate his theories into bloody facts. Yet Paul was overlooked, in the arrests of the Reds, although many of his friends and followers went to jail; whence, after two weeks in the cells, they were released, to spread with increased vigor their horrible creed, with all the rage of martyrs to a cause.

The authorities of the plant in which Paul had worked for eight years, having got wind of his tendencies, determined, however, to act for themselves. He was an undesirable — a spreader of discontent among his fellow workmen. They would quietly dismiss him without any words as to the cause. They did not want to fan red coals.

Accordingly, one morning, the foreman of the department informed No. 1896, Paul Zonbor, that another man would take over his job.

'Why? Don't I give satisfaction?' asked Paul.

Paul, by the way, was one of the most valuable men in his line. He carried a string of numbers in his mind running into the thousands, was accurate, trustworthy, and in times of special pressure had scarcely an equal, in his own way, among the plant's personnel.

'Satisfaction? Oh, yes,' replied the foreman; 'but we have decided that the job is only worth seventy cents an hour, and you are getting seventy-five. You can go into the cleaning-room. They 're a man short there.'

Now the cleaning-room was the worst place in the whole plant, while the job that Paul held was by no means a bad one. In fact, he ran a sort of small department of his own, with two men under him.

'That 's not the real reason you are canning me,' said Paul. 'Tell me the truth straight out. What 's the matter with me?'

'I tell you that 's all there is to it,' repeated the foreman.

'Then I want to see the manager.'

So Paul saw the manager, only to hear the same statement, unelaborated.

Therefore, hot with rage, believing himself the victim of a great injustice, he went his way, and actually got a better-paying job on the following Monday in a neighboring but different concern.

There, to-day, with an increased following, he carries on his crusade of revolution with increased vigor.

To-day Paul Zonbor is indeed a dangerous man. He is personally honest. He has no weakening vices. He does not drink to excess. He loves his wife and children and is good to them. Unlike the mass of his fellows, he is not now foul-mouthed, whatever he may once have been. He is thrifty, decent, likeable, square. And he uses his brains to the best of the only light that has ever been given him. It comes from Russia and it is Red. It may one day burst into an awful flame.

This is no attempt to answer great questions with a general panacea. It is just the story — the literally true story — of one man — an obscure but, as it happens, a no longer quite negligible or insignificant man.

Perhaps it would have profited the corporation if, instead of allowing his

mind to remain polluted with damnable lies, they had expended time, trouble, and money to show him how, step by step, he has been deceived and then deceived again, until nothing but blackness shows in front of him, and a Red light beyond — a Red light whose gospel he now preaches to his hungrily listening, deeply trusting fellow workers, as the Gospel of Salvation.

Many labor agencies in New York have changed since 1906, although some of them are still of the type that exploited Paul. He could now be shown in that field great and sincere efforts at improvement. He could be shown Ellis Island's schools, concerts, Americanization lectures, and the like. He could be shown the true value of the Workmen's Compensation laws, which he now distrusts. He could be taught the meaning and sincerity of the many legislative measures passed for the prevention of accidents. If done in the right spirit, a course in economics could be so presented that even the one-time laborer on an Austrian baron's estate, who has since learned to think, could be persuaded that capital is as necessary as labor. Wholesome changes could certainly be wrought in that perverted mind; and because Paul Zonbor is honest at heart, is true, lovable, square, and decent-minded, the truth would strike root in his brain.

But, difficult as it might be to attain, there is one conceivable short cut that would be a thousand times more rapid and effective than all this. If the corporation, instead of handling No. 1896, Paul Zonbor, as it did, — kicking him out, furious, ready for any revenge, — had spent $2000 in sending him to Russia, it would have been repaid many times over. There let him see the actual want, misery, slavery, brutality to-day rampant in that unhappy country. There let him realize that in America he has suffered, not from Americanism, but merely from the carrying out, in America, by Europeans, of European abuses, to-day in Russia pushed to their utmost worst. And then bring him straight back to the plant again, where, after such an experience, he would be the greatest curative force, the greatest force of true Americanism that the corporation could possibly secure for a lessened labor turn-over and industrial peace.

Employers complain that the cost of production is greatly increased by the yearly labor turn-over, often 120 per cent. And nobody can dispute the fact. But it is equally indisputable that, in spite of any improved labor conditions, in spite of the most liberal welfare work, more will have to be done by the majority of employers, as well as by the government, — more and deeper thought given, more intelligent and further-reaching measures taken, more present profits devoted to the effective enlightenment of their human material, — if the labor turn-over is to be perceptibly reduced, and if the Red activities more and more permeating the personnel are to be overcome.

THE NEW ROAD TO EQUALITY

BY GROVER CLARK

'EQUALITY before the law' has been, and still is, one of the favorite battle-cries of the democracy. 'Class legislation' and 'special privilege' have been equally popular as objects of attack. But there has not been a corresponding unity of interpretation of these phrases — of understanding as to what they are to mean in terms of specific legislation and social organization.

We condemn class legislation and special privilege as severely as did our predecessors. Modern industrial and social development, however, has forced us to a new conception of what belongs under these categories. We insist as strongly as they that men should be equal, before the law, in opportunity, and in all their relations with their fellows. But we are finding that a new technique, a new kind of legislation, and a new attitude on the part of the government are necessary, if that equality is to be real and not merely theoretical.

I

In the care-free days of rampant individualism and the *laissez-faire* theory in industry, the government was supposed to keep its hands off the organization and conduct of industry. Labor laws, factory laws, anti-trust laws — all such were held to be violations of the fundamental right of individuals to pursue life, liberty, and happiness in equality before the law. If some were more successful than others in securing financial or other rewards for their efforts, they were to be congratulated. And certainly it was no part of the task of the government to handicap men in the race for success. Yet to-day we have such laws in profusion: laws that put a special handicap on some individuals, or give special advantages to others. And our Supreme Court has found it possible to approve, as constitutional, such measures.

If by 'class legislation' we mean legislation that favors or restricts some special group in the community, then many of our more important modern laws must plead guilty to this charge. Tariff laws are designed to benefit particular groups — the manufacturers. Labor laws benefit the workers. Anti-trust laws put a handicap on the organizers of business. Income and profit taxes are collected from a very small portion of the whole people. Even the woman's suffrage amendment was class legislation, since it benefited only a part of the community. Yet we find no great difficulty in approving such measures, because we feel that, while they may apply in practice to special groups, they benefit the community as a whole. And we avoid a technical infringement of the principle of equality by stating the special privileges, or the special prohibitions, in terms of ways of acting rather than of persons, even though we are well aware that in practice certain specific persons, or groups of persons, will be directly affected.

It is little more than soothing self-delusion to say that in this respect there is any essential difference between the stipulation in the Clayton

Anti-Trust Act of 1914, which exempted labor organizations from the prohibitions of the Sherman Act, and the provisions of the old English law, by which the nobility could plead exemption from certain penalties of the law for the common people. Nor is there, from this point of view, any essential difference between a tariff to 'protect' an 'infant industry' and the feudal law that gave the king administration of the estates of minor heirs. In each case special groups are given special advantages.

The difference, of course, is in the social results. We approve the modern regulations in each case, — if we do approve them, — and condemn the ancient, because, as I have suggested, we think the community as a whole is benefited, or injured, as the case may be. But we need to keep clearly in mind, in discussing these matters of special privilege and equality before the law, that most of the 'progressive' measures on which we are inclined to pride ourselves are in reality class legislation; and while we may not approve much of the Socialist programme, we need to be careful about throwing stones while we have so much glass in the walls of our own house.

We condemn, for example, the seizure of socially usable property by the government of the Bolsheviki on the ground that it is class legislation. Yet we approve an excess-profits tax, — at least, the majority of us do, as represented by our lawmakers and our Supreme Court, — which is a seizure, in essentially the same way, of socially usable property. We deny the claim of a monarch that his kingdom is his private property, to do with as he may choose. Of late, like the Bolsheviki, we have begun to deny the similar claim of a manufacturer as to his factory. But we grant the claim to private control of private property in most other cases. Yet there is no essential difference between these claims. The difference — as in the cases cited above — is not one of kind, but of degree. The question is not whether a person or a group shall be given special privileges or be favored or handicapped by class legislation; rather it is, how far the principle of favoring one group is to be carried, and of the relative size of the group favored.

In other words, we are learning that it is impossible to obtain real equality between men on an individualistic, *laissez-faire* basis. And in actual practice we are seeking that equality by various sorts of special legislation, which favor one group as against another. But our interpretation of the doctrine of equality has lagged behind our practice.

II

This inconsistency between the older conception of equality and much of our recent legislation has not escaped the notice of able students of politics. Nor have some of them failed to point out the growth of a tendency to stratification of the American people into classes delimited, if not actually created, by legislation which definitely grants, or does not positively deny, special privileges to special groups. This, for example, is the point of Mr. George W. Alger's article on 'The Menace of New Privilege,' in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Many see in this tendency a grave danger to American social organization as we know it, and a fundamental challenge to democracy, just because it runs counter to the older, and even now more generally accepted, interpretation of the doctrine of equality. Mr. Alger expresses this point of view most effectively in his concluding paragraph:—

'In the final analysis, the question resolves itself into whether we desire the development in America of class-war by recognizing class-distinctions,

class-rights, and class-privileges, which make, not for peace, but for inevitable conflict. The time has arrived when this great question must receive a far more thorough and consistent study by the American people, not as classes, but as citizens; not as petitioners for special privileges, which the nobles of feudalism surrendered, but as the willing participators in a system of law whose basis is equality, a system which can have no other basis than equality, if democracy is not to perish from the earth.'

But in this 'thorough and consistent study' it will appear, I think, that, crude and in many ways undesirable as this recent class legislation is, it is, after all, the product of a real though somewhat blind striving to reëstablish that real equality before the law, and in the relations between men, which modern industrial development has destroyed. One does not need to be a 'Red' to realize that in actual practice there is little more than a theoretical equality before the law in America today. The accumulation of wealth in the hands of certain individuals and certain small groups has given them a power that has made almost a mockery any talk of equality between all men in any significant sphere of life. The tale of the special advantages that wealth has brought its possessors has been told too often to need repetition here. But it is exactly this disturbance of the even balance of equality by the power of accumulated capital that has led to the whole movement for social legislation of all kinds.

Labor laws, factory laws, the exemption of labor-unions from the operation of the anti-trust laws, minimum-wage legislation — all these and the multitude of other attempts to better the conditions of living of the 'have-nots' are fundamentally attempts to restore the balance of equality by putting the weight of legislation into the scale against the power of capital. All these measures are class legislation, for they give special advantages to one part of the whole group as opposed to some other part. But men have felt that it was necessary to give such advantages, in order to save the large majority from complete domination by a small minority — that is, in order to preserve equality.

III

There can be no serious denial that the attempt to reëstablish equality by these means has had many unfortunate results, or that certain groups have insisted on special privileges for themselves at the expense of the people as a whole. But the labor organizations, the farmers, the cotton-growers, and the rest, are by no means the only ones guilty on this score. And neither can the claim be seriously advanced that the developments in the capitalistic organization of industry, which are in large measure the cause of this attempt, have been an entirely unmixed blessing. These developments, producing the necessity for large accumulations of capital to carry on industry, and the actual accumulation of capital to meet the need, together with our conception of the rights of private property, have given a disproportionate share of power to a relatively small group in the community, and so have eliminated real equality, whether before the law, or of opportunity, or in any vital sense.

But the fight for equality will go on. And, whether we like it or not, so long as the social organization and the laws permit certain men — or certain small groups — to secure and hold more than their share of actual power and opportunity, so long will the effort be continued to right the balance by organization into groups and by legislation favoring the non-privileged groups.

Whether this attempt by the larger groups, made up of the individually less powerful, to secure equality by insisting upon 'class-rights and class-privileges' will mean 'class-war' and 'inevitable conflict' will depend principally on the vigor of the resistance made to the attempt by those who are favored by the present inequality. Unquestionably, the problem must be faced by 'the American people, not as classes, but as citizens.' But there is real danger in the present situation, not primarily because the large majority of the American people are 'petitioners for special privileges,' but because a small minority, who possess special privileges, are reluctant to give them up.

At present the attack on the citadel of privilege is being made more or less independently by separate groups; and each group, of defenders as well as of attackers, is, naturally enough, more keenly awake to its own immediate interest — that of securing for its members full equality with the most favored individuals, or of protecting what privileges they possess — than to the interests of other groups. Hence the tendency to stratification into classes. But the fundamental cause of this stratification is not a lack of desire for equality on the part of those who are seeking advantages, but a failure to unite into a single army the different bands fighting in this cause. Men, however, are realizing that this lack of unity delays the final victory — or weakens the defense; for there is a similar lack of unity among the privileged groups. Consequently, we are hearing more and more about the necessity for presenting a united front on both sides, and are witnessing, not only in the United States, but throughout the whole world, the steady growth of the tendency toward a merging of separate classes into the two great groups of the 'haves' and the 'have-nots.'

IV

The fight for equality is not new; but the recent attempts to secure equality have been along a somewhat new line. Instead of taking the negative course of denying special privileges, as our predecessors did, we more and more are positively asserting the rights of special groups.

When men first tried actually to build a society on the principle of equality, the most pressing problem was to clear away the special privileges of certain classes. Magna Carta, for example, represented an attempt on the part of the nobles, not primarily to secure powers for themselves, but rather to take powers away from the king. Similarly, the long history of the development of democratic control, until quite recently, is a record of progressively successful efforts on the part of the representatives of the people to wrest power from the king or the aristocracy. When the rights of the people were positively asserted, it was not so much from lust for power as such, — as the rights of the kings and the aristocracy had been asserted against the people, — as from a desire to secure protection from the abuse of power in the hands of the aristocracy. Equality was to be achieved, as it were, by taking away the jewels and rich clothing from the favored few rather than by giving jewels and rich clothing to the many.

Utilitarian individualism and the *laissez-faire* doctrine were the natural results of this conception of how the equality of men was to be realized. To carry on the figure: business practice and social legislation generally, for a large part of the nineteenth century, were based on the assumption that everyone started out with a full suit of clothes, while, if anyone was clever enough to get another man's coat away from him, or to find jewels to wear, that

was none of society's business. But toward the end of the century, it became obvious that a few people had virtually cornered the supply of clothes and jewels, so that in reality there no longer was even a suit for everyone, except at the pleasure of these few.

To drop the figure: with the accumulation of capital in the hands of a few, the emphasis in democratic legislation shifted. Such legislation sought less and less to take privileges from a small group and more and more to assert them for larger groups. The difference between the Sherman and the Clayton Anti-Trust acts is a case in point. The first specifically denies the right to form certain kinds of combinations — which affected, as was intended, a group numerically small but financially powerful. The latter specifically asserts the right of other groups — the laborers, the farmers, and so forth — to form combinations of a sort which, in certain respects, would otherwise be in violation of the Sherman Act.

As I have suggested, from the older point of view the exemptions in the Clayton Act are clearly contrary to the doctrine of equality before the law. Yet, as will be generally admitted, the Clayton Act gives special advantages to labor organizations for the definite purpose of helping the workers to secure real equality in their relations with their employers — an equality that had been destroyed by the power which the employers possessed through their control of capital. In reality, therefore, this act is the product of an attempt to make actual this theoretical equality, rather than to destroy a real equality.

This newer tendency, through legislation, to give special advantages in order to maintain a balance of equality has had some unfortunate results. But the solution of the problem of class-conflict will not come through returning to the older attitude, even if that were possible. A continuation of the *laissez-faire* individualism of the nineteenth century would have resulted in the creation of a new aristocracy based on wealth rather than on birth, — in the beginning, at least, — which, if unrestrained, would have developed all the objectionable features of feudalism. A return to this older attitude, the reincorporation into our legal and political practice of the older interpretation of equality before the law, would mean, not the saving of democracy, but its destruction.

Democracy will be saved, real equality, not only before the law, but in all men's relations, will be secured, by making sure, through legislation or otherwise, that a balance is maintained, in spite of the weight on one side that comes through the possession of capital. Clearly, the balance is not even now. Equally clearly, we should not overweight it on the other side. But neither should we forget that we must take active steps to achieve a balance. Negative effort toward taking away advantages from the few will no longer suffice. Such efforts cleared the ground for the growth of the present inequalities; and men will always find means to circumvent merely negative prohibitions. Our task therefore is, with due consideration for the interests and rights of all, to go forward along the positive line of giving advantages to the many, so that they may achieve a real equality with those who have secured special advantages for themselves.

ONLY A MATTER OF TIME

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Down-slipping Time, sweet, swift, and shallow stream,
Here, like a boulder, lies this afternoon
Across your eager flow. So you shall stay,
Deepened and dammed, to let me breathe and be.
Your troubled fluency, your running gleam
Shall pause, and circle idly, still and clear:
The while I lie and search your glassy pool
Where, gently coiling in their lazy round,
Unseparable minutes drift and swim,
Eddy and rise and brim. And I will see
How many crystal bubbles of slack Time
The mind can hold and cherish in one *Now!*

Now, for one conscious vacancy of sense,
The stream is gathered in a deepening pond,
Not a mere moving mirror. Through the sharp
Correct reflection of the standing scene
The mind can dip, and cleanse itself with rest,
And see, slow spinning in the lucid gold,
Your liquid motes, imperishable Time.

It cannot be. The runnel slips away:
The clear smooth downward sluice begins again,
More brightly slanting for that trembling pause,
Leaving the sense its conscious vague unease
As when a sonnet flashes on the mind,
Trembles and burns an instant, and is gone.

WHY IS HE A GENERAL?

BY NICHOLAI VELIMIROVIC

The circumstances under which this brief parable was written deserve to be told. When Bishop Nicholai, of Serbia, was in this country, pleading for funds for Serbian children, a friend presented him with a copy of Elbert Hubbard's 'Message to Garcia,' the point of which, as readers will commonly remember, was the absolute importance of giving genuine service for wages or for contract. A few days later the Bishop wrote his friend: 'After I read your "Message to Garcia" I remembered a happening (which occurred during the tragic retreat of the Serbians), which I have tried to describe in this brief paper. The moral of it is similar to that of the "Message."' — THE EDITOR.

NIGHT and rain. Three of us were riding in a coach, ten miles away from our destination. One of the horses collapsed and fell down. Stop. No star in the sky, no counselor to comfort. What to do?

A man appeared, as a nightmare — as if he came out of the rocks on which we were leaning.

'My name is Marko,' he said. 'Don't worry. In a few minutes everything will be all right.'

And he disappeared. But soon after, we found that our second horse had disappeared, too.

He had stolen it; all of us thought so, smiling ironically at the unfair game of fate.

Yet, in a few minutes, Marko returned, riding on the horse, and leading another horse by the string.

We asked questions: Who was he? where did he find a horse? and so forth. He murmured something, and kept busy about the horses and the coach.

'Ready!' he said. 'Good-night to you.' And the darkness of night swallowed him up.

'Thank God, there are still Christian men in this world, we thought,' and started.

I visited Mrs. Haverfield's orphanage at Uzice. She said, —

'The peasants of the surrounding villages are most helpful to me, especially Marko. He is beyond description.'

'But who is Marko?' I asked, remembering a dreadful emergency in my life.

'Don't you know Marko? He is a man of perfect service to everybody. You will see him to-morrow.'

We were sitting at the open fire and listening to Marko. He is nothing more than an ordinary Serbian peasant.

'Everybody must have learned a lesson in the war. Mine is a strange one, and yet the most valuable for the rest of my days.'

Then he became reluctant. But we insisted and he continued: —

'My sin against our General M—— was the cause of the lesson. We were ten privates under the same tent. Our duty was to attend the general and his staff. We did our duty half-heartedly, and the officers often complained. One day the general called all of us and said, —

'"Brothers, you are called to do service to me and to my officers. Do it perfectly and joyfully!"

'We corrected ourselves a little. But war continued endlessly. Day and night we were filled with the dreams of our homes, and we walked ceaselessly in the camp like shadows, and did our service very badly. Water for the officers was not brought always in time; boots were not dried at fire and cleaned, as they ought to be. And again and again officers remonstrated. They must have complained to the general. One night the general opened our tent, looked in, and asked, —

'"Brothers, are you all right?"

'He went off. And I —'

There Marko stopped, and his eyes were shining with tears.

'And I said loudly: "Why is he a general? He does nothing. We are doing everything. It is easy for him."

'The night was a very long one, but our sleep fast and our dreams of home very vivid.

'"What is that?" we all asked, as with one voice, looking at a marvel. And the marvel was this: all the boots, both of the officers and our own, were perfectly cleaned and arranged at our feet. We went to the officers' rooms. There, again, all the uniforms nicely hung up and cleaned, water-jars filled, and a big fire made in the hall, and the hall swept and put in order properly.

'"Who did it?"

'No one of us knew. Of course, all day we were talking of that.

'The next morning the same thing happened. We were quite startled and confused. "Is God perhaps sending an angel to do this service for us?" This we asked each other, and retold all the fairy tales we remembered from our childhood.

'But now, behold.

'We decided to watch. And our sentinel saw, soon after midnight, our general creeping into our tent. Oh, shame! the mystery was now revealed and the lesson learned.

'That day the general asked for me. I was trembling with all my body and soul. It was clear for me that he must have heard my remark about him two nights before.

'But, O Lord, he was all smiles.

'"Brother Marko, did you ever read the Gospel?"

'My lips were trembling, and I answered nothing.

'"Well," he continued, "take it once more to-day and read the story how the Captain of men, who is called by us the Lord of Lords and the King of Kings, was the perfect servant of men."

'I cried like a child found in a theft.'

And Marko began to cry once again in telling his story, and we all were very much moved.

Then he took courage again, and continued: —

'Then the general said: "My brother, two nights ago you asked a question which I have to answer now. Listen: I am your general because I am supposed to be able to do my own 'invisible' and 'lordly' duty, but also because I am supposed to be fit to do in a most excellent way the service you, the privates, are called to do."

'The general stopped and closed his eyes. I never shall forget that moment. I wished I were killed instantly by a bullet, so overwhelming was the presence of the general. I stood there all misery and fear.

'Finally the general lifted up his head and said, —

'"You must try your hardest to do your service to men perfectly and joyfully, now and always, not because of the severe order and discipline, but because of joy hidden in every perfect service."

'The general walked two or three steps toward the window and turned to me and said, —

'"Now, brother Marko, I tell you honestly, I enjoyed greatly cleaning

your boots, for I am greatly repaid by doing so. Don't forget, every perfect service hides a perfect payment in itself, because — because, brother, it hides God in itself."

'Of course, after that, the service in the general's camp was all right, and the officers never since had to complain.'

Thus finished Marko his story. The soft words of his good general were softened still more, and all the time, with Marko's warm tears.

Later on, I was told by many people that Marko, who before the war was not at all considered a very kind man, and much less a man of stern principles, has become, through his perfect service to everybody within a time of existence of eighteen months, the most beloved human being in his mountains. At the last election the people unanimously asked him to go to represent them in the Parliament; but he declined. He said, —

'That post is for the generals, and I am merely a private still.'

This is Private Marko's lesson from the war, through which he has become involuntarily a captain of men.

For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them. — ST. JOHN 13, 15–17.

WORLD WITHOUT END

BY GERTRUDE HENDERSON

THE body of Mrs. Sarah Pennefather lay on the bed, and her spirit lingered, considering it. 'Curious fashion!' mused the spirit. 'I wonder I could have worn it all these years!'

The spirit was only this moment disencumbered. It floated above its late habiliments, wavered, and loitered still.

'I remember being proud of it when it was new — comparatively new. The colors I thought were pretty. They have n't worn well. And how it has wrinkled! It looks incredibly clumsy. One sees these things so much more clearly, getting a little away. It's been extremely uncomfortable lately — very ill-fitting. I wonder I put up with it so long. You patch and mend and freshen one way and another, and try to make it do for another season — put off as long as you can throwing it aside and getting something new — '

The spirit drifted, eddied, not quite yielding yet to the breeze between the worlds that impelled it away.

'I suppose there's really nothing I can do for them — nothing more. They'll all sleep until morning, and it's really much better they should. I'm glad to be going this way, without any fuss. Dear children! I hope they won't be unhappy. Miss me, but not be unhappy. They have their lives — and I must go on with mine.'

The wind that blows between the worlds blew stronger, filled space and overfilled it, surged over its little boundaries, obliterating them, and swept on, mighty and resistless; and the spirit that was Mrs. Pennefather's floated out and out upon it and away to the Uttermost, beyond the reach of thinking — drifted, drifted, with peace flowing about it like currents of smooth air — drifted, drifted, deep in æons of unconsciousness — drifted, drifted, through sunrise colors and the sparkle of adventure, and waked in the World to Come.

Heaven lay all about, and the spirit of Mrs. Pennefather sat sipping her afternoon nectar in deep contentment, nibbling the crisp edge of a bit of admirable ambrosia, and exchanging ideas with a group of spirit ladies similarly refreshing themselves — congenial spirits. One of them paused in the observation she was about to make. Mrs. Pennefather lowered her poised cup, looked, and saw the courteous attendant waiting deferentially.

'Ouija for Mrs. Pennefather,' he said.

The slightest possible shade crossed Mrs. Pennefather's face. She rose, and excused herself.

'Don't keep the tray for me,' she said. 'I may be some time. I really had finished.'

She moved away toward the ouija booths and closed the door of the one where the call was waiting.

'It's just a shame!' said one of the remaining ladies explosively. 'She's the sweetest thing that ever drew the breath of heaven, and I know she never will say a word to them; but I wish she would! They've kept her stirred up one way and another ever since she got here. She is n't getting her rest at all. And now if they have n't begun on the ouija!'

'I really sometimes wish,' said another, '— it seems a little harsh, and perhaps selfish, — but I do almost wish they had n't put in the ouija connections. It was so much more peaceful before.'

'Oh, that kind of people! If it were n't the ouija, it would be something else! They 're always clamoring for attention. Why don't we just systematically refuse it?'

'Some of us would,' said a third speaker. 'I would do so myself — at least, I think I would; but this has been my home for so long, there is no one who would now be at all likely to call me, and you cannot be perfectly sure what you would do till the emergency arises.'

There was a subtle suggestion of Revolutionary times about her, deepening as she talked on. You could scarcely say it was a matter of costume, for, of course, this was not a material universe; but in some indescribable, ethereal way she conveyed it. It may have been personality. She impressed one increasingly as a Martha Washington kind of lady, though, of course, not Martha Washington.

'Still, I *think* I myself should refuse,' she went on. 'But a lady like Mrs. Pennefather, with her soft, warm heart, and her sense of responsibility and lifelong habit of regarding others rather than herself, — so lately come away, too, and loving her children so tenderly, — you can see she really could not. I can scarcely imagine her refusing any claim that might be put upon her.'

The gentle spirit who had deplored the ouija connections 'hemmed' apologetically and was about to speak again. She might have been from Cranford. There was something in her manner that made one feel it, vaguely — like the perfume emanating from the spirit of a sprig of lavender.

'Oh, I suppose you can't *refuse*,' said the vehement first speaker, breaking in

upon the other's hesitation. 'It just is n't done. Whatever way they take of calling you, you've just got to go, ouija or anything else, if they can get across with it. But I'd like to get hold of that ouija line myself and scamper round the board a little for Mrs. Pennefather's family. I know some things I'd say!'

The gentle presence reminiscent of Cranford tried it again.

'There are other ways so much more delicate,' she said. 'One does n't find any fault with the silent outreachings of the heart, not employing instruments; though, of course, even those are engrossing, and one questions if they are quite — quite — kind, if I may say so. Still, they are sensitive, and refined, and — and very natural. One can't wonder that the lonely feelings cry out to us and keep calling us back. But the ouija is *quite* unlike that. It seems so — so indelicate. I don't know how to say what I can't help feeling about it. It has a bold way that offends one's — is it only one's taste, I wonder? As if it were not — perhaps — altogether — respectful. It — it insists so! Perhaps it is only because we were not brought up to it. I can't help feeling that it is a little humiliating, like playing tricks on a lady and putting her in an undignified position; and I wonder if dear Mrs. Pennefather does n't feel the same way.'

The door of the ouija booth opened and Mrs. Pennefather came back. Her expression was troubled, and she did not resume her place among her friends.

'It's Harriet's daughter,' she said. 'She does n't know whether to run off with Jack or not. Her mother does n't like him, and she's quite right. Sara won't herself after a while. But the child is so young! There's a sort of jolly, reckless, all-for-a-good-time flow of spirits about him that she can't resist. And he's after her so hard! He's begging her to go to-night, and she wants to and does n't want to. She's a good child and can't bear to distress her father and mother, but she does n't know what to do. She's in a whirl. I'll just have to go and talk it over with her and calm her down. She's reasonable, if you can get her quiet. She always did care what her grandmother thinks. Just now she can't listen to her mother because she thinks her mother is prejudiced, and she won't talk to her father. Poor little girl! She's having a hard fight. She does n't know anyone to turn to excepting her old grandmother, to help her make up her mind.'

'What will it matter, after a while?' said a quiet voice that had not been lifted in the ouija discussion.

'Yes, of course,' said Mrs. Pennefather. 'I suppose we all see that here. But this is n't after a while to Harriet's little girl. It's now. I'll have to go help her.'

Again the well-mannered attendant was at their side.

'The ouija, Mrs. Pennefather,' he said.

One of the lesser executives was talking to somebody else, but I think not to the greatest.

'Mrs. Pennefather really is n't doing the least good here, you know.'

'What's the matter? Is n't she happy? "Blessed damosel leaned out" — is it that kind of case?'

'No. Oh, no! Oh, she would be, if they'd let her alone. She has imagination enough to see what there is in it. It went like great music through her when she first caught a glimpse of it — the possibilities. She longs to be up and about it. It's those in the World Before bothering around all the time, dragging her back. They call it loving her! *You* know. I don't need to tell you.'

'Mediums? Do they go as far down as that?'

'Oh, yes, and worse. All the ways. They've even a ouija lately. It's one of the aggravated cases.'

'Well?'

'It is n't her fault at all, you know. She really is n't here. They won't let her be. They keep pulling her back and back, and making her stay with them. She is having to spend her whole time in the World Before — that's what it amounts to. She has n't had a chance, the way they keep interrupting her. She knows it's like being in a swarm of gnats, but she has n't the heart to brush them away — all her family's calls and calls to her. She loved them, you know, and her heart is so tender.'

'And yet we don't want to keep this life from shining through. One hesitates to thicken the barriers.'

'Of course, that is true. But how to keep them from abusing it on the other side? Now, here's this case of Mrs. Pennefather. It's one of any number. You could duplicate it all over this life and the other, I'd hate to say how many times. Her little grandson has a temper. Many boys have; it 's not uncommon. Well, one day, out it flies, and another small boy gets knocked down and goes home crying. What does his mother do? "Ambrose," she says, very gently, "don't you remember how Grandmother hated to see you give way to your temper? You don't like to do what pained Grandmother so, do you?"

'Now, that's all very well; sweet and loyal and loving, and appeals to what's fine in the boy — all very well, if she'd stop there. But does she? Not she! She goes on. Just listen to what she says to the youngster — and, as I said, it's not just Mrs. Pennefather's daughter-in-law. It's happening every day, all over Christendom.

'"Grandmother has n't gone away from us," she says. "We don't see her any more, but she's always near us — nearer than she ever was before! When you feel your bad temper coming up you just stop and think of Grandmother, and she'll help you get the best of it."

'Well! There it is! So Mrs. Pennefather has to drop all the big things she might be doing and go back and stay around and help Ambrose take care of his temper, which his mother ought to be perfectly equal to doing herself. Mrs. Pennefather did it for Ambrose's father, and a big job it was and took years of patience; but she did it, and now it's Ambrose's mother's turn to do it for Ambrose.

'And even that is n't so bad. One could forgive that. There's something fine in it too, of course. But the ones who're just lonesome! No other excuse in the world, but just lonesome! What are they thinking about? Do they think these Dead have n't anything else to do than to keep hanging about their poor little lives forever and ever? Don't they know they have their own great place in the marvelous universe and can't be playing at midges' work any longer? What do they think they died for?

'Excuse me. It does make one immoderate. But the foolishness of it! The lack of imagination! The belittling the whole scheme!'

There are thoughts that demand expression before the ultimate authority. It is not quite honest to say them to anyone else, or to leave them unspoken.

Mrs. Pennefather went to find the very oldest residents. They might know. Their aspect was stately and somewhat awesome, because they were from the most remote antiquity, but their eyes were kind and wise.

'Can anyone see Him?' she asked.

'The Maker of Plans?'

'The Thinker of Everything,' she said.

'You might try,' they answered. 'We don't know whether you could; only whether we could.'

There was a great, quiet space, and in it a veil like a misty cloud hanging, stirring — like a breath on waters.

Mrs. Pennefather began to say what she had to say. She thought it was the one she had come to speak to, listening. It could n't be anyone else. She had no hesitation, and said what was in her mind.

'God, O God, it is n't in the least what I expected. I did n't think it of you, God! Can't you ever let us off from living? Frittering away death — like this! They don't understand, back there, but why can't you make them let us alone? I was your faithful servant there, O God — you know I was! I did the very best I knew how. I did n't shirk or complain — much. I tried hard! And I was so tired! I thought I could go away and rest. And ever since I came, every minute, they keep calling me to help them do things. Just the way it always was — only worse: for then they used to try to spare me and not let me overdo, and now they think they're being kind to me. Kind! They really think that! I don't mean to blame them, God. It's just because they don't know any better; but really they do. The more they call me, the more they think they're being kind and loving to me. O God, I'm so disappointed in dying! Is n't there something else? Something bigger? Because if there is n't, if it's just going on living the same things over and over, with a kind of a veil between, then I can't see what's the good of dying, you know. Because they're all such *little* things. One does n't see that at the time. You think they matter, and so you're willing to pour your soul into them. But to *see* how little they are and how little they matter, and just when you've drawn a long breath, then to feel them reaching, reaching, clinging to you, holding you back — when you *see* it does n't matter! O God, how can you let them interrupt great beautiful Death like that?'

Again the wind that blows between the worlds lifted the spirit of Mrs. Pennefather and swirled it away and away — high into ecstasies — deep into unconsciousness — far and far through the unthinkable realms that lie between the worlds. After the æons, emerged from the spaces, she lifted eyelids from tired eyes and looked at the light of the windows of her familiar bedroom and her daughter's face bending over her.

'Am I dead?' said the living Mrs. Pennefather, slowly moving the lips of her body.

'No, dear — oh, no!' said her daughter. 'You've been sleeping a long time. It's quite late.'

'I knew it could n't be like that,' said Mrs. Pennefather after long seconds; 'God would n't fool anybody so.'

She turned her head, and her eyelids closed sleepily.

'Now,' she murmured, the words a light breath scarcely moving her lips, 'now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'

MASTERING THE ARTS OF LIFE

AS EXEMPLIFIED IN A NEW SCHOOL

BY THEODORE M. KNAPPEN

I

In a greenhouse at Dayton, Ohio, where a master of scientific research once experimented with plant-life, there is being conducted an interesting experiment in juvenile life, conceived by the man of research and a group of friends and associates. There was no significance in the choice of the greenhouse for the human experiment. It happened to be the most available shelter for the new-old school that the group had in mind. Yet a building so little suited for school purposes did complement an idea behind the school — that now, as in Garfield's time, a log with a Mark Hopkins on one end and the student on the other is enough material equipment to ensure the success of a school.

This 'Moraine Park School' began as a preparatory school, but the scheme has now been projected down to the tenderest school-years; so that it is possible for 220 of the more fortunate of the Dayton boys and girls to pass all their years, from kindergarten to college entrance, in the pleasant paths of education that have been sketched for them by the founders. The paths are many. Some are well-defined; some are merely blazed and left to the development of the boys and girls as they move forward through the years; but all lead up toward the general goal of mastery of the arts of life, which is education according to the Moraine Park conception.

The definition is important, because it shapes the scheme of this novel school. Manifestly the arts of life cannot be mastered by excising the boy from life. He cannot be prepared for life by staying out of life for twelve or sixteen years. From the standpoint of this definition, education and life cannot be kept in separate compartments for a quarter, or a third, of a lifetime. Education, regarded as something wholly preliminary to, or dissociated from, practical life, could thus be segregated, and has been these last fifty years in America — or ever since our educational system spread out to enclose the youth of the land in its meshes for nine months or more in all the formative years. The arts of life, like any technical art, are mastered by doing, not by looking on.

But what are these arts of life, whose mastery constitutes education according to the Moraine Park way of thinking? They do not consist of technical expertness in any particular formal study, or in any craft. They are not based on the attainment of a rating of 70 per cent in algebra, or on such and such a rating in making tools and machines. On the contrary, 'the arts of life' are described as occupations, ten in number. And these occupations do

not respond to the ordinary definition of the word, as a means of gaining a living; rather are they the departments of human activity which, taken together, make up the whole life. In the 'pedagese' of the school publications these 'occupations' are set down as (1) Body-building; (2) Spirit-building; (3) Society-serving; (4) Man-conserving; (5) Opinion-forming; (6) Truth-discovering; (7) Thought-expressing; (8) Wealth-producing; (9) Comrade- or mate-seeking; (10) Life-refreshing.

The ordinary studies of the schools are relegated to places in these 'occupations.' In the monthly report cards that go to the parents, the latter have to look closely to find out how their boy is doing in history. They find it listed as No. 3 under opinion-forming, such unheard-of qualities in scholastic reports as fairness of mind and judgment being listed above it in this 'occupation' or art of life. This grouping illustrates the theory of the school. It does not look upon history as something to be taught for itself, but as something to be studied as a means of developing the ability to form sound opinions. The boy may be very lame in history as a study, and yet stand up well in his rating in opinion-forming.

Should the parent wish to know how his son is doing in chemistry, or zoölogy or physics, or botany, he will consult the score-card in vain. In the space set aside for appraisal of progress in truth-discovering, he will, however, get a hint of how well the boy is doing in science as a whole, as one of the seven factors that contribute to the mastery of truth-discovering — but that is all. Manifestly the boy might have only an 'unsatisfactory' in science as a study, and being excellent and satisfactory in the six other elements of truth-discovering, make a most excellent showing as a discoverer of truth. The other elements of the mastery of truth-discovering are set down as alertness, thoroughness, skill in observing, skill in experimenting, soundness in interpreting, and geography.

Following the obscured trail of the traditional studies through the Moraine Park curriculum, we find French, Latin, Spanish, and mathematics set down as contributors to thought-expressing, with truthfulness and accuracy listed ahead of them. Unless we except manual training, listed under wealth-producing, this completes the list of mention of 'studies' in the ordinary acceptation. Grouped with manual training under wealth-producing are 'project work,' diligence, perseverance, honesty, initiative, thriftiness. As for the other 'occupations,' body-building includes eating carefully, general care of health, regular exercise. Spirit-building is made up of loyalty to high ideals, efforts to do the best, trustworthiness, power to will to do the right. Under society-serving come obedience, respect for law, faithfulness in office, interest in the community, punctuality. Man-conserving is made up of generosity, spirit of helpfulness, home-making. Contributing to comrade- or mate-seeking ability are the elements of coöperation, courtesy, agreeableness, frankness. Elements of the mastery of the art of life-refreshing are play interest, sportsmanlike spirit, courage, self-control, resourcefulness.

The report card really tells the story of the Moraine Park School. The parent examines it to learn whether and how the child is progressing in his mastery of the art of living and its component arts; the child views it as a picture of his progress in the adventure of life. Neither worries about the progress in studies, school-exercises, or methods, for both conceive of them as but 'the material and means of education.' In fact, the so-called studies, which must be carried on for drill purposes, and to

keep up the articulation of the school with the colleges and universities, and also to keep the student from coming short of the mastery of living because of lack of understanding of the formal education of the past and present, are only a part of the instruments of education at Moraine Park. Training in business and in citizenship are granted as much importance and as much time as the formal studies; and beneath all three is the ever-considered basic occupation of being physically well and strong.

II

The method of the school varies in detail from day to day, from year to year, from class to class and pupil to pupil, but, in general, it seeks always to blend studies and life, mental and moral drill, with business and citizenship. So far as practicable, all things are learned or acquired by doing. Citizenship is mastered by making the school democratically self-governing, even to the conducting of the classes, wherein one of the class presides and does the 'paper work,' leaving the teacher free to be 'one of the bunch.' The studies are absorbed by utilizing them. This utilization may be through the 'projects' or through the working out of real-life problems. The book learning comes in as a tool in handling the problem. Instead of leading a boy up to a textbook on arithmetic, for example, and giving him so many rules to learn and so many examples to do, the textbook is arrived at by indirection. If a boy is going through all the phases of a duplication of earning money, saving it, and building a home on the installment plan, he finds himself up against many real-life problems in mathematics and naturally wants to know how to meet them. At this stage he is eager for the study of mathematics. He takes up arithmetic now because he has a compelling interest in it.

Running the school and the classes on a democratic plan inevitably leads to a desire to study civics and politics. In these ways the student comes to get, as a means to an end, what in the ordinary school is the end of his work. He follows his interests. He acquires with feverish enthusiasm the things that he might otherwise rebel against. The idea is, not to lay a course of education before a boy and tell him to swallow it, *nolens volens*, but to lead him along to a point where he demands it. He works out his own education. The teacher stays in the background as friend and adviser. He does not do all the swimming himself, but gets the boy to come into the pool with him. Education flows from the irresistible impulsion of his own activities — until it becomes his life.

So wide are the boundaries within which the girls and boys may follow the needle of their own inclinations that if, as sometimes happens, a class votes to pursue a study in the conventional manner of study, recitations, and examinations, it has its way; for the old way is held to be as good as any for those who like it. This does not often occur. Usually the indirect route is the one followed.

Take English, for example. Spelling and grammar are merely incidental. The pupils read pretty much what they want to read, fix a minimum of achievement, and choose their own themes. Eager to write or to understand, they perceive the necessity of knowing what is correct in composition and rhetoric. Spelling, grammar, and composition are now appealed to. Themes written in the pursuance of any study or occupation serve for the themes of the English class. A boy who was all for agriculture in his interests was utterly indifferent to literature. But to acquire

the facts that appealed to him, he had to read various agricultural papers and bulletins. Then he noticed that some of these publications were easy to read and had an appealing style, while others were obscure and dull. This observation opened the door of English and literature to him. He desired to learn how to write lucidly and interestingly himself.

The learners of the arts of life can go as slowly or as rapidly as their abilities and energies determine. They receive credits, not on the basis of so many hours a week or on mere memory examinations and formal recitations, but rather on what they have mastered as shown by inquiry, ability-testing examinations, and observation. As the child progresses, he is informally appraised from time to time, and fundamentally surveyed and checked up at long intervals. Many children are notoriously slow in grasping particular drill studies, as, for example, mathematics. For them there are no despairing moments of agonizing tests and torturing examinations at Moraine. The mastery of mathematics being but one seventh of the mastery of 'thought-expressing,' the child to whom numbers come but slowly has abundant opportunity to compensate his pride and defend himself from mortification. Left to his own evolution in ample time, he generally finds himself sufficiently informed, even in the most backward studies, to master minimum requirements before the day comes for him to be graduated.

The so-called projects are related to all the ten occupations. They are real-life enterprises, in the development of which the child finds understanding of the arts of life. One group of boys has a project for building an air-plane — a natural enterprise in an aeronautical centre like Dayton. This project has its mechanical, scientific, and business aspects. First, of all, it must be financed; and the financing must be earned. So the boys rent a plot of land and plant popcorn, which they tend, harvest, and sell. This involves many business activities and much business initiative. Incidentally they learn something of agriculture, something of the popcorn business, something of banking, something of commercial correspondence. At each stage of the progress of the project they have to do something that is done in everyday life — and their natural prompting is to find out how to do it in the best way. They are turned to composition, to arithmetic, to typewriting, to bookkeeping. The mechanical and scientific by-paths are many and obvious. The air-ship boys were unfortunate enough to purchase an engine that was not satisfactory. In trying to unload it, they fell into a commercial temptation. They bethought themselves to offer it to the school bank, which is the project of another group, as collateral for a loan, leave the loan unpaid, and let the bank take possession of the worthless engine. At this point they learned something of business ethics and morals.

The bank project, besides being one means of the mastery of the arts of life for its shareholders and officers, is important in the financing of the other projects, as well as a convenience to the students in general, and an open door to banking practice. It has about a hundred accounts and its deposits amount to one thousand dollars. It makes loans at current interest rates, and on notes supported by collateral or good indorsements.

The projects number more than a hundred. Usually they are of a money-earning or money-absorbing nature, but they are sometimes purely research or educational, and may be within the school's purview or outside it. Among them are a school drug-store; a printing-shop; a newspaper; managing the

school library; toy-manufacturing; a lunch-room; a law firm to look after the legal contacts and court trials that arise under the self-established government and from the conflicts of projects; a brokerage company; a second-hand store on pawnshop lines; a towel-supply service; a lost-and-found office; getting out the school catalogue (which is almost entirely performed by the students); camera shop; serving as secretaries to the director and instructors; advertising production for school announcements and business projects; an insurance company, which protects against various losses, including broken panes in the greenhouse that still shelters the larger part of the school; an advertising company; a bookstore; a transfer company; a construction company; and so on.

What with the handling of the many and diverse projects, and the work of the 'details' that perform the school chores, — such as janitoring, — the internal business administration of the school, and some of its external relations, are largely carried on by the pupils. There are, of course, various clubs, and sports and play are as much a part of the daily programme as classes and 'projects.'

III

The very fact that the school began in a disused greenhouse and without much physical equipment opened the way for many projects and leaves it still open. There were, and are, many alterations to be made. The boys plan changes in their environment, and carry them out with saw and hammer, plane and paint-brush. Subject to the advice and counsel of the instructors, they make their way through school much as they will have to make it when the designated school years are over. They educate themselves. Within spacious bounds they follow the paths of their own interests and inclinations through the studies and activities that give the mastery of the arts of life. They are driven on by the impulsions born of what they do. In a large sense they 'run' themselves and the school. Thus they come to the final goal of the twelfth grade, — though grades are but shadowy things in this school, which flows steadily rather than advances by steps, — only partly by virtue of the book-learning that is revealed by set examinations, but as men progress in daily life; and they show their progress by their deeds rather than by accounts of what they have memorized.

The pupils are divided into four groups, with a normal allocation of four years to the first or primary group, two years to the second, three years to the third, and three years to the fourth. To each group are assigned certain standards, the attainment of which indicates eligibility for the next higher group. The standards are not arbitrary, but are used as goals, and are subject to change. Just now, for example, the child is ready to emerge from the first group when (1) he has made definite progress in physical development toward the norm for his age, according to standard tables; (2) when he has attained satisfactory standing in at least seven of the personal traits of self-control, thrift, perseverance, trustworthiness, obedience, truthfulness, helpfulness, generosity, courage, initiative, self-reliance; (3) when he shows by mental tests that his intelligence is within two years of the normal for his actual age; and (4) when he has reached a full fourth-grade standard in the 'drill subjects,' namely, reading, spelling, numbers, and writing.

To complete the work of the second group, the requisite normal physical progress must be in evidence; there must have been satisfactory advancement in the personal traits; there must be a well-

established purpose 'to support the right and oppose the wrong'; there must be an intelligence within two years of that indicated as normal for the child's actual age, and the attainment of a full sixth-grade proficiency in the drill subjects.

To pass through the third group the pupil must keep his physique up to the age-standard, pass mental tests indicating an intelligence within two years of that for his age, and have a standing of 'good' in at least seven of the nine 'occupations' that are based on the primal occupation of body-building or health-preserving; and must have completed, with a grade of 'good,' at least ten of the twelve units of the drill-subject work of this group — a unit being a year's work.

To complete the fourth group (end of twelve years of work), the physical standard must be satisfied, the intelligence test must be passed, all the nine 'occupations' must be mastered to the extent of 'good,' and, finally, credit gained for twelve units of conventional studies of this group, and a total sixteen units, including those of the last year of the third group. These units are chosen so that they 'equip for entrance to college or for a life occupation.'

In reviewing these progress-requirements, it will be observed that in each group there are three fields of appraisal in addition to the conventional ones. Roughly, it might be said that at Moraine the work of the typical school counts only as one fourth of the pupil's advancement; and that statement presents briefly the difference between this school and the familiar ones. Were it not for the fact that Moraine must adapt itself to the general educational scheme, in order to equip its graduates for college entrance examinations and to enable them to produce the accepted symbols of education, it would doubtless give still less weight to the conventional. It is the hope of the founders and director to persuade colleges and universities to accept Moraine graduates on the school's recommendation, full confidence being felt that they will more than make good. Already Michigan, Ohio State, and some other universities and colleges have agreed to accept Moraine boys for the full valuation the school accords to them. A number of boys, by their college records, have justified the school's confidence in them and in itself.

Moraine is as adaptable and reasonable in its own entrance-requirements as it would have the colleges in theirs. By means of an application blank, which is an elaborate questionnaire, it gets a survey of the applicant's life, character, disposition, attainments, performance, inclinations, and health. The parent, not the child, fills out and signs this blank. The last two questions remind him sharply of the educational creed he subscribes to in sending his child to Moraine. They are: —

'Do you believe that self-discipline is the kind for children to acquire, rather than that they be trained by force of the will of adults?'

'Do you believe that books, classes, materials, are of secondary importance to fundamental attitudes and qualities in education?'

IV

The pressure of Dayton boys and girls to get into this school, lured by the glowing accounts of its fascinating adventures in the book of life, soon scrapped the original scheme of a private school for a dozen or so sons of the creators. The latter are all democratic Americans, and they abhor exclusiveness. They had no intention of establishing a school that should seek patronage, but were merely trying to find a better way of educating their children — not to set them apart from other

children. Within limits, a larger number of pupils would contribute to the realization of their ideas, as it would create a community, and establish opportunity for contacts and the practice of the 'occupations' that would be impossible in a small group. Moreover, a larger school would afford a desirable demonstration of the applicability of the conception to the public schools. By a weighted scale of tuition, whereby wealthy parents pay more than those less fortunate, it has become possible to keep the school from becoming a mere congregation of rich men's sons. As the school is a self-governing democracy, the 'citizens' have a voice in the matter of admissions. Newcomers are accepted on probation while the community gets a chance to give them the 'once over.' No snobs or mere sons of their fathers can get by that searching scrutiny, although hasty judgments are often revised after taking counsel with the instructors.

The democratic spirit of the school is further promoted by the comradeship of instructors and pupils. The former have no pride of position. They are of, for, and by the boys. They stand on no dignity of authority. The boys address them as familiarly as they do each other, and they maintain their leadership solely by virtue of their engaging personalities and their success in helping the boys to explore zestfully the realm of education. The teacher who requires the support of authority cannot remain at Moraine Park.

The expansion of the school, now but three years old, has compelled an enlargement of its housing. A beautiful home — not a schoolhouse — has been erected in Dayton proper for the accommodation of the little tots, a cottage for the older girls has been erected at the Park, and soon the boys will have a new building there; but the greenhouse will not be forsaken. Moraine Park is out in the country, though but a few miles from Dayton, so that the older children have the advantage of passing all their school-work and play-hours in the midst of fields and forests, though their homes are in the city. So far, Moraine is entirely a school for Dayton, there being no accomodations for children who do not live with their families. The long waiting-list makes it doubtful whether Moraine will ever grow away from Dayton. Its spirit will doubtless go to other cities in like schools to be.

The admirers of the conventional school will decry Moraine Park as one more of many pedagogical fads and educational experiments, and 'practical' men will brand it as a doomed child of theory. Yet it is entirely the creation of practical men — self-made men — who desired a thoroughly practical school for their boys. When, some ten years ago, Colonel E. A. Deeds and Mr. C. F. Kettering, men whose names are of much import in the American automotive industries, and others, were developing one of the products of their genius, two boys, imitating their fathers, developed a waste-paper basket, and manufactured and marketed it with such success, that, though they were but seven or eight years old, they made a thousand dollars. This venture being wound up, one of the boys took up poultry-raising and made a corresponding success of it. The fathers, perceiving that the boys had developed strong commercial, engineering, and industrial tendencies, and were educating themselves in the 'getting-on' side of life, so indispensable to happiness in this age, bethought themselves whether it was possible to send the boys on through school and college, and give them the rest of the equipment of a well-balanced man of culture, without checking or perverting their spontaneous tendencies to learn for themselves.

In other words, they desired their sons to get college educations without losing their innate practicality and their oneness with life. They sought a preparatory school that would make the boys resistant to the diversion of college life and equip them to make the most of its potentialities.

Thinking along similar lines, individually for his own son, and generally for better educational methods, was Mr. Arthur E. Morgan, an eminent engineer, who had come to Dayton to direct the $35,000,000 task of preventing such floods in the Miami Valley as the one that cost that part of Ohio several hundred lives and a property loss of more than $100,000,000 in 1913. So it came about that these men, and others who soon became interested, decided to start a school of their own, which would embody their ideas of what education should be. Realizing that the first essential was the finding of a teacher with sympathetic conceptions of education, possessing at the same time the character, energy, and personality to be an inspiring comrade and leader for normal boys, the searchers for something new in schooling set out in a characteristic way to find him. Being engineers and producers, they drew up, through Mr. Morgan, what they facetiously called plans and specifications for the type of man they desired. They proceeded deliberately. Just as they had taken five years to plan their huge work of flood-prevention before they put a shovel in the ground, so they took two years to find the man who would fit their plans and specifications. The whole of the United States was combed over, and more than two thousand men offered themselves for consideration in response to the circular setting forth the requirements and the conceptions of what the proposed school should be.

Lest it be inferred that these busy men of large affairs were seeking merely to establish a sort of exceptional business or technical school and were thinking not at all of cultural values, a few sentences from this remarkable circular must be quoted, with regret that the whole of it cannot be reprinted here.

Among the acquirements which reduce the embarrassments and inefficiencies of everyday material life are an experimental knowledge of commercial habits, rules and methods; of the art of being solvent; of appraising accurately one's possessions; and of making correct measurements and judgment of material values. . . . The teaching of common-school subjects can be interwoven with all these interests. . . . By such methods proficiency in elementary and high-school subjects, as well as manual training, to some extent, may be acquired coincidentally with a knowledge of the usual contacts of everyday life, whether they be industrial, domestic, scientific, or cultural. . . . Any education is vitally at fault which does not develop a habit of enjoyment of the finer resources of life. The companionship of the teacher should result in opening eyes and minds to the phenomena of natural science — to life-processes and habits of plants and animals; to the data of geology, of physics and of astronomy; and to the appeal of good literature, poetry, history, and the various forms of art. . . . Education is not complete if its aim is so to engross the attention of men and women, either in industrial, professional, or social life, that they will not have time to ask themselves the question, 'What is it all about?' To have asked this question and to have reached a satisfactory attitude, which is not out of harmony with present-day knowledge, is necessary to a teacher who is wisely to direct the minds of boys. And unless the conclusion he has reached results in his having and imparting an enthusiastic faith in the worth-whileness of a full development of the physical, mental, and moral faculties, and in his being committed to complete intellectual and spiritual freedom, he would be out of place with us. As a corollary of this attitude, we would expect that the controlling necessity of life would be intellectual and moral integrity, with comprehensive unity of purpose. . . .

Bearing in mind always the need for maintaining progress approximately equal to that of our graded schools, the aims should be, not first of all to impart knowledge, but to open the boys' eyes and minds; to arouse interest, aspiration, and determination; to develop accuracy of observation and of judgment. We should aim at vital orderliness, not dead conformity; at self-reliance, self-discipline, self-control; providing enough routine to develop patience, power of adjustment, and habits of social team-work.

The circular lays stress on the teaching of manners born of 'considerateness and good-will'; on the encouragement of independence, 'so that a boy will stand on his own resources'; on the conservation of 'the spirit of daring and adventure so nearly universal in youth, commonly thwarted at every turn in a boy's life'; and adds: 'A man whose personality and temperament do not answer to this spirit in the boy would be out of place with us.'

While the Dayton seekers after an ideal education were advertising, corresponding, and traveling in search of their Moses, a group of educators in Colorado, meeting in 'shop' conference every six weeks, had progressed far in thinking out, from the standpoint of the professional teacher, a programme of education that the Dayton men were groping for from the standpoint of the layman familiar with the shortcomings of educational systems as measured in terms of actual life. They, too, had evolved the idea of the 'occupations' of life, the mastery of which would constitute education. One of them was Frank D. Slutz, then superintendent of the public schools of Pueblo. When the Colorado teachers heard of the Dayton quest for a new school and a teacher, they recommended Mr. Slutz and freely gave him the right to use their joint-thought product. He was elected, and, with the help of other teachers and the pupils, 'the particular adaptation of this general theory to the actual practice of the schoolroom' has been evolved.

After three years of such practice, Mr. Slutz and the Dayton citizens who support the school are more enamored than ever of their venture. They regard it as a return in conscious form to the unconscious schooling of an earlier American day, when the farm-boy 'had but three months of schooling in the year, which left nine months for him to get an education.' Now that the three months of schooling have grown to nine, they seek to make them, as well as the other three, months in which to get an education.

'One way of looking at our school,' says Mr. Slutz, 'is to consider it as a return to Americanism. We had abundant education in this country of a very good quality, if of narrow field, when the average boy got two or three months of usually distasteful "book larnin'," and put in the rest of the year getting his education in the barn, the shed, and the field. With the taking on of an elaborate system of public schools that largely copied their methods from the Germans or the classic English public school, and with the extension of the scholastic year to include three fourths of the calendar year, we crowded out the American sort of education, which, as Mr. Morgan says, is as old as life. American schools should make Americans. To make Americans, you must inculcate and strengthen American traits. That, our schools are not doing. Initiative is a prime American trait, but our schools teach conformity. We are an ambitious people, but our schools put a premium on average performance. We are a sports-loving, athletic people, but our schools tend to delegate athletics to specialists. The American is many-sided, but our educational system aggrandizes only one side of the mastery of living. Business shrewdness is another distinctive American trait, but

our education does not give us business power. We believe in democracy and self-government, and our schools are autocracies. We are a religious people, and our schools are unreligious, repressing the spiritual element in education through fear of offending sectarian prejudices. At Moraine Park we are trying to teach Americanism by developing the American type — not the English, French, German, or some other type. You can't develop a hunting dog by giving it the training suited to a poodle.'

THE FEELING OF IRRITATION

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

The feeling of irritation in its earliest form once overtook a little girl whose mother had enforced a wholesome bit of discipline. In a great state of wrath, the little girl went to her room, got out a large sheet of paper, and ruled it heavily down the middle. Then she headed one column 'People I Like,' and crowded that half of the sheet with the names of all her acquaintance far and near. The other half of the page she headed 'People I Don't Like,' and in that column listed one word only — 'Mamma.' This done, she locked the grim document in her safe-deposit box, and hid the key.

That glowering deed was the very ritual of irritation. The feeling of irritation is not merely one of heat: it is a tall wave of towering dislike that goes mounting up our blood. When we have it, it feels permanent. Our friend is not what we thought he was — our family is not what it should be — our job is a failure — we have placed our affections in the wrong quarter. When young politicians give way to this feeling, they bolt the ticket; when young employees have it, they resign. The first time that young married people have it, they think that love is dead. If they have too much wealth and leisure, they fly apart and eventually get a decree. But in households where the budget does not cover alimony, they commonly stay together and see for themselves how the wave of wrath goes down. The material inconveniences of resignations, abscondings, law-suits, and the like, have been a great safeguard in many a career. Nothing in Barrie's plays is more subtle than the perfect moment when the young couple decide to postpone separation until the laundry comes home.

It is not necessary to be a 'temperamental' person, or a fire-eater of any sort, in order to know how it feels to be irritated — and irritating. The gentlest folk are capable of both sensations. Anyone who has seen a lovely lady deliberately stir up strife in the bosom of a genial story-teller, by correcting his facts for him and exposing his fictions, will remember the tones of restrained choler with which the merry tale progressed. Who has not remarked to a kind relative, 'Well, if you know so much about it, why don't you tell it yourself?'

There is no ratio or proportion at all between the cause of irritation and the ensuing state of mind. In our moments of ferment we lose the faculty of discrimination. We hardly ever refer our exasperation to the trivial detail that brought it on. We feel that the detail is simply an indication of the great general flaws in the whole situation. We have a crow to pluck, not only with our friend, but — to use the words of Quiller Couch — with everything that appertains to that potentate.

For instance, suppose that we are at loggerheads with a fellow member of a public-welfare committee. He opposes a measure that we endorse. We instantly refer him to his class: he is a typical politician, a single-track mind, a combination of Mugwump and Boss Tweed. He represents the backward-looking element. We ourselves, meanwhile, are a blend of Martin Luther and the prophet Isaiah, with tongs from the altar.

Or perhaps one is irritated with a colleague on a teaching staff, after the events of a varied day. Irrelevant matters have happened all the morning in amazing succession: an itinerant janitor filling inkwells; an inkwell turning turtle — blotters rushed to flood-sufferers; an electrician, with tall step-ladder and scaling-irons, to repair the electric clock; a fire-drill in examination period; one too many revolutions of the pencil-sharpener; one too many patriotic 'drives,' involving the care of public moneys kept in a candy-box.

And now our zealous academic friend calls an unexpected committee meeting to tabulate the results of intelligence-tests. We are in no mood for intelligence-tests. We object. He persists. We take umbrage. He still calls the meeting. Then, up rears the wave of dislike and irritation, not at the details that have brought us to our crusty state, — not dislike of ink and electricity and patriotism and intelligence, — but dislike of our friend and of the Art of Teaching that he represents. The trouble with our friend, we decide, is his academic environment. He is over-educated, attenuated, a Brahmin. Nobody in touch with Real Life could be so thoroughly a mule and an opinionist. Better get out of this ultra-civilized atmosphere before our own beautiful catholicity of thought is crippled, cramped, like his. At these moments we do not stop to remember that people are also opinionated on the island of Yap.

Most frequently of all, we apply our dudgeon to the kind of community in which we live. We are nettled at a bit of criticism that has reached our ears. Instantly we say cutting things about the narrow ways of a small community, with page-references to *Main Street* and the Five Towns. We forget that our friends in great cities might be quite as chatty. Margot Asquith lives and thrives in crowds.

We refer our irritation, also, to types. Any skirmish in a women's organization is referred to women and their catty ways. Any Church or Red Cross breeze is an example of the captious temper of the godly. All friction between soldiers of different nations is a sign of Race Antagonism; the French are not what we had inferred from Lafayette.

In short, the whole history and literature of dissension show that people have always tried to make their irritations prove something about certain types, or situations, or races, or communities. Whereas the one thing that has been eternally proved is the fact that human beings are irritable.

If we accept that fact as a normal thing, we find ourselves ready for one more great truth. Violent irritation produced on small means is a deeply human thing, a delicately unbalanced

thing, something to reckon with, and something from which we eventually recover on certain ancient and well-recognized lines. When our fury is at its height, we are ready to smash anything, throw away anything, burn all bridges. Nothing is too valuable to cast into the tall flame of our everlasting bonfire. This sounds exaggerated. 'Emotion recollected in tranquillity' is a pallid thing. But it is hot enough at the time. The whole round of sensation and emotion may be traveled in an hour, at a pace incredible — a sort of round-trip survey of the soul.

The father of a large family sat in church at one end of a long pew. His wife sat at the other end of the pew, with a row of sons, daughters, and guests ranged in the space between. Near the close of the sermon one morning, the father glanced down the line, gazed for a horrified moment at his eldest daughter Kate, got out his pencil, wrote a few words on a scrap of paper, put the paper into his hat, and passed the hat down the line. As the hat went from hand to hand, each member of the family peered in, read the message, glanced at Kate, and began to shake as inconspicuously as is ever possible in an open pew. Kate, absorbed in the sermon, was startled by a nudge from her brother, who offered her the hat, with note enclosed. She looked in and read, 'Tell Kate that her mouth is partly open.'

Kate remembered that it must have been. The whole pew was quivering with seven concentrated efforts at self-control.

Now, one would think that a moment like this would be jolly even for the cause of laughter in others. But it was not. Kate knew that they had been laughing before the note reached her, and she was hurt. If they loved her as she loved them, they would not want to laugh. She set her jaw like iron and gazed straight ahead. This started them all off again. With the instinct of a well-trained elder sister, she knew that, if she wanted any peace, she ought to turn and smile and nod cordially all down the row, as at a reception. But it was too late for that. She had taken the proud line, and she would follow it to the end.

As her expression grew more austere, the boys grew more convulsed. Aloof now, cut off from her kin entirely, she sat seething. Floods of scarlet anger drowned the sermon's end. The closing hymn was given out, but she declined the offered half of her brother's hymnal. 'Tell Kate she can open it now,' telegraphed one of the boys as the congregation began to sing. Here was her chance to join the group and nod and smile again, but she was too far gone. She received the message with lifted eyebrows, and stood with cold pure profile averted until after the benediction. Then she turned away and walked off in a towering passion. Her anger was not at her father, whose note caused the stir. She had no resentment toward him at all. If one's mouth is open, one would wish to be advised of the fact. Her feeling was the mighty wrath of the person who has been laughed at before being told the joke.

When she reached home, the whole family gathered around her in a group. 'I think,' said one of the boys, 'that in the cause of friendship we owe Kate an apology.'

The grand manner of formal apology from one's relatives is the most disarming thing in the world. Friendly conversation flowed back into the normal at once. But it was years before it was quite safe for Kate to rest her chin on her hand in church.

Very often our most genuine irritations appear unreasonable to our friends. For instance, why should people object to being called by each

other's names? Children suffer from this continually: grown people tend to confuse brothers and call them by each other's names promiscuously. We may love our brother tenderly, and yet not like to be confounded with him. Even parents sometimes grow careless. The smallest boy in a lively family had a mother who did this. Absentmindedly she would call the roll of all the children's names before she hit upon the right one. Consequently, the smallest boy learned to respond to the names Alice, Christine, George, and Amos. But the thing had happened to him once too often. One morning he appeared at breakfast with a large square of cardboard pinned to his bosom; and on the placard in large letters was printed the word 'Henry.' Rather go through life with a tag around his neck than be called Alice any more.

I do not quite agree with the adage that it takes two to make a quarrel. If we are really on a rampage, the other person can be a perfect pacifist and still call down our ire. We can make the hot-foot excursion to the heights of madness when a friend with whom we are arguing whistles softly away to himself while we talk. Even worse is the person who sings a gay little aria after we are through. In the presence of such people, we feel like the college girl who became annoyed with her room-mate, and, reflecting prudently upon the inconveniences of open war, rushed out of the room and down the stairs, to relieve her feelings by slamming the front door. She tore open the great door with violent hands, braced it wide, and flung it together with all her might. But there was no crash. It was the kind of door that shuts with an air-valve, and it closed gradually, tranquilly, like velvet; a perfect lady of a door. People who sing and whistle and hum softly to themselves while we rage are like that door.

Knowing that human beings are irritable, that they can recover from their irritation, and that we also can recover from ours, why is it that we ever hold resentment long? Some people, like soapstones, hold their heat longer than others; but the mildest of us, even after we have quite cooled off, sometimes find ourselves warming up intermittently at the mere memory of the fray. We are like the old lady who said that she could forgive and forget, but she could n't help thinking about it. We love our friend as much as ever, but one or two things that he said to us stay in mind. This is because words spoken in the height of irritation are easily memorized. They have an epigrammatic swing, a vivacity, and a racy Anglo-Saxon flavor. Unless we are ready to discount them entirely, they come into our minds in our pleasantest moods, checking our impulses of affection, and stiffening our cordial ways.

On this account, the very proud and the very young sometimes let a passing rancor estrange a friend. When we are young, and fresh from much novel-reading, we are likely to think of love as a frail and perishable treasure — something like a rare vase, delicate and perfect as it stands. One crash destroys it forever. But love that involves the years is not a frail and finished crystal. It is a growing thing. It is not even a simple growing thing, like a tree. A really durable friendship is a varied, homelike country full of growing things. We cannot destroy it and throw it away. We can even have a crackling bonfire there without burning up the world. Fire is dangerous, but it is not final.

Of course, it is in our power to let a single conflagration spoil all our love, if we burn the field all over and sow it with salt, and refuse to go near it ever again. But after the fires have gone down on the waste tract, then the stars

wheel over and the quiet moon comes out — and forever afterward we have to skirt hastily around that territory in our thought. It is still there, the place that once was home.

Perhaps it is trifling and perverse to be harking back to nature and to childhood for parables. But sometimes there is reassurance in the simplest things. The real war-god in one family was a small boy named Gordon. Whenever his younger sister wanted a little peace, she used to take her dolls to the attic, saying to her mother as she went, 'K. G.' This meant, 'Keep Gordon.' But one time the sister was very ill. Gordon was afraid that she was going to die, and showered her with attentions of every kind. He even gathered flowers for her every day. The trained nurse was much impressed. One afternoon, when the crisis was past, the nurse told Gordon that she thought that he was very sweet indeed to his little sick sister. Gordon was squatting on the arm of the sofa, watching his sister with speculative eye. He considered this new light upon his character for a moment, and then remarked, 'Well, you just wait till she gets her strength.'

We live in cantankerous days. Anybody who has energy enough to try to do anything particular in the world has more or less difficulty in getting on with people. Unless he chooses to take his dolls to the attic, he is in for occasional criticism, laughter, interruptions, and even the experience of being called by names that are not his own. The world sends flowers to the dying, but not to people when they get their strength. It is the very rare person who goes through a busy life with nothing to ruffle him at all.

In moments of irritation at all this, we are tempted to rule off the world into two columns, and in the columns to compile two lists of people: people who agree with us and people who do not; 'People I Like,' and 'People I Don't Like.' This, as we have seen before, is the simple ritual of irritation. Unconsciously we make the lists, and file them away. If we could lay hands on the ghostly files of twenty years and scan the blacklists through, we should find that we had, not a catalogue of permanent and bitter hatred, but a sort of Friendship Calendar. Perhaps we should not find our mothers very recently among the blackballed; but the chances are that, if our relatives and friends could see the lists, they would read with no small amazement certain of the fine old names that once were written there.

THE ASSIMILATION OF ISRAEL

BY PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

And Haman said unto King Ahasuerus, There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the people in all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from all people; neither keep they the king's law.—ESTHER, III, 8.

I

THE revival of anti-Semitism in Europe since the close of the war, and its curious repercussion even in the United States, are phenomena that can no longer be ignored. The Jews, we are warned, are a secret organization, with branches in every land, whose aim is nothing less than world-domination. To attain their bold ends, they plan, on the one hand, to undermine society by sapping its foundations with revolutionary and anti-religious propaganda, and on the other, to crush it from above by attaining control of the great banking and industrial system on which the material power of present-day civilization immediately reposes. Taking advantage of the economic and political confusion following five years of war, they are even now, it is asserted, engaged in realizing this ambitious programme, at which, indeed, they have been quietly working for a century or more. As evidence of this alarming thesis, it is pointed out that there are already Jews among the leading financiers in every country; that there are Jews among the leading international revolutionaries; and, finally, that all Jews have a tendency to solidarity.

Of course, this ingenious fantasy will not bear analysis. The Jewish agitation is as much a menace to the Jewish capitalist as to the Gentile; the Jewish employer is no less a burden of authority upon Jewish workmen than upon Christians; and from a vague feeling of solidarity to the contrivance of a vast and definite conspiracy is a far cry. Moreover, it is just at the two extremes of wealth and poverty that the racial apostasy of the emancipated Jew is most common.

But the fact that his theories fall to pieces under scrutiny is of no consequence to the true anti-Semite.

In Germany, the anti-Jewish agitation is so vigorous that the Inter-Allied High Commission in the Rhineland recently felt obliged to order the troops of occupation to seize all copies discovered of a book called *From the Reign of the Hohenzollerns to the Reign of the Jews.*

In England, a writer in the sober *Blackwood's* protests that, if the Jews were to be given no part, either open or surreptitious, in the imperial government, the danger of revolution would be greatly diminished. Saint-Loe Strachey, writing in the *Spectator*, accuses the English Jews of being Jews first and English afterward. 'Of all the governments which have accepted the power in Great Britain,' declared Sir Lionel Rothschild, in a recent speech, 'none has shown so much sympathy for the projects and ideals of the Jews as the present government.' And the declaration is taken by Lloyd George's enemies to mean that Lloyd George is 'pro-Jewish.' Has he not appointed Sir Herbert Samuel to rule over Pales-

tine? Did he not send Sir Stuart Samuel to 'investigate' the alleged pogroms in Poland? Is not Sir Eric Drummond, General Secretary of the League of Nations, Hebraic by origin? Are not Lord Reading and Lord Montagu, respectively Viceroy of India and Secretary of State for India, both of Jewish descent? And when it comes to that, was it not Mayer Amschel, under the better known name of Rothschild, who 'founded the dynasty of the secret emperors of Israel'? The Poles, it appears, are so afraid of the power of the English Jews, that they have actually appointed a Polish Jew, Professor Szimon Askenazy, as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. And in their effort to prove that even the British labor movement is under Jewish control, the British anti-Semites, nothing daunted, assert that Smillie is merely a tool of the Jew, Emanuel Shinwell, who promoted the strikes in the Clyde shipyards during the war; that Thomas is a catspaw of the Jew, Abraham; that Williams is actually married to a Jewess, and that all three are closely associated with the 'Lansbury-Fels-Zangwill group.'

In France, the old anti-Dreyfusards of the *Action Française* have lately redoubled their 'exposures' of the 'Jewish peril.' 'Throughout Europe,' writes Charles Maurras, 'the Jew is the traveling-man of the revolution.' Yiddish is 'the Esperanto of revolutionists.' All Jews, we are assured, are anti-French and pro-German; they are Freemasons, and enemies of Roman Catholicism. Are not ninety-five per cent of the Soviet chieftains Jews? Is not Viennese Socialism Jewish and pro-German? Are not the Jews in Upper Silesia working exclusively for Germany? It was a telegram from the Jewish financiers of America, dated May 29, 1919, and signed by that 'high priest of Israel,' Jacob Schiff (born at Frankfort), which steeled Wilson to force concessions from France on five vital points, — the Saar Basin, Upper Silesia, Dantzig, Fiume, and reparations, — or, at least, so Maurras writes. This same Schiff, points out Roger Lambelin, founded the New York Jewish Theological Seminary, and the Semitic Museum at Harvard; and while he, in the interests of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., fostered pro-German sentiment during the war, his partner Otto Kahn (born at Mannheim) fostered pro-Ally sentiment; thus an iron was kept hot in both fires. As for 'the pro-Jew, Woodrow Wilson,' pursues Lambelin, instead of flaying the massacres instigated by Bela Kun, the threatened Russian invasion of Poland, and the eviction of innocent Moslems in Palestine, he contented himself, at the time of the Peace Conference, with writing a letter of sympathy for the Eastern European Jews to Rabbi Stephen Wise.

In Eastern Europe, the sentiment of anti-Semitism is not, as in Western Europe, confined chiefly to conservatives and chauvinists, but impregnates even the masses. The Magyar peasants are bitter against the town-dwelling 'communist' Jews; and in spite of all the Budapest police can do, bands of infuriated Magyars make a grim pastime of beating an occasional son of Israel whom they catch in the street after nightfall. In Poland, the Ukraine, and, to a less extent, in Roumania, the mediæval legend of the ritual murder, for which the Jews are supposed to take the blood of a Christian babe at each Passover, has been revived; and all Eastern European Jews are suspected, by their Christian neighbors, of Communism. The Ukrainian Nationalist bands have apparently been guilty of serious and repeated pogroms. The Poles are unanimous in their ardent and patriotic hostility to the four or five million Jews included within their frontiers. All Jews, they firmly believe, are

born Bolsheviki. In the Polish army, ghastly stories of Jew-Bolshevist atrocities are current. I was shown a photograph, found in Kief by the Poles, of a large room, on the floor of which lay the naked and mutilated bodies of some fifty Russians, who had been executed, it was said, by the Red troops, after the mutilations had been perpetrated, with ceremonial orgies, 'by a fanatical sect of young Jewesses'!

II

I repeat this welter of fantasy, stray fact, and superstition to indicate that anti-Semitism has, indeed, once more become a true movement of opinion, which, far from succumbing at the scoff of incredulity, is making converts almost daily, and demands from the student of social phenomena that careful analysis which alone can discover both its cause and its cure.

For there is a cause. There is really a Jewish problem, and it is as old as the dispersion of the Jews. Anti-Semitism is even older than the dispersion. It is as old as the captivities. Wherever the Jews have lived among other peoples, either perforce or of their own will, and whether before or after the Christian era, it has flourished. One may therefore well conclude, with that sincere and able Jewish scholar, Bernard Lazare, that an opinion of such enduring prevalence 'could not be the result of fancy and of a perpetual caprice,' but that 'there must be profound and serious reasons both for its beginning and its persistence.' The truth is that the anti-Semitism of Berlin and Paris is of one piece with the anti-Semitism of Antioch and Alexandria; the angry alarm of Henry Ford concords strangely with the grim fury of the Hetman Chmielnicki; and if the outward form assumed by popular sentiment against the Jews varies somewhat in accordance with differences of time and place, in its one essential cause it remains ever the same.

This cause is neither religious, as is often averred, nor economic, as many believe; it is political. It is based on the observation that the Jews, through innumerable transmutations of time and place, not only have kept their identity as a people, but have opposed a vigorous, if passive, resistance to most attempts at assimilation. The Jew, in short, is regarded as a foreigner, whose 'laws are diverse from all people'; and as such, he is considered to be an enemy to the state.

The underlying reason for Jewish exclusiveness is, perhaps, the law of Moses. The sole object of life, according to the teachings of the rabbis, is the knowledge and the practice of the law, for 'without the law, without Israel to practise it, the world would not be. God would resolve it into chaos. And the world will know happiness only when it submits to the universal empire of the law, that is to say, to the empire of the Jews. In consequence, the Jewish people is the people chosen by God as the depository of his will and his desires.' This strong and narrow spirit, instead of diminishing with the lapse of time, seemed only to increase; until, with the victory of the rabbis over the more liberal Jewish schismatists, in the fourteenth century, the doctors of the synagogue, says Bernard Lazare, 'had reached their end. They had cut off Israel from the community of peoples; they had made of it a being fierce and solitary, rebellious to all law, hostile to all fraternity, closed to all beautiful, noble or generous ideas; they had made of it a nation small and miserable, soured by isolation, stupefied by a narrow education, demoralized and corrupted by an unjustifiable pride.'

It is well to remember that, although the Jews of Western Europe and America have at present pretty well freed

themselves from these heavy intellectual and spiritual shackles, the Jews of Eastern Europe still live, for the most part, in strict accordance with the letter of the Thorah and the Talmud.

The law of Moses being not only theological and moral, but agrarian, civil, and hygienic as well, no sooner did the Jews begin to live abroad than it became necessary for them, if they would avoid contamination, to draw together in intimate communities, and to beg from the authorities, in the name of their religion, certain exceptions and privileges, just as they are demanding them to-day, under the rubric of 'minority rights,' in Poland and Roumania. Thus, in Rome they could not be haled into court on a Saturday; in Alexandria they were not subject to the common municipal regulations, but had their own senate, courts, and mayors.

Antiquity was tolerant; but not so the Middle Ages. There came a time when, with the slow dissolution of feudalism, the various peoples of Europe, under the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, began to cohere into nationalities. All over Europe the question of nationality was identified with the question of religion, as it still is in Eastern Europe and the Balkans. If you did not belong to the Church, you were necessarily an enemy of the State. Observing among them a people who dressed, spoke, and behaved differently from themselves, who claimed privileges and exemptions, and desired to live apart, the followers of the Church vindictively decreed that the Jews henceforth should be *obliged* to dress differently and to live apart; and instead of having privileges granted to them, they were placed under a régime of special restrictions. The Ghetto, which the Jews had formed of their own free will, was now imposed on them by force. From the eleventh to the sixteenth century, the Jews, like all heretical sects, were persecuted, tortured, burned, killed, expelled; and in their bitter misery, drawing together more closely than ever, they gradually forged that profound sense of solidarity which is still, perhaps, their greatest source of strength.

The Protestants of the Reformation, after trying vainly to convert the Jews, turned angrily against them, 'The Jews are brutes,' cried Luther, in a passion. 'Their synagogues are pig-styes; they must be burned, for Moses would do so if he came back to the world. They drag the divine word in the mud; they live by rapine and evil, they are wicked beasts who ought to be driven out like mad dogs.'

But the religious wars had now fairly begun, and in the heat of the struggle between Catholic and Protestant, the Jews, greatly to their good, were well-nigh forgotten. For them, the worst was over. In the seventeenth century, though a number of onerous restrictions were put back into effect by the Church, the return of the Jews within the Christian faith, so long desired, was confidently, though vainly, expected.

The eighteenth century, like antiquity, was tolerant. In Holland and England, no less than in Turkey itself, the Jews were happy and prosperous. In 1791, the French Constituent Assembly voted full rights of citizenship to the Jews. It was the first act of the emancipation, which was now to follow rapidly in Central as well as in Western Europe. Napoleon, at the head of his armies, freed the Jews of Italy and Germany. The Jewish cult was written into the French budget in 1830. The emancipation was completed in Austria, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and Greece by the Revolution of 1848; it was completed in England in 1860, and in Hungary in 1867. The last Western European Ghetto was abolished in 1870, with the fall of the Pope's temporal power.

III

But though many Western European Jews have been more or less assimilated during the last hundred years, there are still many others who, though emancipated so far as external restrictions are concerned, have not desired, or have been unable, to shake off the clannishness, the peculiar mentality, inbred by twenty or thirty centuries of almost unbroken tradition; they may not go to synagogue, or even to the reformed tabernacle, but they would be repelled at the idea of marrying outside the race, and they preserve a special and seemingly ineradicable tenderness for their fellow Israelites, of no matter what social stratum, or what geographical subdivision. Their inner emancipation, their emancipation from the history and customs of Israel, is still to be effected. There can be no true assimilation so long as there is not free intermarriage; and until there is evidence of a rapidly increasing assimilation, the Jewish question, with its attendant fervor of anti-Semitism, will continue to occupy men's minds.

A sharp distinction must be drawn at the present time between this question as it presents itself in Western Europe and the United States, where the Jews are externally emancipated, and as it presents itself in Eastern Europe, where the Jews still live mediævally to themselves, and where there is a tendency on the part of the prevailing governments to restrict them in various ways. The cleavage is somewhat blurred by the fact that hordes of Eastern European Jews are still pouring annually into Western Europe; nevertheless, generally speaking, the distinction can be maintained. As the arguments which are brought against the Jews in the East include and elaborate those adduced in the West, it will simplify matters if the latter be considered first.

Of the serious arguments of Western anti-Semitism, two are political, and one — the least important, but perhaps the commonest — is economic. Briefly stated, the economic argument is that the Jew is congenitally a non-producer, a parasite, living only in the cities, trading and lending money, swelling the army of profit-devouring middlemen. Historically, this contention cannot be sustained. The tribesmen of Israel were, originally, not traders, but farmers and shepherds. As speculators and traders, they were far surpassed in antiquity, first by the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, and later by the Greeks and Romans. It was only after the dispersion that their mercantile propensities began to develop. The sudden cessation of all their former activities as husbandmen was due in the beginning to their religion, which, on the one hand, forced them to gather in communities so as to be able to escape the contamination of foreign ways and peoples, and, on the other, taught them that they must keep themselves pure for the eventual return to Jerusalem, and that in ploughing any soil save that of Palestine, a Jew would defile himself. All exiled Jews were thus constrained to become city-dwellers, and city-dwellers or town-dwellers they have since remained, until they have indeed, at last, become almost total strangers to the life of the fields.

As city-dwellers, they were naturally forced into commerce, in order to live. At a time when other peoples were less well organized, the Jewish communities established in every considerable town of the Mediterranean countries, and in constant communication and sympathy, provided an unparalleled system of commercial agencies to the Jewish traders, who, in consequence, soon began to prosper greatly. It was only in the Middle Ages that the Jews began to specialize in money-lending and the gold

traffic.[1] This, again, was forced upon them rather than of their own seeking; but as in periods of recurrent wars, bad crops, and famine the need for loans and credit was very great, it was generally agreed that the necessary banking business should be turned over to the Jews. Not infrequently, the Jewish money-lender was merely the agent of some Christian merchant or noble, who did not dare lend money in person, for fear of excommunication. At the same time, the growing power of the guilds, each with its patron saint, began, on religious grounds, to force the exclusion of the Jews from most of the principal branches of trade and commerce. The second-hand trade and the banking business were about all that remained. The latter, moreover, was congenial to the Jews; for in that day of persecution and expulsion they were very glad to be able to keep their wealth in a compact, easily hidden, and easily transportable form.

If, therefore, in modern times, the Jews appear to be a people of town-dwellers, practising, at the bottom of the social scale, peddling, petty-retailing, pawnbrokerage, the poorer trades, and, at the top of the scale, banking and corporate commerce, the cause, evidently, is less innate than historic. Even the remarkable success of individual Jews in modern finance can perhaps be attributed less to any special racial fitness than to a business tradition, to a freedom from local prejudice, and to the spirit of coöperation clearly visible between scattered Jewish individuals and communities — a coöperation which other peoples have not as yet been able to attain in anything like the same degree. I myself am inclined to subordinate economic anti-Semitism to political anti-Semitism; for, if the latter were unsustained, the former, I feel sure, would soon cease to exist.

The political argument against the Jews is that they are an 'international nation,' more attached to the Jewish cause, in whatever part of the world, than to the ideals and interests of the country in which they live, and from which they claim the privileges of protection without according in return their political allegiance. To this is now frequently added, as a corollary, that the Jew is a 'born revolutionist.' We are here, as I have already indicated, at the very heart of the Jewish question; for there is no state, there is no people, so good-natured and so confident of its own strength, that it will unprotestingly tolerate in its midst a body persistently and willfully foreign, especially when this body at the same time aspires to take a leading part in the national economic or political life. That the Jews, after their dispersion, were originally such a tenaciously foreign body, in every community where they settled, is beyond dispute. That they remained so, partly of their own will, partly under compulsion, up to the time of the emancipation, fifty or a hundred years ago, is equally incontestable. The point that remains to be determined is, to what extent, since the emancipation, a true assimilation of the Jews has been effected in the United States and in the various countries of Western Europe. To this point I shall have occasion to return presently. Meanwhile, the corollary, that the Jew is a 'born revolutionist,' is worthy of careful consideration.

Abstractly, there is certainly something in this assertion — something profound, which reaches to the very centre of the ancient Hebraic religious conception. The sturdy monotheism of Israel, teaching that man shall obey Jehovah alone, carries by implication the idea

[1] Their first real specialty was that of slave-dealers, in which they were greatly encouraged both by Charlemagne and by the Caliphs. — THE AUTHOR.

that all merely human authority is unjustified and therefore negligible. This independence of conscience and reason is probably developed further in Judaism than in any other religion, for it is considered as binding even on Jehovah himself. The Talmud relates how, in a dispute between rabbis over a point of doctrine, the voice of Jehovah intervened from the void; but no sooner was this divine voice heard to pronounce in favor of Rabbi Eliezir, than Rabbi Josua protested, saying: 'It is not mysterious voices, it is the majority of the sages, who should henceforth decide questions of doctrine. Reason is no longer hidden away in heaven, the Law is no longer in heaven; it has been given to the earth, and it is for human reason to understand and explain it.'

Moreover, implicit in Judaism, is a sentiment, quite different from the resignation of Christianity and of Mohammedanism, that the joy and satisfaction which are the birthright of every man who keeps the Law should be forthcoming, not in some future existence, but here on earth. Even after they have forsworn their religion completely, a tendency has been remarked among the Jews to cling to the idea, not only that all men are entitled to be happy even in this life, but that all men are equal before God, and that none can be held responsible save to his own mind and conscience. A poor man, imbued with this spirit, and looking about him upon the present world, is inevitably exposed to the temptation of becoming a malcontent, or even an agitator. More important, however, than this vague traditional predilection for revolutionary doctrines is the fact that the Jewish people, for more than twenty centuries, has been cosmopolitan, bound to no country and to no lasting patriotism save that of Israel. It is no more than natural that the emancipation should have left a large number of them internationalists, in the literal sense of the word. If it were not for this cosmopolitan character of the people as a whole, the revolutionary proclivities of a few individuals would perhaps have passed almost unnoticed. Once more, we are brought face to face with the conclusion that the Jewish problem is, above all, a problem of assimilation.

The belief that the Jews are involved in a definite conspiracy for world-revolution arose at the time of the French Revolution, simultaneously with the emancipation of the French Jews by the Constituent Assembly. An intimate relation between the Kabbala and Freemasonry had long been suspected; and now the Catholic Royalists were able to remark that not a few Jews seemed to be active members of the various lodges — Masons, Illuminists, Rosicrucians, Martinists — in whose secret conclaves the revolution was supposed to have been planned. The influence of Jewish agitators was again remarked in the uprisings of 1830 and 1848.

But the great reproach that European conservatives hold against the sons of Israel is that Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle, the founders of modern Socialism, were both of Jewish origin. 'This descendant of a line of rabbis and doctors,' writes Lazare, of Marx, 'inherited all the force of logic of his ancestors; he was a clear-headed and lucid Talmudist . . . a Talmudist who went in for sociology, and who applied his native qualities of exegesis to a critique of political economy. He was animated by the old Hebraic materialism, which dreamed perpetually of an earthly paradise . . . he was also a rebel, an agitator, a bitter polemist, and he got his gift of sarcasm and invective from the same Jewish sources as Heine.'

The famous Manifesto of 1847 was drawn up jointly by Marx and Engels. The meeting of 1864, which founded the Internationale, was inspired by Marx;

and in the general council, Karl Marx was secretary for Germany and Russia, and James Cohen was secretary for Denmark.

The work of Jewish agitators in the Paris Commune was the subject of much comment. Among the leaders of modern Socialism were not only Marx and Lassalle in Germany, but the Jews Adler and Libermann in Austria, and Dobrojanu Gherea in Roumania; while the rôle of the Russian Jews in the recent Russian Revolution is known to everyone. All these facts have tended to keep alive the old yarn of a Jewish 'world-conspiracy.'

IV

Exact statistics are, of course, unavailable; but there are supposed to be in the world, at the present time, from twelve to fourteen million Jews, of whom about a fourth are in the United States, a fourth scattered in various countries, east, west, north, and south, while the remaining half are concentrated in Eastern Europe, or, more specifically, in Poland, Bessarabia, and the Ukraine. Poland alone is believed to have four or five million Jews, and thus becomes by far the greatest Jewish state of the day. It is precisely in Eastern Europe, moreover, that the Jewish nationality is to be observed in its purest form, for here there is scarcely so much as the beginning of even a political assimilation; though indigenous for centuries, the children of Israel still form a large and entirely distinct foreign minority. The fact that, in Eastern Europe, religion and nationality — as in mediæval times throughout the whole of Europe — are still regarded as practically inseparable, is not a sufficient explanation of this phenomenon. The restrictive measures of the prevailing governments have merely served to accentuate a distinction ardently desired by the Jews themselves, whose devotion to both the civil and religious aspects of the Jewish Law is here as fervent as it is complete. The net result is that the typical Polish Jew, like the Lithuanian, Bessarabian, and Ukrainian Jew, is a being absolutely apart from his Christian neighbors. The reader should peruse, in this connection, the remarkably intimate and sympathetic studies of Jewish life recently published in Paris by Jean and Jérôme Tharaud, which will unveil to his occidental vision a world undreamed of. When to these vivid distinctions are added the economic and racial differences, which have already been described in discussing the more or less assimilated Western European Jews, it is difficult to find a single remaining trait wherein the Eastern Jews may be said to resemble the Christian Pole, Lithuanian, Russian, or Roumanian. Those who have not seen this community cleavage for themselves can scarcely imagine how thorough it is, or what profound antipathy it instinctively engenders.

V

So much having been said, a specific explanation of the present revival of anti-Semitism is almost superfluous. In Russia the majority of Jews, for obvious reasons, have rallied to the Soviet government, thus exciting against themselves the always latent hatred of the anti-Bolshevist parties. The Jews of Poland and Roumania, being regarded, not altogether without reason, as foreigners inclining to sympathize with the enemy (Soviet Russia), are subjected to all the consequences that a similar situation provoked in America, during the war, between Americans and Germans. As for the half-assimilated Jews of Hungary, they earned the lasting enmity of the peasants and the administrative caste by flocking in far

too considerable numbers to the disastrous red banner of Bela Kun, in the spring of 1919. In Czechoslovakia, the Jews are subjected to the hatred of the otherwise fairly liberal Czechs, because they are suspected of being pro-German and, in general, anti-Slav.

Coming now to the more prosperous and more completely assimilated Jews of Western Europe and America, one easily perceives that the feeling against the poor ones is an outgrowth of the fear of Bolshevism, while the feeling against the rich ones is a part of the general post-war clamor against profiteers — the feeling in both cases being greatly intensified by the popular nationalistic suspicion that the Jews are willfully resisting assimilation.

We are thus, in the end, brought squarely back again to the surmise from which we started, namely, that the Jewish question is, above all, political, and may indeed be reduced to this one inquiry: Is it, or is it not, possible to assimilate the Jews? If it is, time, and liberal measures, will suffice; if it is not, then, so long as nations continue to be nations, and to abhor the presence within themselves of indigestible foreign bodies, there is seemingly no solution.

Some anti-Semites have gone so far as to assert that, the Jews being essentially a race apart, assimilation is neither possible nor desirable. From this view, I differ completely. In the first place, the Jews are not essentially a race apart. Ethnology has long since established that there is no such thing as a 'pure race.' Leaving aside the pertinent inquiry as to whether or not the twelve tribes were themselves racially pure, it is clear that, from the time of the dispersion down to about the sixteenth century, the Jews were exceedingly active in proselytizing, and made many converts in Europe and the Near East. There are at present white Jews in India, black Jews in Cochin-China, and yellow Jews in China proper, to say nothing of the two great disparate branches of the European Jewish family, — the Sephardic and the Ashkenazic, — the one speaking Spanish, the other Yiddish; the one black-haired, the other predominantly sandy; the one said to be dolichocephalic, the other brachycephalic. And if, on the one hand, the modern Jew is indubitably of conglomerate origin, on the other, he has sown his blood profoundly through other races, notably in Spain, where the conversions of Jews to Christianity were so numerous, that there is now said to be scarcely a family free from the Jewish strain. The assimilation of the Jews by intermarriage has made noticeable progress also in France, England, Germany, America, and even Hungary.

Obviously, therefore the possibility of assimilating at least some of the Jews is beyond challenge. Indeed, there is no reason to suppose that a mixture of the so-called Aryan and Semitic races gives a result which is other than excellent in any respect. If the Jews have not heretofore been absorbed more rapidly, the causes are rather religious, social, and political than racial.

How can it reasonably be said, moreover, that this mixture is not desirable? The Jews are one of the most remarkably gifted peoples of all time. They have, it is true, the defects of their qualities, but in this they are by no means unique. The Jews are, in fact, generally speaking, sober, adaptable, industrious, and intelligent. For centuries cut off from most forms of handicraft and manual labor, they have been exercising their minds in study and trade. Their achievements in art, letters, and particularly in science and philosophy, if not preëminent, are at least notable. Why any nation should scorn to absorb an element so endowed is difficult to understand.

There is a class of Western Jews, however, who, while approving the theory of assimilation in the abstract, give to the word a meaning quite different from that generally accepted. In the minds of these Jews, it would be a calamity if Israel, by intermarrying with other nationalities, should lose its distinctive character. They assert, therefore, that it is entirely possible for the Jews to remain Jews in every sense of the word, and at the same time become good Germans or Britons, or Frenchmen, or Americans, as the case may be. Roman Catholics, they argue, are forbidden to intermarry with Protestants; why must the Jews be expected to intermarry with peoples of other religions?

But there is in this otherwise fair-seeming comparison a slight misconception. If Israel were merely a religion, then, when a Jew ceased to observe the forms of this religion, he would cease to be a Jew. But Israel is not merely a religion, but a nationality as well. The problem of assimilation is not a religious but a political problem; and to shift it arbitrarily to the religious ground is to distort it from its true relations. If the reply be made that the orthodox Jews are absolutely forbidden to marry outside of Israel, I would rejoin merely that this fails to explain why so many unorthodox Jews also hold in horror the idea of marrying Gentiles.

In the present day of intense nationalism, when the forces of interior cohesion are engaged in a silent and bitter struggle with the forces of international dissolution, the Jews, who by their history have become a cosmopolitan race in everything except their devotion to Israel, must make a choice. They cannot give political allegiance to two banners, even though this double allegiance be defended in the name of religion. The official anti-Semitism of some Eastern European countries of course makes assimilation impossible; but in Western states, where the Jews enjoy the same privileges with everyone else, they must expect to give in return the same undivided loyalty.

This is particularly true in America, who is now being asked to accord her hospitality to thousands upon thousands of Israelites, whose emigration from Eastern Europe is being encouraged by every possible means. Overburdened already with German-Americans whose hearts are in Germany, with Irish-Americans whose hearts are in Ireland, and with numerous other varieties of half-digested foreigners, she would like to be able to count at least on the full allegiance of her Jewish citizens, whose record in the war was excellent, and to feel that, however much they may be drawn by a fellow sentiment with distant coreligionists, their hearts, nevertheless, have been definitely surrendered to the land of their election, even to the point — when no imperious religious reasons intervene — of accepting the idea of marriage with non-Jewish fellow citizens.

I myself have great faith in the loyalty of the vast majority of American Jews. To those few who sincerely scruple to give to America, or to any other Gentile state, their single allegiance, a more generous welcome would doubtless be extended in the ports of Palestine, under the flag of Israel itself, than in the gateways of the war-worn Western world.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE FARMERS' PROBLEMS

BY BERNARD M. BARUCH

I

THE whole rural world is in a ferment of unrest, and there is an unparalleled volume and intensity of determined, if not angry, protest; and an ominous swarming of occupational conferences, interest groupings, political movements, and propaganda. Such a turmoil cannot but arrest our attention. Indeed, it demands our careful study and examination. It is not likely that six million aloof and ruggedly independent men have come together and banded themselves into active unions, societies, farm bureaus, and so forth, for no sufficient cause.

Investigation of the subject conclusively proves that, while there is much overstatement of grievances and misconception of remedies, the farmers are right in complaining of wrongs long endured, and right in holding that it is feasible to relieve their ills with benefit to the rest of the community. This being the case of an industry that contributes, in the raw-material form alone, about one third of the national annual wealth-production and is the means of livelihood of about forty-nine per cent of the population, it is obvious that the subject is one of grave concern. Not only do the farmers make up one half of the nation, but the well-being of the other half depends upon them.

So long as we have nations, a wise political economy will aim at a large degree of national self-sufficiency and self-containment. Rome fell when the food-supply was too far removed from the belly. Like her, we shall destroy our own agriculture and extend our sources of food distantly and precariously, if we do not see to it that our farmers are well and fairly paid for their services. The farm gives the nation men as well as food. Cities derive their vitality and are forever renewed from the country, but an impoverished countryside exports intelligence and retains unintelligence. Only the lower grades of mentality and character will remain on, or seek, the farm unless agriculture is capable of being pursued with contentment and adequate compensation. Hence, to embitter and impoverish the farmer is to dry up and contaminate the vital sources of the nation.

The war showed convincingly how dependent the nation is on the full productivity of the farms. Despite herculean efforts, agricultural production kept only a few weeks or months ahead of consumption, and that only by increasing the acreage of certain staple crops at the cost of reducing that of others. We ought not to forget that lesson when we ponder on the farmer's problems. They are truly common problems, and there should be no attempt to deal with them as if they were purely the selfish demands of a clear-cut group, antagonistic to the rest of the community. Rather should we consider agriculture in the light of broad national policy, just as we con-

sider oil, coal, steel, dye-stuffs, and so forth, as sinews of national strength. Our growing population and a higher standard of living demand increasing food-supplies, and more wool, cotton, hides, and the rest. With the disappearance of free or cheap fertile land, additional acreage and increased yields can come only from costly effort. This we need not expect from an impoverished or unhappy rural population.

It will not do to take a narrow view of the rural discontent, or to appraise it from the standpoint of yesterday. This is peculiarly an age of flux and change and new deals. Because a thing always has been so no longer means that it is righteous, or always shall be so. More, perhaps, than ever before, there is a widespread feeling that all human relations can be improved by taking thought, and that it is not becoming for the reasoning animal to leave his destiny largely to chance and natural incidence.

Prudent and orderly adjustment of production and distribution in accordance with consumption is recognized as wise management in every business but that of farming. Yet, I venture to say, there is no other industry in which it is so important to the public — to the city-dweller — that production should be sure, steady, and increasing, and that distribution should be in proportion to the need. The unorganized farmers naturally act blindly and impulsively and, in consequence, surfeit and dearth, accompanied by disconcerting price-variations, harass the consumer. One year potatoes rot in the fields because of excess production, and there is a scarcity of the things that have been displaced to make way for the expansion of the potato acreage; next year the punished farmers mass their fields on some other crop, and potatoes enter the class of luxuries; and so on.

Agriculture is the greatest and fundamentally the most important of our American industries. The cities are but the branches of the tree of national life, the roots of which go deeply into the land. We all flourish or decline with the farmer. So, when we of the cities read of the present universal distress of the farmers, of a slump of six billion dollars in the farm-value of their crops in a single year, of their inability to meet mortgages or to pay current bills, and how, seeking relief from their ills, they are planning to form pools, inaugurate farmers' strikes, and demand legislation abolishing grain exchanges, private cattle markets, and the like, we ought not hastily to brand them as economic heretics and highwaymen, and hurl at them the charge of being seekers of special privilege. Rather, we should ask if their trouble is not ours, and see what can be done to improve the situation. Purely from self-interest, if for no higher motive, we should help them. All of us want to get back permanently to 'normalcy'; but is it reasonable to hope for that condition unless our greatest and most basic industry can be put on a sound and solid permanent foundation? The farmers are not entitled to special privileges; but are they not right in demanding that they be placed on an equal footing with the buyers of their products and with other industries?

II

Let us, then, consider some of the farmer's grievances, and see how far they are real. In doing so, we should remember that, while there have been, and still are, instances of purposeful abuse, the subject should not be approached with any general imputation to existing distributive agencies of deliberately intentional oppression, but rather with the conception that the

marketing of farm products has not been modernized.

An ancient evil, and a persistent one, is the undergrading of farm products, with the result that what the farmers sell as of one quality is resold as of a higher. That this sort of chicanery should persist on any important scale in these days of business integrity would seem almost incredible, but there is much evidence that it does so persist. Even as I write, the newspapers announce the suspension of several firms from the New York Produce Exchange for exporting to Germany as No. 2 wheat a whole shipload of grossly inferior wheat mixed with oats, chaff, and the like.

Another evil is that of inaccurate weighing of farm products, which, it is charged, is sometimes a matter of dishonest intention and sometimes of protective policy on the part of the local buyer, who fears that he may 'weigh out' more than he 'weighs in.'

A greater grievance is that at present the field farmer has little or no control over the time and conditions of marketing his products, with the result that he is often underpaid for his products and usually overcharged for marketing service. The difference between what the farmer receives and what the consumer pays often exceeds all possibility of justification. To cite a single illustration. Last year, according to figures attested by the railways and the growers, Georgia watermelon-raisers received on the average 7.5 cents for a melon, the railroads got 12.7 cents for carrying it to Baltimore, and the consumer paid one dollar; leaving 79.8 cents for the service of marketing and its risks, as against 20.2 cents for growing and transporting. The hard annals of farm-life are replete with such commentaries on the crudeness of present practices.

Nature prescribes that the farmer's 'goods' must be finished within two or three months of the year, while financial and storage limitations generally compel him to sell them at the same time. As a rule, other industries are in a continuous process of finishing goods for the markets; they distribute as they produce, and they can curtail production without too great injury to themselves or the community; but if the farmer restricts his output, it is with disastrous consequences, both to himself and to the community.

The average farmer is busy with production for the major part of the year, and has nothing to sell. The bulk of his output comes on at the market at once. Because of lack of storage facilities and of financial support, the farmer cannot carry his goods through the year and dispose of them as they are currently needed. In the great majority of cases, farmers have to entrust storage — in warehouses and elevators — and the financial carrying of their products to others.

Farm products are generally marketed at a time when there is a congestion of both transportation and finance — when cars and money are scarce. The outcome, in many instances, is that the farmers not only sell under pressure, and therefore at a disadvantage, but are compelled to take further reductions in net returns, in order to meet the charges for the services of storing, transporting, financing, and ultimate marketing — which charges, they claim, are often excessive, bear heavily on both consumer and producer, and are under the control of those performing the services. It is true that they are relieved of the risks of a changing market by selling at once; but they are quite willing to take the unfavorable chance, if the favorable one also is theirs and they can retain for themselves a part of the service charges that are uniform, in good years and bad, with high prices and low.

While, in the main, the farmer must

sell, regardless of market conditions, at the time of the maturity of crops, he cannot suspend production *in toto*. He must go on producing if he is to go on living, and if the world is to exist. The most he can do is to curtail production a little, or alter its form, and that — because he is in the dark as to the probable demand for his goods — may be only to jump from the frying-pan into the fire, taking the consumer with him.

Even the dairy farmers, whose output is not seasonal, complain that they find themselves at a disadvantage in the marketing of their productions, especially raw milk, because of the high costs of distribution, which they must ultimately bear.

III

Now that the farmers are stirring, thinking, and uniting as never before to eradicate these inequalities, they are subjected to stern economic lectures, and are met with the accusation that they are demanding, and are the recipients of, special privileges. Let us see what privileges the government has conferred on the farmers. Much has been made of Section 6 of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act, which purported to permit them to combine with immunity, under certain conditions. Admitting that, nominally, this exemption was in the nature of a special privilege, — though I think it was so in appearance rather than in fact, — we find that the courts have nullified it by judicial interpretation. Why should not the farmers be permitted to accomplish by coöperative methods what other businesses are already doing by coöperation in the form of incorporation? If it be proper for men to form, by fusion of existing corporations or otherwise, a corporation that controls the entire production of a commodity, or a large part of it, why is it not proper for a group of farmers to unite for the marketing of their common products, either in one or in several selling agencies? Why should it be right for a hundred thousand corporate shareholders to direct 25 or 30 or 40 per cent of an industry, and wrong for a hundred thousand coöperative farmers to control a no larger proportion of the wheat crop, or cotton, or any other product?

The Department of Agriculture is often spoken of as a special concession to the farmers, but in its commercial results, it is of as much benefit to the buyers and consumers of agricultural products as to the producers, or even more. I do not suppose that anyone opposes the benefits that the farmers derive from the educational and research work of the Department, or the help that it gives them in working out improved cultural methods and practices, in developing better-yielding varieties through breeding and selection, in introducing new varieties from remote parts of the world and adapting them to our climate and economic condition, and in devising practical measures for the elimination or control of dangerous and destructive animal and plant diseases, insect pests, and the like. All these things manifestly tend to stimulate and enlarge production, and their general beneficial effects are obvious.

It is complained that, whereas the law restricts Federal Reserve banks to three months' time for commercial paper, the farmer is allowed six months on his notes. This is not a special privilege, but merely such a recognition of business conditions as makes it possible for country banks to do business with country people. The crop-farmer has only one turn-over a year, while the merchant and manufacturer have many. Incidentally, I note that the Federal Reserve Board has just authorized the Federal Reserve banks to discount export paper for a period of six months,

to conform to the nature of the business.

The Farm Loan banks are pointed to as an instance of special government favor for farmers. Are they not rather the outcome of laudable efforts to equalize rural and urban conditions? And about all the government does there is to help set up an administrative organization and lend a little credit at the start. Eventually the farmers will provide all the capital and carry all the liabilities themselves. It is true that Farm Loan bonds are tax-exempt; but so are bonds of municipal light and traction plants, and new housing is to be exempt from taxation, in New York, for ten years.

On the other hand, the farmer reads of plans for municipal housing projects that run into the billions, of hundreds of millions annually spent on the merchant marine; he reads that the railways are being favored with increased rates and virtual guaranties of earnings by the government, with the result to him of an increased toll on all that he sells and all that he buys. He hears of many manifestations of governmental concern for particular industries and interests. Rescuing the railways from insolvency is undoubtedly for the benefit of the country as a whole, but what can be of more general benefit than encouragement of ample production of the principal necessaries of life and their even flow from contented producers to satisfied consumers?

While it may be conceded that special governmental aid may be necessary in the general interest, we must all agree that it is difficult to see why agriculture and the production and distribution of farm products are not accorded the same opportunities that are provided for other businesses; especially as the enjoyment by the farmer of such opportunities would appear to be even more contributory to the general good than in the case of other industries. The spirit of American democracy is unalterably opposed, alike to enacted special privilege and to the *special privilege of unequal opportunity that arises automatically from the failure to correct glaring economic inequalities.* I am opposed to the injection of government into business, but I do believe that it is an essential function of democratic government to equalize opportunity so far as it is within its power to do so, whether by the repeal of archaic statutes or the enactment of modern ones. If the anti-trust laws keep the farmers from endeavoring scientifically to integrate their industry, while other industries find a way to meet modern conditions without violating such statutes, then it would seem reasonable to find a way for the farmers to meet them under the same conditions. The law should operate equally in fact. Repairing the economic structure on one side is no injustice to the other side, which is in good repair.

We have traveled a long way from the old conception of government as merely a defensive and policing agency; and regulative, corrective, or equalizing legislation, which apparently is of a special nature, is often of the most general beneficial consequences. Even the First Congress passed a tariff act that was avowedly for the protection of manufactures; but a protective tariff always has been defended as a means of promoting the general good through a particular approach; and the statute books are filled with acts for the benefit of shipping, commerce, and labor.

IV

Now, what is the farmer asking? Without trying to catalogue the remedial measures that have been suggested in his behalf, the principal proposals that bear directly on the improvement of his distributing and marketing relations may be summarized as follows: —

First: storage warehouses for cotton, wool, and tobacco, and elevators for grain, of sufficient capacity to meet the maximum demand on them at the peak of the marketing period. The farmer thinks that either private capital must furnish these facilities, or the state must erect and own the elevators and warehouses.

Second: weighing and grading of agricultural products, and certification thereof, to be done by impartial and disinterested public inspectors (this is already accomplished to some extent by the federal licensing of weighers and graders), to eliminate underpaying, overcharging, and unfair grading, and to facilitate the utilization of the stored products as the basis of credit.

Third: a certainty of credit sufficient to enable the marketing of products in an orderly manner.

Fourth: the Department of Agriculture should collect, tabulate, summarize, and regularly and frequently publish and distribute to the farmers, full information from all the markets of the world, so that they shall be as well informed of their selling position as buyers now are of their buying position.

Fifth: freedom to integrate the business of agriculture by means of consolidated selling agencies, coördinating and coöperating in such way as to put the farmer on an equal footing with the large buyers of his products and with commercial relations in other industries.

When a business requires specialized talent, it has to buy it. So will the farmers; and perhaps the best way for them to get it would be to utilize some of the present machinery of the largest established agencies dealing in farm products. Of course, if he wishes, the farmer may go further and engage in flour-milling and other manufactures of food products. In my opinion, however, he would be wise to stop short of that. Public interest may be opposed to all great integrations; but, in justice, should they be forbidden to the farmer and permitted to others? The corporate form of association cannot now be wholly adapted to his objects and conditions. The looser coöperative form seems more generally suitable. Therefore, he wishes to be free, if he finds it desirable and feasible, to resort to cooperation with his fellows and neighbors, without running afoul of the law. To urge that the farmers should have the same liberty to consolidate and coordinate their peculiar economic functions, which other industries in their fields enjoy, is not, however, to concede that any business integration should have legislative sanction to exercise monopolistic power. The American people are as firmly opposed to industrial as to political autocracy, whether attempted by rural or by urban industry.

For lack of united effort the farmers, as a whole, are still marketing their crops by antiquated methods, or by no methods at all; but they are surrounded by a business world that has been modernized to the last minute and is tirelessly striving for efficiency. This efficiency is due in large measure to big business, to united business, to integrated business. The farmers now seek the benefits of such largeness, union, and integration.

The American farmer is a modern of the moderns in the use of labor-saving machinery, and he has made vast strides in recent years in scientific tillage and efficient farm management; but as a business in contact with other businesses, agriculture is a 'one-horse shay' in competition with high-power automobiles. The American farmer is the greatest and most intractable of individualists. While industrial production and all phases of the huge commercial mechanism and its myriad accessories have articulated and coördinated themselves, all the way from natural raw

materials to retail sales, the business of agriculture has gone on in much the one-man fashion of the backwoods of the first part of the nineteenth century, when the farmer was self-sufficient and did not depend upon, or care very much, what the great world was doing. The result is that the agricultural group is almost as much at a disadvantage in dealing with other economic groups as the jay farmer of the funny pages in the hands of sleek urban confidence men, who sell him acreage in Central Park or the Chicago City Hall. The leaders of the farmers thoroughly understand this, and they are intelligently striving to integrate their industry so that it will be on an equal footing with other businesses.

As an example of integration, take the steel industry, in which the model is the United States Steel Corporation, with its iron mines, its coal mines, its lake and rail transportation, its ocean vessels, its by-product coke ovens, its blast furnances, its open hearth and Bessemer furnaces, its rolling mills, its tube mills, and other manufacturing processes that are carried to the highest degree of finished production compatible with the large trade it has built up. All this is generally conceded to be to the advantage of the consumer. Nor does the Steel Corporation inconsiderately dump its products on the market. On the contrary, it so acts that it is frequently a stabilizing influence, as is often the case with other large organizations. It is master of its distribution as well as of its production. If prices are not satisfactory, the products are held back, or production is reduced or suspended. It is not compelled to send a year's work to the market at one time and take whatever it can get under such circumstances. It has one selling policy, and its own export department. Neither are the grades and qualities of steel determined at the caprice of the buyer; nor does the latter hold the scales. In this single integration of the Steel Corporation is represented about 40 per cent of the steel production of America. The rest is mostly in the hands of a few large companies. In ordinary times the Steel Corporation, by example, stabilizes all steel prices. If this is permissible (it is even desirable, because stable and fair prices are essential to solid and continued prosperity), why would it be wrong for the farmers to utilize central agencies that would have similar effects on agricultural products? Something like that is what they are aiming at.

Some farmers, favored by regional compactness and contiguity, such as the citrus-fruit-raisers of California, already have found a way legally to merge and sell their products integrally and in accordance with seasonal and local demand, thus improving their position and rendering the consumer a reliable service of ensured quality, certain supply, and reasonable and relatively steady prices. They have not found it necessary to resort to any special privilege, or to claim any exemption under the anti-trust legislation of the state or nation. Without removing local control, they have built up a very efficient marketing agency. The grain, cotton, and tobacco farmers, and the producers of hides and wool, because of their numbers and the vastness of their regions, and for other reasons, have found integration a more difficult task; though there are now some thousands of farmer's coöperative elevators, warehouses, creameries, and other enterprises of one sort and another, with a turn-over of a billion dollars a year. They are giving the farmers business experience and training, and, so far as they go, they meet the need of honest weighing and fair grading; but they do not meet the requirements of rationally adjusted marketing in any large and fundamental way.

The next step, which will be a pattern for other groups, is now being prepared by the grain-raisers through the establishment of sales media which shall handle grain separately or collectively, as the individual farmer may elect. It is this step — the plan of the Committee of Seventeen — which has created so much opposition and is thought by some to be in conflict with the anti-trust laws. Though there is now before Congress a measure designed to clear up doubt on this point, the grain-producers are not relying on any immunity from anti-trust legislation. They desire, and they are entitled, to coördinate their efforts just as effectively as the large business interests of the country have done. In connection with the selling organizations, the United States Grain Growers Incorporated is drafting a scheme of financing instrumentalities and auxiliary agencies which are indispensable to the successful utilization of modern business methods.

It is essential that the farmers should proceed gradually with these plans, and aim to avoid the error of scrapping the existing marketing machinery, which has been so laboriously built up by long experience, before they have a tried and proved substitute or supplementary mechanism. They must be careful not to become enmeshed in their own reforms and lose the perspective of their place in the national system. They must guard against fanatical devotion to new doctrines, and should seek articulation with the general economic system rather than its reckless destruction as it relates to them.

V

To take a tolerant and sympathetic view of the farmers' strivings for better things is not to give a blanket indorsement to any specific plan, and still less to applaud the vagaries of some of their leaders and groups. Neither should we, on the other hand, allow the froth of bitter agitation, false economics, and mistaken radicalism to conceal the facts of the farmers' disadvantages, and the practicability of eliminating them by well-considered measures. It may be that the farmers will not show the business sagacity and develop the wise leadership to carry through sound plans; but that possibility does not justify the obstruction of their upward efforts. We, as city people, see in high and speculatively manipulated prices, spoilage, waste, scarcity, the results of defective distribution of farm products. Should it not occur to us that we have a common interest with the farmer in his attempts to attain a degree of efficiency in distribution corresponding to his efficiency in production? Do not the recent fluctuations in the May wheat option, apparently unrelated to normal interaction of supply and demand, offer a timely proof of the need of some such stabilizing agency as the grain-growers have in contemplation?

It is contended that, if their proposed organizations be perfected and operated, the farmers will have in their hands an instrument that will be capable of dangerous abuse. We are told that it will be possible to pervert it to arbitrary and oppressive price-fixing from its legitimate use of ordering and stabilizing the flow of farm products to the market, to the mutual benefit of producer and consumer. I have no apprehensions on this point.

In the first place, a loose organization, such as any union of farmers must be at best, cannot be so arbitrarily and promptly controlled as a great corporation. The one is a lumbering democracy and the other an agile autocracy. In the second place, with all possible power of organization, the farmers cannot succeed to any great extent, or for any considerable length of time, in fixing prices.

The great law of supply and demand works in various and surprising ways, to the undoing of the best-laid plans that attempt to foil it. In the third place, their power will avail the farmers nothing if it be abused. In our time and country power is of value to its possessor only so long as it is not abused. It is fair to say that I have seen no signs in responsible quarters of a disposition to dictate prices. There seems, on the contrary, to be a commonly beneficial purpose to realize a stability that will give an orderly and abundant flow of farm products to the consumer and ensure reasonable and dependable returns to the producer.

In view of the supreme importance to the national well-being of a prosperous and contented agricultural population, we should be prepared to go a long way in assisting the farmers to get an equitable share of the wealth they produce, through the inauguration of reforms that will procure a continuous and increasing stream of farm products. They are far from getting a fair share now. Considering his capital and the long hours of labor put in by the average farmer and his family, he is remunerated less than any other occupational class, with the possible exception of teachers, religious and lay. Though we know that the present general distress of the farmers is exceptional and is linked with the inevitable economic readjustment following the war, it must be remembered that, although representing one third of the industrial product and half the total population of the nation, the rural communities ordinarily enjoy but a fifth to a quarter of the net annual national gain. Notwithstanding the taste of prosperity that the farmers had during the war, there is to-day a lower standard of living among the cotton farmers of the South than in any other pursuit in the country.

In conclusion, it seems to me that the farmers are chiefly striving for a generally beneficial integration of their business, of the same kind and character that other business enjoys. If it should be found, on examination, that the attainment of this end requires methods different from those which other activities have followed for the same purpose, should we not sympathetically consider the plea for the right to coöperate, if only from our own enlightened self-interest, in obtaining an abundant and steady flow of farm products?

In examining the agricultural situation with a view to its improvement, we shall be most helpful if we maintain a detached and judicial viewpoint, remembering that existing wrongs may be chiefly an accident of unsymmetrical economic growth, instead of a creation of malevolent design and conspiracy. We Americans are prone, as Professor David Friday well says in his admirable book, *Profits, Wages and Prices*, to seek a 'criminal intent behind every difficult and undesirable economic situation.' I can positively assert, from my contact with men of large affairs, including bankers, that, as a whole, they are endeavoring to fulfill, as they see them, the obligations that go with their power. Preoccupied with the grave problems and heavy tasks of their own immediate affairs, they have not turned their thoughtful personal attention or their constructive abilities to the deficiencies of agricultural business organization. Agriculture, it may be said, suffers from their preoccupation and neglect rather than from any purposeful exploitation by them. They ought now to begin to respond to the farmers' difficulties, which they must realize are their own.

On the other hand, my contacts with the farmers have filled me with respect for them — for their sanity, their patience, their balance. Within the last

year — and particularly at a meeting called by the Kansas State Board of Agriculture and at another called by the Committee of Seventeen — I have met many of the leaders of the new farm movement, and I testify, in all sincerity, that they are endeavoring to deal with their problems, not as promoters of a narrow class-interest, not as exploiters of the hapless consumer, not as merciless monopolists, but as honest men bent on the improvement of the common weal.

We can and must meet such men and such a cause half-way. Their business is our business — the nation's business.

A PROJECT OF NAVAL DISARMAMENT

BY HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

I

It is more than eighteen months since the writer described in these pages naval competition between the United States and Great Britain as the greatest danger that threatened civilization. We were then in the first enthusiasm of our relief from war, and hope ran high that the United States, within or without the League of Nations, would help the Old World to nurse the ideal of peace through freedom for which the war had been fought; and the danger of naval rivalry between us was then only just visible. But in the disappointments of the past year it has gathered form and body, and it is now no longer a vague apprehension but a rapidly maturing problem, with well-marked political lineaments. Unfortunately, there is reason to fear that our two governments (as is the way with all governments, if they are left alone), instead of going to meet it, may wait until it is on their backs. We are told that we must not hurry or unduly press projects of appeasement; but if precipitate action is to be feared, what other insurance can we have against that than timely discussion?

Our discussion must be frank and practical, for this problem is not one to be solved along the lines of revivalist agitation. There are forces — stronger in America than in Great Britain — that are working for the estrangement of the two countries; but in both there is an immense preponderance of goodwill capable of removing mountains, if only some convenient fulcrum for its activity can be devised. What holds us back is not the want of a wholesome sentiment, but the fact that, in our motions toward each other and toward service to the general good, our feet are held in snares from which they must be freed before we can accomplish the undoubted will of the vast majority in both countries.

One of these snares is the natural apprehension that the United States has on the side of Japan. The causes of the differences between them need not be discussed here; Englishmen know and appreciate them, from the Australian

if not from the American side. As the programmes now stand, the United States will have eighteen post-Jutland capital ships in 1925, against Japan's eleven. It will be a fair numerical preponderance, and not more than Great Britain had over Germany at the beginning of the war. But whereas England had, by reason of her geographical position, lying as she does like a huge breakwater between the German ports and the seas outside, the strategic advantage in the Atlantic, the strategic advantage in the Pacific is with Japan rather than with the United States. The United States has two sea-fronts to defend — a strategical embarrassment with which we can sympathize; for, in the days when the old Dual Alliance of France and Russia was supposed to be the enemy, the writers on naval policy were always worrying about the danger of naval defeat, with half the British fleet in the Channel and half in the Mediterranean, should its enemies succeed in concentrating their whole force against either. It is not to be supposed that Japan, in the event of war, would try to invade the American continent; but her fleets, if victorious, would sweep American commerce off the seas. And there is the danger, too, of a sudden attack on the Philippines, which, if it were successful, would leave the United States without a naval base in Eastern waters, unless Japan, by attacking China, were to give the United States an opportunity to use Chinese ports.

And where, in the event of war in these Eastern waters, would American ships refit? The disadvantages of fighting thousands of miles away from home ports are hardly to be measured. No one who has given serious thought to the problems of a naval war between the United States and Japan would maintain that the superiority of eighteen ships to eleven gives an extravagant margin; and one can readily understand those who are responsible for American defense at sea insisting that this margin is the minimum.

Unfortunately, this increase of American shipbuilding has an automatic effect on the British programme. Great Britain ceased building capital ships in 1917, and has only one ship, the Hood, which can be said to embody the lessons of Jutland — whatever these may be. In this year's programme four such ships are sanctioned; but they will not be begun till next year, and not finished, in all probability, till 1924. It follows that, in order to attain an equality with Japan in these new ships in 1925, Great Britain will have to lay down six ships next year; and equality with the United States will demand an even greater effort next year than ever was made in one year during the competition with Germany.

Thus, with the best good-will in the world and many protestations of mutual regard, we are drifting helplessly into a meaningless rivalry, which could not be worse in its effects on the welfare of the people if our two countries were enemies. And worse even than its effects on material prosperity would be the by-products of this rivalry in political discord, and even, it might be, in active enmity. The government, in introducing its naval estimates, had to face a great deal of criticism because its shipbuilding estimate was so small; and this came, not from political mischief-makers, but from many moderate men. Take the following passage from the speech on this year's estimates of Mr. Prettyman, a former Secretary of the Admiralty, and a man who speaks with care and exactness: —

'Everyone will agree that agreement and international arrangement are far better than building one against another. The practical question that we have to consider on this estimate

is, can we afford, even when that is our opinion, even when the world knows it is our opinion, even when we wish the world to know it is our opinion, — can we afford to allow any single power however friendly, however much we desire to maintain its friendship and even affection, even if it is of our own blood, — can we afford to be in a position where another nation in the world will have a navy definitely more powerful than our own navy? Is there any honorable member who will accept that position? That drives us to the one-power standard, not in the sense of desiring to build against any other power, or to select any single navy and to say we are building to maintain one equal or greater than that, but simply from the purely defensive point of view. . . . If the United States and the government of this country can come to any arrangement by which competition can be avoided, it will be not only unopposed but most heartily welcomed in every quarter of this House. But if such an arrangement is impossible, it is impossible for us to say, simply because we trust and believe in the continued friendship of the United States or any other country, that we can allow them to have a navy to which our navy would be manifestly inferior.'

All sorts of holes can be picked in this passage, but no honest man would deny that it represents the views of ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred; and it may be taken as representing the permanent mind of the country. It is the basis of the 'one-power standard' now formally adopted by the British Government. Mr. Long, ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, on March 16, declared that equality with any other power at sea is a claim that England never would accept 'save in connection with a great English-speaking nation that sprang from our loins and must ever hold a special place in our regard and confidence.' And Mr. Long is a friend both of the United States and of a reduction of armaments. 'If there is to be emulation between, for instance, the United States of America and ourselves,' he said in March, 1920, 'let it be in the direction of reducing the ample margin of strength which we each possess over all other nations.' If he had said 'which we together possess,' his remarks would apply, not only now, but in 1925, when the balance of naval power will be rather different.

The issues, therefore, are plain. With an agreement between us, the formula of equality on the seas — a great thing, as Mr. Long said, for Britain to concede — might develop into a naval *consortium* and a drastic reduction of armaments. Without an agreement, this formula will lead to competitive building, and that, in its turn, to political friction, and, it may be, even to rupture. It is well to speak quite plainly. If we rely on the unmobilized mass of friendship between the two countries, we shall drift into serious trouble; and the first object of those who believe with the writer, that the future of the world depends on the free coöperation of both countries to further our common ideals, must be to mobilize that friendship in the *cadres* of definite and concrete proposals. To that end it is the object of this article to contribute.

II

The writer is among those who believe that capital ships are no longer the chief repositories of naval power; and this belief at one time seemed to offer a means of escape from the more costly forms of naval competition. Supposing that it could be established that, for the defense of shores from invasion, mines and submarines were sufficient, there would be little left to build for but the defense of commerce on the

high seas. That being so, would it not be possible to internationalize the high seas outside territorial waters, which for this purpose might be extended from the three-mile limit to one of ten, or even twenty miles, except in straits that are too narrow to admit of this extension? And might not all the Great Powers agree to police the international sea-common thus created, in accordance with a code of law mutually agreed upon?

If such a plan had been practicable, it is obvious that the immediate result would have been a great reduction of naval armaments and the removal of three fourths of the earth's surface from the clash of national rivalries and jealousies. But there were two great difficulties in the way of such a scheme. In the first place, the majority of expert opinion, both in Great Britain and in America, still believes in the capital ship. And, secondly, the United States is not a member of the League of Nations, under whose authority and flag the new international naval police would have to administer the laws of the sea-common. Clearly, in existing conditions, it is necessary to approach the problem from a different angle.

Both in Great Britain and in America official spokesmen have indicated their willingness to enter an international conference on disarmament; and if the project has got no further, it is because of the frightful difficulty of arranging a basis for general discussion. *Quot gentes, tot sententiæ.* All similar attempts in the past have failed, and before making another attempt, the nation that makes a move wants to be assured of a better prospect of success, and in the absence of such assurance the habitual procrastination of all governments gets its way. The theory of reduction has, in the past, usually been that of simple division. You start on the assumption that the relative power must not be altered, and you begin the search for a common divisor. Supposing that the ratios of naval power possessed by the leaders are as 18 to 12 and 6 — you can divide by 2 or by 3 or by 6 and still leave the relative power unchanged. It all sounds so simple. But in fact, the common denominator has always eluded definition; for it is not only the number of capital and other ships that constitutes naval power, but a host of naval *imponderabilia*, which defy expression in numbers that can be divided.

A still more important reason for past failures is that the causes of the unstable equilibrium that make for naval rivalry are political, and cannot be discussed in any general conference with the remotest chance of coming to an agreement within a reasonable time. This has been the unvarying history of all previous attempts to legislate for a reduction of armaments by a general international agreement. The indispensable conditions of success, which have never yet been fulfilled, are these. First, two powers should hold a preliminary conference and submit their agreement to a general conference; they should be two powers whose views are sufficiently close to promise agreement, and who together exercise a preponderant influence in the world's councils on the subject under discussion. Secondly, these two powers should not confine their discussion to the purely technical aspects of disarmament, but should be authorized to take into consideration the political questions that may be relevant.

The only two powers that could possibly satisfy these conditions are the United States and Great Britain; and it is therefore suggested, as the preliminary which alone promises any chance of success, that there should first be a conference between representatives of Britain and America,

empowered to discuss all the questions bearing on disarmament, to make a report to their governments, and, if it is approved, to submit that, as a draft basis for discussion, to any further conference for which invitations might be issued to other powers. If Britain and America cannot agree, neither can any larger conference; if, on the other hand, we can and do agree, we can play a tune to which all the rest of the world will dance.

It may be that the Anglo-American conference, when it meets, might think it desirable to limit its discussions to what is called the problem of the Pacific; and that the general conference, which should be summoned later to discuss its draft proposals and probably to ratify them, should be restricted to the powers that border on the Pacific — the United States, England, Canada, and Australia, Japan, China, and Siam, Russia, France, and the Pacific States of South America. If so restricted, the problem would be more manageable and the ratification of any agreement that Great Britain and America might reach would be much easier. This, at any rate, one is convinced, should be the first step to disarmament.

The question then arises, what the programme of this preliminary Anglo-American conference should be. Neither of these powers would wish to be advised how to defend its own coasts against invasion, and therefore the principal subject that suggests itself for discussion is, how they should protect their communications overseas. Now, on this question there is a long history of controversy between Great Britain and the United States. Whereas the former has always stood out for the exercise of extreme belligerent rights on the high seas, the United States, in theory if not in practice, has always argued for the milder practice of respecting the rights of neutrals and the private trading of the belligerent nations with neutrals. This controversy goes back to the very foundations of the American Republic, for Benjamin Franklin was one of the first champions of the exemption of private property at sea from the operations of war; and it will not have been forgotten that one of the arguments that Count Bernstorff was fondest of, in the troubled months before America came into the war, was that she and Prussia had once concluded a treaty embodying this principle against what he called the 'navalism' (a word formed on the analogy of 'militarism') of Great Britain.

The suggestion of the writer is that this old controversy should be resolved in a sense favorable to the American view, and that the conference should, as its first business, draft a resolution declaring that in the event of war the non-contraband commerce of neutrals and of belligerents, and, generally, all private property on the high seas, should be exempt from capture or destruction. That would prohibit, not only a submarine war on commerce, but also a cruiser *guerre à la course* on the high seas. It would deprive belligerents of the excuse that great fleets are necessary for the protection of their sea-borne commerce and of their shipping in war-time.

Those who know the long history of the controversy between England and America on this subject will appreciate how great the sentimental significance of a concession by Britain on this question would be. Its effect would be that American commerce would continue free from molestation even in the event of war — a tremendous relief from the anxieties of the American Admiralty. The losses of the German submarine campaign have gone some way toward convincing Great Britain that a reform in the law of capture, which she has always resisted, is in

her interest; but if the operation of the rule were, at any rate in the first instance, confined to war in the Pacific, her acquiescence in the change of the law would be certain. For a country like America, separated by the width of the Pacific from the attacks of enemies (how different from the position of Great Britain, with her thin silver streak alone separating her from the cockpit of Europe!), such a reform would rob war at sea of the greater part of its perils.

But we should be disposed to go further, and here would be the great advantage of associating in our preliminary conference men of politics with the naval technicians. If Great Britain and America agreed to such a reform, they should also agree that, in the event of its validity being disputed in war, they would make common cause in order to enforce it, and in any general conference of Pacific powers they would command a majority of adherents, and would be strong enough to enunciate it as a law that they meant to enforce against any malignant. It would follow, as a matter of course, almost, that in any war in which this principle was involved, and in which America was concerned to maintain it, we should play the part of a good ally. One condition of that would be that we should relieve America of all responsibility for her communications from the Atlantic sea-board, and so enable her to concentrate her navy in the Pacific, thereby (apart from any closer return that we could make to her for her naval help in the late war) increasing her effective naval strength by perhaps a third.

III

Two objections are always raised to the reform that we have in mind. In the event of some such declaration as this being reached at the preliminary conference between Great Britain and America, — that every neutral ship and belligerent merchantman engaged in lawful commerce shall have the free use of the high seas without molestation, — who is to decide what is lawful commerce and what is not? In other words, what is contraband? That question we should leave to be determined either by the legal council of the League of Nations or by some analogue of the League drawn from the border states of the Pacific.

A second and more awkward question is, what would become of blockade. It is difficult to imagine how two powers separated by the whole width of the Pacific could institute anything approaching an effective blockade of each other; but, that difficulty surmounted, one would reply unhesitatingly that commercial blockade should be prohibited under our proposed rules, and only military blockade — that is, blockade of naval bases and *places d'armes* — recognized, if it could be made effective.

A final difficulty arises as to the transport of troops across the Pacific; but this, one imagines, would in any case be subject to the full force of the operations of war.

It is probable that this naval agreement would have to be supplemented by one of a political character. For example, it might be necessary for Great Britain and the United States, after discussing all the aspects of the Pacific problem, to agree to guarantee the political *status quo* of the border states of the Pacific, and to make common cause against anyone who attacked it. But this is no more than the Anglo-Japanese alliance does, so far as China is concerned; and it is understood that whatever was decided at the preliminary conference between Great Britain and the United States would be submitted for ratification at

a general conference later. There would be no exclusive alliance, but a declaration of agreed principles, to which other powers, including Japan, would be invited to subscribe. But if they did not, it would be a warning to the rest of us to prepare, and we should do so.

The whole matter may be put still more simply. Two things have kept the American continent, so far, clean from the curse of militarism, which has brought Europe to its present plight. One is the Monroe Doctrine. In effect, what is now proposed is an extension of the Monroe Doctrine so as to include the eastern as well as the western shore of the Pacific. In Canning's and Monroe's days, the danger threatened from Europe; now the danger threatens from Japan; but the Doctrine in its enlarged form would still apply, at any rate so far as America's commitments in the islands of the Pacific or even on the mainland of Eastern Asia were concerned. As surely as she went to war with Germany to prevent France from being overwhelmed, or England from being reduced to the position of a satellite of Germany (as she would have been had France been defeated), so surely must she go to war with Japan to prevent China from becoming a Japanese province. That may seem a crude way of putting it, with the din of the European war still in our ears; but if we had spoken with the same plainness to Germany before the war, perhaps there would have been no war at all. And so with Japan in the hemisphere of the Pacific.

The other thing that has kept the American continent free of militarism is the neutralization of the Great Lakes. What in effect is proposed by the suggested changes in the naval law of war is the neutralization of the Pacific. Backed by the combined will of Great Britain and the United States, this can be achieved, but in no other way. The policy that is now proposed is therefore no innovation, but only an adaptation to the times of the old Monroe Doctrine and of the neutralization of the Great Lakes, which have done such enormous services to the liberty of the New World in the past.

Moreover, vague as the President's indications of his policy have been up to the present, what he has said is certainly not inconsistent with the policy that is here suggested. In his first Presidential Message he declared that he was willing 'to recommend a way to approximate disarmament,' and also 'to join in writing the laws of international relationship.' His opposition is confined to proposals that would make over any part of American sovereignty to an international council, or in any way hamper the free determination of American policy by the American people.

This objection does not hold against the free association of concordant wills that is proposed in this article. It is one thing to ask the American people to commit themselves beforehand to resolutions of uncertain import and unlimited responsibility that may be passed by a body in which their will may be in a small minority. It is a totally different thing to ask America (as is done here) to join in a league based on ancient traditions of American policy, and embodying what is the permanent will of the people.

Nor, again, is the suggestion here made open to the opposite reproach of Imperialism, for the intention is, not to set up an exclusive alliance, but rather to lay down ideas to which all who will may accede. Does it not rather harmonize with the President's policy of finding a way to disarmament by writing in conference the laws of international relationship? 'Suppose,' an English writer commented on the President's

Message, 'that some of these laws were written to America's satisfaction, would she join a league for their enforcement? Supposing, further, that this project could be coupled with a scheme of naval disarmament, would that influence her decision?' The suggestions made in these pages, it is submitted, satisfy both these tests.

It may be objected that the proposal does not directly bring about disarmament. It does more, for it removes the causes, both political and naval, that make for ruinous competition. It creates an alliance based, not on selfish interests, but on permanent principles of policy, and independent of the gusts of popular passion; and it enlists in support of this policy such reserves of strength that no one would dare to challenge it. And incidentally, without encroaching on the liberty of either, it forms between the United States and Great Britain an association which may under favorable conditions develop into the keenest-tempered instrument of service to humanity that the world has ever known.

'We two nations,' said an English writer recently, in regard to these hopes of closer association, 'have a common idiom on all these mixed questions of law and politics. On the law of the sea we have behind us a long controversy, which can now safely be resolved. Each has something to give the other and something to receive, and both together could set an example that others could not but follow. Both of us want to keep the weapon of sea-power bright for service in the cause of liberty; both would wish to keep it in its scabbard in any less holy and compelling cause; and both try to interpret our duty to our peoples in obedience to the same ideals.'

THE WORLD FROM CORSICA

BY ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK

On the night of President Harding's inauguration, on the top-deck of a little steamer bound for Corsica, two Britons, a Frenchman, and an American were discussing the new President and the old, and the American attitude, in general, in regard to international politics.

A few hours before, the American had been standing with a French crowd on the Avenue de la Victoire in Nice, in front of the bulletin boards, which announced that the London Reparations Conference had decided to let Germany feel the pinch of the sanctions for the enforcement of the peace treaty. There had been tension in that crowd. It was evident that the thoughts of the solemn Frenchmen, who were so gravely reading the synopsis of the ultimatum to the German delegation, were being jerked back into the old war-channels. The constant French contention that the struggle was not over made them ready for the news. Their universal determination that Germany should pay up made them satisfied. But they were worried. The threat of marching armies stirred up too many familiar

apprehensions and unburied memories.

The tension touched even the four travelers escaping from the troubled European mainland to a half-forgotten French outpost in the Mediterranean. On that dark little platform on the tranquil and careless sea were reiterated the same arguments, complaints, national irritations and dissatisfactions that the American had heard over and over again in France and England. The Frenchman and the Englishman might have been echoes of the querulous voices of their countries. The Englishwoman was more than that. A hint of the public manner made evident before she admitted it that she was a leader in what she called the constitutional wing of the woman's movement, and she therefore expressed a point of view more international than the men.

The talk, like all talk of American politics abroad, was more concerned with the old President than the new. Mr. Wilson is as cordially hated by many Europeans as any of their own statesmen — which is saying a good deal! He is more extravagantly admired by many others than any world-figure except Marshal Foch. But damned or canonized, the ex-President even now is to Europeans by far the most interesting American. Everybody who talks about America at all talks about Wilson. He is a sign of contradiction and of controversy — a prophet or a quack, an autocrat or a dupe, according to the point of view; but it is as impossible to escape him as the text of political debate in Europe as it was to avoid making him the issue of the presidential campaign at home.

The Britishers, representing the Wilsonian school of thought, discussed the retiring President more sympathetically than would any but his most devoted adherents in America. They were not much interested in Mr. Harding, who is still a nebulous figure in Europe, making no appeal to the popular imagination and confusing the politicians by his attitude toward European affairs. The Frenchman did not agree with what he called 'Wilson's impossible phantasm of an impossible world,' and he dismissed Mr. Harding with a shrug of his shoulders, as one 'who appears from his speeches not to know any world, possible or impossible.' The only point on which the three agreed was in blaming all their troubles on the American. That is Europe's favorite method just now of fixing responsibility for her political and economic woes. If America were only with them, is the constant cry, they could have peace; Germany would know she was beaten; and every malcontent would not have an American text for his agitation. Above all, — and that is the real head and front of all our offending, — they could stabilize the exchange!

'America has been Germany's tacit ally since the end of the war,' was the bitter complaint of the Englishman, a ship-builder from the Tyne. 'I am not talking so much about the encouragement she has given to all the forces of disintegration and discontent by failing to back the peace. My chief grievance is that she has abandoned Europe to the European politicians.'

'Wilson was the one hope we had,' added the Englishwoman. 'He cleared the air for us all. He was able to express what the English people, what all the confused and suffering peoples over here, were really fighting for. But it was not what our government, or any other government, was fighting for. And then, when we thought we'd won, America repudiated Wilson and all his promises, and left us to the mercy of the old bargainers.'

'Consider how he misled us,' said the Frenchman. 'We let him rebuke us in his doctrinaire fashion for trying to look out for ourselves. We let him call

us militarist and imperialist. And now look at his own country! It is of an irony.'

'But he was right, you know,' interposed the Englishwoman. The American, mostly an interested listener to the discussion of her country, was amused to feel the ground shifting. 'To-day France must strike any observer as both militarist and imperialist. Why otherwise should you have at this moment, when you need productive labor more than anything else, a million undemobilized fighting men, not counting the classes in military training? Any traveler can see that France is full of soldiers. The only building going on is the construction of military barracks, which are everywhere being vastly enlarged, rebuilt, or renovated.'

The Frenchman admitted the truth of the observation and justified the policy. He wanted to know who else lived next door to an enemy already talking of revenge, and suggested pleasantly that, in the event of another attack, France would rather be prepared for a possible wait of two years before anybody was ready to help her. 'As for imperialism, I don't think it is for the English to taunt us with that!'

The Britons admitted that, too. It was an exceedingly frank international dialogue.

'It is perfectly evident that the French people dislike us,' said the Englishman, 'whatever may be the fulsome exchanges between the governments at this moment. One reason I left the Riviera was that I was really made uncomfortable by the hostile attitude, veiled or open, of the French toward the English. They can't disguise it even for the sake of our value in revenue. Why is it?'

'I suppose it is because we all have a feeling that you gave less to the war than we did, and got so much more out of it,' the Frenchman answered.

'But what else did you expect?' asked the Englishwoman. 'Did you ever know England to put her hand in any fire without pulling out most of the chestnuts? And since the war, the British conscience is quite dead. We have n't a spark of feeling left, not even for Ireland. We are perfectly represented by Mr. Lloyd George, able to out-argue and out-manœuvre everybody, and without a principle in the world.'

When the American ventured to suggest that the British premier's ability to hold his party and the people in line under the fearful assaults of a disillusionment that had unseated every other Allied leader must be a sign of great popular confidence, as well as an amazing feat of statesmanship, the Englishwoman retorted that that proved her point.

'One of his party is an intimate friend of ours, a well-known Coalition member from the North. He told us just the other day that Lloyd George holds the curious position of being personally the best-liked and politically the least respected and trusted British premier in history. I tell you he proves that the British conscience is dead!'

That dialogue, reported here as typical of all one hears in Europe, was interesting as a Corsican overture, because it carried to the very shore of the island the atmosphere of distrust, recrimination, suspicion, and bitterness which is the miasmic air that every European breathes to-day. It sharpened the contrast between that pursuing clamor of opinion and the silence of the dawn in which the little ship slid softly into an empty port. The first sight of Corsica makes you feel that you are somewhere near the starry end of the telescope; and the longer you stay there, the more you get the islander's sense that the mainlands of the earth are agitated by a good many unnecessary troubles.

Corsica is not troubled by any discontent, industrial, political, or economic. It is quite as indifferent to European, as the rest of Europe is to American, affairs. Yet twice in Corsica I heard shrewd native judgments of the ex-President of the United States. Once was when I had lost my way in the hills behind Ajaccio, and asked a direction of two pedestrians, in a stony lane far from any house or landmark. They wore capes and slouch hats, were armed with guns, and might have served as the brigands of the story if it had only occurred to them to act the part they looked. Instead, they turned from their rabbit hunt to walk part of the way down the hill, to be sure that I was headed toward the town.

'You come from the country of President Wilson,' one of them guessed. 'A good man, but simple. When my son here talks about going to Paris, I always tell him that even a man of intelligence like your President cannot go to a place like that without having his head turned or his neck twisted.'

The other time was at Calvi, a town out of a mediæval canvas for color and picturesqueness, its squalor guarded by a fortress as formidable as Verdun. Under the fort, in the newer town, near the harbor where Casabianca made his famous stand against the naval power of Britain, I noticed that the main street was named Boulevard President Wilson. It is a sequestered little thoroughfare, with the sea at each end; as out of the world as a street in a picture-book, or Corsica itself.

I was looking up at the name with some thought of the curious power of personified ideas to penetrate the ends of the earth, when I was joined by a townsman, to whom I made my American acknowledgment of the honor done by Calvi to an American.

'In Corsica,' he assured me with a flourishing bow, 'we understand America better than they do in France. We admire Wilson. We like Don Quixotes. You know we have a claim to Christopher Columbus. Go up the hill, and they will show you the ruins of the house where we think he was born. Of course, Genoa disputes it. But wherever he came from, he was once here, and he discovered America. So Calvi feels an interest in America.'

He said it with an air, that smiling survivor in a fading village on a forgotten strand, the air of a grand duke toward one of his colonies, rather staggering even to a traveler accustomed to getting strange views of her country through foreign eyes.

'As to Mr. Wilson,' he went on, 'I think he made some discoveries in Europe, too. He did n't accomplish very much, when all is said; but the things he could n't do — well, they made a good many people over there,' with a gesture toward the mainland, 'begin to think. He did not come for nothing, but he should have come to Corsica. It is a very good place to study history, to see what happens to heroes, and to learn that everything takes time.'

To enter Corsica, on the very first day of President Harding's administration, to the accompaniment of an Anglo-French discussion of President Wilson, and to leave it, a week later, to the echo of a Corsican contribution to the same discussion, is an experience not without amusement and significance. There was a world between the two points of view; but I am not sure that the gentleman of leisure who did the honors of the Boulevard President Wilson in the town of Calvi, in an island so workless, strikeless, newsless, moneyless, and generally idyllic, as Corsica, did not occupy a better post for observation than those commentators who live amid the confusion of events and the conflict of reports.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SHELL-SHOCK IN A SHOESHOP

THIS small exposition of a social phenomenon is presented to the sorority of shoestore sufferers merely in the hope that it will be diagnosed as correct, and not condemned as another extravagance of an embittered shopper.

Things are seldom what they seem. The other day I went to what I supposed to be a mark-down sale of boots and shoes, but found instead that I was attending a reception; or perhaps it would be more correct to call the social function at which I found myself a leap-year party, because, in a shoestore, it is apparently always leap year.

Women in bevies were crowding and jostling each other just inside the entrance, shrilly demanding some particular clerk, the name of the coveted salesman rising above the steady stream of feminine chatter with flattering insistence. I was deafened by the Babel of tongues among which various phrases crashed through into my consciousness.

'Where is Mr. Johnson? I must have Mr. Johnson. He's the only man that knows just what I want.'

'Is Mr. Jackson here? Say, Edna, do you mind just catching hold of that gentleman that's talking to the fleshy woman in blue? He's my special friend. All the others make me get shoes that are too big for me.'

'Oh, Mr. Sampson, here I am! You know you told me to be sure and always ask for you.'

'Good morning, Mr. Benson. How are you this morning? Popular as ever, I see! I want you to show me the very latest thing in tango-slippers. I think everything of Mr. Benson,' the speaker then announced to all whom it might concern. And the mountain of flesh from whom this flattering declaration emanated forced her way toward her coveted idol, Mahomet being utterly unable to go to the mountain.

I looked around me in despair. Each clerk was either surrounded by a group of ladies, or having a confidential chat with one alone on some cushioned sofa. Broken bits of conversation continued to assail my ears; sometimes the subject-matter was such as would be tossed to and fro between any two people meeting at an afternoon tea; sometimes there was an interchange of personal gossip concerning the large world of society in which the majority of the shoe-purchasing and shoe-selling world seemed to move side by side. The feminine confidences to which I found myself listening were the more astounding in their intimacy from the fact that often they were evidently being poured into the ear of a total stranger. A young girl in fur coat and pearl necklace bent confidentially toward a swain in whose blacking-stained palm her silk-stocking-ed foot was temporarily reposing, and exchanged ballroom badinage. Stout matrons repeated the latest *mots* of their grandchildren, or deplored the manners of the new generation, sure of a sympathetic listener at their feet. Somehow the intimacy implied by an appeal for sympathy always seems of the closest possible brand.

Among the confusion of faces, I suddenly detected the puzzled one of a rather deaf contemporary of my own. I made my way to her side, and indicating a confidential confessional that was in progress at a little distance, I shouted,

'Don't you admire shoe-men's sympathy?'

She looked alarmed for my reason. 'Schumann's Symphony?' she murmured vaguely. 'Why, yes, I think it's beautiful, if you mean the one in D minor.'

This would never do. 'It's no use trying to talk in a shoeshop,' I yelled, backing away.

'Did you say you had shell-shock?' my deaf friend inquired again.

I nodded violently and withdrew to continue my observations.

'Is this the new democracy?' I asked myself in a daze. But no. I had been to other mark-down sales. I have traveled from automatic attics to bargain basements, and everywhere the old order prevailed to the extent of the purchaser and the dispenser of wares being separated by that imaginary equator which divides the seller and the sold. Perhaps the absence of that symbol of separation, the counter, explains the greater freedom of intercourse in the shoestore. But as I had come to buy boots and not to moralize, I decided to be very up-to-date and 'cut in' on some confidential couple. Accordingly I boldly placed myself beside a seal-skinned siren who was discussing with her chosen partner a movie she had seen the night before, and said firmly, 'I have come to buy some boots. Will you please wait on me when you are quite through talking to this lady?'

My sarcasm passed unheeded. Without glancing my way, the clerk merely pointed to a distant corner and replied, 'I am busy. Perhaps one of those other gentlemen can attend to you.'

It was in that corner, neglected and alone, that I evolved the theory that the shoeman is as yet in a state of transition. He is an unclassified animal, a sort of social Soko, or missing link. Perhaps eventually he will arise from his 'probably arboreal' crouch, and will stand upright on two legs and proclaim himself either a man or a gentleman! Perhaps he will have a consulting parlor, in which ladies may lay bare their souls (I repudiate the obvious pun) less publicly than at present. But for the moment the shoe-specialist is certainly in an anomalous position, into which he has been pushed by the incredible intimacy of his rich and common lady-patronesses. Perhaps there is some psychological reason why, in removing the shoe, one removes also a shell of reserve (perhaps shell-shocked sensibilities have caused it to disintegrate) while a new sole-protector is being tested.

It always establishes a pleasantly cordial relation to find one's self hand and glove with a courteous clerk on the other side of the counter; but it is almost startling to find one's self foot and boot — so to speak — with an impassioned salesman kneeling at one's feet!

THE HIGH COST OF TALKING

Speech lightens toil, and soothes the arduous day
With pleasant converse all along the way;
Some talk all day; and others take delight
To keep on talking in their sleep all night.

ANON.

It is a difficult problem, but if the cost of labor continues to increase, a point will be reached at which the employer must seriously consider how much irrelevant conversation between employees, or between an employee and friends or acquaintances who share his society but not his toil, he can afford to pay for; and, having so decided, he must find a way to make his decision operative. Already, for example, it is with an indescribable emotion that the smaller employers of labor — we who need the carpenter, the plumber, the man-who-takes-care-of-the-lawn, the scrub-lady, or other members of the newest new rich — listen to the conversation of our nominal hirelings, and figure in our troubled minds how much

it is costing us a minute. We are not mean: we are desperate — and the fact that we, too, are now and again insidiously lured into conversation with these nominal hirelings makes us more so. Labor is scarce; the deaf and dumb unobtainable, — even if we employed them they would stop work and talk with their fingers, — and the habit of speech, as we cannot but recognize in ourselves as well as in others, is older in history, far more widely practised, and far more difficult for the victim to get rid of, than any other.

Many thousand years ago this was a dumb world — a world that we may only faintly picture by trying to imagine ourselves living naked in trees. Judged by all modern standards, it must have been an odd life; but it had its pleasures, it was not dull. Primeval man (so I read in my *Science History of the Universe*) 'romped and frolicked with his fellows.' 'There were rhythmic beatings of the hands and arms, and some approach to song'; but it would have been a song without words, and what you or I, good reader, might have thought we were trying to sing about, even the *Science History of the Universe* does not know. The wisest of us, I judge, would have been mentally inferior to the average modern baby; but this is perhaps unjust to the sage; for whereas the baby learns to talk in an environment already provided with teachers, a vocabulary, and topics of conversation, this worthy fellow in the tree had to start with a single word of his own making, and could talk about nothing whatever until he had invented a name for it.

The idea staggers imagination, but so it was. Out of these rompings and frolickings, these mad, glad games of tag and hidey-go and leap-frog in the sunflecked glades of prehistoric forests now turned to coal, came the first words. Thus it may have happened that one of us sometimes got, as we now say, too 'gay' with another; a friendly tussle became too strenuous, and a protesting squeak meaning 'Don't bite my ear' came by repetition to be generally recognized as definite speech, meaning, as the Dictionary now says, 'the apparatus of audition,' not intended for biting. And having thus named his *e-e-e-e-e-e-yah!* primeval man went bravely on and tried to name everything else — a tremendous task not yet completed.

Nor, for that matter, have his descendants done much to perfect the instrument of communication which he thus sketchily invented, and which still remains sadly limited. 'Many words,' said Stevenson, 'are often necessary to convey a very simple statement; for in this sort of exercise we never hit the gold; the most we can hope for is by many arrows, more or less off on different sides, to indicate, in the course of time, for what target we are aiming, and after an hour's talk, back and forward, to convey the purport of a single principle or a single thought.'

Yet it is something if the arrows thus indicate the target; for so dependent is speech upon the receptivity and state of mind of the hearer, that many an honest sentence fails to describe its meaning, and many an honest thought gets distorted in the hearing beyond the subsequent recognition of the mind that thought it. Here, indeed, is a cumulative tragedy, the incalculable total of countless human misunderstandings, for which our ancestor prepared the way when he named his ear. And whether or not it would have been better if his ear had remained nameless is a question for individuals to answer according to their faith in the ultimate intention of evolution.

However it started, and to whatever humanly incomprehensible purpose, the practice of speech and the pursuit of labor have long been inseparable: one may even argue that, with the develop-

ment of self-consciousness and conventions, speech has taken the place of romping and frolicking whenever two or more human beings get together. The literary-minded reader will recall the poet Thompson's fine pastoral: —

Soon as the Morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripened fields the Reapers stand,
In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By countless gentle offices, her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.

And although the poet was thinking of agriculture in a coeducational phase that is no longer common, the most casual observation must realize that urban and suburban scandal equally well deceive the tedious time, that reaping is here symbolic of many another occupation, and that neither sex is reduced to noticeable taciturnity by the absence of the other. I have seen, and heard, ten or a dozen men, nominally busy at mending a highway outside my window; and, although neither the so-called gentler sex nor the social beverage was present, the affair sounded, and was in effect, very much like a tea-party — except that now and again one of the guests stopped talking, and scattered a shovelful of gravel, with a free, graceful, and generous gesture, over the roadbed. This they did in rotation, so that usually one guest was scattering gravel, and the function was progressive. It came leisurely into view far down the road to the east; it went leisurely out of sight far down the road to the west, leaving a pleasant impression of human companionship, though less romantic than the reapers made on Thompson.

It may yet happen, as things are going, that such toil as this will become coeducational also, that towns will recruit their street departments impartially from the new electorate, and that these sturdy highwaymen, each by the lass he loves, will bear the rougher part and mitigate her toil. There were, to be sure, contingencies that did not occur to the superficially observant poet: one member of the cheerful band might have set himself to mitigate the toil of a lass whom some other member loved, and then, as Mr. Thompson might (more ably) have put it, —

Across the ripened field the Reaper leaps,
With bloodshot eyes, and tears the lass he loves
From him who would her labor mitigate;
And e'er that other can defend himself,
With jealous sickle reaps his hated life.

This, however, would be an extreme case, and fruitless efforts to kill with a pointed look would be more likely.

Under conditions that are still with wistful optimism referred to as 'normal,' no essayist with a heart could have wished to change an industrial convention by which conversation has been accepted (and paid for) as the companion of toil. It has been taken for granted that carpenters on a roof or plumbers in a cellar would deceive the tedious time, that the man-who-takes-care-of-the-lawn would hold informal receptions for all passing friends and acquaintances, and so on through various employments, male, female, and mixed. The tongue of man and the tail of dog, it has been tacitly agreed, have this in common — each wags when the owner is happy; and well it would be if the tongue, like the tail, ceased wagging under other temperamental conditions. Talk and toil, it has been held, go together, separate yet inseparable, like the Siamese twins; nor is it remarkable that this phenomenon should have been taken as a matter of course; for each human repeats in his or her own personal experience the history of humanity, is born speechless, discovers with surprise and wonder the pleasure of conversation, and never wearies of practising it.

Words, moreover, are the only currency in which the poorest can afford to be extravagant: each has a Fortunatus's purse, and, however he plays the spendthrift, the purse is as full as ever.

Yet it must be admitted that a widower who does not dance, though he may with equanimity once a year purchase a ticket for himself and wife to the Policeman's Ball, would be disturbed if policemen, summoned at night to capture a burglar in the second story, stopped on the way for an informal dance in the dining-room. The case is not so radically different from that of carpenters who pause in their carpentering for a pleasant chat, or of the man-who-takes-care-of-the-lawn who uses his rake to lean on while he discusses the political situation with the ashman. In all justice it becomes more and more evident that only the industrial occupation of his premises should be paid for by an employer, and that the social occupation should be paid for by the employee. In the case of the highwaymen's party that I have mentioned, a distinction should be made between gossiping and graveling. But unfortunately this sound truth is not likely to be recognized by the conversationalists in soviet.

NEW LIGHTS ON BROADWAY

It is queer how you can meet old familiar wayside acquaintances day after day, for weeks at a time, and then, suddenly, some little incident will pop out of the unexpected and reveal to you their whole personalities, setting, and responsibility to the universe.

I went down to mail a letter and get a paper, and walked back through the woods. I turned off the lane at a place that is n't usual, going over the wall instead of through the legitimate gap and walking through wet wild asters and poison ivy, and by way of various outcroppings of rock, on which I sat down experimentally from time to time, to open my paper, combat the mosquitoes briefly, and withdraw. This departure from the path may have been the reason for the general change in the face of things, although I came back before long to the usual open spot, and found the usual two horses grazing there, went up the little hill past them and through the usual sagged place in their wire-fence. On the edge of the sunny open space on top of the hill, in the fringy edge of the sumach and the shade of a tree, with goldenrod adorning the prospect, I recognized the destined ledge of rock on which to read my paper; so I sat down to consider Cox and Harding in parallel columns.

Other voices not political began to get my attention, but I did n't listen much. They were well away on the other side of the trees, and it was n't my business. After a while the two horses came plunging out of the thicket and across the lower edge of the grassy space and into the thicket on the other side, shouts pursuing; and then a man in a whitish shirt and no-colored trousers, with a long stick in his hand, came after. He'd been 'chasing those horses all morning, lady,' he explained as he went by. 'It's hard to catch horses. You think you have them cornered and they get away from you.'

I wished him success this time, and thought he had it; but he had n't. Then another man appeared — a long, lean man who left an impression of blue gingham shirt in the general color-effect of the landscape as he went across it. Had the horses gone up by here? he wanted to know. No, not *up* by here; they had gone *down* by here, I told him, with the other man after them, but they had n't passed again. So he went off to beat the woods.

From that time my reading-room was the scene of crossings and recrossings, of pursuit, escape, bewilderment,

of explosions of baffled wrath from the White Shirt and mild perplexity from the Blue Gingham. They ran across it, shouting; they walked across it, puzzled. They collapsed on it, to pant and rest. They called across it from opposite thickets to each other, to ask what luck. They stood in the middle of it and scratched their heads. And once in a long while, the horses crossed it — now a brown streak moving above the green leafage where the bushes were low, now cantering into the open, flicking their tails and having a very happy time.

They were n't his horses, said the Blue Gingham. They were the other man's. He just thought he'd give him a hand. The White Shirt had a great deal more to say. Not that he loitered to say it — in fact, he was generally running all the way across. But he somehow managed in passing to convey a great deal. He'd been after those horses since eight o'clock this morning, lady. He was tired out, running. He did n't know when he'd been so tired. He was winded. He'd like to know where the devil those horses went. He was to bring them in this morning, and here it was eleven o'clock, and his folks were moving to-day and he had to go home. He did n't know what he was going to do. Those horses were foxy. They were the coach-horses, and they'd always been here and knew every lane.

It had never occurred to me before to think of those horses as belonging to anyone. I had just thought of them as independent personalities roaming the woods at will — within the limitation of certain fences, perhaps; we all have our barriers somewhere. And here they were flooded with a whole new light, creatures of duties, subject to a foreman, a boss — to who knows what hierarchy of authority? — maybe to Her in the end. Here they were shown as unreliable, sly, selfish, lazy — no consideration for anybody's comfort — no reasonableness — no gratitude — out on strike at present, for shorter hours and more time to eat, and who cares what becomes of the established social system! How little you really know the people you meet every day!

Well, White Shirt was winded. As he said, he'd been at it since eight o'clock this morning, and he was tired running all the time. He dropped on a stone under a tree. He mopped his face and his wide-open neck and chest. 'They've nothing to do but run and eat,' he said. 'On *our* place you just hold out an apple and the horses'll come right to you. We don't ever tie the cows. Don't have to. Milk them right out in the open field, and they'll stand. Come right to you when you call them, and let down their milk. They know when it's milking-time. If they were *my* horses,' said White Shirt vindictively, 'I'd put them to the plough. I'd work some of the fat off 'em. Work 'em eight hours a day. Then I guess they would n't run! Keep 'em at it about two weeks!'

Once, for a long time, there was quiet, and I supposed the wicked were caught. But they were n't. White Shirt reappeared with a paper-bag under his arm and a hunk of bread and an apple in one hand. I supposed it was lure, but it was really lunch.

'It's hard to have to eat while you run,' he said. 'Have those horses been by?'

No, they had n't been by.

'I'm going down that way,' he said. 'If they come along, will you just let me know, please?'

I would, willingly. But this time White Shirt did loiter. With one foot on my rock just above where it slanted out of the grass, he hung, poised, and we exchanged the stories of our lives. All the while he fancied himself gone down that way, hotfoot after his horses — mopped his brow at intervals and

scarcely noticed that he was n't running and winded. He offered me his apple, but I was afraid there was only one. I accepted the hospitality, but not the apple — and that was very noble of me, too, because it looked like a good one.

It was in Illinois that the farm was where the cows stood to be milked, and all you had to do was to hold out an apple and the horses would come. That was where he grew up.

'They found us in the city,' he said; 'took us out there. I was seven years old, and there was my brother and my sister younger. *Found* us in New York City! My father and mother abandoned us. — No, never heard anything about them. Don't know what became of them, or anything. I used to think — could n't go to sleep at night. Up to the time I was married — up to the time I was thirty years old — I used to stay awake at nights wondering if I'd ever see my parents, and wishing I knew who they was and what they was like and what became of them. My brother done me out of three hundred dollars. That was eighteen years ago. I never saw him since. Yes, I often wished I knew about my father and my mother. Fifty years ago. Left us here in this city.'

Again he asked me to let him know, please, if the horses passed this way, and again imagined himself gone. He was pretty tired running after those horses. He'd been weeding the grass this morning and hurt his finger. 'See!' Mathematics applied to his story would seem to make him out fifty-seven, but he might have been five when he held out his grubby forefinger to show me the long red cut across it.

'Cut it on a piece of wiregrass. It would n't be so bad, but the place all seems so run down — lots of weeds and everything. I've only been on the place a week.'

He keeps acquainted with his sister. She never done him out of anything, I judge. She has a big farm in Illinois. It is the next farm to the one they grew up on, where the cows stand and the horses are friendly and acquainted. I suppose she had married the farm, but did n't learn that, because he got interested in telling me about the butter.

He knows how to make butter without any buttermilk. There's a little whey, but not any buttermilk at all. He made fifteen dollars once. Some people said he could n't do it, and he said he'd show them, and they put up fifteen dollars, and he did do it. It's his receipt. Usually you take a pound of cream and you don't get a pound of butter out of it; but his way you get more than a pound. He knows all about raising vegetables — beans and tomatoes and corn and all the vegetables. You put in so much seed, and you get so many bushels back, and so many tomatoes to the plant; and so much money it's worth and so much to the acre. Of course, he was n't indefinite like that. He talked in figures; but I'm not an intelligent farmer as he is, so I don't remember. But he does n't forget it — not any of it. Twenty years ago, and he goes over it in his mind now — it's like going to school again. He does n't forget a thing about it.

He can make maple syrup, too. That's another of his receipts. You put it on your cakes, and you'd say it was Vermont maple syrup. He'd give any man five dollars who could tell the difference. Nothing in it that would hurt you. It's one kind of bark — he does n't know whether it grows in these woods or not, but it's a tree that grows back there. I took it that meant Illinois. You boil it in water and put in a chemical, and pebbles — that is, you strain it through pebbles and charcoal, and put in so much sugar to so much liquor, and when you get it the same

color as the maple syrup — well — he'd give any man five dollars.

As I was going home, I met him down where the path goes over the wall. He called to me as soon as I came in sight, to know whether they'd been up there in my direction; but they had n't. He'd mended the fence down here, and he did n't believe they could have got over — he wondered if they could. I did n't believe they could, either, for the low place in the wall was so built up that I did n't recognize it, and there are new barbed wires across, besides.

And all this in New York City, just off Broadway, and three blocks from the subway station!

ASTRONOMY

After the sun has gone to bed,
The stars come out. All overhead
I've seen them twinkling. It was late,
For sometimes I stay up till eight.

If I stayed up till half-past ten,
I could n't count them, even then.
But when the moon is shining bright,
Most of the stars keep out of sight.

And one night, when the moon was gone,
I *thought* I saw them on the lawn,
As if from out my window I
Was looking right down at the sky.

But that was *ignorant* of me:
They were not stars at all, you see,
But little flies that fly at night,
Each carrying a tiny light.

A QUEER THING

I've got a shadow — and I think
It looks like when I spilled the ink,
And made a spot upon the floor
That won't come off forevermore.

The first time that I noticed it,
I *was* astonished, I admit.
I wondered what that thing could be
That went along in front of me!

They tell me that because the sun
Can't shine through me, or anyone,
I *make* this shadow on the land.
But how, I do not understand.

So when the sun is shining clear,
My shadow's always somewhere near;
And every little thing I do
My shadow goes and does it too.

And if my shadow's not in sight,
In front of me, or left, or right,
I quickly turn about and find
My shadow tagging on behind.

And sometimes it is thin and tall
Along the grass or on the wall.
And sometimes it is short and fat;
And always it is very flat.

It never makes the slightest sound
To let me know that it is round;
And cloudy days I look in vain
For it. I guess it fears the rain.

JOHN

On January 13, 1820, Keats wrote to his sister-in-law, in America, 'If you should have a boy, do not christen him John, and persuade George not to let his partiality for me come across. 'T is a bad name, and goes against a man. If my name had been Edmund, I should have been more fortunate.'

Whether or not this was true about John Keats, the principle is true about many other names foisted upon defenseless children, who grow up embittered by a real malediction, a name disliked. We can learn to endure our own features and our other limitations, but a name cannot be lived down, it is always being spoken or written. Who can say what an incentive there might be in Edmund? Who knows what elements

of harmony contributed to make certain names famous? Possibly the sound of the author's name, rather than his merit, has won fame for many a writer.

Coleridge insisted that a woman's name should be a trochee. Is it, perhaps, by trochees that we measure the fame of Geoffrey Chaucer, Edmund Spenser, William Shakespeare, Walter Raleigh, Philip Sidney, Francis Bacon, Robert Herrick, Isaak Walton, William Wordsworth, Percy Shelley, Robert Browning, Walter Pater, and many others? A man or woman named in trochaic dimeter will

Climb the hill that braves the stars.

Why did Keats long to be Edmund? There seems to be no special tradition of literary fortune among Edmunds. Edmund Spenser, of course, was the poet who gave Keats his first inspiration to achievement, and Edmund Kean aroused Keats to a profounder sense of Shakespearean tragedy. It would be easier to explain a preference for William. It seems to be an axiom that a boy named William will succeed in literature. Will was the name for a poet, in the Middle Ages, as Bayard was the name for a horse. In a rapid glance over the annals of English literature I have found twenty-seven Williams who have won lasting fame.

Keats said: 'We hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us.' With this quotation in mind let us consider the precedent of John in English literature.

John Gower was the great pedantic moralist; John Wyclif, the controversial first Protestant; John Skelton was tutor to Henry VIII; John Lyly launched Euphuistic platitudes; John Milton wrote *Paradise Lost;* John Bunyan, imprisoned, wrote an allegory (matchless, to be sure); John Dryden wrote two of the most childishly vapid odes in literature, for, in his own language, he was

sequacious of the lyre;

John Locke pried into the Human Understanding.

It is easy to see why Keats did not care to be listed with the Johns.

His friends called him, affectionately, 'Junkets'; and in this year of the centenary of his death, critics, interpreters, and readers have made amends for his John, for they have 'call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme.'

There are, however, cases of real hardship in names. I fear for the future of a beautiful child named Jabez. Whatever he does, he deserves forgiveness. Harsh unmelodious names ought to be taboo. No human being should be compelled to wear, not only inherited features and tendencies, but also inherited names. Here in New England many a disposition is wrecked by the possession of some such Biblical ancestral name.

And then there are the classical names. Why torment a boy by calling him Achilles, or a girl by naming her Calliope? There are tragedies and comedies of names Proper, or otherwise. Think of being called, aloud, 'Poe,' and think of surmounting this affliction by writing beautiful poems! Names have some occult influence over destiny.

Why did Cowley ruminate in the pastoral strain, in many of his writings? Was it not because he was Phineas, that Fletcher wrote his *Piscatory Dialogues?* What made Gay and Swift the fast friends of the Wicked Wasp of Twickenham? Is there a reasonable doubt of the suitability of the publication of Swinburne's poems by Chatto and Windus? Why was 'Fiona Macleod' preferred by the man who wielded a critical Sharp pen?

The moral is clear. Even if a last name is unchangeable, a first name may be bestowed wisely. Give a boy a name that has no predetermined character, no conspicuousness; let him make it have individuality — call him John.

Owing to the destruction of our bindery by fire, it has been necessary to stitch these magazines with wire. New machinery has been ordered and is now on its way, and future copies will be sewed as usual.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

When the World War broke out, **Paul Dukes** was living in Petrograd. Unable to pass the physical examination required by the army, he took advantage of his accurate knowledge of the Russian language and people, and volunteered for the British Secret Service. He was assigned to the place of a valuable agent recently murdered by the Bolsheviki, and for the better part of a year lived a life such as any master of detective fiction might profit by. Dukes served in a munition factory, and subsequently was drafted into the Red army itself. He organized an extensive courier service and sent out information of great value. Subsequently he was knighted for his services. This *Atlantic* article describes in detail the opening chapter of his extraordinary adventures. **Dallas Lore Sharp** is Professor of English at Boston University. **Katharine Fullerton Gerould** is, fortunately, a frequent contributor to these pages. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** is the well-loved author of *Black Sheep*, and the more recent *Fortunate Youth*, which we never cease from recommending to every *Atlantic* reader.

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Laura Spencer Portor (Mrs. Francis Pope) is connected with a leading women's journal of New York. **L. Adams Beck** is an English scholar and traveler, now living in the Canadian West. **William Beebe** has returned from one of his most profitable sojourns at the Jungle Laboratory in Kartabo. The *Atlantic* is glad to announce that the second of the four gorgeous volumes of his monograph on the pheasant is now off the press. We call them 'gorgeous' advisedly, for there is, perhaps, no more intense beauty in nature than a pheasant's plumage; and in both text and pictures that beauty is caught and held to an extent which, to us, at any rate, seems quite incredible. **Alfred G. Rolfe** is senior master at the Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

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Belle Skinner, who has 'adopted' the village of Hattonchâtel, is an American who has done much generous and self-sacrificing work in France. **Harry Hubert Field** is a young Englishman, who went from the public school into service in 1914, and served with distinction and continuously until his demobilization in April, 1919. After the appearance of the American divisions in France, he happened to be assigned as 'observer' to one after another of the successive detachments of raw troops. A friend of Captain Field writes to the editor: —

> His mental attitude toward America from 1914 till April, 1917, was the attitude that 'the thin red line could scarcely escape. . . . [But] it was the acquaintance thus made with Americans in the flesh — coupled with the deepened and sober thoughts that four and three quarters years of war so extraordinarily developed in that remnant of England's best that yet lives — that brought home to him personally the real significance of the Anglo-American relation. So, no sooner was he demobilized than, with a directness of action that showed the fundamental sincerity of the thought, he got straight to the job as he saw it: pushed aside any idea of a period of rest, came directly to America, and with a notion that the understratum of our structure might be the one to learn first, went to work as a day-laborer in one of the big factories in Buffalo. Day-work and piece-work among the common run of Poles, Hungarians, negroes, and what not — he stuck it out for seven months: learned, by sharing, the conditions under which the men lived and worked, visited their homes as one of them — and was accepted by them as a comrade. All this, not from the point of view of an 'uplifter,' or a 'muckraker,' or a Socialist, but from that of an English gentleman, anxious to learn our domestic conditions and difficulties in order that he might sympathetically interpret, in some later time of need, America to England. Personally I think that I have rarely heard of any more unselfish and high-minded bit of service, or of one more difficult. . . . The name [Paul Zonbor] is the only bit of fiction in the narrative.

* * *

Grover Clark was born in Japan of American parents. He was educated in America, and is a graduate of Oberlin and Chicago universities. For the last three years he has been in Japan and China, engaged in teaching and research work along sociological and political lines. He now holds a chair in Government at the University of Peking.

Christopher Morley is the happy 'columnist' of the New York *Evening Post*. **Nicholai Velimirovic** was born at Valjevo, Serbia, the son of a Serbian peasant. He was educated in Serbian schools and the College of Belgrade, and studied also in Switzerland, France, England, Germany, and Russia. He became Professor of Theology at Belgrade, and chaplain to the court; in 1919 he was elected Bishop of Chachak, and in November, 1920, Bishop of Ochrida. In the reconstruction work now going on in Serbia, he has a leading part. He is President of the Serbian Child-Welfare Association of America, which, in coöperation with the Serbian government, is carrying out a most advanced and constructive programme of public health and child welfare. In 1915 he was sent to the United States, to recall Serbians living here to the defense of their country. At that time he made addresses in many cities of the United States and Canada, and left behind him a profound impression. Bishop Nicholai is at present making a second visit to America in the interest of his country and her people.

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Gertrude Henderson sends her first contribution to the *Atlantic* from New York City. **Theodore M. Knappen** is connected with the Washington bureau of the New York *Tribune*. **Frances Lester Warner**, Assistant Professor of English at Wellesley College, is about to join the *Atlantic's* permanent staff. **Paul Scott Mowrer** is the representative in Paris of the Chicago *Daily News*.

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The country-wide interest roused by the publication of Mr. Alger's paper on the 'New Privilege' sought by American farmers led the *Atlantic* to invite **Mr. Bernard M. Baruch** to write an article representing the farmer's point of view. Though not a farmer himself, Mr. Baruch's broad experience, his recognized sympathy and public spirit, make him an admirable spokesman for 'the largest business in the United States.' Everybody knows, of course, of his services as Chairman of the War Industries Board; but everybody, perhaps, has not read the informing and very useful report that he sent in answer to the request of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture for his opinion on coöperative buying. **Herbert Sidebotham**, for many years an important member of the staff of the Manchester *Guardian*, became a 'student of war' in the service of that paper. The keenness and comprehension of his articles brought him wide reputation, and in 1918 he joined the *Times*, in direct succession to its military correspondent, the famous Colonel Repington. At present he is a 'student of politics' on the *Times* staff. **Anne O'Hare McCormick**, of Dayton, Ohio, sends this informing little contribution from abroad.

* * *

It is the *Atlantic's* oft-expressed opinion that many of the 'roads to Americanization' lead to something both different and undesirable. Contrast, please, these two descriptions.

This from Springfield, Massachusetts: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Every fair-minded person will admit that the United States government has provided laws which, consistent with the safety of the nation, aid the alien to become a full-fledged citizen, with the rights, duties, and responsibilities — save only eligibility to the office of president — of the native born. . . .

It is unfortunate, therefore, when the execution of these laws is entrusted . . . to judges who, by their treatment . . . breed in the heart and mind of a petitioner, not affection for this country, but fear and distrust.

For instance, thirty alien men and I went to the Court to take out our Declaration of Intention to become citizens. We had been led to take this step through daily contact with men and women who had typified to us the fine qualities of true, loyal Americans. We were conducted immediately to the office, where the fee was collected. This was only a trivial matter, but I know that it impressed me with the idea that 'pay as you enter' could apply to more than street-cars. However, after this introduction, we were ushered into the presence of the judge before whom we were to be sworn in, and from whom we were to receive our certificates.

Surely, this ceremony would be impressive, I thought. But, no, we were only foreigners to the judge, who evidently thought that since the majority knew little English, they required but little courtesy. We stood before the bar, for there were no seats on our side of it, for over an hour, while the judge, with his feet on his desk, smoked, and talked casually to other men in the office. No explanation was vouchsafed to us for the delay. We simply stood, and waited his pleasure. After an hour had elapsed, I asked a nearby clerk if he could tell me the cause of the delay. This was his answer: 'Oh, you'll have to wait till the judge gets ready.'

The judge finally decided that he was too busy to attend to us and turned the affair over to his deputy. This was the impressive ceremony I heard: the deputy read my name, — which fortunately for me was the first on the list, — said, 'Hold up your right hand,' read the Oath of Allegiance, which he mispronounced and mumbled so that I had difficulty in recognizing it, handed me my 'First Paper,' and said, 'Next.'

The undue haste in administering the oath, the discourtesy shown to us because we were foreign-born, imbued me, not with respect for the court, but with relief that the transaction was over, and indignation that one man had misrepresented to thirty-one potential citizens the ideals and traditions of true Americanism.

DORA M. BRIGGS.

And this other from Nashville, Tennessee.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You may be interested in an account of the welcome given sixteen new citizens last week in Nashville, Tennessee.

The social took place in the assembly hall of Watkins's Free Night School, where there was an audience of over 500, mostly foreign-born.

Addresses were made by the judge, who had granted citizenship papers, the mayor of the city, an immigrant of many years standing, and one of the new Americans.

After the four addresses the band played the National airs of all the countries represented, while the audience visited the booths along the side of the wall, where French, Austrians, Roumanians, Russians, Italians, Swiss, Syrians, and Hungarians, dressed in the national costumes, served their native dishes and greeted us in their mother tongues.

This unique gathering was the work of the local Chapter of Colonial Dames, the Council of Jewish Women, and the Bertha Fensterwald Settlement.

Yours very truly.

* * *

With even-handed justice, we print the following: —

SOUTH HADLEY, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Since you have gone into the advertising business with such happy results for the spinster who wished a ready-made, self-supporting family, do you think you can conscientiously refuse other applications of a soul-stirring description?

As expressing, perhaps, the suppressed desires of a majority of your readers, I would like to suggest the following advertisements which might result in untold happiness for so many.

I. I am an earnest student, who has completed all the work which can be done in my line in this country. I have always wanted to travel, and as no institution seems eager to give me a fellowship for foreign research, I am anxious to find someone who will supply the financial backing and permit me to go to Europe for an *indefinite* time. A *regular* income during my absence would be necessary.

II. I am a young woman, thirty years of age, who has grown tired of wearing her suits for years and years and years, and mending and patching her clothes. I am very good-looking and feel that a suitable setting for my beauty should be provided before it fades away. Will you put me in touch with a woman whose jewels and clothes are no longer a shrine for beauty.

III. I am a poet whose poems have been accepted by the leading magazines, but poems *en masse* are repellent to my sensitive spirit, and I fear the effect on my genius. There must be someone who, if my plight were known, would gladly give, that my poems might be privately printed, *de luxe*.

IV. Well-educated college professor (with the usual salary), devoted reader of the *Atlantic*, takes special pleasure in an uninterrupted evening's browsing. Lacking the subscription price of his favorite periodical, a walk to the College Library is now necessary, in order to procure the mental stimulation at the price of breaking up the evening. Will some kind person supply the home need?

Very truly yours,

CATHARINE W. PIERCE.

* * *

We are glad to give space to this forceful communication from one of our recent fellow citizens who happens to disagree with the statements of a contributor. We quote *litteratim* from this 'American's' letter.

CHICAGO, ILL. *May* 16, 1921.

THE EDITOR, ATLANTIC MONTHLY: —

Inclosed you'll find a page from the *Czechoslovak Review* exposing your lying statements in your magazine.

Liers are the greatest danger to the prosperity of the world and you are one of them liars

I hope you'll die like a dirty dog for being a liar.

Yours truly

a American

of Czechoslovak extraction.

* * *

Regarding the prejudice against Jews, so sensibly discussed by Mr. Boas in a recent *Atlantic*, many Americans of Anglo-Saxon origin may listen with profit to this roll of the Captains of Israel, called in a very interesting letter from E. J. Doering, Lt. Col. M. R. C., United States Army.

. . . It seems our narrow-minded coreligionists have forgotten the Jewish saints, the founders of the Christian religion. They probably never heard of Sir William Herschel, H. Goldschmidt, and W. Meyerbeer, the astronomers; of Lassar Cohn and Victor Meyer, the chemists; of David Ricardo and Ferdinand Lassalle, the economists; of Geiger and Sir Francis Cohn Palgrave, the historians; of Ezekiel, Israels, and Epstein, the sculptors; of Madame Rachel, Edmund Kean, Warfield, and Sarah Bernhardt, the dramatists; of Sir George Jessel and Asser, the jurists; of Georg

Brandes and Max Nordau, of literary fame; of Cohnheim, Gruber, Stricker, Traube, Abraham Jacobi, the great physicians; of Jacobi and Einstein, the mathematicians; of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Joachim, Rubinstein, the musicians; of Spinoza and Moses Mendelssohn, the philosophers; of Disraeli, Sir Matthew Nathan, Bernard Abraham, the statesmen; of Baron de Hirsch and Professor Morris Loeb, the philanthropists; nor of Lord Reading, the Lord Chief Justice of England; Louis D. Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court; Nathan Strauss, Julius Rosenwald, of the Council of National Defense; Jacques Loeb, the biologist; Professor Hollander, the economist of Johns Hopkins; Felix M. Warburg, the financier; Simon Flexner, of the Rockefeller Foundation, and hosts of others.

It is our plain duty to fight all alienism in this country, and work for Simon-pure, unadulterated, true Americanism.

* * *

One more echo of 'Plantation Pictures,' but one well worth listening to, comes from Mississippi.

There must be an awakening, and as the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* says, 'There must be schools and more schools'; but to add — in Mississippi — there must be SCHOOLS. The pulpit, the pew and the press of the State must awake. There must be an understanding between the better class of whites and the better class of colored. This is not a one-man problem, nor even a race-problem — but a *human* problem. There is not as much need for sympathy as there is for a straightforward, candid relationship between landlord and tenant, and with a good deal of the white man's civilization mixed in, as Mr. Snyder says they possess.

If there is any section of our glorious Democratic America where any class of people is so filthy, so barbarously ignorant, so indifferent to life, so forgetful of his loved and lost, as those described in 'Plantation Pictures,' not only Central Mississippi, not only all of Mississippi, but in a measure all America, in the great chain of circumstance, must be the sufferer. — But back to Charles Dickens and his *Bleak House:* —

'There is not one atom of Tom's slime, not a cubic inch of any pestilential gas in which he lives, not an obscenity or degradation about him, not an ignorance, not a wickedness, not a brutality of his committing, but shall work its retribution through every order of society up to the proudest of the proud and to the highest of the high.'

* * *

The Poet answers to the Poet's call. A distinguished officer of the American Navy writes in response to Mr. Eddy's poetic query in the April *Atlantic.*

The reason why it pays to publish the letters of William and Henry James, but would not pay to publish the sentences of Frank and Jesse, is that, while thousands hang upon the sentences of William and Henry, only Frank and Jesse James themselves ever hung upon their own sentences. (As a matter of fact, Jesse was killed by a Ford — Bob, not Henry.)

In other words: —

THE REASON WHY

The reason why it would not pay
  To print the sentences imposed
On Frank and Jesse James that day
  Is very readily disclosed.

Uncounted thousands hang upon
  The sentences of William James,
And Henry is another son
  A host adoring still acclaims.

The sentences of Frank and Jesse
  Were those on which they both were hung,
And since they ceased to be 'in esse,'
  Their sentences are best unsung.

S. E. M.

* * *

This comment on the 'new schools,' by a conservative, voices the natural doubts of many teachers and parents.

Dear Atlantic, —

The articles in the *Atlantic* have interested me. I have a desire to ask questions. We hear much about fitting the boys and girls for life. That means, or should mean, fitting them to become good citizens of a great country. Will these progressive schools do that? What are some of the fundamental lessons children should learn? What does a schoolroom need for effective work?

The most important lesson is that of obedience. If not learned in childhood, like some diseases of children it comes hard later in life. American children of the present day are not famed for their respect for authority. Will these methods develop that quality? If so, welcome freedom in the classroom, socialized recitation, student government, and all the rest.

A second lesson is perseverance — the doing of a task whether we feel like doing it or not. We cannot go far in life without coming right up against that necessity. Here is something to be done. The child dislikes to do it. Devices to arouse interest fail, as they sometimes will. What then? Does this continual appeal to the interest of the child develop and strengthen the right kind of fibre in his character? Is 'the irksomeness of the steady grind' altogether to be deplored?

The musician knows what the steady grind means early in life. The hours at the piano or violin are a strain upon muscles and nerves. Is it physically more harmful for a child to sit on a chair adjusted to his needs and give courteous attention to class recitations and discussions? The writer of one article speaks of the temperamental child who suffered so much under this strain that he jumped out of the window and went home. Is it not possible that there may be children who will be disturbed by the noise of the carpentry bench

in the corner of the room, 'to which the boy may repair when tired of mental work?'

Not only the musician, but the artist, the artisan, the scientist, the athlete, the farmer, and the home-keeper know the weariness of routine. They know, too, that the world's business must be done, and they set themselves to the task. Is that not the attitude of a good citizen?

And now, what about the schoolroom? What is needed there? Air and sunlight, certainly, but why luxury? An artist's studio is not a place of ease and luxury; it is a place suited to his work. The laboratory of a scientist may not be beautiful: it is a workshop. A glance at either of these places shows the nature of the work done there.

A schoolroom is a place where the child learns to do things, where he discovers things by his own thinking and experimenting, and where — after some patient drudgery, it may be — he experiences the joy of accomplishment. Does it need to suggest the luxury of a cultured home, so that some children 'need not step down when they leave their homes for school'? If they do 'step down' from these homes, and touch elbows with others who step up when they enter the school, it seems to me a wholesome preparation for citizenship.

Too conservative? Perhaps so; though projects and motivation are a part of my creed. But has not the educational pendulum swung far enough in this direction? M. T. H.

* * *

English as she is spoke in Boston, we have fully discussed; but of English as Boston writes her, the publication of the following example may be of educational interest to Chicago and way stations.

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The wonderful tales which have been related by your correspondents concerning the super-educated proletariat of Boston are by no means incredible to me. Of course Bostonians are expert linguists — they have to be, in order to get about their city and keep out of jail.

For example, on a visit to your city, my eye lighted on this sign: 'Smoking allowed on this car only when weather permits running cars with windows open, and then only back of cross seats, when at least four windows on each side, including windows back of cross seats, are open.'

I repressed my desire. But suppose some unfortunate, more venturesome than I, had decided to take a chance. Suppose that, after reading this sign carefully, he had taken his place as directed, back of the cross seats, and that the four windows on each side were open, including the windows back of the cross seats. But suppose that, having only a single-track mind, he had failed to note that it was raining outside, and hence, although the windows were open, the weather really would not permit running the cars with windows open. He would of course be violating the regulation by smoking, and the poor devil would be liable to fine or imprisonment. Personally I am inclined to account for the culture of Bostonians by the operation of the law of natural selection or the survival of the fittest. The unfit are either in jail — or Heaven.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES L. DIBBLE.

* * *

'From Missouri' comes this pointed contribution to a current discussion.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

What *do* teachers know?

One of them who is taking an extension course in English asked me not long ago for some information regarding modern poets. I am not an authority, but I gave her a few names, while she took notes industriously.

'Grace Fallow Norton,' I said, 'occasionally has a poem in the *Atlantic*.'

She carefully put down, 'Norton — *Atlantic*.'

I would n't have spoiled that for the world, so I went on hastily, though somewhat chokingly, to say that Amy Lowell is perhaps at the head of the school of free verse in this country.

She was very businesslike. 'Amy Lowell,' she jotted down, 'school of free verse.' Then she looked up, pencil poised, — 'And where is this school located?' she asked.

Sincerely,

MARY F. ROBINSON.

* * *

And while we are on the subject of teaching, perhaps it is appropriate to notice a certain attitude toward it on the part of some parents. We print this remarkable example sent us from a famous school.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Behold the trials of the secondary school which endeavors to teach the youth of to-day the art of English Composition. The paragraph below is the reaction, in part, of a lawyer of New York City whose son had failed to meet the requirements. The name of the boy and of the school are changed, the rest is an exact transcript.

'Just how a boy can fail in the subject of English, even I today with my own experience, cannot see or understand, and without hesitation or fear of possible successful contradiction I assert that no man lives today who could mark a pupil as having failed or succeeded in English, except on possibly definitions or lack of committing something to memory; the subject of English is too broad to be marked down that way to a day, one might be very learned in English along one line and be utterly dumb about another, who then could say *failure*, it seems incredible to be argued even, but for fear you may not understand me I wish to say definitely that I am raising no issue with you or Kensington. I do not occupy any position to do that, but it is such an all important element to all growing young men that good views of any person might be valuable even to Kensington when submitted by fair impartial men and I am trying to do that, notwithstanding John is involved.'

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

It is not often that new books by a brother and sister appear on the same publishing list at almost the same moment. This is occurring in the case of *Shackled Youth*, by **Edward Yeomans**, of Chicago, and *The Little Garden*, by his sister, **Mrs. Francis King**, of Alma, Michigan. Mrs. King is already well known as an authority on gardening. For some time she has been an official of the Garden Club of America, and is now president of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association. She is, besides, the author of two important books on gardens and gardening, one of them published several years ago, the other within two months. But her new book, scheduled at this writing for June publication by the Atlantic Monthly Press, — in these days of upheaval among printers and bookbinders one says 'scheduled' instead of 'to be published,' — is quite different in that it is far more compact, more deliberately practical, and less expensive than either of her previous books. The spirit of it is clearly revealed in two paragraphs from her Preface: —

'The little garden will save the children. In it the children are the first to feel at home; for where is the baby who does not love a flower? And where is the four-year-old who will not plant and watch a seed? If our children grow to manhood and womanhood without the love of beauty, we are a nation lost. I quote the words of a friend, a fine woman farmer: "There never was a time when so much was being done to foster the commercial spirit on the farm in the children. Look at the pig clubs, the baby-beef clubs, the poultry clubs, the canning clubs, which the government is promoting. Beauty, too, should be cultivated in the young. If the children do not grow up with flowers, they never will fully enjoy them."

'When, throughout this country, the flower-garden on the farm — when the small place, well planned and planted — shall have become the rule, not the exception, we shall possess a pervading loveliness in a land where to-day such loveliness is sadly lacking. In the successful treatment of ground small in dimension, in the beautiful quality of the little garden, lies the true future beauty of America.'

With suggestive pictures, plans, and tables Mrs. King tells, out of her own experience, how the little garden on which so much depends can be made in almost any surroundings. After all, the brother and sister are working in precisely the same direction — one for the unshackling of youth in the schoolroom, the other for the liberation of the human spirit through a loving intimacy with flowers.

* * *

Speaking of shackled youth — an inmate of a state prison in the Middle West has recently shown his interest in the publications of the Atlantic Monthly Press by asking whether he might not secure even an imperfect copy of *The Letters of William James* in exchange for specimens of the artistic handiwork of his fellow prisoners. It was fortunately possible to place a copy of the book in the hands of this correspondent. It is always a pleasant exercise of the imagination to follow a book from the place of its production to that of its reading, and to observe in fancy the impression it produces. *The Letters of William James* have carried delight and liberation to many persons, but there is no copy of the book the reading of which would have been more interesting to watch and to discuss than the copy sent forth in response to our correspondent's inquiry.

* * *

The name of **Miss Edith M. Patch** seems clearly destined to become widely known and highly valued in connection with her books of nature stories for children. About a year ago the Atlantic Monthly Press published the first volume, *Hexapod Stories*, in her *Little Gateways to Science* series. (We live in perpetual terror that *Gateways* will be misprinted *Getaways!*) In May the second volume, *Bird Stories*, made its appearance, and it is meeting with a reception which justifies our confident belief that the work of a real naturalist who knows how to write, supplemented by the illustrations of another real naturalist who knows how to draw, is sure to win the recognition it deserves. What **Mr. Robert J. Sim** has done for her two books by means of his illustrations should carry his name, like Miss Patch's, far outside the scientific circles in which their reputations were first established.

It seems a far cry from *Bird Stories* to 'potato mosaic.' The first term requires no explanation; the second suggests to the uninitiated an amazing blend of Ireland and Byzantium. But it is from *Bird Stories* to 'potato mosaic' that Miss Patch, in her professional capacity of Entomologist of the University of Maine, has turned for the summer. At Aroostook Farm, Presque Isle, Maine, she is now devoting herself, at the request of the Bureau of Plant Industry at Washington and

the Department of Plant Pathology at the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station, to a study of the possible connection between rose and other aphids and the plant disease bearing the Irish-Byzantine name. The rescue of the potato-seed industry of Maine is the extremely important object of the work for which she has temporarily abandoned the pleasures of authorship. But her own Gateways to Science are evidently swinging wider and wider open.

* * *

One of the last industries of **Mr. A. Edward Newton** before he sailed for Europe late in May was to inscribe two hundred and sixty-five bookish sentiments and his own autograph on pages to be bound with the limited edition of his new book, *A Magnificent Farce, and Other Diversions of the Book-Collector*, which the Atlantic Monthly Press will publish early in the autumn. Collectors have already got wind of this volume, and the advance orders for the two hundred and fifty copies to be offered for sale are accumulating at a rate that seems sure to place the book among those securities of the 'when, as, and if issued' class which rapidly go above par. Mr. Newton has distinguished between quotations from the writings of others and of himself by the use of quotation-marks in the first instance and not in the second; but in the quotations from others he has rarely indicated the source from which he has drawn. This amounts to the invention of a pretty game for nearly every possessor of the book — to trace the sentiment with which it is inscribed to its lair. From Bacon and Dr. Johnson down to Mr. Newton's own contemporaries, the lovers of books sound their praises in memorable terms. The only pity is that one volume can hold but a single quotation of Mr. Newton's choice, and not the entire collection.

* * *

The Summer Schools of the country will soon be in full swing, and just what this means is but dimly realized by many Americans. There are multitudes who do realize it, for it is in terms of multitudes that the enrollments in those departments of our colleges and universities are numbered. They have indeed become a definite and important element in the national scheme of education. What separates them most sharply from most institutions of learning is that nearly all the students are themselves teachers. The flocking of these busy men and women to Summer Schools, merely for the sake of becoming better teachers, through the study either of educational methods or of their own special subjects, is a phenomenon full of promise for the teaching profession.

Among the bits of knowledge which they may pick up to the greatest advantage we cannot help hoping that the learning teachers will learn something this summer about the newer sort of books published for educational purposes — and, in particular, the textbooks that proceed from the Atlantic Monthly Press. It has been our special desire that these books should embody the new spirit in education, the spirit that relates learning directly to life. It is not to the pundit or the blue-stocking that they are addressed, but to the person whose mind is open to the realization that literature, history, science, and art are not remote creations, to be studied by Peter Bells, but vivid portions of life itself, the life which all are capable of leading. **Mr. Edward Yeomans** has said all this, and a great deal besides, in his *Shackled Youth;* we believe that our school and college texts put the general theory into practice. But what is this? Is our Shop-Talk merging imperceptibly into a Summer-School lecture? Perish the thought!

* * *

The gradual entrance of phrases into common speech is one of the interesting phenomena of language. It was recently illustrated at the Booksellers' Convention at Atlantic City, when an accomplished bookseller of Chicago, Mr. A. A. Kroch, addressed his fellow-workers on the practice of their calling. 'From my early youth,' he said, 'I felt the amenities of book-collecting, and this incomparable joy taught me the psychology of the book-buyers.' When, later on, he spoke casually of 'another Newton,' it was easy to see where the 'amenities' phrase came from.

It was in a few sentences about the principles that control his own selling of books that Mr. Kroch answered many questions that have been raised about the decline of bookshops. Why, he asked, could he sell books to strangers, who became his friends, and returned for more books? 'Because I offered them something I knew, something I loved, and because I transmitted to them my honest enthusiasm. All this was unobtrusive, genuine, and not forced. And here you have the first three points of the successful bookseller: know your books; become enthusiastic over them; transmit this enthusiasm to your clients.'

This 'slogan' for booksellers is not so concise as that motto for purchasers, 'Buy a Book a Week,' which Mr. Newton himself launched in the *Atlantic*. But if Mr. Kroch's 'points' could become even more widely operative than they are on one side of the book-counters, and Mr. Newton's principle on the other, how happily all the troubles of publishers, booksellers, and the reading public might be resolved!

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ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF DISARMAMENT

BY FRANK I. COBB

In 1910 David Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Asquith Cabinet, estimated that the direct war expenditures of 'the countries of the world' were at that time no less than $2,250,000,000 a year, and were increasing at a rate that would double this sum by 1920. He then predicted that the economic life of the nations could not long endure the strain; and it did not long endure the strain. Within four years Europe was in the midst of the most disastrous war yet recorded in the annals of the human race.

By common consent Germany has been held responsible for this conflict, and this responsibility is formally acknowledged in the Treaty of Versailles. But when we say that Germany was responsible, we do not mean that Germany alone created the conditions that brought about the war, and that Germany alone shaped the issues that inspired the appeal to arms. The record of Germany's guilt is, in the main, the record of the Imperial Government in the latter part of July, 1914, after Lord Grey, then Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, had made an appeal for a four-power conference, to adjust the situation that had grown out of the assassinations at Serajevo.

Speaking recently in the House of Commons, the British Prime Minister, in referring to the origin of the war, said, —

'The more one reads the memoirs and books written in the different countries upon what happened before August 1, 1914, the more one realizes that no one at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage. It was something towards which they glided, or rather staggered and stumbled, perhaps through folly.'

President Wilson was savagely censured in 1916 for a speech in which he said that he did not know just what the war was about, and had never been able to find anybody who could tell him. To his exasperated critics there was no mystery whatever about it. Europe was at war because the Germans were a wicked and depraved folk, who had taken diabolical advantage of the unsuspecting innocence of the Russians, the French, and the British. An opinion of that sort does well enough for the temporary purposes of propaganda, but it hardly serves the ends of history; and curiously enough we are still without authentic information as to the final argument that swung the Imperial Government to one of the most reckless and disastrous decisions in all history. All

the German war memoirs, biographies, and recollections that have appeared since the war are strangely vague when they arrive at that fateful moment when the sword was thrown into the balance. They do not tell us precisely who was in favor of and who was opposed to war, and what the final argument was that determined the course of the Government.

Yet it is possible to piece together certain scraps of information that are available, and arrive at a fairly satisfactory conclusion. In order to sustain its enlarged military establishment, the German Government had been compelled to impose what was equivalent to a tax on capital. This tax was most burdensome to German commerce and industry under the intensive competition to which they were subjected. Not only were the Social Democrats, the most numerous party in the Empire, preparing to resist the renewal of the military estimates, but German business was increasingly restive under its load of taxation. To the Junker mind, there was no solution of the problem short of war. To diminish the military establishment was unthinkable. To make the political concessions necessary to appease the Social Democrats and obtain their support for the army programme was likewise unthinkable. The overhead had become too great for the Imperial system. Then came the murder of the heir-apparent to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and the General Staff instantly reverted to the ancient precept of imperialism, — not merely German imperialism, but all imperialism, — which is that a successful foreign war is the best means of averting a domestic crisis. And so Europe was plunged in blood in consequence of a military panic that had its origin in an economic emergency, which in turn was produced by competitive armament. The Lloyd George prediction of 1920 was fulfilled.

When the Chancellor of the Exchequer made the speech referred to, the $2,250,000,000 which the nations were spending every year for past and future wars represented $50,000,000,000 of wealth, on a basis of five per cent. In other words, $50,000,000,000 of the world's assets were for all practical purposes segregated and devoted to the task of earning income to be devoted exclusively to supporting military adventures of one kind or another.

After a war that cost approximately $348,000,000,000 in property and production, nobody quite knows the aggregate war budget of the nations. It has been variously estimated at from eight to ten billion dollars a year. If we take the smaller figure and capitalize it at the modest rate of five per cent, the amount is $160,000,000,000 — which means that, after extinguishing $348,000,000,000 of the world's wealth, $160,000,000,000 of what is left is now set aside to pay the reckoning and make ready for new wars.

It is needless to say that labor and industry cannot carry that burden, and when government attempts to sweat them to that extent, it is defeating the very ends of national defense which it professes to serve. War is no longer a conflict between uniformed forces of professional combatants. It is a conflict of all the resources of the belligerents, of whatsoever kind and nature. What ended this war was the overwhelming economic force of the United States. What enabled Germany to fight all Europe to a standstill on two fronts was, not its superior military establishment, but its superior economic system.

The German army was undoubtedly the most perfect military machine ever constructed by the genius of man, but it ditched itself within six weeks after the beginning of the war. All the elaborately contrived plans of the General

Staff were frustrated at the battle of the Marne, after von Kluck had outmarched his communications. The remainder of the war was a series of desperate attempts on the part of the German high command to adjust itself to conditions that it had never contemplated; and in the end it was the economic collapse of internal Germany which left Ludendorff's armies a defenseless shell. So much for military preparedness at its best and its worst.

While military experts are acrimoniously discussing the lessons of the war, the most important lesson attracts practically no attention on their part. It is the lesson that was demonstrated in its most dramatic form by the American intervention — that is, that economic resources can be easily and quickly translated into military resources; that a sound economic system is the essential element in any extensive military undertaking. But these resources are not interchangeable. Economic energy can be speedily converted into military energy, but military energy is not recontrovertible into economic energy. Like the radiated heat of the sun, it is lost. It can never be reassembled and welded into another sun.

The white man's civilization is an economic civilization. It is sustained by economic supremacy, and by that alone. It is that which has given to the so-called Nordic races their dominion over land and sea. In point of numbers they are inferior to the brown and yellow races. In point of physical courage they are likewise inferior, for the Oriental faces both torture and death with a resignation and a fatalism that the white man either had never attained or has long ago lost. In ability to endure hardship, to exist on a minimum of nourishment, and to survive in the midst of an evil environment, the swarming millions of Asia are superior to the European or the American. As for intellectual power, dismissing the uses to which that power is applied, the Eastern mind has attained a discipline and a subtlety of reasoning that the Western mind has never yet achieved. It is the white man's economic accomplishments which have been the magic carpet that transported him everywhere, and the armor that none could penetrate. While this economic supremacy exists, no other race can challenge the white man's civilization. Whenever that supremacy has been weakened, the white man's civilization has been menaced. It is again in peril.

Three great military empires were extinguished in the war, but three great economic empires were wrecked, as well. Russia has been rightly described as an 'economic vacuum.' Austria-Hungary is practically in ruins; and whether the great German economic machine will ever be permitted to function freely again is still a matter of speculation. We are only beginning to comprehend the terrific impact of the blow that the war dealt to the economic structure of Europe; and from the day the Armistice was signed, conditions have grown steadily worse. It must be apparent to anybody who will examine the situation dispassionately that, unless this economic fabric can be speedily restored, modern civilization may slowly disintegrate, to its utter ruin, as preceding civilizations have disintegrated.

Obviously the place to begin the work of reconstruction, so far as the government is concerned, is with the burden of taxation under which all the great nations are groaning. The one point at which an extensive reduction of taxation can be made, which reduction will have an instantaneous economic effect, is military expenditure.

The United States is spending on future wars alone more than the entire net expenses of the Federal govern-

ment five years ago. It is spending as much as the aggregate net earnings of all the railroads of the country in their most prosperous year. Nobody has yet shown wherein there is a shadow of an excuse for this exhausting strain on the nation's economic resources, or what peril or policy of government can warrant such expenditure. To say that it is done for the national defense is silly. The national defense is weakened, not strengthened, by this excessive drain.

Of all the nonsense that is talked about preparedness, no other nonsense quite touches the depths of imbecility which are reached by the prattle about nations that are 'rich but defenseless.' Nations that are rich are not defenseless. They contain in themselves all the elements for defense. They may have been defenseless in times when war was the exclusive business of professional soldiers, but all that has been changed. The elements of national defense are now the sum total of all the economic resources of the country plus all the man power. In time of imminent danger, the mobilization of a thousand chemists might be infinitely more important than the mobilization of a million troops.

The conventional argument that armament is a form of national insurance is one that is not highly impressive in the circumstances. Insurance does not run parallel with competitive armament, and it is with competitive armament that the world is dealing. No property-owner feels compelled to take out new policies because a business rival has increased his insurance. Nor does he ever feel impelled to establish a two-policy or three-policy standard in respect to other property owners, or solemnly to announce as a measure of life or death that, come what may, his insurance must equal that of any of his competitors, whether he occupies a fireproof building or not.

Moreover, if a manufacturer devoted eighty per cent of his total income, as the United States government is doing, to paying insurance premiums, his creditors would soon intervene, and his case would also receive the careful attention of an expert alienist. He might be solvent, and he might be sane, but neither his solvency nor his sanity would be taken for granted. What an individual could not do without subjecting himself to court proceeding is what every government is doing in the name of national defense.

No nation can be asked to strip itself of all defense — that is beyond the bounds of reason; but the system of competitive armament has nothing to sustain it except the incompetency of statesmanship. Most wars are made by politicians engaged in capitalizing race-prejudices and international rivalries for their own advantage. Wars that spring from the people themselves are few, indeed; and most of the money that is now spent in preparing for another war among the white races is doubly wasted. If there is such a war during the lifetime of the next generation, on a scale equal to that of the recent war, it makes no difference who triumphs or who is defeated. Victor and vanquished alike will perish in the ruins of the civilization that they have destroyed.

Spending money on competitive armament at this time, under the pretext of providing for national defense, is like drawing blood from a patient who is suffering from pernicious anæmia. The disease may not be fatal in itself, but the remedy is sure to be. Whether Europe can recover from the effects of this inconceivably disastrous war is still a debatable question. No person even reasonably familiar with the situation in which mankind finds itself would venture to predict the general state of civilization five years hence. The issue is still hanging in the balance.

The old Prussian doctrine of *Weltmacht oder Niedergang* has taken on aspects that were never dreamed of by Bernhardi or the General Staff. It has extended itself to all Western civilization — the Weltmacht that comes from continued economic development, or the Niedergang that must result from economic exhaustion. Collapse is inevitable if the impaired resources of the world are to be steadily depleted by the competition of armament that has been stimulated beyond the wildest dreams of ante-bellum imperialism. Unless the statesmanship of the world can be brought to a realization of the imperative necessity of economic rehabilitation and of the immediate need of sacrificing everything that stands in the way of that rehabilitation, then indeed was this war the Götterdämmerung — the twilight of the white man's gods.

PREACHING IN LONDON

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

[From 1916 to 1920 the writer was Minister of the City Temple, in London, following the Reverend R. J. Campbell. His ministry was not intended to be permanent, but was undertaken as a kind of unofficial ambassadorship of good-will from the churches of America to the churches of Britain, and as an adventure in Anglo-American friendship. It was a great privilege to stand at the cross-roads of the centuries at such a time, a teacher of Christian faith and an interpreter of the spirit and genius of our country to the motherland. The following pages, from a diary kept during those years of the great war and the little peace, record observations, impressions, and reflections, of men, women, and movements, of actors still on the stage of affairs, of issues still unsettled, and events that seem to have more than a passing meaning, and of beauty-spots in one of the loveliest lands on earth.

Of the necessity of the friendship of English-speaking peoples I am still convinced; but the possibility of it is not so manifest as it seemed to be. Once I discussed this matter with the most picturesque statesman of England over the tea-cups; and to my suggestion that America should have a tea-hour for relaxation from the strain and hurry of its life, he replied: 'But, remember: we offered you tea once and you would not take it!' His thought was that what Britons and Americans need is 'a smoking-room acquaintance' — something to break the stiffness and formality, and enable them to mingle in freedom and fellowship. No doubt; but great nations cannot meet in a smoking-room, and in this instance their ignorance of each other is appalling. Still, if each one who journeys from one country to the other is an ambassador of good-will, the sum of our efforts will be felt at last.

Once more I wish to express my deep gratitude for the cordial and fraternal reception everywhere accorded me in England, Scotland, and Wales, and to renew the hope that, when the irritation and confusion of war and reaction have passed away, the two great English-speaking peoples may be drawn into an intelligent and enduring friendship.]

May 17, 1917. — London! If I had been set down here from anywhere, or from nowhere, I should have known that it is 'ye olde London town,' where all things turn to the left, as they do in the *Inferno* of Dante. And how quiet! Compared with the din of New York, or the hideous nightmare of the Chicago

loop, London is as quiet as a country village. There are no sky-scrapers to be seen, but the picture spread out like a panorama from Primrose Hill is not to be forgotten. Slowly it works its ancient spell, — equally on long sun-drenched afternoons, and on those pensive evenings of not insistent rain, — everywhere the hauntings of history, everywhere the stir and throb of history in the making. From a low, dim sky a gentle rain was falling when I arrived, and a soft wind, burdened with a damp fragrance, came as a delicate promise of the purity at the heart of things. Along the aloof avenues of the rich, and the drab streets of the poor, that little wind wandered, like a breath of God bringing a sudden tenderness and sad beauty to an imaginative soul. At such times the essential spirit of London is revealed, — its mysterious promise of half-hidden things becoming almost palpable, — and I feel strangely at home in its quiet excitement, its vivid stimulations, and its thousand evocative appeals. London has seen war before; it is a very old city, weary with much experience, and willing to forgive much because it understands much.

Yes, it is London; but the question is, Which London is it? For there are many Londons — the London of the Tower and the Abbey, of Soho and the Strand, of Downing Street and Whitechapel, of Piccadilly and Leicester Square. There is the London of Whittington and his Cat, of Goody Two-shoes and the Canterbury Shades, of Shakespeare and Chatterton, of Nell Gwynne and Dick Steele — aye, the London of all that is bizarre in history and strange in romance. They are all here, in this gigantic medley of past and present, of misery and magnificence. Sometimes, for me, it is hard to know which holds closest, the London of fiction or the London of fact, or the London of literature, which is a blending of both. Anyway, as I see it, Goldsmith carouses with Tom Jones, and Harry Fielding discusses philosophy with the Vicar of Wakefield; Nicholas Nickleby makes bold to speak to Mr. W. M. Thackeray, and to ask his favor in behalf of a poor artist of the name of Turner; and 'Boz,' as he passes through Longacre, is tripped up by the Artful Dodger, and falls into the arms of St. Charles Lamb on his way to call on Lady Beatrix Esmond. No doubt my London is in large part a dream, but it is most enchanting.

May 20. — Attended the King's Weigh House Church to-day, — made famous by Dr. Binney, — and heard Dr. Orchard preach. He is an extraordinary preacher, of vital mind, of authentic insight, and of challenging personality. From an advanced liberal position he has swung toward the Free Catholicism, and by an elaborate use of symbols is seeking to lead men by the sacramental approach to the mystical experience. Only a tiny wisp of a man, seldom have I heard a preacher more searching, more aglow with the divine passion. He does not simply kindle the imagination: he gives one a vivid sense of reality. He has a dangerous gift of humor, which often sharpens into satire, but he uses it as a whip of cords to drive sham out of the temple. He said that preaching in the Anglican Church 'is really worse than necessary,' and he was sure that in reordination it is not enough for the bishop to lay his hands on the preacher; the servant-girl and the tram-driver ought also to add their consecration. With his face alight he cried, 'You need Christ, and I can give Him to you.' Surely that is the ultimate grace of the pulpit. It recalled the oft-repeated record in the Journal of Wesley, in respect to the companies to whom he preached: 'I gave them Christ.' It was not merely an offer: it was a sacrament of communication.

How beautiful is the spirit of reverence which pervades an English church service, in contrast with the too free and informal air of our American worship. The sense of awe, of quiet, of yearning prayer, so wistfully poignant in these days, makes an atmosphere most favorable to inspiration and insight. It makes preaching a different thing. In intellectual average and moral passion there is little difference between English and American preaching, but the emphasis is different. The English preacher seeks to educate and edify his people in the fundamentals of their faith and duty; the American preacher is more intent upon the application of religion to the affairs of the moment. The Englishman goes to church, as to a house of ancient mystery, to forget the turmoil of the world, to be refreshed in spirit, to regain the great backgrounds of life, against which to see the problems of the morrow. It has been said that the distinctive note of the American pulpit is vitality; of the English pulpit, serenity. Perhaps each has something to learn from the other.

May 27. — No man may ever hope to receive a warmer welcome than was accorded me upon my return to the City Temple, and it was needed. Something like panic seized me, perhaps because I did not realize the burden I was asked to bear until I arrived at the Temple. Putting on the pulpit gown of Joseph Parker was enough to make a young man nervous, but I made the mistake of looking through a peep-hole which he had cut in the vestry door, the better to see the size of his audiences. The Temple was full clean back to the 'Rocky Mountains,' as the top gallery is called — a sea of faces in the area, and clouds of faces above. It was terrifying. Pacing the vestry floor in my distress, I thought of all the naughty things the English people are wont to say about American speakers — how we talk through the nose, and the like. My sermon, and almost my wits, began to leave me. There was a vase of flowers on the vestry desk, and in the midst of my agony, as I bent over it to enjoy the fragrance, I saw a dainty envelope tucked down in it. Lifting it out, I saw that it was addressed to me, and, opening it, this is what I read: —

Welcome! God bless you. We have not come to criticize, but to pray for you and pray with you. — The City Temple Church.

At once all my nervousness was forgotten; and if that day was a victory, it was due, not to myself, but to those who knew that I was a stranger in a strange land, and whose good-will made me feel at home in a Temple made mellow by the richness of its experience, like an old violin which remembers all the melodies it has heard.

May 28. — Every day, almost anywhere, one sees a little tragedy of the war. Here is an example. Scene I: a tube train standing at Blackfriars Station. Enter a tired-looking man with a 'cello in its cumbrous case. He sinks heavily into a seat and closes his eyes. People passing stumble against his instrument and are, in about equal numbers, apologetic, annoyed, and indifferent. Enter a tall New Zealander. He sits opposite the tired 'cellist, and looks lovingly at the instrument. Scene II: the same, four stations west. The New Zealander rises to leave the car. The musician looks up, and his eyes meet those of the soldier. The latter smiles faintly, trying to be light-hearted, and pointing to the 'cello-case, says: 'No more of that for me. It was my favorite instrument.' He goes out, and the 'cellist sees that his right sleeve is empty. He flushes slightly and, after a moment, blows his nose defiantly, looking round furtively to see if anyone has had the indecency to notice his emotion. No one has.

June 4. — Went down to-day to see White Horse Hill, near Uffington, and lay for hours on the June grass near the head of that huge horse carved in the chalk. What a superb panorama of Southern, Western, and Midland shires lay spread out, with the Hampshire and Wiltshire downs to the south, clipped out on the skyline. Just below is the vale of White Horse, which Michael Drayton, no mean judge of such matters, held to be the queen of English vales. The great creating tide of summer is nearing its zenith. Everything is brimming over with sap, scent, and song. Yet one is conscious of the infinitely old all around, of the remote and legendary. The Horse himself, for instance — who cut him out of the turf? When? To what heroic or religious end? There is nothing to tell us. How different Nature is in a land where man has mingled his being with hers for countless generations; where every field is steeped in history and every crag is ivied with legend. Such places give me a strange sense of kinship with the dead, who were not as we are; the 'long, long dead, the men who knew not life in towns, and felt no strangeness in sun and wind and rain.' Uffington Castle, with its huge earth walls and ditches, is near by. Perhaps the men of the Stone Age fortified it. Perhaps King Alfred fought the Danes there. Nobody knows, and a day in June is no time to investigate. But what is that faint, rhythmic throb? The guns in France!

June 9. — Spent yesterday afternoon and evening at the country house of Lord and Lady M——, with an oddly assorted group of journalists, labor leaders, socialists, radicals, conservatives, moderates, and what not. It was a rainbow club, having all colors of opinion, and yet, as Carlyle said of his talk with Sterling, 'except in opinion not disagreeing.' They discussed many matters, formally on the lawn, or informally in groups, with freedom, frankness, and thoroughness. They were not afraid of names or labels. They cracked the nut of every kind of idea and got the kernel. The war, of course, was a topic, but more often the background of other topics, in the light and shadow of which many issues were discussed, such as Ireland, Anglo-American relations, industrial democracy, socialism, religion, and the like. The Government was mercilessly criticized — not merely abused, but dealt with intelligently, with constructive suggestion, and all in good spirit. Try to imagine such discussions at a dinner-table on Fifth Avenue.

It was a revelation to me, showing that there is more freedom of thought in England than in America. Liberty, in fact, means a different thing in England from what it does with us. In England it signifies the right to think, feel, and act differently from other people; with us it is the right to develop according to a standardized attitude of thought or conduct. If one deviates from that standard, he is scourged into line by the lash of opinion. We think in a kind of lock-step movement. Nor is this conformity imposed from without. It is inherent in our social growth and habit. An average American knows tens times as many people as the average Englishman, and talks ten times as much. We are gregarious; we gossip; and because everyone knows the affairs of everyone else, we are afraid of one another. For that reason, even in time of peace, public opinion moves with a regimented ruthlessness unknown in England, where the majority has no such arrogant tyranny as it has with us.

June 11. — More than once recently I have heard Dr. Forsyth lecture, and I am as much puzzled by his speaking as I have long been by his writing. Each time I found myself interested less in his thesis than in the curiously involved

processes of his mind. It is now several years since I read his famous article on 'The Lust for Lucidity,' a vice, if it is a vice, of which his worst enemy, if he has an enemy, would never think of accusing him. It is indeed strange. I have read everything Dr. Forsyth has written about the Cross, and yet I have no idea of what he means by it. As was said of Newman, his single sentences are lucid, often luminous, — many of them, indeed, glittering epigrams, — but the total result is a fog, like a Scottish mist hovering over Mount Calvary. One recalls the epigram of Erasmus about the divines of his day, that 'they strike the fire of subtlety from the flint of obscurity.' Just when one expects Dr. Forsyth to extricate his thought, he loses himself in the mystic void of evangelical emotion. But perhaps it is my fault. When he writes on other subjects — on literature and art, especially — he is as inspiring as he is winsome.

June 14. — To-day was a soft, hazy day, such as one loves in London; and suddenly, at noon, there was a rain of air-raid bombs. The explosions were deafening. Houses trembled, windows rattled or were shattered — and it was all over. Throngs of people soon filled the streets, grave, silent, excited, but with no signs of panic. Quickly ambulances were moving hither and yon. Not far from the City Temple I saw a cordon formed by police joining hands at the doorway of a shattered house, as the dead and mutilated — one little girl with her leg blown off — were being cared for. Calm good-nature prevailed. Officials were courteous and firm. Everybody was kind, helpful, practical. Even the children, darting to and fro, seemed not to be flustered at all. I find it difficult to describe, much less to analyze, my own reaction. I seemed to be submerged in a vast, potent tide of emotion, — neither fear, nor anger, nor excitement, — in which my will floated like a tiny boat on a sea. There was an unmistakable current of thought, how engendered and how acting I know not; but I was inside it and swept along by it. While my mind was alert, my individuality seemed to abdicate in favor of something greater than itself. I shall never forget the sense of unity and fusion of purpose, a wave of common humanity, which drew us all together in a trustful and direct comradeship.

June 18. — Met H. G. Wells at lunch to-day, his invitation being a response to my sermon on his book, *God, the Invisible King*. He entered with a jigging sort of gait, perspiring profusely, — in fact, doing everything profusely, — all fussed up about the heat, saying that he feared it would exterminate him. In personal appearance he is not distinguished, except his eyes, where one divines the strength of the man. Eager, friendly, companionable, his talk, thinly uttered, is not unlike his writing — vivid, stimulating, at times all-questioning. Just now he is all aglow with his discovery of God, 'the happy God of the heart,' to use his words. He looked surprised when I suggested that he had found what the Bible means by the Holy Spirit, as if he had thought his discovery entirely new. What if this interesting man, — whose genius is like a magic mirror reflecting what is in the minds of men before they are aware of it themselves, — so long a member of the Sect of Seekers, should join the Fellowship of the Finders. Stranger things have happened, but his rushing into print with his discovery fills me with misgiving. The writing man is an odd species, but I recall the saying of the Samoan chief to the missionary: 'We know that at night Some One goes by among the trees, but we never speak of it.' Anyway, we had a nutritious time.

Two ministers have just told me how, at a meeting of ministers some time ago,

which they attended, a resolution was offered, and nearly passed, to the effect that not one of them would darken the doors of the City Temple during my ministry. My visitors told it with shame, confessing that they, too, had been prejudiced against me as an American. It recalled how, thirty years ago, when Dr. John Hall was called to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, he received a letter from an American friend saying, 'You will find a prejudice against you in the minds of some of the smaller men here. It is natural that they should feel slighted by a call being given to you, a foreigner, which to some extent will be strengthened by the prejudice against Irishmen in particular.' Evidently human nature is much the same on both sides of the sea; but that was long ago, and our two countries were not then allies in the great war. I do not recall that in recent years any British minister working in America — of whom there are many, but not half enough — has had to face such a feeling.

July 18. — Joined the Bishop of London at luncheon with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and he was much interested in the ministry of my colleague, Miss Maude Royden. The two grave questions in his mind seemed to be, first, does she actually stand in the pulpit where I stand when I preach? second, does she wear a hat? If I had to wear the gaiters of the Bishop of London, I should be concerned, not about Miss Royden's hat, but about what she is doing with the brains under her hat. Like John Wesley, she may remain all her days in the Anglican fold, but she will be there only in her private capacity, and her influence will be centrifugal. The Bishop, moreover, though his foresight is not abnormal, ought to suspect the existence of the forces gathering about the greatest woman preacher of our generation outside his jurisdiction. Had he been wise, instead of leaving her to consort with feminists, intellectuals, and social revolutionaries outside the church, he would have set her the task of bringing them inside. As it is, the little dark woman in the big white pulpit is a note of interrogation to the future of the Church of England, and the sign of its failure to meet a great movement; but the Bishop can see nothing but her hat!

Frail of figure, slight unspeakably, with a limp in her gait, as a speaker Miss Royden is singularly effective in her simplicity and directness. There is no shrillness in her eloquence, no impression of strain. In style conversational rather than oratorical, she speaks with the inevitable ease of long practice. Some of her epigrams are unforgettable in their quick-sighted summing up of situations; as when she said recently in the Royal Albert Hall: 'The Church of England is the Conservative Party at prayer.' She is an authority on all matters pertaining to woman and child, holding much the same position in England that Miss Jane Addams has long held in America. Untrained in theology, — which some hold to be an advantage, — she deals with the old issues of faith as an educated, spiritually minded woman in sensitive contact with life, albeit casting aside the 'muffled Christianity' that Wells once described as the religion of the well-to-do classes. Not the least important part of her work is what I call her 'clinic'; her service as guide, confidant, and friend to hundreds of women, and as confessor to not a few. Here she does what no man may ever hope to do, doubly so at a time when England is a world of women who are entering upon a life new, strange, and difficult. As she remains a loyal Anglican, at least we are giving an example of that Christian unity of which we hear so much and see so little.

July 20. — How childish people can be, especially Britishers and Americans when they begin to compare the merits and demerits of their respective lands. Each contrasts what is best in his country with what is worst in the other, and both proceed upon the idea that difference is inferiority. It would be amusing, if it were not so stupid. One sees so much of it, now that our troops are beginning to arrive in small detachments, and it is so important that contacts should be happy. As it is, Americans and Englishmen look at each other askance, like distant cousins who have a dim memory that they once played and fought together, and are not sure that they are going to be friends. Both are thin-skinned, but their skins are thick and thin in different spots, and it takes time and tact to learn the spots. Each says the wrong thing at the right time. Our men are puzzled at the reticence of the English, mistaking it for snobbishness or indifference. The English are irritated at the roars of laughter that our boys emit when they see the diminutive 'goods' trains and locomotives, and speak of England as if they were afraid to turn around lest they fall into the sea. Among the early arrivals were a few, more talkative than wise, who said that, England having failed, it was 'up to America to do the trick.' They were only a few, but they did harm. Alas, all of us will be wiser before the war is over. If only we can keep our senses, especially our sense of humor. But there is the rub, since neither understands the jokes of the other, regarding them as insults. Americans and Scotchmen understand each other quickly and completely, no doubt because their humor is more alike. We shall see what we shall see.

This friction and criticism actually extend to preaching. The other day I heard an American preach in the morning, a Scotchman in the afternoon, and an Englishman in the evening. It was most interesting, and the differences of accent and emphasis were very striking. The American was topical and oratorical, the Scotchman expository and analytical, the Englishman polished and persuasive. After the evening service a dear old Scotchman confided to me that no Englishman had ever preached a real sermon in his life, and that the sermon to which we had just listened would be resented by a village congregation in Scotland. On my objecting that there are great preachers in England, he insisted that 'an Englishman either reads an essay, or he talks nonsense; and neither of these is preaching.' As a rule, a good English sermon is, if not an essay, at least of the essay type; but the Scotchman exaggerated. When I made bold to ask him what he thought of American preaching, with a twinkle in his eye he quoted the words of Herbert:

> 'Do not grudge
> To pick treasures out of an earthen pot.
> The worst speaks something good: if all want sense,
> God takes a text, and preacheth patience.'

Not wishing to tempt providence, I did not press the matter; but we did agree, diplomatically, that neither type of preaching is what it ought to be. The people are not astonished at the teaching, as of old, nor do the rulers tremble with rage.

July 24. — Had a delightful chat over a chop with Sir Gilbert Parker, and a good 'row' about Henry James. When I called James's renunciation of his American for British citizenship an apostasy, my host was 'wicked' enough to describe it as an apotheosis. It was in vain that I argued that James was not a true cosmopolitan, else he would have been at home anywhere, even in his own country. The talk then turned to the bad manners of the two countries, ours being chiefly diplomatic, theirs literary. Indeed, if one takes the trouble

to read what Englishmen have written about America, — from the days long gone when they used to venture across the Atlantic to enlighten us with lectures in words of one syllable, to the days of Dickens, and how Britishers have gone sniffing their way through America, finding everything wrong because un-English, — it is a wonder there has not been war every five years. This attitude of supercilious and thinly veiled contempt has continued until it has hardened into a habit. Nor could we recall any books written in America in ridicule of England. Meanwhile, our diplomatic atrocities have been outrageous. Such antics and attitudes, we agreed, would make friendship impossible between individuals, and they demand an improvement in manners, as well as in morals, on both sides. In the midst of the question whether Watts-Dunton saved Swinburne or extinguished him, there was an air-raid warning — and so we reached no conclusion.

July 27. — Received the following letter from a City Temple boy in the trenches: —

SOMEWHERE IN HELL, *July* 16.

DEAR PREACHER, —

The luck is all on your side; you still believe in things. Good for you. It is topping, if one can do it. But war is such a devil's nursery. I got knocked over, but I am up and at it again. I'm tough. They started toughening me the first day. My bayonet instructor was an ex-pug, just the man to develop one's innate chivalry. They hung out the bunting and gave me a big send-off, when we came out here to scatter the Hun's guts. Forgive me writing so. I know you will forgive me, but who will forgive God? Not I — not I! This war makes me hate God. I don't know whether He is the God of battles and enjoys the show, as He is said to have done long ago. . . . If so, there are smoking holocausts enough to please Him in No Man's Land. But, anyway, He let it happen! Omnipotent! and — He let it happen! Omniscient! Knew it in advance, and let it happen! I hate Him. You are kinder to me than God has been. Good-bye.

The religious reactions of men under the pressure and horror of war are often terrifying. The general rule — to which, of course, there are many exceptions both ways — is that those who go in pious, with a kind of traditional piety, come out hard and indifferent, and sometimes militantly skeptical; while those who were careless emerge deeply serious — religious, but hardly Christian, with a primitive pantheism mixed with fatalism. Many, to be sure, are confirmed in a mood such as haunts the stories of Conrad, in which the good and bad alike sink into a 'vast indifference,' or the mood of Hardy, in whom pessimism is mitigated by pity. Others fall back upon the 'hard, unyielding despair' of Russell, and their heroism fills me with awe. Huxley, I know, thought the great Force that rules the universe a force to be fought, and he was ready to fight it. It may be magnificent, but it is not war. The odds are so uneven, the fight so futile. And still others have learned, at last, the meaning of the Cross.

(In the interval between these two entries, I went along the war-front, as a guest of the British Government; and after spending some time speaking to the troops, returned to America. I discovered an amazing America, the like of which no one had ever seen, or even imagined, before. Everywhere one heard the sound of marching, marching, marching; and I, who had just seen what they were marching into, watched it all with an infinite ache in my heart. Hardly less terrifying was the blend of alarm, anger, hate, knight-errantry, hysteria, idealism, cynicism, moralistic fervor and plain bafflement, which made up the war-mood of America. One felt the altruism and inhumanity, the sincerity and sheer brutishness lurking under all our law and order, long sleeked over by prosperity and ease, until we were scarcely aware of it. From

New York to Iowa, from Texas to Boston I went to and fro, telling our people what the war was like; after which I returned to England.)

October 24. — Joined a group of Free Church ministers at a private breakfast given by the Prime Minister at No. 10 Downing Street. It was the most extraordinary function I have ever attended, as much for its guests as for its host. Mr. Lloyd George spoke to us for more than an hour, and we saw him at close quarters in the intimacy of a self-revelation most disarming. What a way he has of saying, by the lifting of an eyebrow, by the shrug of the shoulders, by a gesture in a pause, volumes more than his words tell. He feels that his Free Church brethren are estranged, and he wished to explain matters and set himself right. His address was very adroit, but one felt a suggestion of cunning even in his candor, despite a winning smile. He talked like a man in a cage, telling how he was unable to do many things he would like to do. As he spoke, one realized the enormous difficulties of a man in his place, — the pull and tug of diverse interests, — his incredible burdens, and the vast issues with which he must deal. No wonder time has powdered his hair almost white, and cut deep lines in his face. Behind him hung a full-length painting of Pitt, and I thought of the two together, each leading his country in an hour of supreme crisis. I thought him worthy of such company, — though hardly in the Gladstone tradition, — a man of ideas rather than of principles, with more of the mysterious force of genius than either Pitt or Peel, but lacking something of the eternal fascination of Disraeli. Such men are usually regarded as half-charlatan and half-prophet, and the Prime Minister does not escape that estimate.

At the close of the address there was a disposition to heckle the Prime Minister, during which he learned that Nonconformity had been estranged to some extent — and he also learned why. One of the urgent questions before the country is an actual choice between Bread and Beer, and the Government has been unable, apparently, to decide. The food-hogging brewery interests seem to be sovereign, and the Prime Minister is tied — too willingly, perhaps. When asked why, unlike President Wilson, he avoids the use of the word God in his addresses, I thought his reply neat. It is done deliberately, he said, lest he seem to come into competition with the blasphemous mouthings of the German Emperor. His final plea was that, as Britain must bear the brunt of the war until America is ready, — as Russia bore it until Britain was ready, — she must muster all her courage, her patience, and her moral fortitude.

As I left the house, a group of lynx-eyed, sleuth-like press-men — good fellows, all — waylaid and assailed me for some hint of the meaning of such a gathering; but I was dumb. They were disappointed, saying that 'after a minister has had breakfast with the Prime Minister he ought to be a well-primed minister'; but as I declined to be pumped, they let me go. When the supply of truth is not equal to the demand, the temptation is to manufacture, and speculations in the afternoon papers as to the significance of the breakfast were amazing. It was called 'A Parson's Peace,' in which the Prime Minister had called a prayer-meeting to patch up a peace with the enemy — which is about as near as some journals ever arrive at the truth.

November 6. — Under cover of a dense fog — a dirty apron which Mother Nature flung over us to hide us from the air-raiders — I went down last night into Essex, to preach in a village chapel for a brother who is discouraged in his

work. I found the chapel hidden away on a back street, telling of a time when these little altars of faith and liberty dared not show themselves on the main street of a town. It was named Bethesda, bringing to mind the words of Disraeli, in *Sybil*, where he speaks of 'little plain buildings of pale brick, with names painted on them of Zion, Bethel, Bethesda; names of a distant land, and the language of a persecuted and ancient race; yet such is the mysterious power of their divine quality, breathing consolation in the nineteenth century to the harassed forms and harrowed souls of a Saxon peasantry.' Nor is that all. They have been the permanent fountains of religious life on this island; and, in any grand reunion of the Church hereafter to be realized, their faith, their patience, their heroic tenacity to principle must be conserved, else something precious will perish. Tribute is paid to the folk of the Mayflower for their daring of adventure in facing an unknown continent for the right to worship; but no less heroic were the men who remained in the homeland, fighting, suffering, and waiting for the freedom of faith and the liberty of prayer.

November 10. — So, at last, it is decided that we are to be rationed as to bread, sugar, and fats of all kinds, and everybody must have a coupon. It is a democratic arrangement, since all will share equally as long as the supply lasts. Unfortunately the Truth has been rationed for a long time, and no coupons are to be had. It is a war fought in the dark by a people fed on lies. One recalls the line in the Iliad, which might have been written this morning: 'We mortals hear only the news, and know nothing at all.' No one wishes to publish information which would be of aid to the enemy; but that obvious precaution is made the convenient cover of every kind of stupidity and inefficiency. Propaganda is the most terrible weapon so far developed by the war. It is worse than poison gas. If the wind is in the right direction, gas may kill a few and injure others; but the possibilities of manipulating the public mind, by withholding or discoloring the facts, are appalling. One is so helpless in face of it. No one can think intelligently without knowing the facts; and if the facts are controlled by interested men, the very idea of democracy is destroyed and becomes a farce. This, and the prostitution of parliamentary government in every democratic land, are the two dangers of a political kind most to be dreaded.

November 17. — Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, is one of the greatest minds on this island, and an effective preacher if one forgets the manner and attends to the matter of his discourse. An aristocrat by temper, he is a pessimist in philosophy and a Christian mystic in faith — what a combination! If not actually a pessimist, he is at least a Cassandra, and we need one such prophet, if no more, in every generation. No wonder he won the title of 'the gloomy Dean.' Without wasting a word, in a style as incisive as his thought, — clear, keen-cutting, — he sets forth the truth as he sees it, careless as to whether it is received or not. There is no unction in his preaching; no pathos. It is cold intellect, with never a touch of tenderness. Nor is he the first gloomy Dean of St. Paul's. There was Donne, a mighty preacher in his day, though known now chiefly as a poet, whom Walton described as 'enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives.' Yet surely the theology of Donne was terrifying rather than enticing. There is very little of the poet in Dean Inge, and none of the dismal theology of Donne, who was haunted equally by the terrors of hell and by the horrors of physical decay in death.

December 1. — The British Army is before Jerusalem! What an item of news, half dream-like in its remoteness, half romantic in its reality. What echoes it awakens in our hearts, evoking we know not how many memories of the old, high, holy legend of the world! Often captured, often destroyed, that gray old city still stands, like the faith of which it is the emblem, because it is founded upon a rock. If Rome is the Eternal City, Jerusalem is the City of the Eternal. Four cities may be said to stand out in the story of man as centres of the highest life of the race, and about them are gathered the vastest accumulations of history and of legend: Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, and London! But no city can have the same place in the spiritual geography of mankind that Jerusalem has. For four thousand years it has been an altar and a confessional of the race. Religiously, it is the capital of the world, if only because Jesus walked in it and wept over it. O Jerusalem, if we forget thee, Athens fails, Rome fails, London fails! Without the faith and vision that burned in the city on Mount Moriah, our race will lose its way in the dim country of this world. Berlin does not mean much. Jerusalem means everything. If only we could agree that, hereafter, when we have disagreements, we will make our way to the ancient City of God, and arbitrate them!

AFRICAN FOLK

BY HANS COUDENHOVE

I

Old President Krüger is reported to have said that the white man who understands a native has not yet been born. C. J. Rhodes used to call the natives 'those poor children'; but he was not, like Krüger, born and brought up among them, and to him, on his towering height, they were, no doubt, only those poor children. To one who is in incessant contact with them, without being officially a master, they will, although often reminding him of children, appear vastly different in essence. Natives are often childlike, but much oftener childish, in the expression of merriment and in their entertainments; and sometimes they appear to bring into their intercourse with the white man who has gained — or thinks he has gained — their confidence the trustfulness of children. But these are about all the points of resemblance between the two.

There are, however, a great many points of resemblance between natives and Europeans, irrespective of age; and these are the more striking by contrast with the many points of difference, But it is in the character of the native himself that the greatest contrasts occur. As regards taste, for instance: one and the same individual will on one occasion show remarkable artistic instinct, and on another he will exhibit

the greatest delight in things which, to a white man, appear both inartistic and ugly. In many tribes men and women are fond of decorating their heads with flowers, and in doing so show a just appreciation of the effects of form and color. And yet the very men and women who display exquisite judgment when they adorn themselves with the means which Nature has put at their disposal, forfeit all their artistic sense the moment they come in touch with European wearing apparel, and walk about, objects of abject ridicule, with flayed tropical helmets, in torn coats and trousers either three times too large or three times too small for their size. I once tore off the worn black-cloth cover of my diary. When my cook appeared before me on the following morning, he was wearing it round his neck as an ornament.

Years ago, when I was living in Taveta, in British East Africa, Malikanoi, one of the two paramount chiefs of the Wataveta, wore a shock of unusually long, unkempt hair. He was supposed to be a magician, and his subjects believed that his occult powers, like those of Samson as an athlete, lay in his hair. As he dressed, besides, in nondescript old discolored European garments, his appearance could not be called either prepossessing or dignified. As the time came near when his son — a splendid lad, who, at the age of sixteen, had killed a lion single-handed with his spear — was to come of age, Malikanoi announced that, in honor of the occasion, he would shave off his hair.

I was invited to the festivities as a guest; and, in consequence, on the day appointed, I repaired to the Taveta forest, where the dances took place. There, sitting on an old deck-chair, I found the chief; and my surprise was as great as must have been, in Mr. Locke's novel, that of Ephraim's guests, when Clementina Wing made her appearance in a hundred-guinea gown and diamonds. His head and face were clean-shaven, and I noticed for the first time the Cæsarean outline of his clear-cut profile. He was wrapped in the ample folds of a toga, dyed the color of amethyst, and he had wound round his bald head a single string of glass beads of the same color as the toga. He presented a perfect picture, and I said to myself that the mere imagining of such a combination as the toga and the glass beads of one and the same color indicated profound artistic feeling. Yet for years that man had walked about looking like a buffoon.

II

Another field where the contradictions in a negro's æsthetic notions are very apparent is that of the dances. Some are very beautiful, and others very ugly; yet the performers themselves do not appear to see any difference. The Wakinga of the Livingstone Range, for instance, have a dance with solos which might have been, and perhaps — who knows? — was performed before the shrine of some Greek deity in the days of Pericles. Nothing more beautiful, from a choregraphic point of view, could be imagined. And yet these same people have another dance — I regret to say it is the more popular of the two — which, so far as ugliness goes, baffles description. After a time, I forbade it in my camp, where small groups were frequently performing it. My wish was respected, but, as a punishment, I suppose, for my want of taste, the other, the beautiful dance, was never again executed in my presence, although I repeatedly asked for it.

It is the same with their songs. Many natives, as is well known, have splendid voices, mostly baritone and tenor, rarely bass. Some of their choruses are a pleasure to listen to. But they will, in

the midst of their songs, no matter whether they are performing singly or with others, often change, all of a sudden, into an ear-rending falsetto, without apparently feeling conscious of any difference. They call it 'singing with the small voice,' and protests are received with surprise.

Nowhere, however, is the inconsequential behavior of the native more glaring than where his cleanliness is concerned. Except in the waterless plains, and where they are in the habit of coating themselves with oil and red ochre, — the one, generally, coincides with the other, — most natives are extremely fond of bathing. This is especially the case in hilly countries traversed by many streams. They do not appear to mind the cold in the least, and often bathe in midwinter before sunrise. Certain tribes, like that of the Wayao of Nyasaland, might be said to be fanatically fond of bathing. They bathe three and four times a day, and their bath is as great a necessity to them as food or drink.

A curious consequence of this admirable quality has been, on several occasions, the complete failure of attempts on my part to cure people of skin diseases or ulcers. Patients with diseases which necessitated the keeping on of an ointment for several consecutive days would persist in bathing at least once a day, heedless of the fact that they were getting rid, in the process, of all the stuff which was to bring them health or relief; while others could not be prevented from taking off, while bathing, bandages which had been carefully swathed round their limbs an hour or two before. And yet the garments of these very people — some of whom will rather suffer disease than go, for a short period, without their daily bath — very often, particularly when they have adopted European garb, teem with lice, as their huts swarm with bugs and, too often, also, with the dangerous recurrent fever-ticks.

Besides being, to all appearance, quite indifferent to vermin, they lack the most rudimentary notions of hygiene and sanitation, even in countries long inhabited by white men, and do not seem to feel the slightest disgust when they come into contact with those nameless things which fill every European with horror. In this respect they are simply exasperating: to treat people with ulcers, a duty which, now and then, falls to the lot of every traveler in Tropical Africa, is a most thankless task. They will drop the soiled cotton-wool just detached from their sores anywhere near, and put their hands or their feet in it with the greatest unconcern. Once I actually found a man, a Ngoni, washing his soiled bandage in his cooking-pot, with the stream running past not a hundred yards away.

The mention of this incident reminds me of a native peculiarity against which every traveler and every settler in Tropical Africa has been fighting from time immemorial, and will probably go on fighting until the end of time. No matter how near to the camping-place or to the house the stream passes, the servants will never carry the cups, pots, and plates to it, in order to wash them in the running water: they will, instead, carry a bucket with water to the kitchen or to the cooking-place, and here wash everything in the same water.

The single inland tribe of my acquaintance that forms an exception to this general rule of indifference to the cleanliness of their surroundings is the Wasokiri to the north of Lake Nyasa. They might have been to school in Holland.

It is often mentioned, as a proof of the native's tacit admission of the white man's superiority, that he will always,

when he has the choice, come to the latter for cure of disease, in preference to his own doctors. But his ineradicable objection to hospitals, where such exist, does not support this opinion. It is a curious fact that many natives share with a considerable number of the poor classes among white people the idea that, in hospital, they are being experimented upon; while others are convinced that a stay in the hospital inevitably means the loss of a limb. I have known many cases of natives who, rather than agree to being taken into hospital, would resign themselves to the prospect of endless suffering or death; and many more where the patients, after being told that they would be sent to the hospital, simply vanished.

On closer examination, this apparent preference of the native for European remedies, where their use does not imply a visit to the hospital, reduces itself, like most native questions, to one of pounds, shillings, and pence. Europeans generally charge nothing at all, or only nominally, for their assistance, while native doctors are very expensive, comparatively speaking. The fees vary from three to fifteen shillings and more; or, where coin is not yet in general use, the equivalent in goods. In Nyasaland the fee for curing an ulcer is three shillings; for relieving an impaired digestion, six; for more dangerous diseases, fifteen. This fee is never paid in advance, and — a detail which might be recommended for adoption in civilized communities — only when the cure has been a total success. When natives are asked what would happen if they did not pay up after being cured, they declare that the cured patient would immediately fall ill again, and, if he persisted in his refusal, die.

Many writers on African affairs, and the majority of settlers, are of opinion that the marked changes that appear in the general behavior of male African negroes when they first start courting are of a pathological nature; and for many years I shared this view. But of late I have come to ask myself whether these changes are not simply the effect of various drugs, to the use of which, at that particular period of their existence, natives are much addicted, and of which they partake with that absence of moderation which characterizes them whenever it is a question of gratifying the senses.

Several of these elixirs are in use in that country; the one reputed to have the most effect is made by boiling the inner bark of a tree which is conspicuous, where it occurs, by the dark color of its small leaves, in contrast with the lighter green of the Myombo forest in general.

I have had occasion to observe the effects of this drug, almost day by day, on a young fellow in my service, a Yao, who had resolved to marry, native fashion, a pretty young widow, who was somewhat older than he. Arvad would, of course, never have told me that he was drugging himself, but he was betrayed to me by the man who was providing him with the stuff. The effects of the drug on the lad were remarkable indeed. For several days he appeared to be in a kind of waking trance, like Mrs. Gamp, walking about with a stiff, extended neck, a fixed stare, and uttering a kind of *sotto-voce* recitativo. This state was interrupted from time to time by intermezzos of buoyant gayety! After about a week, he completely lost his memory: when I sent him to deliver a message, he sat down in front of the house; and, when I followed him there about half an hour later, he had delivered no message, totally unconscious of the fact that the person to whom the message was sent sat not five yards away from him. He had forgotten all about it. Shortly afterward we parted company, by mutual consent.

III

The native pharmacopœia, though mixed with superstitious practices, comprises many efficacious remedies for all kinds of diseases; and when the time comes for it to be investigated thoroughly and extensively, it will probably add some invaluable and quite unforeseen data to our own store of medical knowledge. Native doctors are notoriously reticent. For years, in German East Africa, Europeans have tried in vain to find out the cure of the Wahehe tribe against syphilis — a cure which, at least as far as all outward symptoms are concerned, is wonderfully effective. Doubtless there exist, among native tribes, secret medicines about which we know nothing at all. Occasionally, and by chance, one hears hints which give much food for speculation.

One striking instance may be mentioned. Speaking about the spirillum fever-tick, the authors of *The Great Plateau of Northern Rhodesia* say: 'An interesting point — though, unfortunately, one that cannot be vouched for — is that some of the Angoni have, by repeated attacks in generation after generation, become immune. To preserve this immunity when traveling, and with the idea of imparting immunity to their friends, they are said to carry these home-bred ticks with them, from place to place.' This statement, to which the writers themselves do not appear to give too much credit, apart from sounding fantastic, is also, so far as the tame tick's action is concerned, rather obscure. But the fact of domesticated ticks being taken along like household pets by people going on a journey finds an interesting confirmation, unknown, I think, to the authors just quoted, in a book which was written in the Reign of Queen Anne, the *Journal* of Robert Drury, the Madagascar slave, attributed by some to Defoe. He tells exactly the same story about one of the Madagascar tribes and their ticks or bugs, which must have been the identical spirillum ticks.

The expression 'cowardly native' is a household word among Europeans in Africa, and yet, instances of courageous actions of natives, such as, to my knowledge, no white man ever performed, are innumerable. The reason for this entirely unmerited reputation probably lies in the fact that, as a rule, they are not in the least ashamed to admit that they are, or that they have been, afraid, while a white man, unless he is a recognized hero, will die rather than make such an avowal. Another reason, no doubt, lies in their many idiosyncrasies and the superstitious awe with which perfectly harmless things inspire them. Almost all the natives, for instance, from the Indian Ocean to the lakes, fear chameleons much more than they fear snakes.

It is very common to hear travelers complain about the cowardice of native followers, who, when the caravan was charged by a rhino, threw down their loads and fled. I should like to know what else, in the name of common sense, they ought to have done — sat down and awaited developments? Native experience of wild animals and their ways is far more extensive and thorough than ours, and, as a rule, they behave, in an emergency brought about by an encounter with wild animals, in a perfectly rational manner, based on a knowledge of that particular creature's habits. They will run away from a rhino and jump aside, well aware that its impetus will carry it past. But they know better than to run away from elephants. I have seen natives, under a charge of these, lie down and remain motionless on the ground, knowing that the short-sighted giants would mistake them for logs and step over them. I have seen Wataweta killing elephants with bows

and arrows. There were a lot of men, it is true; still, their audacity was marvelous; they were like king crows. The same people also hunt elephants by hamstringing them and then finishing them off with spears.

Not many years ago, an English officer in Uganda, who had been seized by a lion, was rescued by his own native servant, who beat the animal off with a whip of hippo hide; and a little later, in German East, a German officer whom I personally knew was saved in the same way by an Askari, who, afraid to shoot, drove the lion away with the butt-end of his rifle.

A missionary told me how, in Kondeland, an unarmed native saved a little girl who had been seized by a lion. The latter was playing with the child as a cat plays with a mouse, carrying her in its mouth for a few yards without hurting her, then putting her down and moving away to some distance, to sit down and watch. The native picked up the child and walked slowly backward, step by step, stopping dead still whenever the lion made a rush, and so at last reached a place of safety. I know of several instances when natives have beaten off adult leopards with cudgels, and in the great, lion-infested plains of East Africa, the killing of lions with spears by natives, as was done by Malikanoi's young son, is by no means uncommon.

When the Masai, bravest and most romantic of natives, walk through the Nyika alone at night, and become aware that lions are near, they sit down and pull their mantles over their heads. They assert that no lion in the open attacks a motionless man whose face he cannot see. The hunting offshoot of the Masai people, the Wandorobbo, who roam through the Nyika in search of game as the Redskins roamed through the American prairie, never sleep in their huts, — temporary shelters meant to last but a few days, — but always in the open, between the huts, and without fires. They pretend that no wild beast has ever carried one of them away at night.

Very few natives fear snakes, that last resource of the adventureless traveler, although, as a rule, they kill them, as they kill lizards or rats. In certain tribes natives exist who have been forbidden by their doctor, after a successful cure, not necessarily from the effects of snake-bite, never again to kill a snake, and they religiously obey the command. The dreaded puff-adder, no doubt on account of its sluggishness, is everywhere treated with contempt. This snake is to some a fetish, and these will not molest it, even if it chooses to take up its temporary residence in one of their huts. I have known one living under these happy circumstances, and growing fat on the ubiquitous rat. The Wanyamwesi and Warukuma, born snake-charmers, handle puff-adders without the slightest fear. Many of these people, it is true, are, or believe themselves to be, immune against snake poison, having undergone, at the hand of their medicine-men, a prolonged and dangerous treatment resulting in Mithradatism.

Where crocodiles abound, natives, in accordance with the saying that familiarity breeds contempt, grow exasperatingly foolhardy, women as well as men, and frequently have to pay the penalty of their imprudence. Relations between the natives and the crocodile, however, are of a complicated and even mysterious nature. Some wear charms against the monsters, in which they implicitly believe; and I must admit that I have never heard of any one of them coming to grief. Also, there undoubtedly are crocodiles that are not man-eaters, although the common assertion that crocodiles that get plenty of fish will not eat man falls flat before the many casualties on the great lakes,

which teem with fish. A curious phenomenon is, that there are well-defined stretches in several East African rivers where the crocodiles are perfectly harmless, while above and below these sanctuaries no one, except the above-mentioned bearer of charms, can enter the water with impunity.

Some fifteen years ago I accompanied Lieutenant W——, of the battalion of the King's African Rifles stationed in Jubaland, on a trip up the Juba River, in the flat-bottomed government steamer which was then, besides native dugouts, the only means of communication on that river. The steamer had to be made fast to the shore every night; and one morning we stopped near a village called Ali Sungura — Ali the rabbit — after its chief. There was at that time living on the Juba a famous wizard, who was looked upon as a sort of paramount chief of all the crocodiles in Jubaland, the which, so it was said, on certain nights of the year, repaired to his hut *en masse*, to hold a *Baraza*.

On the morning after our arrival in Ali Sungura, we walked ashore, where we were greeted by the chief, whom we asked if the wizard was there. He said that he was not; and, pointing to a man standing near him, he added, 'This is his son.'

My companion asked the young fellow if he, too, was immune against crocodiles.

Thereupon the chief pointed to a creek, about two hundred yards in width, and extending some way inland. 'He swims through here every day,' he said. 'He works on the other side.'

We looked, and saw, near the opposite shore, the eye-knobs of many crocodiles protruding from the water. We then asked the wizard's son himself if the chief had spoken the truth; and, on his replying in the affirmative, we asked him further if he would swim through now, for a rupee. To this he readily assented, and we asked Ali Sungura if it was really safe.

Ali Sungura laughed and declared that there was not the slightest danger. So we promised the man his rupee, and he, after fastening tight around his body the white cloth he was wearing, immediately walked into the water, while Lieutenant W—— cocked his rifle and stood ready to shoot.

The wizard's son soon got out of his depth and took to swimming. He swam toward the opposite side, deliberately, without displaying any hurry and right across the school of crocs, some, but not all, of which dived on his approach. He scrambled ashore, and, after a short rest, came back the same way. He took his rupee with obvious pleasure.

The chief, Ali Sungura himself, had the reputation of being a *mchawi*, or wizard, specializing as a werewolf. According to rumor, he was in the habit of walking about, at night, in the shape of a wolf, and of doing, in this disguise, as the wolf does. The old superstition, that certain people have the power to assume the shape of some animal, is as widespread in Tropical Africa, as it is in other parts of the world; and the natives of a village can be very positive and quite convinced when they assure you that such and such a lion, or such and such a leopard, is not really an animal, but a mchawi, who is in the habit of taking its shape.

Not long ago, in Nyasaland, I asked an old Yao, who had just returned from Fort Johnston, if the lions had made themselves very unpleasant there of late. He replied that only one had committed depredations, and even killed people, but that he was known to be a mchawi. He added: 'They have caught the man, they will take him to the Resident.'

'And what will happen to him?' I asked.

'Oh, nothing,' he replied with a sigh,

'they will do nothing to him; the English always want to see everything,' putting the emphasis on the word 'see.'

I said to myself that it was rather fortunate for that were-lion that the English always want to 'see everything.'

IV

That there exists, principally in the region of the great lakes, a category, or class, or sect, of people who habitually indulge in satisfying a perverse inclination to feed on the flesh of human corpses is an indisputable fact, to which several administrators and explorers have born testimony. I need mention here, chosen from many others, only Sir Harry Johnston, Mr. J. F. Cunningham, and Mr. Dutkevich, in his contribution to Mr. Peter Macqueen's book, *In Wildest Africa.* The best known are the Bachichi, an organized secret society on the Sese Islands in Lake Victoria, who have for many years occupied the authorities. But they are by no means isolated. I am inclined to think that in other parts of Tropical Africa, where these ghouls occur, they, too, form a fraternity among themselves. This is undoubtedly the case in Buanji, at the northern end of the Livingstone Range, where they are known as Niambuddas. These, however, according to native report, differ from their colleagues in other countries by the sinister detail, that they kill, and then season in a pool of water, those whom they have selected as their victims and decoyed with all the artifices of a thug. In Buanji, no man dares, at night, to go however short a distance from the camp or village by himself, while across the boundary, in Ukinga, the same man will walk about alone, at night, with as little fear as if it were day.

The Bachichi and other corpse-eaters dig out the bodies of people who have died a natural death, and then eat them. They may, otherwise, be perfectly harmless members of the community. In Nyasaland a corpse-eater is called a mchawi, although that is really the Swahili name for wizard. Here, unless otherwise explained, the first interpretation is always that of corpse-eater. As in the case of the were-carnivores, so in this latter case, — but here, I am afraid, with more justification, — public opinion always pretends to be accurately posted concerning the identity of the mchawi. Although feared, however, and treated with a measure of respect, they are not always demonstratively shunned. I know of one case in which a whole village transported its penates half a mile away from the hut of a mchawi, after it had burned to the ground all its own dwellings. The occurrence that gave rise to this wholesale desertion was, so I was told by the people themselves, that some time after the death and burial of one of the mchawi's two wives, the second one ran away, giving as a reason that, the night before, her husband had brought back into the hut the lifeless body of the deceased. Perhaps a friendly neighbor, who did not weigh overmuch, had helped in a stratagem to get rid of the runaway. But the man's little boy also ran away; he said that his father kept him walking about all night, and that he could not stand the fatigue. He never went back to his old home to stay. I knew the whole family, and met them often. The mchawi married a third wife, who, as long as I knew her, appeared to be perfectly content and happy; but then, people say that she shares her husband's tastes. Be all this as it may, Ndalawisi — such is the man's name — had undoubtedly *le physique de l'emploi:* bloodshot eyes, lantern-jaws, and a large mouth with protruding yellow fangs and visible gums.

All the men who have been pointed

out to me as corpse-eaters have the same type of visage, and it is quite possible that many an innocent man owes his evil reputation only to the fortuitous shape of his face.

Weird and frightful legends have been woven by folklore around these creatures. One thing, however, is certain: natives, when brought in contact with corpses and putrefaction, do not feel the same horror that we do. A bright, intelligent young fellow once asked me, in a matter-of-fact way, if I had never tasted a corpse. To my indignant protest, 'The smell alone is sufficient to drive a man away,' he replied, 'No, the smell is very pleasant!' And on another occasion I was asked quite seriously if, among the many 'tinned stuffs' brought into the country by Europeans, there is not also tinned human meat.

This total indifference to the smell of putrefaction and the contact with it had fostered awful customs among the Sakalawas on the southwest coast of Madagascar before the French government stopped, or tried to stop, them by legislation. Corpses were kept exposed for weeks above-ground before burial, the length of the period of exposure depending upon the rank of the individual. Even when you were camped a mile away from the village, the odor, when the wind blew your way, made a continued stay impossible. Dead chiefs were carried in state from village to village for months, and in each village were kept exposed for weeks on a wooden platform; Bacchanalian revelries went on as long as the visit lasted, and it was a common thing for the young men, at the height of the festivities, to go and stand under the platform and rub all over their bodies the liquid matter which oozed from the corpse and trickled through the planks.

Not only the dead, but death itself, seems not to inspire the Sakalawas with any terror. Their burial rites are of the merriest, and anybody unacquainted with the customs of that nation would be convinced, on first witnessing the approach of a funeral cortège, with its gay music, its bullock-cart decorated with bunting, shining pieces of metal, and small mirrors, that it was a nuptial party. Again, suicide by one of the many deadly poisons that abound in every thicket of that island, where, as in Ireland, venomous snakes do not exist, is resorted to quite as a matter of course, on the least provocation, even by children when they have been scolded by their parents.

Nearly all natives, including most of the Mohammedan tribes, are, with the exception of the Somali and the warrior castes of the Nilotic tribes, passionately addicted to drink. There is much truth in what has been written: that the whole population of Tropical and Subtropical Africa is drunk after sunset. Many kinds of fermented liquor exist, some of which are very palatable, as, for instance, the honey-beer of the Wataweta, or a kind of champagne that the Wabena produce out of the sap of a bamboo, which, curiously enough, refuses to yield its precious liquid when it is transplanted from its own country. At the time of year when this sap is collected, both men and women drink it to excess, until they fall down senseless near their fires. I have been shown in Ubena many little children who had been badly burned because their mothers had collapsed too close to the fire, and many grown-up persons who, being unable from drunkenness to crawl back into their huts, had been shockingly mutilated by hyenas.

Pombe— beer made either from bananas or from maize and millet — is the curse of the African native. Entirely unable as he is by constitution to resist temptation, he drinks as long as the state of his finances and the existing pro-

visions permit. It has always seemed to me as if the effects of intoxication on a native were different from what they are on a European. They may be similar when he gets hold of whiskey; but they undoubtedly differ in cases of drunkenness produced by pombe. In a native who has got drunk on pombe, the effect is none the less violent because it is less apparent in the beginning. Its climax is reached some twenty-four to thirty-six hours after the libation has ceased, and manifests itself in a nervous irritability which often leads to disastrous consequences. Some individuals in this state, although sober to all appearances, become a grave danger to their neighbors. It was in this condition, as I have been informed on good authority, that the Police Askaris in a certain East African colony committed all those wanton acts of cruelty which created such a sensation in Europe a few years before the war. One need not go very far, perhaps, to recover the recipe of the famous drink of the Assassins.

It is probable that the shortness of memory, with which most natives are afflicted to quite a remarkable degree as regards things which do not touch them directly, is due in part to this racial vice and in part to the abuse of the elixirs mentioned above. This deficiency of memory is a palpable evil, not, I think, sufficiently recognized as such by those who employ natives, and is the source of many mistakes and accidents that are attributed to culpable neglect or evil intent. The very tone of voice in which a native says, 'Nimesahau' (I have forgotten), implies that, for him at least, to forget is a conclusive excuse, which precludes all possibility of guilt and desert of reproach. Very frequently they do not remember what they have said a few minutes before; they will give you half a dozen different names in succession for the same mountain or river, and look quite surprised when, glancing at your notebook, you tell them that they have given you an entirely different name a little earlier in the day. This weak memory, added to the difficulty which, like Darwin's Aborigines of the Terra del Fuego, even comparatively civilized negroes have in 'understanding the simplest alternative,' is the chief obstacle that travelers encounter to getting correct information. And yet, — another anomaly, — African negroes are the greatest linguists on earth.

It has happened to me, not once only, but repeatedly, that I have come among a tribe accompanied by men who had never heard its idiom; and, before a month was over, they were, without a single exception, able to converse fluently with the inhabitants, and that even when that particular language differed from their own as much as does English from Italian.

But not that only; although I speak very indifferent Swahili, — a language which it is very easy to learn to speak badly, and almost impossible for a European to learn to speak faultlessly, — new servants who entered my employ learned to speak it in a few weeks simply by my talking to them. That they learned it from me was quite evident from the fact that they acquired all my mistakes! This facility in learning new languages is, perhaps, connected with the extraordinary mimetic power of natives, which Darwin also mentions with regard to Kaffirs as well as Fuegians and Australians.

Besides their facility in learning new languages, negroes also have a remarkable gift for communicating with each other by signs. I have often been astounded to notice how all the inhabitants of a village, including the children, were able to converse fluently with a deaf-mute. A few signs with the lips and the fingers were sufficient to convey

the meaning of a long sentence, and the mute did not seem to be in the least inconvenienced by his inability to enunciate words.

It would appear as if, in the different colonies of East and Central Africa, very few natives belonging to the households of Europeans speak the latter's language. This apparent ignorance, however, is open to doubt. It seems curious that 'boys' who are not supposed to understand a word of English or Portuguese should constantly be caught listening to their employers' conversation; and that vital secrets, exchanged between two Europeans, in the presence of natives who, when addressed directly in their master's language, reply only with a vacant stare, should, within twenty-four hours, inevitably become public property. Natives are as inquisitive as they are incapable of keeping a secret. The latter is a fortunate evil. Were negroes able to hold their tongues, there would not be a white man alive in Africa to-day.

Of course, the inaccuracies in the statements of negroes are, in the majority of cases, due to deliberate lying. But sometimes they are unpremeditated and unintentional.

It is extremely difficult to find, in native statements, the line of demarcation between deliberate falsehood, lapse of memory, and a congenital inability to distinguish accurately between the real and the unreal. They all lie, all, without a single exception, though in various degrees, and they themselves know and sometimes admit it; and I have met one, at least, who expressed to me, with apparently genuine feeling, his regret for this hereditary defect. The average native does not appear to see any fundamental difference between reality and imagination — a point of view for which, if they only knew it, they could find a measure of justification in the writings of more than one philosopher.

For their lies, they have the funniest excuses. Some time ago I missed one of my men, and when I inquired after him, I got, from a lad named Mohammad, the answer: 'He has gone into the forest to dig for medicine.'

'What is the matter with him?' I asked.

'He has great pains in his head and stomach.'

Sometime later, Wasi — that was the absent man's name — came back, carrying firewood, and when I asked him why he had not told me that he was ill, he was very much surprised. There was absolutely nothing the matter with him. I then soundly rated Mohammad for telling such lies, when my head-boy interfered by saying in a conciliatory tone, 'He did not lie, master. He said it only to make conversation.'

Native logic runs in grooves different from ours, often in an exactly contrary direction. When I listen to their arguments, I am often reminded of Leonard da Vinci's famous reversed drawing of the castle of Amboise. On one occasion, one of my boys told me that another boy had told him something, which, although a matter of small importance, he was not supposed to communicate to others. I taxed this other boy with having betrayed my confidence, but he flatly denied having spoken. I confronted them both, and a friendly dispute ensued, which led to no result. I then said to the boy who, according to the other, had spoken without leave, 'Why are you not angry with Soliman for telling such a lie about you?' To which he smilingly replied, 'No! I am not angry! Why should I be angry? He lied! If he had spoken the truth, *then* I should be angry.'

(*A further paper by Mr. Coudenhove will appear later.*)

KNIGHTS AND TURCOPOLIERS

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

He came out of the Strada Mezzodi running, shoulders back, gloves and cane held bosom-high in his clenched fists, like an athlete's corks, the whole body of the man pulsing and glowing from the ascent of that precipitous slot. Came out into the Strada Reale, and brought up against me with a squashing thump that left us limp and uncertain of the future.

He took off his cap and mopped his swiftly sloping forehead with the heel of his hand — an original and unforgettable gesture. There he was, unchanged and unchangeable, a knotty sliver of England, exactly the same, save for the Naval Reserve uniform, as when, some nine years before, I had seen him barging his way into the shipping office in North Shields, to sign off articles, for he was going away home to Newcastle, to get married.

There he was, ready-witted as ever, for he demanded with incredible rapidity of utterance what the h—— I thought I was doing, and recognized me even as he asked. He was, for all his doeskin uniform and characteristically shabby lace and gloves, the same scornful, black-browed, hook-nosed truculent personality. Small, yet filling the picture like bigger men by reason of his plunging restlessness, his disconcerting circumlocution of body, he vibrated before me, even now, an incarnate figure of interrogation. He found breath and voice, and shook my hand in a limp, lifeless fashion that conveyed an uncanny impression of its being his first timorous experiment in handshaking — another peculiar and paradoxical by-product of his personality.

He turned me round and propelled me back along the Strada Reale. He said the man I wanted to see at the Base Office was away playing polo, and I could see him in the morning. He asked where my baggage was; and when I told him, he said the Regina was the worst hotel in town and there was a room vacant next to his in the Angleterre. He turned me suddenly into the entrance hall of a vast structure of stone, where in the cool darkness diminished humans sat in tiny chairs and read the news-telegrams at microscopic notice-boards. An ornate inscription informed me that this place had been the auberge of the Knights of the Tongue of Provence; but he said it was the Union Club. He examined a row of pigeonholes and took out some letters.

We sallied forth into the afternoon sunlight again, and he hurried me along toward the Piazza de San Giorgio. A captain and two commanders passed, and I saluted, but my companion spun round a corner into the declivity called the Strada San Lucia, and muttered that his salutes were all over and done with. Scandalized, yet suspecting in my unregenerate heart that here lay a tale that might be told in the twilight, I made no reply. Another turn into the fitly named Strada

Stretta, no more than a congregation of stone staircases largely monopolized by goats with colossal udders and jingling bells, and we hurtled into the archway of an enormous mediæval building whose iron gate shut upon us with a clang like a new-oiled postern.

And as we ascended the winding stone stairs there came down to us a medley of persons and impressions. There were far gongs and musical cries pierced by a thin continuous whine. There was a piratical creature, with fierce eyes and an alarming shock of upstanding black hair, who wielded a mop and stared with voracious curiosity. There came bounding down upon us a boy of eleven or so, with brown hair, a freckled nose, and beautiful gray eyes. There descended a buxom woman of thirty, modest and capable to the eye, yet with a sort of tarnish of sorrowful experience in her demeanor. And behind her, walking abreast and in step, three astounding apparitions, — Russian guardsmen, — in complete regalia, blue and purple and bright gold, so fabulous that one stumbled and grew afraid. Mincingly they descended, in step, their close-shaven polls glistening, their small eyes and thin long legs giving them the air of something dreamed, bizarre adumbrations of an order gone down in ruin and secret butchery to a strangled silence.

A high, deep, narrow gothic doorway on a landing stood open, and we edged through.

I had many questions to ask. I was reasonably entitled to know, for example, the charges for these baronial halls and gigantic refectories. I had a legitimate curiosity concerning the superb beings who dwelt, no doubt, in mediæval throne-rooms in distant wings of the château. And above all I was wishful to learn the recent history of Mr. Eustace Heatly, sometime second engineer of the old S.S. Dolores, late engineer lieutenant, and now before my eyes tearing off his coat and vest and pants, and bent double over a long black coffin-like steel chest, whence he drew a suit of undeniable tweeds. But it was only when he had abolished the last remaining trace of naval garniture by substituting a cerise poplin cravat for the black affair worn in memory of the late Lord Nelson, and a pair of brown brogues for the puritanical mess-boots of recent years, that Heatly turned to where I sat on the bed and looked searchingly at me from under his high-arched, semi-circular black eyebrows.

He was extraordinarily unlike a naval officer now. Indeed, he was unlike the accepted Englishman. He had one of those perplexing personalities that are as indigenous to England as the Pennine Range and the Yorkshire Wolds, as authentic as Stonehenge; yet, by virtue of their very perplexity, have a difficulty in getting into literature. There was nothing of the tall, blond, silent Englishman about this man, at all. Yet there was probably no mingling of foreign blood in him since Phœnician times. He was entirely and utterly English. He can be found in no other land, and yet is to be found in all lands, generally with a concession from the government and a turbulent band of assistants. His sloping simian forehead was growing bald, and it gleamed as he came over to where I sat. His jaws, blue from the razor, creased as he drew back his chin and began his inevitable movement of the shoulders that preluded speech. He was English, and was about to prove his racial affinity beyond all cavil.

'But why get yourself demobilized out here?' I demanded, when he had explained. 'Is there a job to be had?'

'Job!' he echoed, eyebrows raised, as he looked over his shoulder with apparent animosity. 'Job! There 's a *fortune* out here! See this.'

He dived over the bed to where his uniform lay, and extracted from the breast-pocket a folded sheet of gray paper. Inside was a large roughly penciled tracing of the Eastern Mediterranean. There was practically no nomenclature. An empty Italy kicked at an equally vacuous Sicily. Red blots marked ports. The seas were spattered with figures, as in a chart, marking soundings. And laid out in straggling lines, like radiating constellations, were green and yellow and violet crosses. From Genoa to Marseilles, from Marseilles to Oran, from Port Said and Alexandria to Cape Bon, from Salonika to Taranto, those polychromatic clusters looped and clotted in the sea-lanes, until the eye, roving at last toward the intricate configuration of the Cyclades, caught sight of the Sea of Marmora, where the green symbols formed a closely woven texture.

'Where did you get this?' I asked, amazed; and Heatly smoothed the crackling paper as it lay between us on the bed. His shoulders worked and his chin drew back, as if he were about to spring upon me.

'That's telling,' he grunted. 'The point is, do you want to come in on this? These green ones, y' understand, are soft things, in less 'n ten fathom. The yellows are deeper. The others are too big or too deep for us.'

'Who 's us?' I asked, beginning to feel an interest beyond his own personality.

He began to fold up the chart, which had no doubt come by unfrequented ways from official *dossiers*.

'There's the skipper and the mate and meself,' he informed me; 'but we can do with another engineer. — Come in with us!' he ejaculated; 'it's the chance of a lifetime. You put up five hundred, and it 's share and share alike.'

I had to explain, of course, that what he suggested was quite impossible. I was not demobilized. I had to join a ship in dock-yard hands. Moreover, I had no five hundred to put up.

He did not press the point. It seemed to me that he had simply been the temporary vehicle of an obscure wave of sentiment. We had been shipmates in the old days. He had never been a friend of mine, it must be understood. We had wrangled and snarled at each other over hot and dirty work, and had gone our separate ways ashore, and he had rushed from the shipping-office that day in Shields and never even said good-bye ere he caught the train to Newcastle and matrimony. Yet here now, after nine years, he abruptly offered me a fortune! The slow inexorable passage of time had worn away the ephemeral *scoria* of our relations and laid bare an unexpected vein of durable esteem. Even now, as I say, he did not press the point. He was loath to admit any emotion beyond a gruff solicitude for my financial aggrandizement.

While we were bickering amiably on these lines, the high, narrow door opened, and the buxom woman appeared with a tea-tray. She smiled and went over to the embrasured window, where there stood a table. As she stood there, in her neat black dress and white apron, her dark hair drawn in smooth convolutions about her placid brows, her eyes declined upon the apparatus on the tray, she had the air of demure sophistication and sainted worldliness to be found in lady prioresses and mother superiors when dealing with secular aliens. She was an intriguing anomaly in this stronghold of ancient and militant celibates. The glamour of her individual illusion survived even the introduction that followed.

'This is Emma,' said Heatly, as if indicating a natural but amusing feature of the landscape; 'Emma, an old shipmate o' mine. Let him have that

room next to this. Anybody been?'

'Yes,' said Emma in a soft, gentle voice, 'Captain Gosnell rang up. He wants to see you at the usual place.'

'Then I'll be going,' said Heatly, drinking tea standing, a trick abhorred by those who regard tea as something of a ritual. 'Lay for four at our table to-night, and send to the Regina for my friend's gear. And mind, no games!'

He placed his arm about her waist. Then, seizing a rakish-looking deer-stalker, he made for the door, and halted abruptly, looking back upon us with apparent malevolence. Emma smiled without resigning her pose of sorrowful experience, and the late engineer lieutenant slipped through the door and was gone.

So there were to be no games. I looked at Emma, and stepped over to help myself to tea. There were to be no games. Comely as she was, there was no more likelihood of selecting the cloistral Emma for trivial gallantry than of pulling the admiral's nose. I had other designs on Emma. I had noted the relations of those two with attention, and it was patent to me that Emma could tell me a good deal more about Heatly than Heatly knew about himself. Heatly was that sort of man. He would be a problem of enigmatic opacity to men, and a crystal-clear solution to the cool, disillusioned matron.

And Emma told. Women are not only implacable realists, they are unconscious artists. They dwell always in the Palace of Unpalatable Truth, and never by any chance is there a magic talisman to save them from their destiny. Speech is their ultimate need. We exist for them only in so far as we can be described. As the incarnate travesties of a mystical ideal, we inspire ecstasies of romantic supposition. There is a rapt expression on the features of a woman telling about a man. Duty and pleasure melt into one suffusing emotion and earth holds for her no holier achievement. And so, as the reader is ready enough to believe, there were no games. Apart from her common urbane humanity, Emma's lot in life, as the deserted wife of a Highland sergeant deficient in emotional stability, had endowed her with the smooth efficiency of a character in a novel. She credited me with a complete inventory of normal virtues and experiences, and proceeded to increase my knowledge of life.

II

The point of her story, as I gathered, was this. My friend Heatly, in the course of the years, had completed the cycle of existence without in any degree losing the interest of women. I knew he was married. Emma informed me that they had seven children. The youngest had been born six months before. Where? Why, in the house in Gateshead, of course. Did I know Gateshead? I did. As I sat in that embrasured window and looked down the thin, deep slit of the Strada Lucia, past green and saffron balconies and jutting shrines, to where the Harbor of Marsamuscetto showed a patch of solid dark blue below the distant perfection of Sheina, I thought of Gateshead, with the piercing East Coast wind ravening along its gray, dirty streets, with its frowsy fringe of coal-staithes standing black and stark above the icy river, and I heard the grind and yammer of the grimy street-cars striving to drown the harsh boom and crash from the great yards of Elswick on the far bank. I saw myself again hurrying along in the rain, a tired young man in overalls, making hurried purchases of gear and tobacco and rough gray blankets, for the ship was to sail on the turn of the tide. And I found it easy to see the small two-story house half-way

down one of those incredibly ignoble streets, the rain, driven by the cruel wind, whipping against sidewalk and window, the front garden a mere puddle of mud, and indoors a harassed, dogged woman fighting her way to the day's end, while a horde of robust children romped and gorged and blubbered around her.

'Seven,' I murmured, and the bells of a herd of goats made a musical commotion in the street below.

'Seven,' said Emma, refilling my cup.

'And he's not going home yet, even though he has got out of the navy,' I observed with tactful abstraction.

'That's just it,' said Emma, 'not going home. He's gone into this salvage business, you see. I believe it's a very good thing.'

'Of course his wife gets her half-pay,' I mused.

'She gets all his *pay*,' accented Emma. 'He sends it all. He has other ways — you understand. Resources. But he won't go home. You know, there's somebody here.'

So here we were coming to it. It had been dawning on me, as I stared down at the blue of the Marsamuscetto, that possibly Heatly's interest for Emma had been heightened by the fact that he was a widower. Nothing so crude as that, however. Something much more interesting to the high gods. Between maturity and second childhood, if events are propitious, men come to a period of augmented curiosity fortified by a vague sense of duties accomplished. They acquire a conviction that, beyond the comfortable and humdrum vales of domestic felicity, where they have lived so long, there lie peaks of ecstasy and mountain-ranges of perilous dalliance. I roused suddenly.

'But now he's out of the navy,' I remarked.

'You must n't think that,' said Emma. 'He is n't that sort of man. I tell you, she's all right.'

'Who? The somebody who's here?'

'No, his wife's all right as far as money goes. But there's no sympathy between them. A man can't go on all his life without sympathy.'

'What is she like?' I asked, not so sure of this.

'Oh, I'm not defending him,' said Emma with her eyes fixed on the sugar-bowl. 'Goodness knows *I* 've no reason to think well of men, and you're all alike. Only, he's throwing himself away on a — Well, never mind. You'll see her. Here's your room. You can have this connecting door open if you like.'

'Fine,' I said, looking round, and then walking into a sort of vast and comfortable crypt. The walls, five feet thick, were pierced on opposite sides as for cannon, and one looked instinctively for the inscriptions by prisoners and ribald witticisms by sentries. There was the Strada Lucia again, beyond a delicious green railing; and behind was another recess, from whose shuttered aperture one beheld the hotel courtyard, with a giant tree swelling up and almost touching the yellow walls. I looked at the groined roof, the distant white-curtained bed, the cupboards of black wood, the tiled floor with its old, worn mats. I looked out of the window into the street, and was startled by an unexpectedly near view of a saint in a blue niche by the window, a saint with a long sneering nose and a supercilious expression as she looked down with her stony eyes on the Strada Lucia. I looked across the Strada Lucia, and saw dark eyes and disdainful features at magic casements. And I told Emma that I would take the apartment.

'You 'll find Mr. Heatly in the Café de la Reine,' she remarked gently; 'he's there with Captain Gosnell.'

But I wanted to see neither Heatly

nor Captain Gosnell just yet. I said I would be back to dinner, and took my cap and cane.

III

After wandering about the town, gazing upon the cosmopolitan crowd that thronged the streets, and musing upon many things, — upon deserted wives and deserting husbands, and their respective fates, — I approached the Libreria, and saw Heatly seated at a table with two other men, in the shadow of one of the great columns. Just behind him a young Maltese kneeled by a great long-haired goat, which he was milking swiftly into a glass for a near-by customer. Heatly, however, was not drinking milk. He was talking. There were three of them and their heads were together over the drinks on the little marble table, so absorbed that they took no notice at all of the lively scene about them.

There was about these men an aura of supreme happiness. In the light of a match-flare, as they lit fresh cigarettes, their features showed up harsh and masculine, the faces of men who dealt neither in ideas nor in emotions, but in prejudices and instincts and desires. Then Heatly turned and saw me, and further contemplation was out of the question.

IV

Of that evening and the tale they told me, there is no record by the alert psychologist. There is a roseate glamour over a confusion of memories. There are recollections of exalted emotions and unparalleled eloquence. We traversed vast distances and returned safely, arm in arm. We were the generals of famous campaigns, the heroes of colossal achievements, and the conquerors of proud and beautiful women. From the swaying platforms of the Fourth Dimension we caught glimpses of starry destinies. We stood on the shoulders of the lesser gods, to see our enemies confounded. And out of the mist and fume of the evening emerges a shadowy legend of the sea.

By a legerdemain which seemed timely and agreeably inexplicable, the marble table under the arcade of the Libreria became a linen-covered table in an immense and lofty chamber. We were at dinner. The ceiling was a gilded framework of paneled paintings. Looking down upon us from afar were well-fed anchorites and buxom saints. Their faces gleamed from out a dark and polished obscurity, and their ivory arms emerged from the convolutions of ruby and turquoise-velvet draperies. Tall candelabra supported colored globes, which shed a mellow radiance upon the glitter of silver and crystal. There was a sound of music, which rose and fell as some distant door swung to and fro; the air still trembled with the pulsing reverberations of a great gong, and a thin whine, which was the food-elevator ascending in dry grooves from the kitchen, seemed to spur the fleet-footed waiters to a frenzy of service. High cabinets of dark wood stood between tall narrow windows housing collections of sumptuous plates and gilded wares. On side tables heaps of bread and fruit made great masses of solid color, of gamboge, saffron, and tawny orange. Long-necked bottles appeared reclining luxuriously in wicker cradles, like philosophic pagans about to bleed to death.

At a table by the distant door sits the little boy with the freckled nose and beautiful gray eyes. He writes in a large book as the waiters pause on tip-toe, dishes held as if in votive offering to a red Chinese dragon on the mantel above the boy's head. He writes, and looking out down the en-

trance, suddenly laughs in glee. From the corridor come whoops and a staccato cackle of laughter, followed by a portentous roll of thunder from the great gong. The boy puts his hand over his mouth in his ecstasy, the waiters grin as they hasten, the head waiter moves over from the windows, thinking seriously, and one has a vision of Emma, mildly distraught, at the door. Captain Gosnell, holding up the corner of his serviette, remarks that they are coming, and studies the wine-list.

They rush in, and a monocled major at a near-by table pauses, fork in air over his fried sea-trout, and glares. In the forefront of the bizarre procession comes Heatly, with a Russian guardsman on his back. The other two guardsmen follow, dancing a stately measure, revolving with rhythmic gravity. Behind, waltzing alone, is Mr. Marks, the mate. Instantly, however, the play is over. They break away, the guardsman slips to the floor, and they all assume a demeanor of impenetrable reserve as they walk decorously toward us. They sit, and become merged in the collective mood of the chamber. Yet one has a distinct impression of a sudden glimpse into another world — as if the thin yet durable membrane of existence had split open a little, and one saw, for a single moment, men as they really are.

And while I am preoccupied with this fancy, which is mysteriously collated in the mind with a salmi of quails, Captain Gosnell becomes articulate. He is explaining something to me.

It is time Captain Gosnell should be described. He sits on my left, a portly, powerful man, with a large red nose and great baggy pouches under his stern eyes. It is he who tells the story. I watch him as he dissects his quail. Of his own volition he tells me he has twice swallowed the anchor. And here he is, still on the job. Did he say twice? Three times, counting — well, it was this way.

First of all, an aunt left him a little money and he quit a second mate's job to start a small provision store. Failed. Had to go to sea again. Then he married. Wife had a little money, so they started again. Prospered. Two stores, both doing well. Two counters, I am to understand. Canned goods, wines and spirits on one side; meats and so forth on the other. High-class clientèle. Wonderful head for business, Mrs. Gosnell's. He himself, understand, not so dusty. Had a way with customers. Could sell pork in a synagogue, as the saying is.

And then Mrs. Gosnell died. Great shock to him, of course, and took all the heart out of him. Buried her and went back to sea. She was insured, and later, with what little money he had, he started an agency for carpet-sweeping machinery. Found it difficult to get on with his captain, you see, being a senior man in a junior billet. As I very likely am aware, standing rigging makes poor running gear. Was doing a very decent little business too, when — the war. So he went into the Naval Reserve. That's how it all came about. Now, his idea is to go back, with the experience he has gained, and start a store again — merchandising in his opinion, is the thing of the future. With a little money, the thing can be done. Well!

But it was necessary to have a little capital. Say five thousand. So here we were.

A bad attack of pneumonia with gastritis finished him at Dover. Doctor said if he got away to a warmer climate, it would make a new man of him. So a chat with a surgeon-commander in London resulted in his being appointed to a mine-layer bound for the Eastern Mediterranean. Perhaps I

had heard of her. The Ouzel. Side-wheeler built for the excursionists. Started away from Devonport and took her to Port Said. Imagine it! Think of her bouncing from one mountainous wave to another, off Finisterre. Think of her turning over and over, almost, going round St. Vincent. Fine little craft for all that. Heatly here was Chief. Marks here was Mate. It was a serious responsibility.

And when they reached Port Said, they were immediately loaded with mines and sent straight out again to join the others, who were laying a complicated barrage about fifty miles north. Four days out, one day in. It was n't so bad at first, being one of a company, with constant signaling and visits in fine weather. But later, when the Ouzel floated alone in an immense blue circle of sea and sky, they began to get acquainted. This took the common English method of discovering, one by one, each other's weaknesses, and brooding over them in secret. What held them together most firmly appears to have been a sort of sophisticated avoidance of women. Not in so many words, Captain Gosnell assures me, but taking it for granted, they found a common ground in 'Keeping in the fairway.' Marks was a bachelor, it is true, but Marks had no intention of being anything else. Marks had other fish to fry, I am to understand.

I look at Marks, who sits opposite to me. He has a full round face, clean-shaved, and flexible as an actor's. His rich brown hair, a thick, solid-looking auburn thatch, suddenly impresses me with its extreme incongruity. As I look at him, he puts up his hand, pushes his hair slowly up over his forehead, like a cap, revealing a pink scalp, rolls the whole contrivance from side to side, and brings it back to its normal position.

More for comfort than anything else, Captain Gosnell assures me, for nobody is deceived by a wig like that. What is a man to do when he has pretty near the whole top of his head blown off by a gasometer exploding on the Western Front? There 's Marks, minus his hair and everything else, pretty well buried in a pit of loose cinders. Lamp-post blown over, lying across him. Marks lay quiet enough, thinking. He was n't dead, he could breathe, and one hand moved easily in the cinders. Began to paddle with that hand. Went on thinking and paddling. Soon he could move the other hand. Head knocking against the lamp-post, he paddled downward. Found he was moving slowly forward. Head clear of the lamp-post. Gritty work, swimming, as it were, in loose ashes. Hands in shocking condition. Scalp painful. Lost his hair, but kept his head. Suddenly his industriously paddling hands swirled into the air, jerking legs drove him upward, and he spewed the abrasive element from his lips. He had come back. And had brought an idea with him. Before he went into the army, Marks was second officer in the Marchioness Line, afflicted with dreams of inventing unsinkable ships and collapsible life-boats. Now he came back to life with a brand-new notion. What was it? Well, we 'd be having a run over to the ship bye-and-bye and I would see it. It could do everything except sing a comic song.

'We had been relieved one evening,' Captain Gosnell observes, 'and were about hull down and under, when I ordered dead slow for a few hours. The reason for this was that, at full speed, we would reach Port Said about three in the afternoon, and it was generally advised to arrive after sunset, or even after dark. Besides this, I set a course to pass round to the east'ard of a field we had laid a week or so before, instead of to the west'ard. This is a

simple enough matter of running off the correct distances, for the current, if anything, increased the margin of safety. We were making about four knots, with the mine-field on the starboard bow, as I calculated, and we were enjoying a very pleasant supper in my cabin, which had been the passenger saloon in the Ouzel's excursion days — a fine large room on the upper deck, with big windows, like a house ashore. The old bus was chugging along, and from my table you could see the horizon all round, except just astern, which was hid by the funnel. Nothing there, however, but good salt water, and the Holy Land a long way behind. It was like sitting in a conservatory. The sea was as smooth as glass, with a fine haze to the south'ard. This haze, as far as I could judge, was moving north at about the same speed as we were going south, which would make it eight knots, and in an hour we would be in it. I mention this because it explains why the three of us, sitting in a cabin on an upper deck, saw the battleship all together, all at once, and quite near. We all went on the bridge.

'Now you must understand,' went on Captain Gosnell, 'that the subject of conversation between us while we were at supper was money. We were discussing the best way of getting hold of money, and the absolute necessity of capital after the war, if we were to get anywhere. This war, you know, has been a three-ringed circus for the young fellows. But to men like us it has n't been anything of the sort. We have a very strong conviction that some of us are going to feel the draft. We are n't so young as we used to be, and a little money would be a blessing. Well, we were talking about our chances — of salvage, prize-money, bonuses, and so forth. Our principal notion, if I remember, that evening, was to go into business and pool our resources. For one thing, we wanted to keep up the association. And then, out of the Lord knows where, came this great gray warship heading straight —'

Captain Gosnell paused and regarded me with an austere glance. Mr. Marks and Heatly were listening and looking at us watchfully. And over Mr. Marks's shoulder I could see the three officers with their polychromatic uniforms gleaming in the soft orange radiance of shaded lamps.

'You understand what I mean?' said Captain Gosnell. 'We stood on the bridge watching that ship come up on us, watching her through our glasses, and we did not attach any particular importance to her appearance. When we saw the Russian ensign astern, it did not mean a great deal to us. She was as much an anomaly in those terrible waters as a line-of-battle ship of Nelson's day. That was what staggered us. An enormous valuable ship like that coming out into such a sea. Suddenly the value of her, the money she cost, the money she was worth, so near and yet so far, came home to us. I had an imaginary view of her, you understand, for a moment, as something I could sell; a sort of fanciful picture of her possibilities in the junk line. Think of the brass and rubber alone, in a ship like that! And then we all simultaneously realized just what was happening. I had my hand stretched out to the whistle-lanyard, when there was a heavy, bubbling grunt, and she rolled over toward us as if some invisible hand had given her a push. She rolled back to an even keel and began pitching a very little. This was due, I believe, to the sudden going astern of her engines, coupled with the mine throwing her over. Pitched a little, and, for some extraordinary reason, her forward twelve-inch guns were rapidly elevated as if some insane gun-

ner was going to take a shot at the North Star before going down. From what we gathered later, things were going on inside that turret which are unpleasant to think about. There was that ship, twenty-five thousand tons of her, going through a number of peculiar evolutions. Like most battleships, she had four anchors in her bows, and suddenly they all shot out of their hawse-pipes and fell into the sea, while clouds of red dust came away, as if she was breathing fire and smoke at us through her nostrils. And then she began to swing round on them, so that, as we came up to her, she showed us her great rounded armored counter, with its captain's gallery and a little white awning to keep off the sun. And what we saw then passed anything in my experience on this earth, ashore or afloat. We were coming up on her, you know, and we had our glasses so that, as the stern swung on us, we had a perfectly close view of that gallery. There were two bearded men sitting there, in uniforms covered with gold lace and dangling decorations, smoking cigarettes, each in a large wicker chair on either side of a table. Behind them the big armored doors were open and the mahogany slides drawn back, and we could see silver and china and very elaborate electrical fittings shining on the table, and men in white coats walking about without any anxiety at all. On the stern was a great golden two-headed eagle, and a name in their peculiar wrong-way-round lettering which Serge told us later was Fontanka. And they sat there, those two men with gray beards on their breasts like large bibs, smoking and chatting and pointing out the Ouzel to each other. It was incredible. And in the cabin behind them servants went round and round, and a lamp was burning in front of a large picture of the Virgin in a glittering frame. An icon. I can assure you, their placid demeanor almost paralyzed us. We began to wonder if we had n't dreamed what had gone before, if we were n't still dreaming. But she continued to swing and we continued to come up on her, so that soon we had a view along her decks again, and we knew well enough we were n't dreaming very much.

'Her decks were alive with men. They moved continually, replacing each other like a mass of insects on a beam. It appeared, from where we were, a cable's length or so, like an orderly panic. There must have been five or six hundred of them climbing, running, walking, pushing, pulling, like one of those football matches at the big schools, where everybody plays at once. And then our whistle blew. I give you my word I did it quite unconsciously, in my excitement. If it had been Gabriel's trumpet, it could not have caused greater consternation. I think a good many of them thought it *was* Gabriel's trumpet. It amounted to that almost, for the Fontanka took a sort of slide forward at that moment and sank several feet by the head. All those hundreds of men mounted the rails and put up their hands and shouted. It was the most horrible thing. They stood there with uplifted hands and their boats half-lowered, and shouted. I believe they imagined that I was going alongside to take them off. But I had no such intention. The Ouzel's sponsons would have been smashed, her paddles wrecked, and we would probably have gone to the bottom along with them. We looked at each other and shouted in sheer fury at their folly. We bawled and made motions to lower their boats. I put the helm over and moved off a little, and ordered our own boat down. The fog was coming up and the sun was going down. The only thing that was calm was the sea. It was like a lake.

Suddenly, several of the Fontanka's boats almost dropped into the water, and the men began to slide down the falls like strings of blue and white beads. She took another slide, very slow but very sickening to see.

'I fixed my glasses on the superstructure between the funnels, where a large steel crane curved over a couple of launches with polished brass funnels. And I was simply appalled to find a woman sitting in one of the launches, with her arms round a little boy. She was quite composed, apparently, and was watching three men who were working very hard about the crane. The launch began to rise in the air, and two of the men climbed into her. She rose, and the crane swung outward. We cheered like maniacs when she floated. In a flash the other man was climbing up the curve of the crane, and we saw him slide down the wire into the launch.

'By this time, you must understand, the other boats were full of men, and one of them was cast off while more men were sliding down the falls. They held on with one hand and waved the other at the men above, who proceeded in a very systematic way to slide on top of them, and then the whole bunch would carry away altogether and vanish with a sort of compound splash. And then men began to come out of side-scuttles. They were in a great hurry, these chaps. A head would appear, and then shoulders and arms working violently. The man would be just getting his knees in a purchase on the scuttle frame, when he would shoot out clean head-first into the sea. And another head, the head of the man who had pushed him, would come out.

'But don't forget,' warned Captain Gosnell, 'that all these things were happening at once. Don't forget that the Fontanka was still swarming with men, that the sun was just disappearing, very red, in the west, that the ship's bows were about level with the water. Don't forget all this,' urged Captain Gosnell, 'and then, when you 've got that all firmly fixed in your mind, she turns right over, shows the great red belly of her for perhaps twenty seconds, and sinks.'

Captain Gosnell held the match for a moment longer to his cigar, threw the stick on the floor, and strode into the room, leaving me to imagine the thing he had described.

V

And these three, in their deftly handled and slow-moving launch, with their incredible passengers, the woman with her arms round a little boy, were the first to board the Ouzel. Captain Gosnell had stopped his engines, for the sea was thick with swimming and floating men. They explained through Serge, who had climbed down the crane, — a man of extended experience in polar regions, — that they were officers in the Imperial Russian Army, entrusted with the safe-conduct of the lady and her child, and therefore claimed precedence over naval ratings.

That was all very well, of course; but the naval ratings were already swarming up the low fenders of the Ouzel, climbing the paddle-boxes and making excellent use of the ropes and slings flung to them by the Ouzel's crew. The naval ratings were displaying the utmost activity on their own accounts; they immediately manned the launch, and set off to garner the occupants of rafts and gratings. Even in her excursion days, the Ouzel had never had so many passengers. Captain Gosnell would never have believed, if he had not seen it, that five-hundred-odd souls could have found room to breathe on her decks and in her alleyways. All dripping sea-water.

Captain Gosnell, leaning back on the

maroon-velvet settee and drawing at his cigar, nodded toward the talented Serge, who was now playing an intricate version of 'Tipperary,' with many arpeggios, and remarked that he had to use him as an interpreter. The senior naval officer saved was a gentleman who came aboard in his shirt and drawers and a gold wrist-watch, having slipped off his clothes on the bridge before jumping; but he spoke no English. Serge spoke 'pretty good English.' Serge interpreted excellently. Having seen the lady and her little boy, who had gray eyes and a freckled nose, installed in the main cabin, he drew the captain aside and explained to him the supreme importance of securing the exact position of the foundered ship; 'in case,' he said, 'it was found possible to raise her.'

And when we got in, and transferred the men to hospital, and I had made my report, they gave me no information to speak of about the ship. I don't think they were very clear themselves what she was to do, beyond making for the Adriatic. As for the passengers, they never mentioned them at all, so of course I held my tongue and drew my conclusions. Serge told me they had been bound for an Italian port, whence his party was to proceed to Paris. Now he would have to arrange passages to Marseilles. He took suites in the Marina Hotel, interviewed agents and banks, hired a motor-car, and had uniforms made by the best Greek tailor in the town. We were living at the Marina while ashore, you see, and so it was easy for us to get very friendly. Heatly, there, was soon very friendly with the lady.

'No,' said Captain Gosnell with perfect frankness in reply to my look of sophistication, 'not in the very slightest degree. Nothing of that. If you ask me, I should call it a sort of — chivalry. Anybody who thinks there was ever anything — er — what you suggest — has no conception of the real facts of the case.'

This was surprising. It seemed to put Emma in an equivocal position, and my respect for that woman made me reluctant to doubt her intelligence. But Captain Gosnell was in a better position than Emma to give evidence. Captain Gosnell was conscious that a man can run right through the hazards of existence and come out on the other side with his fundamental virtues unimpaired. They all shared this sentiment, I gathered, for this lovely woman with the bronze hair and gray eyes; but Heatly's imagination had been touched to an extraordinary degree. In their interminable discussions concerning their future movements, discussions highly technical in their nature, because investigating a sunken armored warship is a highly technical affair, Heatly would occasionally interpret a word, emphasizing the importance of giving her a fair deal.

'But she never reached Marseilles. They were two days off Malta when an Austrian submarine torpedoed the French liner and sank her. They did not fire on the boats. And our lady friend found herself being rowed slowly toward a place of which she had no knowledge whatever. Serge told us they were pulling for eighteen hours before they were picked up.'

'And she is here now?' I asked cautiously.

'Here now,' said Captain Gosnell. 'She usually comes down here for an hour in the evening. If she's here, I'll introduce you.'

VI

She was sitting on a plush lounge at the extreme rear of the café, and when I first set eyes on her, I was disappointed. I had imagined something much more magnificent, more alluring, than this. In spite of Captain Gosnell's

severely prosaic narrative of concrete facts, he had been unable to keep from me the real inspiration of the whole adventure. I was prepared to murmur, 'Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?' and so on, as much as I could remember of that famous bit of rant. One gets an exalted notion of women who are credited with such powers, who preserve some vestige of the magic that can make men 'immortal with a kiss.' Bionda, in a large fur coat and a broad-brimmed hat of black velvet, had cloaked her divinity, and the first impression was Christian rather than pagan. 'A tired saint,' I thought, as I sat down after the introduction and looked at the pale bronze hair and the intelligent gray eyes.

She had a very subtle and pretty way of expressing her appreciation of the homage rendered by these diverse masculine personalities. Her hands, emerging from the heavy fur sleeves, were white and extremely thin, with several large rings. She had nothing to say to a stranger, which was natural enough, and I sat in silence watching her. She spoke English with musical deliberation, rolling the *r*'s and hesitating at times in a choice of words, so that one waited with pleasure upon her pauses and divined the rhythm of her thoughts. She preserved in all its admirable completeness that mystery concerning their ultimate purpose in the world which is so essential to women in the society of men. And it was therefore with some surprise that I heard her enunciate with intense feeling, 'Oh, never, never, never!' There was an expression of sad finality about it. She was conveying to them her fixed resolve never to board a ship again. Ships had been altogether too much for her. She had been inland all her life, and her recent catastrophes had robbed her of her reserves of fortitude. She would remain here in this island. She sat staring at the marble table as if she saw in imagination the infinite reaches of the ocean, blue, green, gray, or black, forever fluid and treacherous, a sinister superficies beneath which the bodies and achievements of men disappeared as into some unknown lower region.

Women have many valid reasons for hating the sea; and this woman seemed dimly aware of a certain jealousy of it — that alluring masculine element which destroys men without any aid from women at all. Her faith in ships had not suffered shipwreck, so much as foundered.

They were all agreed. Serge was of the opinion that, if they recovered a tenth of the bullion which her husband, who had a platinum concession in the Asiatic Urals, had consigned to his agent in Paris, there would be enough for all. Serge, in short, became the active spirit of the enterprise. He knew how to obtain funds from mysterious firms who had quiet offices down secluded alleys near Copthall Court and Great St. Helens, in London. He made sketches and explained where the stuff was stowed, and, presuming the ship to be in such and such a position, what bulkheads had to be penetrated to get into her. He obtained permission to accompany the Ouzel on her four-day cruises, and they never had a dull moment. He brought water-colors along, purchased at immense expense from the local extortioners, and made astonishing drawings of his hosts and their excursion steamer. He sang songs in a voice like a musical snarl — songs in obscure dialects, songs in indecent French, songs in booming Russian. He danced native Russian dances, and the click of his heels was like a pneumatic calking-tool at work on a rush job. His large, serious face, with the long, finely formed nose, the sensitive mouth, the sad dark eyes suddenly illuminated by a beautiful smile, the innumerable tiny criss-cross

corrugations above the cheek-bones which are the marks of life in polar regions, fascinated the Englishmen. Without ever admitting it in so many words, they knew him to be that extremely rare phenomenon, a leader of men on hazardous and lonely quests. Without being at all certain of his name, which was polysyllabic and rather a burden to an Anglo-Saxon larynx, they discovered his character with unerring accuracy. From the very first they seem to have been conscious of the spiritual aspect of the adventure. They listened to the tittle-tattle of the hotel bars and the Casino dances, and refrained from comment. The scheme grew in their minds and preoccupied them. Mr. Marks and Heatly spent days and nights over strange designs, and Heatly himself worked at the bench in the port alleyway, between the paddle-box and the engine-room, constructing mechanical monstrosities.

But as weeks went by and Serge continued to communicate with Paris and London, it became clear that he was not at all easy in his mind. Some people say, of course, that no Russian is easy in his mind; but this was an altruistic anxiety. He judged that it would be best for them to get on to Paris, where Bionda had relatives and he himself could resume active operations.

And so they started, this time in a French mail-boat bound for Marseilles. Our three mine-sweepers saw them off. And Captain Gosnell, as we walked up the Strada Stretta and emerged upon the brilliant Strada Reale, was able to convey a hint of the actual state of affairs.

'She knew nothing,' he said. 'She was still under the impression that there would always be an endless stream of money coming from somebody in Paris or London. She was, if you can excuse the word, like a child empress. But there was n't any such stream. Serge and the others had a little of their own; but hers was mostly in an ammunition chamber on B deck in a foundered warship, along with the bullion, bound to the Siberian Bank. She was n't worrying about money at all. She was wishing she was in Marseilles, for her experiences on ships had n't given her a very strong confidence in their safety. And Serge was anxious to get her to Paris, to her relatives, before what money she had ran out.'

Suddenly she gathered up her gloves and trinkets and said she must be going. She had worked hard that day and was tired. We rose and, as if by preconcerted arrangement, divided into two parties. It was the general rule, I gathered, that the gentlemen who had acted as her bodyguard for so long should undertake this nightly escort. We filed out into the deserted square, and the last view we had of them was the small fur-clad figure tripping away up the empty and romantic street, while over her towered the three tall soldiers, looking like benevolent brigands in their dark cloaks.

As we turned toward the Grand Harbor, Captain Gosnell remarked that, if I cared to come, they could show me something I had probably never seen before. We descended the stone stairs leading to the Custom House Quay. To see them diving with long strides down those broad, shallow steps, the solitary lamps, burning before dim shrines high up, lighting their forms as for some religious mystery, they appeared as men plunging in the grip of powerful and diverse emotions. The captain was plain enough to any intelligence. He desired money that he might maintain his position in England — a country where it is almost better to lose one's soul than one's position. Mr. Marks, beneath the genial falsity of a wig, concealed an implacable fidel-

ity to a mechanical ideal. Heatly, on the other hand, was not so easily analyzed as Emma had suggested. He appeared the inarticulate victim of a remote and magnificent devotion. He gave the impression of a sort of proud disgust that he should have been thus afflicted.

So we came down to the water, and walked along the quay until we hailed a small, broad-beamed steamer, very brightly lighted but solitary, so that Captain Gosnell had to use a silver whistle that he carried, and the shrill blast echoed from the high ramparts of the Castle of Sant' Angelo.

A boat came slowly toward us, and we went aboard. She was a strange blend of expensive untidiness. Great pumps and hoses, costly even when purchased second-hand, lay red and rusty and slathered with dry mud about her decks. We descended a foul ladder through an iron scuttle leading to the one great hold forward. The 'tween-decks were workshops, with lathes, drills, and savage-looking torch-furnaces. Things that looked like lawn-mowers afflicted with elephantiasis revealed themselves on inspection as submersible boring-heads and cutters that went down into inaccessible places, like marine ferrets, and did execution there.

In the centre, however, suspended from a beam, was the masterpiece. It would be vain to describe the indescribable. It resembled in a disturbing way a giant spider with its legs curled semicircularly about its body. A formidable domed thing, with circular glass eyes set in it, and a door as of a safe or the breech-block of a gun. From this protruded a number of odd-looking mechanisms, and below it, flanked by caterpillar belts, on which the contrivance walked with dignity upon the bed of the ocean, were large, sharp-bladed cutters, like steel whorls.

While I gazed at this, endeavoring to decide how much was reality and how much merely excited imagination, Mr. Marks went down and proceeded to set a ladder against the side of the machine. He grasped wheels and levers, he spoke with vehemence to Heatly, who ran to a switchboard and encased his head in a kind of listening helmet. Then Mr. Marks climbed nimbly through the aperture and drew the door to with a click. A light appeared within, shining through the enormously thick glass, and showing a fantastic travesty of Mr. Marks moving about in his steel prison. Captain Gosnell indicated the triumphant perfection of this thing. They were in constant telephonic connection with him. He could direct a bright beam in any direction, and he could animate any one or all of the extraordinary limbs of the machine. Suppose a ship lay in sand shale, mud, or gravel. He could dig himself under her, dragging a hawser which could be made fast to a float on each side. He could fasten on to a given portion of the hull, drill it, cut it, and in time crawl inside on the caterpillar feet. He had food, hot and cold drinks, and oxygen for two days. He could sit and read if he liked, or talk to the people on the ship. And quite safe, no matter how deep. Wonderful!

I dare say it was. It was a fabulous-looking thing, anyhow, and as Mr. Marks, moving like a visible brain in a transparent skull, started and stopped his alarming extremities, it struck me that humanity was in danger of transcending itself at last. It was soothing to come up on deck again and see Sant' Angelo in the moonlight like the backcloth of an Italian opera. It was a comfort to hear that one of the men, who ought to have been on duty, was drunk. Perhaps he had found the machinery too powerful for his poor weak human soul and had fled ashore to drown the nightmare of mechanism in liquor. One could imagine the men-at-arms, whose

duty it was to watch from those stone towers, slipping out of some newly invented corselet with a jangle and clang, and stealing away in an old leather jerkin, only half laced, to make a night of it.

Not that there was anything fundamentally at odds with romance in this extraordinary adventure into deep waters, I mused, as I lay in my vast chamber that night. Knights in armor, releasing virgin forces of wealth buried in the ocean. Heatly was moving about in the next room, smoking a cigarette.

'What does she do for a living?' I asked.

He came and stood in the doorway in his pajamas. He blew a thread of tobacco from his lips.

'She keeps a tea-shop near the Opera House,' he said. 'We don't go there; knowing her as we do, it would n't be the right thing.'

'But I can, I suppose,' I suggested.

'Yes, you can, I suppose,' he assented from somewhere within his room.

'You don't object, of course?' I went on.

The light went out.

VII

Wedged in between Lanceolotte's music-shop and Marcus's emporium of Maltese *bijouterie* I found a modest door and window. In the latter was a simple card with the word TEAS in large print. Below it was a samovar, and a couple of table centres made of the local lace.

'Can I go upstairs?' I asked the little boy with the gray eyes and freckled nose; and he smiled and nodded with delightful friendliness.

'Then I will,' I said; and he rushed up in front of me.

There was nobody there. He cleared a table by the low window. Across the street was the broad and beautiful façade of the Opera House. The announcement board bore the legend 'Tonight — Faust.'

'You want tea?' said the boy, with a forward dart of his head, like an inquisitive bird.

I nodded.

'Toast?'

I nodded again. 'I thought you were at the hotel,' I remarked.

'Only in the evenings,' he explained, lifting his tray. 'You want cakes, too?'

I nodded again, and he seemed to approve of my catholic taste. A low voice said, 'Karl!' and he hurried down out of sight.

I was sitting there munching a bun and enjoying some really well-made tea (with lemon), and watching a number of cheerful well-dressed people emerging from the theatre, when something caused me to look round, and I saw the face of Bionda just above the floor. She was standing at a turn in the stair, regarding me attentively. I rose, and she came on up.

'I thought,' she said without raising her eyes, 'that I had seen you before. Have you everything you wish?'

'Everything except someone to talk to,' I said.

She raised her eyes with a serious expression in them. 'I will talk if you wish,' she said gravely.

'Do sit down,' I begged.

I wished to sit down myself, for the window was low. She complied.

'I am a friend of Mr. Heatly,' I went on.

Her face lighted up. 'He is a very nice man,' she said, laughing. 'He likes me very much. He told me he was going to look after me for the rest of my life. He makes me laugh very much. You like him?'

'I used to be on the same ship with him,' I said; 'years ago, before he was married.'

'Ah, yes, before he was married. I see. Now you go on a ship again?'

'When she arrives from Odessa.'

'From —' She looked hard at me. 'Perhaps there will be news, if she comes from Odessa.'

'Maybe.' (She sighed.) 'You have had no news, then, since the Revolution?'

'Nothing. Not one single word. In there, it is all dark. When your ship comes, there will be passengers, no?'

'Ah, I could n't say,' I replied. 'We must wait. If there are any, I will let you know.'

'Thank you.' Her gaze wandered across the street. 'They have finished the play. What do you call when they sing — before?'

'A rehearsal, you mean.'

'Yes. Well, they have finished. There is Mephistopheles coming out now.' She nodded toward a tall gentleman in tweeds, who was smoking a cigarette and swinging a cane on the upper terrace. 'He waits for Margarita. There she is.'

A robust creature emerged, putting on long gloves, and the two descended to the sidewalk. Bionda laughed.

'Does Margarita usually walk out with Mephisto?' I asked.

'Oh, they are married,' she informed me with a whimsical grimace, 'and very happy.'

'What are you?' I demanded abruptly. 'Not a Slav, I am sure.'

'Me? No, I am a Bohemian,' she said.

'How appropriate! How exquisitely appropriate!' I murmured.

'From Prague,' she added, sighing a little.

'An enemy?' (She nodded.) 'But if you will only consider yourself Czechoslovak — ' I suggested.

She made a gesture of dissent and rose. 'Let me know when your ship comes in,' she said; and I promised.

Three young naval lieutenants in tennis undress came up the stairs and called for tea. The little boy came up to take their order, and I paid him and went out.

Our intimacy increased, of course, as the days passed, and I began to wonder whether or not I too was about to pass under the spell and devote my life to the amelioration of her destiny. If my ship went back to Odessa, I would be the bearer of messages, an agent of inquiry seeking news of a dim concessionnaire in the Asiatic Urals. I made extensive promises, chiefly because I was pretty sure my ship would probably go somewhere else — Bizerta or Tunis.

The simple sailor man in time develops a species of simple cunning, to protect himself from being too oppressively exploited. But it is practically impossible to rid a woman of the illusion that she is imposing upon a man. Even Emma thought it well to warn me of my danger. She heard rumors about that woman. Where had she got the money to start her tea-shop, eh? And when all the officers had gone home, where would she get customers? And so on.

These questions did not preoccupy Bionda herself, however. She was sad, but her sadness was the inevitable result of delightful memories. Her life had been full and animated; and it was only natural, since fate had left her stranded on a pleasant island, that she should indulge her desire for retrospect before rousing to do herself full justice in the new environment. The possibility of regaining the wealth that had been lost did not seem to interest her at all. She never spoke of the expedition of Captain Gosnell and his fellow adventurers. It seemed doubtful at times whether she understood anything at all about it. A shrug, and she changed the subject.

And then one day I was stopped by two of the Russian officers as they came

down the hotel stairs, and they told me they had received their orders at last. They were to report at Paris.

'We sail to-morrow for Marseilles,' said one; and his great spur jingled as he stamped his foot to settle it in the high boot. With much difficulty he made known their hope that I would give Madame any assistance in my power when her other friends were gone. I agreed to this with alacrity, since I myself would probably be a thousand miles away in a few weeks' time. And the little boy? Yes, I would look after him, too.

It was the Saturday night before my ship arrived (she came in on Monday, I remember) that I joined Captain Gosnell and his lieutenants at the Café de la Reine. They were exceedingly yet decorously drunk. They were to sail the next morning. They had adjourned to a small ante-room of the café, and through a closed glass door an amused public could obtain glimpses of the orgy. Captain Gosnell's austere features had grown gradually purple; and though he never became incoherent, or even noisy, it was obvious that he had reached another psychic plane. And so there may have been a significance in the grandiose gesture with which he raised a glass of champagne and murmured, —

'To Her, whom we all adore, who awaits — awaits our return. Our mascot. May she bring us luck!'

He sat down and looked in a puzzled way at the empty glass. He gradually drank himself sober, and helped me to get the others into a cab. Mr. Marks, his wig over one eye, snored. Heatly began to sing in the clear night, —

'Wide as the world is her Kingdom of power.'

The cab started. As they turned the corner I heard the high, windy voice still singing, —

'In every heart she hath fashioned her throne;
As Queen of the Earth, she reigneth alone' —

And then silence.

Next morning, after Early Mass, as we walked slowly up the *rampe* and came to a pause on the ramparts of the Lower Barracca, I was curious to discover whether this departure of her champions would make any authentic impression upon her spirits.

'Suppose,' I was saying, 'we had a message from Odessa, that your husband had arrived. And suppose he sent for you? Or that he had reached Paris and wanted you there?'

'Oh, I should go, of course. It would be like life again, after being dead.'

Here was a fine state of affairs! We were all ghosts to her, phantoms inhabiting another shadowy world, cut off from life by an immense, pitiless blue sea. Compared with that distant and possibly defunct concessionnaire in the Asiatic Urals, we were all impalpable spectres! Our benevolence had about as much conscious significance for her as the sunlight upon a plant. I did not speak again until the little steamer, with a croak of her whistle, passed out between the guns of the harbor-mouth and began slowly to recede across the mighty blue floors, a great quantity of foul smoke belching from her funnel and drifting across the rocks. And then I mentioned casually what was happening — that those men were bound upon her affairs, seeking treasure at the bottom of the sea, devoted to an extravagant quest.

She made no reply. The steamer receded yet further. It became a black blob on the blue water, a blob from which smoke issued, as if it were a bomb which might explode suddenly with a tremendous detonation, and leave no trace. But Bionda's eyes were not fixed upon the steamer. She was gazing musingly upon the great cannon frowning down from the further fortress. And after a while she sighed.

'Like life, after being dead!' she murmured again.

It was as if she had forgotten us. She was like a departed spirit, discontented with the conveniences and society of paradise, who desires to return, but dreads the journey. And it became an acute question, whether at any time she had achieved any real grasp of her position. Had she ever realized how she had inspired these men to unsuspected sentiments and released the streams of heroic energy imprisoned in their hearts? Did she suspect even for a moment how she had engaged their interest, monopolized their time, established herself in defiance of all the rules of life in the midst of their alien affection? Did she know or care how they toiled and suffered, and perhaps sinned, for her? Did she ever imagine herself as she was, not resting on the inert earth, but reclining in comfort on the taut and anxious bodies of men?

Or one may put the question this way — Does any woman?

'SOMETIMES WE HARDLY WANTED YOU'

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

Sometimes we hardly wanted you,
Our days together were so rare:
Hill-tops, brook-hollows, and the blue
Castles of windless sunny air;
Camp-fires by certain secret springs,
Green trails that only we could trace —
Love made us misers of these things.
And you, still wandering in space,
Little and lone and undiscerned —
We did not know we needed you.

Strange! — For your bright warm self is burned
Into our hearts, till all that blue
Of morning, and pearl-mist of night,
Wind, water, sun, — those secret ways, —
Mean You; our youth and lovely light,
Our laughter and our length of days!

THE NAME OF THE LORD

BY MILTON O. NELSON

I

My earliest memories go back to the time when I was the youngest of a family of six in an unbroken row of boys on a southern Wisconsin farm a mile and a half long. Father was a man of long plans and wide vision; and in that vision was a group of six farms occupied by thrifty farmers, all bearing his surname, all members of the Methodist Church, all honoring their father and their mother, each an honor to his church and a blessing to the land which the Lord their God had given them. This vision accounts in part for the size of the farm on which I was born. The family was later increased by the addition of three daughters, and these in their measure increased the size of the vision.

Father was of the Pilgrim Father type as nearly as American conditions permitted in the period covered by his life — 1817 to 1898. At the age of eighteen he had persuaded his father to move from the ancestral farm in the Highlands of the Hudson out into the new West. This migration was only as far as Brockport, New York, a region then considered quite westerly by people of the lower Hudson. But seven years later father gathered together the portion of the family goods that fell to him, and took his journey into the land of his own great dreams, staking out a government claim in the big timber near the little town of Milwaukee. This event was four years before Wisconsin was admitted to the Union.

Two years later, to his cabin and clearing in the big woods he brought as his bride a Rochester schoolmistress twenty-one years of age, the child of Methodist parents. Nine years later, finding themselves in a community uncongenial and irreligious, they, with their accumulated substance and four little sons, migrated again — this time to the farm where I was born. Their settling here was largely determined by the fact that not far away, and just across the Illinois line, was a Methodist society, which had given the name of 'Christian Hollow' to the section about it.

This church being too far away for our convenient attendance, Methodist preaching service was set up in father's cabin. Here, also, the first public school in our neighborhood was opened, with mother as teacher. When the public schoolhouse was built, a year or two later, it was made larger by a few square feet than the community thought necessary, because of father's offer to give $100 for such an enlargement, on condition that religious meetings be permitted in the building.

Wherever father halted in his pilgrimages, 'there builded he an altar unto the Lord'; and wherever mother spread the table, thither came presently the Methodist circuit-rider. In both of father's Wisconsin homes his house was the first Methodist preaching-place in the community; and on both farms Methodist camp-meetings were held, to

which both father and mother devoted unstinted time and provision.

Of the Methodist society in our neighborhood, father was made class leader, which office in those days carried with it the authority and responsibility of vice-pastor. He also was superintendent of the Sunday School. These being the days before Sunday-School helps, the exercises consisted chiefly of committing to memory Scripture and the Methodist catechism. I have but the faintest memory of father's method of officiating; but his way of drilling the Ten Commandments into the mind of a child could hardly be excelled. It ran like this: —

'Thou shalt not take the name, thou shalt not take the name, of the Lord thy God in vain, of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain, that taketh his name in vain.'

The commandment given for the day's advance lesson was repeated by the school in concert, and the drill was made cumulative, the school reviewing each Sunday, in this double-barreled fashion, all the commandments previously committed. This solemn drumming, drumming in the ears of the children added not a little, I suppose, to the weight and authority of the Scriptures: But the children of our family were more impressed, I think, by the morning and evening worship in the home. To us small folk on this large farm, the greatest item in the business of farming was family prayers. At least, this was the only portion of the day's programme that might not be omitted, or at least shifted about to suit circumstances.

This service consisted of a chapter from the Bible read by father, two verses of a hymn, led by mother, followed by a prayer by father. Evening worship consisted of a hymn led by mother and a prayer by mother. We all knelt in prayer. No meal was ever begun without a blessing being asked. So, according to this programme, the whole family came together formally into the presence of the Almighty five times a day. Besides this, there were the individual morning and evening prayers at the bedside.

Morning worship immediately preceded breakfast. The salt pork fried, the gravy made, the potatoes drained, and all set back on the stove to keep warm; the big stack of buckwheat cakes on the hearth covered to prevent their cooling off — these are a well-defined memory of the morning programme. Then father sat down with the big Bible in his lap, and mother with the baby in her lap; the circle of children came to order, and worship wholly occupied the next ten or fifteen minutes. It was never hurried and never perfunctorily done. Though father's prayers were much the same from day to day, they were not seldom varied to cover the spiritual needs of some of us delinquent children, particularly the youngest pair of boys — the 'little boys,' as father designated us.

The chastening rod was an established institution in our home. It was not a vulgar gad, but a sprout of that ancient and honorable rod spoken of in the Scriptures as being so wholesome and necessary to the spiritual upbringing of the children of Israel. It was rarely applied without a preparatory lecture, in which father's eyes would usually fill with tears, or threaten to. But whipping was not so dreaded by us two small offenders as the process of being 'carried to a throne of grace' on the wings of father's petitions. In these pleadings father's voice would often tremble, his throat choke, and pauses in the prayer, painful beyond telling, would occur. It did sometimes seem to me that a big man like father ought not to take advantage like that of a little

fellow, right in the presence of the whole family — quite an audience in our home. Our whippings, however, were always mercifully private; except that brother Willett and myself, commonly committing our sins by two and two, answered for them in pairs. But these devotional floggings did have their designed and desired effect on our daily behavior. One would go pretty steadily for a few days on the strength of such a holy grilling.

The section in which our farm lay was then a region of 'oak openings,' about equally divided between woods, scrub brush, and prairie land—a little too rolling for the best farming, but reasonably fertile. Our section faced toward the south on the beautiful rolling prairies of northern Illinois; and to the east and north undulated away in scrub-covered hills, which we called 'barrens,' down to the heavy hardwood timber that spread eastward from the valley of the Pecatonica River — a muddy, twisting, sluggish stream. Much of this region, being not yet under plough, offered good pasturage in the grazing season to the settlers' small herds of cattle.

After the morning milking, the farmers turned their herds into the fenced highway, gave them a run in the desired direction by the aid of dogs or boys, and left them to find their way to the 'commons,' as we called these unfenced lands. There the cattle kept together fairly well in the lead of the bell cow, as they grazed and roamed throughout the day, sometimes joining with one or more of the neighbor herds. In the evening, children from each household were sent to find and fetch them home.

These children usually fell in with each other and hunted in groups, searching this way or that, as the habitual movement of the herds at the time might determine. We would thus trail the cattle through groves and brushland, looking for fresh marks in the cowpaths, stopping to listen for the bells, and determining by their tone which was Crosby's, which La Due's, which Nelson's, which Beedy's, and which Ballinger's. Sometimes the herd would shift their feeding-grounds for the day by the space of a mile or more. Sometimes the cows, well fed, and not being such heavy milkers as to feel an urge toward the milking-yard, would be found in the high brush, standing stock-still, with mute bells. On occasions like these the children would often wander till nightfall, coming home tired and sleepy, to tired, sleepy men-folk, forced to sit up late and add the work of milking to an already overworked day.

Among these little cow-hunters were girls of nine or ten years and boys of four or five. Rarely did children above the age of twelve go after the cows, if there were younger ones to send. A child old enough to wear shoes in summer was considered rather mature to send for the cows.

These herds commonly consisted of not more than a dozen cattle, young and old; and, fortunately for us, each herd separated easily from the flock on the way home, as they passed the cow-yards where they belonged. But should an animal stray, and fail to come up with the herd at night, it was a serious matter. Not seldom it happened that it was never seen again. It was therefore one of our greatest cares to know that the herd we brought home was intact.

Our schoolhouse stood at the junction of two roads, in an acre plot set off from the corner of a cultivated field. Here, a highway running east and west was joined by one running south. A half-mile south on this road father had built, in the spring of 1865, a temporary cow-pen to serve as a milking-yard. Here our cattle were penned at night,

and from here driven, after the morning milking, to the schoolhouse corner and sent running east. The country to the west was more difficult ground for cow-hunting, and so long as pasture was good to the east, we were careful to keep our cows from 'going west.'

II

It was about three o'clock of a July afternoon, I being then aged 'five, going on six,' that, sitting at my desk in the schoolhouse, I saw through the open door, a red-roan steer come trotting down the east road and into the schoolhouse yard. It was our big three-year-old. My hand shot up.

'Teacher,' I said, 'it 's our steer. He's strayed. Can me and Orill be excused to drive him home?'

At her prompt assent, we seized our straw hats and tin lunch-pails, and ran out. I rushed to block the west road, while Orill ran to the east. It was comparatively easy to head the animal into the lane going south, for he seemed himself to have chosen to travel that way.

Now, impounding in a roadside pen on the prairie a three-year-old steer of the type prevailing in Wisconsin in the year 1865, gone astray from his herd and nervous with nostalgia, was a problem serious enough for a cowboy much beyond five years of age; though at the time I was not aware of the fact. My plan of campaign was based on the presumption that, reaching the yard, the steer would go directly into it. Then I would rush up behind him and put up the bars, and there he would be caught and safely held till we should bring the rest of the herd from the commons in the evening. In the event that the steer ran past the bars, I would duck under the fence, run through the field on the east of the road, and head him off, while Orill, with lifted club and voice, would bar his retreat to the north. Seeing himself thus outwitted, and fairly trapped, the steer would lower his horns and tail and enter the yard.

Now, though I must at this time have been a fairly well-seasoned cowboy, with a year or more of cow-punching to my credit, this was the first major operation in cowboy strategy of which I had had immediate command. I knew enough of the functioning of a steer's brain to know that the chances of yarding the brute were at least not all in my favor. By this time the steer was trotting down the south road, and we had much ado to keep up with his swift gait.

Hot, excited, and blown, we reached the cow-pen, the bars of which were invitingly down. But the steer did not see the yard at all. He ran beyond it, then slowed his speed a little. I ducked into the cornfield to the east of the road, and, by hard running, overhauled and headed him back. Back he ran, again past the bars, but Orill's club and cries turned him.

Now thoroughly flustered by his predicament, the steer headed at me on the run, while I, dancing, yelling, and swinging my dinner-pail, halted him again. But instead of charging back upon Orill, he wheeled to the west and, rising, vaulted the old rail-fence, and coming down with a crash, bounded off into a forty-acre field of green and waving wheat.

As he came down on the broken fence, I, bursting with hot and baffled rage, shouted, 'God damn you!'

All I remember further as to that steer is how he looked as he triumphantly headed westward, trailing down the slope through the waving wheat, spoiling valuable grain.

I was dazed, terrified at what I had done. I had said the very wickedest possible swear-word. I had taken the name of God in vain. I had never be-

fore used such words, or even entertained them for use. No one of our family had in their lives done so wicked a thing. And to add woe to wickedness, I had said this in the presence of Orill Huntley, son of godless parents. I remember putting my head down on a rail of the fence and crying, and Orill's coming up to comfort me.

'It ain't bad to say it just once,' he said. 'It's when you say it all the time that's wicked.'

But I refused to be comforted by such sophistry. Father's theology contained no such modifying clause. It could not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. I believed myself to be the chief of sinners, all unaware that this untaught lad was telling me a great life-truth.

When, finally, I had dried my eyes, I solemnly charged Orill never to tell on me, and he as solemnly promised. Thus temporarily calmed, I went about the day's business with a leaden lump beneath the bosom of my little hickory shirt. I remember no more of the week's occurrences except that I kept my secret well.

But Sunday brought torment. I rode in the farm wagon with the family to the Sunday service, as a condemned criminal rides on his coffin to the gallows. I had pictured to myself the scene that would occur in Sunday School. We would repeat the Third Commandment in concert: 'Thou shalt not take the name, thou shalt not take the name, of the Lord thy God in vain, of the Lord thy God in vain'—and at the close father would turn to me and say, 'Did you ever take the name of the Lord thy God in vain?' and I had fully determined within myself to answer up with what promptness and firmness I could muster, 'No, sir.'

What else could one do? Could one say, to his own confusion, before the assembled congregation, 'Yes, sir, I swore at the steer when he jumped over the fence'? Such a thing was unthinkable. There was but one way of escape from the dilemma, and that was boldly to lie my way out. Nor would this have been the first time I had found a lie a very present help in trouble.

Before the exercises began, as I was sitting in fear and trembling, down the east road came a wagon with the whole Huntley family in it. They were coming to Sunday School. Orill would be with them, of course, and when father would put his awful question, 'Did you ever take the name of the Lord thy God in vain?' and I answered, 'No, sir,' Orill would rise and in a loud voice would say, 'Yes, you did! You swore at the steer when he jumped over the fence!'

For about the space of one mortal, interminable minute, 'the fear of death encompassed me and the pains of hell gat hold upon me.' I had never before, nor have I since, experienced such refinement of terror as I suffered then. Punishment of that quality after death would be sufficient penalty for any mortal sin in the category.

But the wagon passed. It was not the Huntleys' wagon at all. The Huntleys had never attended our Sunday School. Father did not ask us to repeat any of the commandments that day; nor, of course, was the awful question asked. It did not occur to me then that there was not the remotest possibility that father would ask such a question. I went home relieved and reprieved, but not pardoned. I carried my dark secret safely but heavily for what seem to me to have been long years, during which period I entertained for a time the fear that I had committed the 'unpardonable sin.'

It never occurred to me then that my determination to add bold and willful lying to profanity was the only really wicked act of the whole sad affair. But

had I known it well, I doubt not that I should have been willing to assume the risk of lying in order to escape the punishment that would probably have been meted out to me, had my fault been discovered. What that punishment might have been I had reason later to guess, from the ill luck that befell brother Willet some two years after.

One evening, when Willet, coming from school, was being badgered beyond endurance by some bullying neighbor boy, he turned on his tormentor and told him to 'go to hell.' The report of this dreadful lapse flew on swift wings to our parents' ears. Then the wheels of industry on our farm stopped stock-still. There was a star-chamber session in the West Room — father and mother in prayer with the little culprit, asking God for mercy and pardon for him; and following this, sentence passed on him by father, without mercy or pardon. One of the items of the sentence was that Willet must read nothing for two weeks but the Bible and the Methodist hymn-book. But the peak of the punishment was reserved for the class-meeting on the following Sunday.

At these class-meetings the lay members were waited on in turn by the class leader and asked to 'testify.' Each rose in his seat and gave his religious experience for the week last past, and usually added his hopes and good resolves for the week to come — all spoken in a more or less formal and solemn way, as if a punishment were being endured in the process. The leader advised, commended, rebuked, or encouraged, as the case might require, then passed on to the next victim.

When father came to his little shamed and penitent boy, he prefaced his call for a testimony by the general information to the house that Willet had been a very wicked boy that week, but he hoped he had asked the Lord to forgive him.

Willet did not respond to the call to testify, but hid his burning face in his arms on the school-desk and kept silence. Willet was nine years old. Mother made no interference. I wonder she did not. But from what I learned later of her tender heart, she must have suffered anguish for her sinful little son during this inquisitional torture; and knowing her, later, so well, I wonder that some good angel had not sent blaspheming me to her on that ill-starred summer day, to weep my sin out in her gentle arms instead of on a fence-rail.

The terrible conscientiousness of a parent, which could stir up such storm and stress of soul in a child's young life, may seem beyond any justification. But looking back now over a half-century of the world as it is, I am convinced that freedom from the habit of irreverence may be cheaply bought, even at that. Indeed, I came to that conclusion before I was a grown youth.

Ten years or so after my adventure in profanity, I was sent on an early morning errand to the house of a neighboring farmer. A group of rough young men were in the kitchen, waiting for breakfast. It was the very hour when father, in our home, was praying in the midst of his children. One of the men had on his knee a prattling child, evidently struggling with his first coherent speech. There was loud laughter and great merriment among the men. A girl of about fourteen years called to her mother in the next room, —

'Maw, O maw! come hear baby! Oh, ain't he cunnin'?'

The baby was practising the same high explosive I had used when the steer jumped over the fence.

ITS TWO LITTLE HORNS

BY FRANCES THERESA RUSSELL

If a dilemma would be content to wear only one horn, innocent adventurers into the field of debate and argument would be less dangerously beset by the beast of embarrassing alternatives. Then, for instance, when a college professor catches sight of a fellow traveler, wantonly strayed from the royal road of reason and distressingly impaled on the right horn of a logical dilemma, — labeled 'What Do Students Know?' — he will not feel called upon to precipitate himself, as a gratuitous exercise in agility, on the left horn, inscribed 'What Do Teachers Know?' There is, to be sure, a safe agnostic front between these two perilous projections, called 'What Does Anybody Know?' But that is a place of unprofitable repose and affords no scope for mental gymnastics.

Such opportunity was offered, however, by the gyrations of Professor Boas, for the play of the intellectual muscles of a certain group of spectators, that I am recording this latter reaction for the entertainment of yet other beholders who may be interested.

This morning I carried the May *Atlantic* into my classroom and read to my aspiring essay-writers this accepted article, as a sample of how to do it. Quite on their own initiative, the young neophytes discovered that in many respects it was rather an object-lesson on how not to do it. So promptly was the bone of contention pounced upon, so thick and fast came the responses, from Sophomore and Senior, from lads and lassies, that my position demanded all the tact of the Speaker of the House. Perhaps the total effect can best be conveyed in the form of a colloquy by the members of the class, with the author of 'What Do Teachers Know?' as the object of the inquiries. The general impression was somewhat as follows: —

Question. 'The writer says, "The ancients were interested in interpreting facts, not in accumulating them." How could they interpret what they had not accumulated and therefore did not have?'

Answer. Silence.

Question. 'If "intelligence is insensitive to mere facts, and reacts only to ideas," where does it get the ideas to react from? What is an idea but a deduction from two or more facts?'

Answer. Silence.

Question. 'If "artichokes and chameleons and Yale and the date of the battle of Lexington have very little place in the production of understanding and intelligence and critical power," what has?'

Answer. 'A benevolent and humanistic skepticism, and a willingness to weigh and balance, to expound and elucidate, are all that is needed.'

Question. 'But what is there to be skeptical about but facts? What is there to put in the balance and weigh? What to expound and elucidate about?

Answer. Silence.

Question (from a demure maid in the back row). 'Does n't Professor Boas seem to have a good many facts at his command, and use them pretty freely in this very anathema against them?'

Answer. 'They speak for themselves.'

Question. 'Socrates is eulogized for his "sublime ignorance." Was it honest-to-goodness ignorance or a sublime assumption of it?'

Answer. Silence from the Oracle, broken by a modest voice from over by the window. 'Seems to me I read somewhere that the Socratic method was simply the wise man's pretense of an ignorance that longed for enlightenment, and that "on this baited hook were caught the unwary whose pretense was to a wisdom when they had it not."'

Question. 'In what "mysterious way" does information come when it is needed?'

Answer (from a sad Sophomore). 'Sometimes, in my case anyhow, through chagrin and bitterness, by first having my ignorance exposed.'

Question. 'The Ph.D. is rebuked for writing a treatise on something that nobody had ever thought of before. What would be its value if somebody had thought of it before and done it?'

Answer. Silence.

Question. 'In that connection, if nobody ever did an unthought-of thing, what would become of pioneering and progress? Who would be in the van and blaze the trail?'

Answer. Silence.

Question. 'When did the Ph.D. candidate begin being ignorant of everything else in order to write his dissertation?'

Answer (from an irreverent youth next the radiator). 'Since no credit is given him for the eighteen or twenty years of education from the kindergarten through the Master's degree, he must have risen right up from his cradle to "bore, face downward, into his problem, while the world floated by in clouds, and he as unaware as a lamprey of logarithmic functions." He could have had no more information or culture to start in with than a Hottentot.'

Question. 'Even if a field can be "melancholy," by permission of the pathetic fallacy and in spite of Ruskin, how can it be "evasive"?'

Answer (from the end-man). 'By disregarding mere facts.'

Question. 'All these English courses that are listed as a waste of time and money — does any one student have to swallow them all? And if anyone did have a honing to know about, say, the Bible, or Johnson and his circle, or Celtic poetry, or the American Novel, why should it be forbidden him? Are they not all honorable subjects? If one consumes his beef and bread, can't he add a salad, an entrée, or a dessert?'

Answer (from the teacher). 'If he has a good digestion and a sharp appetite, he may go right through the whole menu, with impunity and profit, from cocktail to cheese and coffee. Nay, for the elect there are still cakes and ale, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth.'

Question. 'If to one who has been in the army "the university seems as a kingdom of shadows where ghosts teach living men," do the professors who were in the army seem like ghosts, and the students who never left home, like living men?'

Answer. Silence.

Question (from a Sophomore). 'If the cynical Seniors have found out there is "nothing in it," why don't they pass the word down and stave off some of this stampede toward halls of learning? Most failures don't keep on being more and more popular, as the colleges seem to be doing.'

Answer (from a strangely cheerful Senior). 'Pure maliciousness. They like to see more silly flies walk into the same spider's web.

Question (from the teacher). 'The grand climax of the wholesale indictment before us is one on which you should be able to testify. So far as your own experience goes, is it true that "the

Freshmen are keen, eager, and hungry," and "the Seniors disillusioned, cynical, and fed up"?'

Answer. (Concourse of expressive grins from the class; remark from an incorrigibly joyous Junior.) 'When I was a Freshman and herded with the big first-year classes, my hunger was mainly for my dinner or a fight, and I was as keen and eager as the rest of the bunch to jump at the sound of the closing bell. *We* never allowed any professor to run over the hour.'

The courteous innuendo of his conclusion reminded me that our own gong had sounded forty seconds before, and I speedily turned the rascals out, commending them to the next dose of frothy and venomous facts with which they were being fed up *ad nauseam*. And as I prepared to measure out another sickening spoonful for my own helpless victims, I thought of Strunsky's fallacy-puncturing observation in his 'The Everlasting Feminine,' that any statement whatever made about Woman is true. So is any generalization about students and professors. Some Freshmen are indeed wonderfully keen and eager; others are an incredible miracle of sodden stupidity and indifference. Some Seniors are flaccid and unstrung; others are just being keyed up to concert pitch. Some teachers are — anything you like; others are everything you do not like. Accordingly, when it comes to students *versus* teachers, or facts *versus* ideas, or information *versus* intelligence, or summer *versus* winter, or food *versus* fresh air, the dialectician may well take a cue from the canny Ruggles girl, confronted with a choice between hard *versus* soft sauce, and take 'a little of both, please.'

For in the logical realm there remaineth classification, interpretation, and discrimination, of parent facts and progeny ideas; and the greatest of these is discrimination.

WILLIAM JAMES AND HIS LETTERS

BY L. P. JACKS

I

For William James the 'facts' of chief importance in the universe were *persons*. He began his thinking from that end. Among those who have earned the name of philosopher there is none whose philosophy is a more sincere and complete expression of his own personality. The kites that he flew were all anchored in himself. His philosophy is, in fact, himself writ large. This in a sense is true of all philosophers, though they are not always aware of it; but James knew it and accepted it as one of his guides to the meaning of Truth. His 'will to believe' is fundamentally nothing else than the *right* to be yourself, and to express yourself in your own way, without entangling your freedom in alliances with those big classifications or abstractions which reduce man-

kind to the dead levels of thought, action, and character. Or, to put it from the other side, the Universe that he interprets is just the same kind of high-spirited, restless, inconsistent, adventurous, unaccountable being that each man who has attained to self-knowledge finds within his own breast. Against the idea of the Universe as a Big Institution, 'governed' by a system of inviolable law, — the idea which has become so dear to those who are bewitched by the catchwords of modern science, — James reacted with the strongest aversion; and the reason for the reaction lay in his temperamental inability to live in such a world himself, or to conceive that any free spirit would be at home under its cast-iron conditions. Writing to Theodore Flournoy in 1895, the year before the publication of *The Will to Believe*, he says, 'I do hope [your daughters] are being educated in a thoroughly emancipated way, just like true American girls, with no laws except those imposed by their own sense of fitness.' There are those, perhaps, to whom a statement such as this will appear as heralding a general disrespect for the Ten Commandments. The best answer to their fears is the picture of James revealed in these letters. It is the picture of a very perfect gentleman, of a finely tempered ethical nature, of a large and tender heart, and of personal loyalty raised to the highest power.

Perhaps the greatest service rendered by James to the spiritual life of his age is that he makes philosophy interesting to everybody. Whatever the merits of his doctrine may be, — and that is a question into which the present writer does not propose to enter, — there is not a doubt that philosophy in his hands is always something that 'makes a difference,' a vitally important exercise, which no man who would live a full life can afford to neglect. Its problems are not mere themes for discussion, but critical points in the battle of life. His work, in consequence, has given an immense impetus to philosophic study all over the world. What the number of his actual disciples may be cannot of course be said, though it is probably very large; but that he has raised philosophic study to a higher level of importance, increased the number of those who pursue it, and conferred a new zest upon the pursuit, is beyond question. There are few professors of the subject who do not owe him a heavy debt for redeeming it from the dullness and futility into which it was otherwise falling.

And the secret of his influence is unmistakable. Long before these letters appeared, readers of his works were conscious of being in contact with a mind whose insight was the direct outcome of the breadth and depth of its human sympathy. That impression is now confirmed. Thanks to the admirable selection that has been made of the letters, and to the unobtrusive skill with which they have been woven together, the reader has now a clear apprehension of the man whose personality he had dimly felt or imagined in his published works. The effect is almost as if James's philosophy had been visibly acted on the stage. We see how inseparably connected the man and the doctrine were. The only doubt that remains is as to which is the text and which the commentary.

It is not as 'a disinterested spectator of the universe' that James addresses himself to the great problems that concern us all. On the contrary, the force of his appeal springs precisely from the profound and living interest that he took in the universe, and especially in that part of it which consists of his fellow men. He appears before us, not as a 'spectator' at all, but as an actor in the drama of life; and we see that his philosophy is merely his 'action' con-

tinued and rounded off on a higher plane. Disinterestedness is here replaced by the interest which not only discovers truth but embodies it in personality, thereby endowing it with a power and vitality which impartial cold-bloodedness is doomed forever to miss. This is as it should be. All doctrines that have moved the world have originated in the same way.

II

Philosophers who believe they can explain the universe should first read these letters, and then ask themselves if they can explain that particular item of the universe which went, while he lived among us, and which still lives on, under the name of William James. Of course, all of us who have been trained in philosophy, or even have dabbled in it, think we can explain why 'individuals' must exist, or (to use a phrase of the schools) why 'the One must differentiate itself into a Many.' But if anybody asks us *how* many a self-respecting One should differentiate itself into, we are sadly at a loss. For some reason that is very obscure to us, the 'One' that is revealed in human life has differentiated itself into about two thousand million individual souls. But why so many, no more and no less? Would not the One have got through this business of differentiating itself into individual men and women just as successfully, if the number of them had been half as large, or even if there had been no more than ten or a dozen of us all told? Nor would our difficulties be at an end, even if we got the two thousand millions satisfactorily accounted for. For we should then have to explain why William James happened to be one of them. Anybody else might have taken his place without making any difference to the total, or to the theory. But a great difference would have been made to the world. The truth is that, until we have explained why individuals are who they are, and not somebody else, we have explained nothing. All that we can say of each is, in the last resort, 'by the grace of God he is what he is.' And we say it with peculiar emphasis and fervor when William James is the name before us.

The philosophy of William James took its rise in the question raised by the last paragraph. He was himself, if one may say so, flagrantly unique, and his uniqueness was manifest in nothing so much as in the power he possessed of discerning the disguised or hidden uniqueness of other people, and, indeed, of every single thing, great and small, which the universe contains. He was intensely alive to the queerness of things, and to those inalienable qualities in men and women which make each one of them an astonishment and a portent. Once, speaking to him of the men who were going into a certain profession, I said, 'They all appear to be *lopsided* men.' His answer was: 'My dear fellow, did you ever meet a man who was not lopsided?' This uniqueness of the man, displaying itself most of all in his recognition of uniqueness in everybody else, is what makes these letters of James an admirable introduction to his philosophy. His problem, so to speak, is incarnate in his own person, and it is suggested by his attitude to his correspondents.

Deeply interesting it is to observe the wide variations in the tone, the style, the matter of the letters, according to the correspondent whom James is addressing. Among collections of letters recently published several could be named off-hand which serve only to reveal the uniformity of the writer's own personality. But these letters reveal also the personalities of those to whom they are addressed. They introduce us effectively, not only to William

James, but to his circle of friends. After a little practice you can put your hand over the name at the head of the letter and, reading a few sentences, make a shrewd guess as to the man, or woman, he is addressing. And, of course, in revealing his correspondent, James reveals himself far more clearly than if he wrote from the egocentric position. Unconsciously he acted in his correspondence on the principle, which is the rule of all fine and chivalrous spirits, of 'so helping others to affirm their personalities as to affirm one's own at the same time.'

In this way the letters become an introduction, not only to James's Pragmatism, but to his ethics and to his religion: for in spite of his own hesitations on the point, or perhaps in consequence of them, there can be no doubt, save to those whose minds are obsessed by narrow definitions, that he was a profoundly religious man. To recognize the uniqueness of one's neighbor, and to concede him his rights as a unique individual, is at the same time to proclaim the doctrine of Free Will by putting it into action as the law of our human relationships — the one form in which freedom can never be overthrown.

In this connection, it is not without significance that one of the closest friendships revealed by these letters is that which subsisted between James and the most formidable of his philosophical opponents — Josiah Royce. One has only to look at the photograph in which they are presented together, to realize that these two high-souled antagonists welcomed each other's presence in the universe. In the view of James, the form of philosophy was essentially dramatic — no monologue of a solitary sage, but a partnership of reciprocally interacting minds, each bringing its own contribution in response to some definite need of the human spirit, and deriving enrichment of meaning from its contact with the others. Behind them all he saw the 'will to believe,' or the will to disbelieve, as the case might be; and, though his perception of this often irritated opponents in their attitude toward him, its effect upon his attitude toward them was to raise his toleration to the point of positive sympathy.

'It's a will-to-believe on both sides,' he wrote to Charles H. Strong in 1907. 'I am perfectly willing that others should disbelieve: why should not you be tolerantly interested in the spectacle of my belief? . . . Meanwhile, I take delight, or *shall* take delight, in any efforts you may make to negate all superhuman consciousness, for only by these attempts can a satisfactory *modus vivendi* be established.' Here, no doubt, the severe logician will detect an inconsistency. Why should the thinker who desires his own work to prevail extend a warm welcome to another thinker who says the flat opposite? Only a sportsman can answer the question, though his answer, when given, will be quite unintelligible to the mere logician. The sportsman desires to win, but if he is a true sportsman, he will be glad rather than sorry when the crew that steps into the competing boat is as highly trained as his own. This, too, is inconsistent. By no device of logical ingenuity can you reconcile your desire to win with your preference for an opponent who has a fair chance of beating you. It is a paradox which James discovered in philosophy, and which he thoroughly enjoyed. He was a great master in things appertaining to the sportsmanship of the Spirit.

'He looks more like a sportsman than a professor,' said one of his pupils. To which we may add that he looked what he was, and that it would be good for philosophy if more of its professors looked like him.

III

Both from the tone and from the substance of these letters it is abundantly evident that for James the critical things of life were the personal relations. More than once he says so, *totidem verbis*. 'Ideality is only to be found in the personal relations.' 'The best things in life are its friendships.' One can imagine him subscribing without much hesitation to the saying of William Blake: 'The general good is the plea of the scoundrel, the hypocrite and the flatterer. He who would do good, let him do it in minute particulars.' From this saying the distance is not great to the following sentences from a letter to Mrs. Henry Whitman: 'Let us all be as we are, save when we want to reform ourselves. The only unpardonable crime is that of wanting to reform *one another*.' His rejection of the conceptual mode of arriving at truth is here reflected in his distrust of regimentation as a means of arriving at good conduct. For a striking passage, which reveals his inner mind on this subject, take the following from another letter to the last-named correspondent: —

'As for me, my bed is made: I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms, and with the invisible molecular forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride if you give them time. The bigger the unit you deal with, the hollower, the more brutal, the more mendacious, is the life displayed. So I am against all the big organizations as such, national ones first and foremost; against all big successes and big results; and in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way — under-dogs always, till history comes, after they are long dead, and puts them on the top.'

Had James lived ten years longer and witnessed the war, and the hideous confusion sequent upon it to which the blundering blindness of the 'big organizations' has brought the world, he would not have found it necessary to add, as he does, that his words on this subject would probably be 'quite unintelligible to anybody but myself.' The truth they tell is precisely what the war and its after-effects have made intelligible to everybody. We see, on the one hand, the big organizations, 'especially the national ones,' everywhere confronted by problems with which they are wholly incapable of coping; attempting to govern the action of forces which are intrinsically beyond human control both in their vastness and in their infinite complexity; while, on the other hand, the *pretense* of coping with them surrounds the whole operation with an atmosphere of make-believe and mendacity, which not only discredits government as such, but demoralizes the character of the politician and of the citizen who follows him. In the attempt to keep up this fiction, on which the very life of the big organizations depends, the politics of the world, both national and international, become, for the most part, a mere struggle for power among those who are ambitious to sit in the seats of the mighty; and to this struggle the real interests of mankind, which government is supposed to serve, are sacrificed wholesale.

Against the regimental mode of thought which, beginning in the realms of speculative philosophy, ends by staging this fatal force on the boards of history, William James was, by both temperament and conviction, a rebel. For ages past our civilization has been obsessed by the notion that man is a being whose first and outstanding need is the need *to be governed*. But we have

only to read over the first essay in *The Will to Believe* to satisfy ourselves that this is precisely the conception of man which James challenges from the outset. The first need of man is the need to be *taught* and not the need to be governed. *Au fond* man is an ungovernable being, who, in the last resort, submits to no law 'save that which is imposed by his own sense of fitness.' There is no such thing as 'keeping him in his place,' for the simple reason that his life consists in the process of moving out of his place and finding a new one, in obedience to a creative impulse which it were a sin to deny and a crime to restrain.

That this is the position to which the doctrine of 'the will to believe' ultimately leads up is, I think, abundantly clear from the passage I have just quoted from the *Letters*. At this point James's 'Humanism' and his 'Americanism' are two names for the same thing. Unlike his brother Henry, his heart was always with the American rather than the European type of civilization, and the root of his preference, so far as it was the result of reflection, lay in the fact that America gives to 'the molecular forces' a wider freedom to play their part.

'My dear Mack,' he writes to his brother-in-law, 'we "intellectuals" in America must all work to keep our precious birthright of individualism, and of freedom from these institutions. Every great institution is perforce a means of corruption — whatever good it may also do.'

And again, to Miss Frances R. Morse, 'God bless the American climate, with its transparent, passionate, impulsive variety and headlong fling. . . . God bless America in general. . . . Talk of corruption! We don't know what the word corruption means at home, with our improvised and shifting agencies of crude pecuniary bribery, compared with the solidly entrenched and permanently organized corruptive geniuses of monarchy, nobility, church, army, that penetrate the very bosom of the higher kinds as well as the lower kinds of people in all the European States (except Switzerland) and sophisticate their motives away from the impulse to straightforward handling of any simple case.'

These words were written more than twenty years ago. How far America may still deserve the blessings which James here invokes upon her is not for the present writer to say. But that the war and the sequel to the war have left the 'great institutions' of Europe more exposed than ever to capture by sinister forces hardly admits of a doubt. Even the League of Nations, designed by its first authors for the express purpose of countering these forces, seems, at the present moment, to be in no little danger of yielding to them. What, indeed, would James have said about this well-meant effort to cure 'the big organizations' of their inherent vices by creating a yet bigger one, which shall include them all? There is nothing in these letters to indicate that he would have blessed it. That he was a lover of peace is, of course, evident enough; and if further proof is needed, it can be found in his *Moral Equivalent for War*. But in this matter, as in so many others, we should have found him, I imagine, with the molecular forces and against the big organizations.

IV

To the present writer William James appears as the forerunner of a time when Education will have become the primary concern of mankind and Government secondary, when 'light' will be esteemed more highly than 'power' — an order which reverses their relative positions at the present moment. From his whole view of the universe, and of

man as a creative element within it, it follows that the problem of developing the unused energies of the human mind is of far greater importance than that of controlling by regulative systems the energies that are now in operation. Indeed, we may say that the second problem, on which all our political activities are now centred, will be solved only in so far as we approach to a solution of the first. By giving to men the largest scope and opportunity to develop as free creative individuals, we establish the only conditions under which personal, social, and national morality can flourish. Right relations between man and man, between nation and nation, are impossible on any other terms.

The whole group of doctrines which centre round 'the will to believe' need, therefore, to be restudied in the light of the history of the last ten years. In the conception of a 'block universe,' against which James never ceased to lift up his voice, will be found the parent and prototype of all the stereotyped systems, whether of social order or of religious thought, which successive seekers after power have sought in vain to impose upon a rebellious world, thereby diverting the forces that are needed for the education of mankind into a struggle for the mastery, which moves forever in a vicious circle and whose principal fruit is misery and disaster.

By his own confession, James left his work incomplete; he felt that he had built 'only one side of the arch.' The completion will come when a mind arises sufficiently powerful to correlate the pragmatic principle with the great movements of human history now in progress. There is little danger that his teachings will be forgotten; the march of events will continue to bring them to mind; and though the form in which he left them may be altered, the spirit that inspired them will live on and play an ever-increasing part in moulding the civilization of the future. William James is probably the best contribution America has so far made toward establishing the final community of mankind. But it will not be a community after the type of any of the 'big organizations' now in existence.

I may be reminded that what we are here concerned with is not the teaching, but the man. For answer, I would repeat that the two are essentially one. In revealing that unity, Mr. Henry James has shown us his father as he essentially was, has paid a tribute to his memory than which none could be more fitting, and at the same time has made a contribution of great importance to the literature of his native land. The picture that he has presented reinforces at all points the essential values of the life and work of William James, and leaves upon those who knew him the impression of a living portrait.

In the well-known sermon of Phillips Brooks, named 'The Candle of the Lord,' there are a few sentences that seem to me to sum up the man as he is here presented to us, and perhaps I may be forgiven for quoting them at length.

'There is in a community a man of large character, whose influence runs everywhere. You cannot talk with any man in all the city but you get, shown in that man's own way, the thought, the feeling of that central man who teaches all the community to think, to feel. The very boys catch something of his power, and have something about them that would not be there if he were not living in the town. What better description can you give of all that than to say that that man's life was fire, and that all those men's lives were candles that he lighted, which gave to the rich, warm, live, fertile nature that was in him multiplied points of exhibition, so that he lighted the town through them?'

IN THE SHADOW OF FANEUHI

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

TOWARD evening the wind died away to a little breeze from the southeast; barely enough to fill the sails of the schooner and ruffle gently the calm surface of the sea. Banks of cloud, gold-rimmed and flushing in the sunset, were piled above the horizon, and beneath them loomed a purplish blur of land — the skyline of Huahine, first of the Leeward Islands.

I was stretched on the after-deck, listening to the faint lap and gurgle of water under the counter. The sound of subdued laughter came from the forecastle, breaking a murmur of voices speaking softly in the native tongue. The ship's bell sounded twice, seemed to hesitate, and rang twice again. A sailor in dungarees and a ragged straw hat came aft to replace the helmsman, who yawned as he stepped aside from the wheel, stretching huge bare arms in a gesture of relief. I noticed for the first time that he was of a type rarely seen in the islands to-day: a hand's-breadth taller than what we count a tall man; superbly proportioned on a giant scale, and light-skinned as a Sicilian or Catalan.

The white man beside me looked up with a scowl. He was a lean and bilious gentleman, with eyebrows that twitched unpleasantly when he spoke, and the air of perpetual discontent that goes with a dyspeptic mouth. I used to wonder why the directors had selected him for his task — the collection of Polynesian material for the cases of an American museum.

'Have a look at that boy,' he remarked; 'I've collected in a good many parts of the world, but I never had to deal with such people as these Kanakas. They're liars and thieves, every one of them, and that overgrown rascal Teriiaro is the worst of the lot. He took me in for a while — I was quite warmed up over his yarns of a burial-cave at Opoa.

'I was sent here to get together a lot of weapons and bowls and ornaments — genuine old stuff. Nowadays it is all stowed away in the burial-caves; there must be hundreds of them scattered through the islands, but if you think it is easy to find one, try it some day! I don't want to carry away bones — the French government won't allow that; all I want is the ethnological stuff and measurements of a series of old skulls. Living specimens don't prove much, because the modern native is saturated with white blood. Even among the natives the secrets of the burial-caves are closely guarded; I discovered that after I'd wasted three months without getting on the track of one. By that time everyone on the beach knew what I was after, and that I was offering a thousand francs to the man who would show me what I wanted to see. Then one morning Teriiaro knocked at my door, shaky and bleareyed at the end of a seven-day spree. He speaks a little English.

'His proposition was simple: for a thousand francs down and another thousand when the job was finished to my satisfaction, he would show me the burial-cave at Opoa — the biggest of

them all, he claimed. We were to run down to Raiatea by different boats, and while I waited at Uturoa, he would go ahead to see that the coast was clear, bring out and hide all the stuff he could carry, and return to take me around the island by night in his canoe. I had to swear not to give him away.

'Jackson gave me a line on the boy. I said I was considering him for a guide to help me explore the interior of Raiatea. Yes — he knew the island well; people lived near Opoa; chiefs since heathen times. Well, I took a chance. I waited at Uturoa and finally Teriiaro came to tell me that he had failed; years before, he had known the cave, but now he could n't find it — perhaps a landslide had blocked it up. I was put out; he had taken my money and made a fool of me; but I raised such a row about my thousand francs that, when we got back to Tahiti, he persuaded old Jackson — Ah, here's Jackson now.'

A thin old man in pajamas was coming aft. His eyes of faded blue regarded the world with a glance at once kindly and cynical; a short curved pipe — so permanently affixed that it seemed as much a part of him as his nose — protruded through the curtain of a white moustache. The manager of the Atoll Trading Company was known to remove his pipe, now and then, in order to knock out the ashes and fill it; and presumably it did not remain in his mouth when he slept; but at other times it was to be seen in place, trailing a blue wisp of smoke, and lending to his utterances — pronounced between teeth forever held apart by a quarter-inch of hard rubber — an individual quality. Old Jackson is a person of considerable education, and probably the most successful trader in eastern Polynesia; and he knows more of the native life than is considered good for a white man. As he sat down carefully beside me, settling his back against the rail, the collector rose to go below. The trader smiled behind his moustache.

'Still croaking about his thousand francs, eh?' he said, when the other was gone. 'Teriiaro paid that long ago — I lent him the money myself. I fancy he 's been telling you what a lot of thieves and liars the natives are — a conclusion based on a single experience. No doubt he 's right — the native does n't differ very much from the rest of us. But Teriiaro, though he does drink a bit, is not a bad boy; I've known his grandfather for twenty years, and you won't come across a finer old chap. The men of the family were hereditary high priests at Opoa for centuries, and the missionaries still suspect the old man of dabbling in heathenism. The boy was probably lying when he told this collector person he could n't find the cave; he admitted as much to me when he asked me to lend him the money to make good his advance. I 'll give you his side of the story as he told it to me that day; you can believe what you like — the native yarn, at any rate, is the more entertaining of the two.

'From the time of his birth, Teriiaro lived at the mouth of the valley of Opoa, — at the foot of Faneuhi, the sacred mountain, — in the house of his grandfather, Matatua. There is not a drop of white blood in the family, which is of the highest aristocracy, as natives go; you 've seen the boy — a much bigger man, and lighter-colored, than the run of them. Before the missionaries came, Opoa, on the island of Raiatea, was the holiest place in the Eastern Pacific: Oro, the war-god, was born there, and human sacrifices were brought from distant islands to be slain before the platform of rock in the grove of ironwood trees. When a high chief died, his body, embalmed by rubbing with cocoanut oil and the juices of

herbs, was laid on the *marae* for the ceremonies which would admit his spirit to *Rohutu Noanoa* — the Sweet-Scented Heaven. After that, the corpse was borne, secretly and by night, far into the recesses of the valley, to a cave known only to the few who were its guardians. Nowadays the forest has grown thick about the neglected marae, and the natives fear the place as the haunt of evil spirits, saying that the hunter of a wild pig or gatherer of firewood who sets foot on that ground will be afflicted with a palsy, or break out with loathsome sores like those of a leper.

'Matatua, the grandfather of Teriiaro, is a wizard of great repute among the people. They believe that he can foretell the future, invoke the spirits of the dead, and lay spells which cause those who incur his displeasure to sicken and die. He alone on the island can subdue the fury of the fire in the *Umuti*, and by the power of his incantations pass unharmed — with those to whom he gives leave — over the white-hot stones. The missionary at Uturoa, to whom Matatua is a thorn in the flesh, came once to view this fire-walking; but he could make nothing of it and said that it was devil's work — that Matatua was an unholy man, to be avoided like the devil himself. Nevertheless, the people still come from great distances to consult Matatua — though secretly, for fear the missionary might hear of it.

'During the boyhood of Teriiaro, there were times of year when strange visitors came to the old man's house — gray-haired men of stately carriage and slow speech. No one could say whence they came, and the boy — dozing on his mat — could hear them until far into the night, speaking with his grandfather in an old language he could not understand. Sometimes, when the talking was finished, they passed quietly out into the darkness; sometimes the boy fell asleep, and awoke at daybreak to find them gone and Matatua sleeping heavily in his corner. Once, when the moon was in its last quarter and he could see dimly, he rose as they went out and followed secretly until he saw them disappear in the forest where the skulls lie by the marae; but fear overcame him then, and he turned back. On those nights, fishermen on the barrier reef saw awesome things: glowing masses of flame, like pale comets, rushing down the mountainside; fitful glares on the tree-tops, as of fires suddenly fed and as suddenly extinguished; and sometimes, if the night breeze blew strongly from the land, they heard the faint deep throb of drums.

'As Teriiaro grew older, his grandfather began to tell him stories of the old days: of forays against distant islands; of heroes, chiefs, and magic *omore* — short club-like spears, fashioned by wizards and hardened in fires kindled at the ever-burning oven of Miru. The names of these omore, together with legends of the warriors who bore them, have lived from generation to generation in the islands — handed down in traditions like those of Excalibur, or the magic sword of Roland.

'Once the old man took the boy with him, far up into the valley, to gather herbs. At a place where three great *miro* trees grew apart from the rest of the forest, Matatua led the way to the base of a cliff. Directing his grandson to bind dry cocoanut fronds for a torch, he moved aside a thin slab of stone, disclosing a passage into the bowels of the mountain. Presently they stood in a lofty cavern, its ceiling lost in shadows that advanced and retreated in the flickering torchlight. From niches about the rocky walls looked out the skulls of men long dead; on the dry sandy floor, in ordered rows, lay

the gigantic figures of chiefs, bound with wrappings of delicately plaited cinnet; and beside each dead warrior was his polished omore of ironwood. And Matatua led the way from one to another, telling the names of men and of the clubs they had borne, and reciting their deeds in the poetic words of other days.

'In this way, Teriiaro came to know of the Sacred Cave of Opoa. On account of a woman, he left the house of his grandfather and came to Tahiti. Tetua was her name — she lived in the district of Opoa and her pretty face caught the fancy of Teriiaro. Her family was of the lowest class of society — the *Manahune*, whom some believe to be the descendants of an aboriginal race, smaller and darker-skinned than the Polynesian immigrants. Matatua sternly forbade the match — the gulf between the families was too great. But Teriiaro was no longer a child, and one night he and the girl stole away to Uturoa by canoe, and took passage on a schooner to Papeete.

'I heard their story when he came to my office asking for work. As it chanced, I needed an extra hand to unload copra, and for a time he and Tetua got on happily enough. Then the boy began to run wild, wandering about at night with drunken companions and sleeping wherever the rum overcame him. The girl used to stop me on the streets, her eyes swollen with tears, and ask if I could n't do something to keep her husband straight.

'I got tired of it, finally, and put him aboard a schooner trading through the Paumotu. Hard work and clean living soon made a man of him; but when he returned to Papeete, the story was always the same. It was at the end of one of these sprees that he heard of the collector and made up his mind to rifle the Opoa burial-cave.

'Had such a proposal been made to him when he first arrived in Tahiti, he would have dismissed the idea with horror. But he had been a long time in Papeete and had heard white men, whose wisdom he had no reason to doubt, ridicule the old beliefs — calling them heathen nonsense, fit only to deceive the ignorant. The offer of money in advance was an irresistible temptation; he spent the thousand francs on drink and dresses for Tetua, before his departure for the Leeward Group.

'The collector stopped in Uturoa, as they had agreed, while Teriiaro went on to the house of his grandfather. The old man received him gravely, saying that he had done well to come home, for reports of his bad habits in Tahiti had reached Raiatea. If he suspected the object of Teriiaro's visit, he gave no sign, and the boy began to fancy, with a faint new-born contempt, — even here, in the shadow of Faneuhi, the sacred mountain, — that, after all, white men were right. But he pretended interest when Matatua spoke of a desire to initiate him in the wisdom of the ancients, and suggested that he leave home no more.

'On the third morning the old man launched his canoe, telling his grandson that he was obliged to make a trip to Tevaitoa, on the far side of the island, where he owned land. There was copra to be weighed and sold — he might be gone a week. Teriiaro stood on the beach until the canoe had rounded a distant wooded point. His chance had come.

'It was still early when he started on his journey inland. The grass was still damp with dew; the air was cool, and fragrant with the scent of *pua* blossoms. He was thinking of the things he would buy with the second thousand francs: a new guitar, bright with pearl inlay, which would mark him as a man

of substance among his friends; the long-coveted watch with a luminous dial; a pair of shoes for Tetua, the kind with high heels, such as the half-caste girls in Papeete wear. His feet were as nimble as his thoughts; he glanced up, and the three great miro trees, stately and sombre as in the days of his boyhood, stood before him. The rest of the story I can tell you only as he told it to me.

'When he had bound torches of dried cocoanut frond, he walked toward the base of the cliff, where years before his grandfather had shown him the entrance of the cavern. As he drew near the place, he saw a thing that made him pause. There, on a great rock, — glaring at him and seeming to oppose his passage, — was a lizard far larger than any known in the islands to-day. "Ah," thought the boy, in half-terrified bravado, "does my grandfather leave the king of all the lizards to guard his dry bones when he is away?" But when he cast a stone at the lizard, it vanished, and in its place stood an old man with hair as white as coral long bleached in the sun. His eyes were terrible to see; they held the eyes of Teriiaro with a strange power, causing his courage to melt away, and the strength to flow from his limbs. Then the life went out of him, and he knew no more until he became aware of a beating in his brain — a sound which changed to the throbbing of a great drum.

'When his eyes opened he saw what chilled his blood. There was the marae with its row of skulls, lighted from either side by torches which seemed trees aflame. On the platform of rock lay a shapeless thing, like an unhewn log, wound about with fine cinnet and decked with tufts of red feathers. At the foot of the marae was gathered a company of tall old men, dressed in the fashion of the ancient days, and in their midst one knelt by the Ofai Tuturu — the Praying-Stone — intoning a solemn chant. It seemed to Teriiaro that the priest was offering up something that lay before him. At times he paused in his chanting, and held up both hands toward the image on the marae. Then the drums thundered and the flame of the burning trees seemed to leap up with redoubled brightness. Moving his head a little, the boy saw that the offering was the dead body of a man; and at that moment the priest plucked out an eye and held it above his head, while the drums throbbed louder and deeper than before, and the huge torches, which seemed never to be consumed, sent flames leaping to the tops of the ironwood trees.

'As full consciousness returned to him, Teriiaro realized with a sudden pang of terror that his hands and feet were bound, and that two silent men, with axes of dolerite in their hands, stood over him. Was he destined to lie where the body of that other man lay now — an offering to the feathered and shapeless god? He nearly swooned at the thought; and when he felt himself seized and lifted by many hands, his senses left him for the second time.

'A blinding light awakened him — the morning sun, shining through a familiar doorway, was full on his face. Filled with wonder and relief, he glanced about. There in the old corner, sleeping peacefully on a mat, lay Matatua, his grandfather. Teriiaro began to hope that he had only dreamed a strangely vivid and terrifying dream; but presently he noticed on his arm a loop of cinnet, tied in a curious manner; and as he puzzled over this, a disquieting memory came back to him — a saying of his grandfather that in heathen days a victim destined for sacrifice was thus distinguished.

'Stealthily and in haste he launched his canoe and paddled away from the

place to which he would never dare return. In Uturoa he heard a story that did not lessen his terror: a fisherman of Tevaitoa had gone alone in his canoe to the reef, and no man had seen him since. There had been lights on the reef that night, — other fishermen, doubtless, from farther up the coast, — but no trace of this man or his canoe remained. So Teriiaro was not sorry when the schooner for Tahiti came; he neither slept nor ceased to glance behind him until he landed on the Papeete beach.'

Old Jackson peered at me as he finished his improbable tale. The moon was up, and in its clear light I could see the wrinkles about his eyes and the gleam of white eyebrows and moustache. His pipe had burned out; I watched him fumble for a moment before he took it from his mouth with an air of sudden resolution. Without a word, he filled it from an enormous rubber pouch and replaced it hastily between his teeth. When the tobacco was burning, he spoke again.

'You know what a row this collector made,' he said; 'the boy was so badly scared that I advanced the money myself to avoid a fuss. Teriiaro is a first-rate hand on a schooner, but he's not keen on making this Raiatea trip — watch him to-morrow, and you'll see that he won't set foot ashore.'

CARMILLA'S TEACHER

BY LEONORA PEASE

I

'Is teacher gone by de school?' asked Carmilla anxiously of the big boy sweeping the steps that led up from the cement walk, where Carmilla stood, to the level of the sunny oblongs of windows in the old-fashioned house of the three Miss Shannons.

The big boy stopped sweeping.

'Is de green teacher gone?' pursued Carmilla, referring to Miss Shannon of the green gown.

'Dunno,' he answered, looking down on Carmilla reflectively. 'The brown teacher's went.'

'Is de blue one?'

'Yep, she's went, too.'

Across the square, from the windows opposite, Marian had just flung impatiently behind her, 'Hurry up, mamma, and comb my hair — there's the blue Miss Shannon going.'

At a quarter to eight, five mornings out of the week, the brown Miss Shannon walked west up the square to the Avenue, where the car ran north; at eight o'clock, the blue Miss Shannon walked west up the square to the Avenue and the car going south; and at eight-fifteen, the green Miss Shannon walked east past the end of the square to the schoolhouse.

Carmilla herself lived east, over the other side of the school and the car-tracks, on which the cars went clanging

and banging and whizzing under the school's east windows, and from which most of the teachers alighted mornings. From this squatty and grimy locality Carmilla escaped, across the strip of asphalt drive, to the cement walk and the steps down which the green Miss Shannon was awaited, to the brilliant plot of grass and new-blown elms of the square, to the red and yellow tulips set out in their bed to welcome the spring. If some whimsical gardener had set Carmilla, in slim green dress and round red-and-yellow hat, down among them, she would have made a flaunting little human tulip. Instead, in her little faded cotton slip, with mop of dark hair over forehead and neck, black eyes big and sad, Carmilla was an appealing small waif of a child as she waited there by the flower-bed for her teacher.

Theresa Steffanelli, now breathlessly accosting the big boy, 'Is teacher gone by de school?' was in better harmony with the color-scheme. Her bright-blue sweater over a scarlet skirt, plump pink cheeks under an outstanding crop of dark hair tied with a flaring bow of red ribbon, made a brilliant splotch against the gray of the walk. The splotch became a streak as Dominic appeared panting behind Theresa, in his green sweater banded with red; and Jassamine, following, contributed the yellow of her long, overhanging sweater. A little farther along the walk, Angelo, in startling new green pants (fastened with some uncertainty by safety-pins to his shirt), bore down upon the common goal, and Mary formed a drab tail in her washed-out print gown. As she perched herself on the green Miss Shannon's lowest step, Mary explained demurely, 'I dot a sweat-uh, but I not dot it on now.' Marian, flying from across the square, in white apron, her bright fluffy curls contrasting with Jassamine's black tresses slicked back from the parting to the two buttons of coiled pigtails, came in time for the flutter and swirl in the bevy of children, which announced the green Miss Shannon descending the steps.

At the moment, in her green dress, fair hair coiled high on her head, and smiling face, the green Miss Shannon might have been mistaken for spring. The old-fashioned houses of the old-fashioned square were so near the school that she had no more need of a hat this morning than had the Italian women of the neighborhood, or Theresa, Carmilla, and Jassamine. Like a breeze of spring, she blew the bambinos before her with a 'Now see who can get to the corner first.'

Another bit of brightness came up with the green Miss Shannon from the rear and caught step — 'de teacher by Room 15,' whose house was around the corner of the square. Snappy black eyes and satiny black hair in buns over her ears, thin beau-catcher curl glued in the middle of her forehead, well-powdered nose, modish one-piece blue taffeta gown above her trim, pointed French-heeled boots, the young Miss O'Callahan seemed to be protesting, 'Teachers are not going to be frumps any longer.' Miss O'Callahan was on her second-year salary, but she lived at home, and managed by charge accounts to keep her clothes paid for, and to squeeze out five dollars for her Grade Teachers' Association — more than some did. She was an intelligent young woman, and twice as good a teacher as she looked.

Walking over from the car on the Avenue, and nearing them from behind, were Miss Fletcher, tall and fair, grammar grade, Miss Marie DeMar, stout and dark, primary, both inconspicuously and economically dressed, and Miss Jarvis, domestic science, well attired. Miss Jarvis was a 'special,' and on higher salary. Teachers of domestic science had originally put in more time

at Normal School, but now went through in the same time as the elementary teachers, and their superior rank had begun to grind on the elementaries. The elementaries had subsisted on meagre pay until the war, when their unexpected exodus from the classroom brought an alarmed and speedy but cautious increase in their salaries, with more generous raises for the higher-paid groups. It seemed an established idea that they should be the lowest paid in the service.

'But if the manual-training men get more pay, why should n't the domestic-science women?' an apologist might begin.

'Yes, of course, and the singing, and all the other specials — What I want to know is, what is the matter with the grade teachers? Who works harder than we do?' an elementary would muster spunk to ask; a query that could not get itself answered, and the thing went on grinding.

'My kid sister,' Miss O'Callahan was saying, on their walk through the morning sunshine to the schoolhouse, 'says she'll never be a teacher — not on your life. My father wants her to go to Normal, but she says she's going to business college.'

'Just what my niece declares,' joined in Miss Fletcher. 'She thinks it 's enough to look at me.'

'I wish I could do anything else,' the green Miss Shannon threw in wistfully, 'but teach school.'

The remark would not have been noticed from another speaker; but the green Miss Shannon, — she of the smiling eyes and cheering word, never ailing or complaining or indignant or critical, — from the reformer's point of view the most dangerous of optimists!

'You too?' the stout, dark teacher said. She was herself not unaware of the irony of things, but temperamentally humorous and profoundly patient.

'Say, if anything should separate you two from the service,' Miss O'Callahan protested, 'what 's to become of me, and Miss Polonski, and the rest of us sweet young things? We think we know the game when we come out of Normal, but we can't stand long before our classes without running to you to ask what 's the next move.'

'So I've observed,' Miss Fletcher rejoined, as they went in at the teachers' entrance, and on to the office key-board to take down their keys.

Speeding down the hall with her bright troop, the green Miss Shannon espied the diminutive Salvadore Delmonico, contrary to rules, waiting at the door of Room 16. His small body was agitated by an emotion beyond his present expression in English, as he poured out, 'Teacher — de big boy come — teacher, de big boy he go by de desk — de big boy he swipe all de marbles on you — he runs away — runs down dat way —'

The marbles! That treasured collection, held in trust. For every marble that went thump, thump, thump on the floor in school-time, custody in that safe repository, the right-hand drawer of teacher's desk; but at the end of the term, restoration. Now many pairs of big dark eyes of rightful owners will watch the progress of recapture. And the nine cents, ah, the nine cents of Theresa, entrusted to teacher's care yesterday and forgotten — what of that? And the soul of the big boy — should it not be rescued from such a pitfall?

'Down dat way,' into the boys' basement, in pursuit, hurries teacher; gets wind of one Pasquale Pappa, hales him into Room 16 ere the nine o'clock gong strikes. What of the marbles, Pasquale Pappa? What of the nine cents?

Pasquale looks accusingly upon Salvadore.

'Yes, I was bring de waste-basket

last night by de sweepers. I see him,' pointing at Salvadore, 'swipe de marble out de teacher's desk, an' he give me one an' I drop it back. I tell him if he do dat, de teacher'll holler on him.'

'I wants my mudder,' screams Salvadore, 'my mudder, my mudder, my mudder!'

The game is up. But the marbles, who has the marbles? 'Rafael has de marble.' — 'No, teacher, Salvadore give de marble.' — 'Who else has the marbles?'

Here they stand in a row — Michael, Tony, Joseph, Rafael, Dominic, Jaspar. — 'Teacher, Salvadore give de marble.' — 'Where are they now?' — Lost, gamed, given, swiped — scattered. And the money, the nine cents?

'No, teacher, I did n't rob de moneys on youze. It's a sin to rob de moneys on de teacher.' His father Salvadore can deceive, his mother he can hoax, 'de teacher' he cannot. 'Where is the money?' It is at home hidden in 'my mudder's' sweater pocket. 'Go home and get it.' Emanuel, the largest boy in the grade, conducts him.

II

Two new dark little boys come in and present paper slips to teacher. Already she has fifty-three bambinos for the forty-eight seats. A fiction prevails in school-circles (obtained from averages) of forty-eight pupils to a room, and a pleasantry of forty-two to a room. But there are the elastic small chairs.

'What is your name? John Scully? That's an Irish name,' laughs the green Miss Shannon.

'Yes, yes,' says John; for only 'yes, yes' can he say.

'But you're not Irish,' the nice teacher jokes.

'Yes, yes.'

'You're Italian.'

'Yes, yes.'

'How do you spell it? Ah, "Sculle,"' reads the green Miss Shannon. 'Paul Brosseau. You're a little French boy, are n't you?"

'No, ma'am — Catholeek.'

Max brings a note: —

'Dear Teacher,

All of your children are hitting my Maxie on the way home. I want that stopped. I'll tell the principal. And they make noses on him. I want that stopped. Another thing, they always take his things, and I want that stopped.

Your loving

Mrs. Rosenberg.'

The Italian parents cannot write notes, not so much as excuses for tardiness. The laggards are many. They must be punished; they must learn the sorry fate of the sluggard; they shall not sing with the others; they shall sit in a row on low chairs back of the teacher till the singing is over. 'They sing at me,' the culprits complain, and weep. They sing at them, 'A birdie with a yellow bill,' and point and shake their forefingers. 'Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy head?' They sing at them, 'Tick-tock, tick-tock, clocks are saying,' and at 'Then comes school and — don't — be — late,' 'Dey shakes deir fingers on me,' Anthony says, and weeps more.'

Will he be sitting on this little mourning bench to-morrow? No, he will come early, and stand up by his seat and sing and point and shake his finger at the woeful mites who will be sitting as now he is sitting. The joy of singing shall be his, and the fun of being a make-believe car of the six make-believe trains in the room, seven cars long, and the first child is an engine. Arms touching shoulders in front, imitative feet shuffling, left hand for a whistle, right hand rings the bell, off goes the train: —

'Chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu,
I am a chu-chu train;

Blow the whistle, ring the bell,
Now we'll start again.
Chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu,
See how fast I go.
When I come to bridges,
Then I'm — very — s-l-o-w.'

Now they are standing very straight, as the green Miss Shannon is standing, right-hand fingers outspread, three fingers stiff, two curved, left forefinger ready to be the captain:—

'Five little soldiers standing in a row.
Three stood up straight and two — just so.
Along came the captain, and, what do you think?
Up they all jumped as quick as a wink.'

They hit the *t*'s and the *n* and the *k* at the end of the words, as the green Miss Shannon shows them. If some do not, they sing it again. It is just as in the phonics lesson, which comes after the singing. The phonics lesson consists of making sounds, after the manner of beasts, birds, and insects which have preceded them up the scale of being, even as the green Miss Shannon makes sounds: sounds of the English tongue, associated with symbols of the English language. A disguised drill, vivified by the green Miss Shannon, carried along with enthusiasm — but interrupted.

Emanuel and Salvadore reappear. The morals lesson is allowed to fit the occasion. Nobody has yet instructed teacher to put the morals lesson at a certain time on the programme. Salvadore brings to teacher a bright new dime. No tears, no nine cents; only a bright new dime. Teacher looks upon the dime, upon Salvadore, upon Emanuel. Emanuel is Jewish, and does not know the Italian words Salvadore talked to his father. Is it that teacher has another time demanded the dime for the yarn used in the weaving of the doll rug, for the paste, for the crayons, what not? Salvadore shall have the dime for his teacher. Ah, that was teacher's slip. Now Peter shall take back the new dime and make inquiries of the father, and Salvadore shall sit in Room 16 until Peter returns, and shall read his lesson.

Salvadore does not wish to read his lesson. He loves to sing, he loves to draw, he does not love to read. He has lost his book. Phena too has forgotten her book. Dominic has torn his. Jaspar has chewed the corners off his. Concetti's is very dirty. Carmilla's is a maze of loose pages, which she carefully keeps in order and reads like a public speaker turning the pages of his manuscript. Teacher has found another book for Salvadore to read from, and Phena may sit with Marian, whose book, carefully covered with brown cambric, is clean and untorn. Teacher looks with bright eyes on Marian, and speaks glad words of her book. But the rest may not 'make nice their books like teacher says.' They get them 'off my big brudder,' or 'by de principal,' and never were they as Marian's.

'Yiz can buy dem off de candy woman,' volunteers Theresa.

'Yiz! What should you say?' reminds teacher.

With a little toss of her head, 'Youze,' Theresa corrects herself. So continuously does teacher struggle to break the mould of environment.

Rosie finds the picture-lesson page for Salvadore — the picture of many bugs. 'Who sees a new word? Salvadore?' — 'Teacher, I know — bug.' Last year teacher must *not* tell the new word; the new word was sacred to phonics. This year the principal says teacher *must* tell the new word. No, the word is not 'bug.' It is what bees say. 'What are bees?' — 'They are fairies,' says Phena, looking at the picture. They have wings. 'Who has been to the country?' Tony. Everybody points to Tony. 'Tony wuz by de country.' But neither does Tony know bees from fairies.

So teacher tells and Marian reads. Carmilla listens and reads just as Marian has read. 'Now read the last sentence, Carmilla.' Carmilla must read from the top, swiftly, with a little hum, till she comes to it. 'Do you like to make honey?' she reads glibly, and looks up to find that teacher's eyes have the little jokes in them. Like Salvadore, Carmilla cannot fool teacher. Now Salvadore will read: —

'"Bugs, bugs, little bees. Do you like to fly sunshines? You are busy little bees to make moneys for me. Do you like to make moneys?"' Money means something to Salvadore, honey does not.

Down falls Jimmie's marble, thump, thump, thump, rolling on the floor to teacher. Teacher says, 'Um! Another lovely marble I have for my collection.' Carmilla sees that teacher looks with bright eyes upon the marble. It must be that teacher likes the beautiful marble. Carmilla has no beautiful marble to give to teacher, but she has the glass pendant she found in the alley, which Jaspar offered to trade for two marbles. The glass pendant is a fine thing to have, to make rainbows by — still, she would like to give teacher the beautiful marbles.

Now comes Peter back with the nine cents for Theresa. The father 'says like this' to teacher for Salvadore — 'Teacher shall close him up in a dark room.' The suggested punishment not being in accord with modern methods, teacher is wondering what she shall do with Salvadore and with Salvadore's class. Teacher has asked for kindergarten material for Room 16, to keep busy half the tiny restless folk, while the other tiny restless folk read; but no kindergarten material has come for teacher; for different things has teacher asked in vain. Five rooms use the scissors, and it is not now the turn of Room 16. Salvadore's class go to the board and make 'two hills,' which is an *n*, and 'three hills,' which is an *m*, while the first-reader class read about the 'Shearing of the Sheep.'

'Oh, I know a sheep, teacher,' exclaims Joseph. 'We got one by our house.'

'Are you sure you have a sheep, Joseph?'

'No, teacher, he got no sheep. He got a dog. I seed it, teacher.'

Jassamine's reading of the 'Ba, ba, Black Sheep' is a sort of free translation into understandable language: —

> 'One for de fahder,
> One for de mudder,
> And one for de little boy dat's lame.'

Teacher can use the rest of the twenty minutes' reading period implanting in the minds of the A Class an idea of a 'master,' a 'dame,' and a 'lane.' But after starting this same class in the first lesson of the book, beginning, —

> Ply the spade and ply the hoe,
> Plant the seed and it will grow, —

teacher's enthusiasm must be invincible. One child had indeed indicated a dim, associated notion of a hoe. 'It's what you sprinkles water wid, teacher.' Teacher did not write the book, or adopt it as the standard reader for the schools; teacher's business is to teach it.

As the C Class do not use the book, their reading lesson, of teacher's devising, is more flexible. 'Stand,' teacher says, and shows the word printed on a card. At the first lesson no one moves, and teacher lifts a child to his feet. Then a few have learned and show the other children by actions. 'Sit,' 'Run,' 'Jump.' So they work at the English vocabulary until recess.

The substitute in Room 14, — Beginning First, — an experienced higher-grade teacher, is trying to get her flock into ranks in the hall. The green Miss Shannon goes to her assistance.

'They can't understand you,' the

substitute teacher explains, in comic dismay. 'You have to lift them out of their seats and carry them into the coat-room. Then someone's hat is lost. "Boo-hoo-hoo. I wants my mudder." Where is his hat? Oh, where? "Why here's his hat," some little smart thing says. Put it on. Then — Well, I'm not coming back here to-morrow.'

The stout, dark teacher, farther up the hall, has come to say a friendly word to the substitute.

'You should hear our superintendent speak out in meeting,' she rejoins, and imitates him pompously. '"All children are alike susceptible. If our children are not as proficient as in other districts, it is the fault of the teacher."'

'I would n't want better entertainment,' the substitute comments, 'than to watch some of these superintendents teach school a while. I should start them in your district.'

They laugh, and being merry, the stout, dark teacher goes on to tell them what her loyal Phena has just now imparted to her. 'I hearn a kid say youze fat,' tells Phena. 'Youze is n't fat.'

Their laughter is cut short by the recess bell, and the substitute signals her despair to the green Miss Shannon, on hall duty, as the lines of wriggling, bobbing, evasive bambinos advance upon Room 14. Irrepressible are the bambinos. Twice must teacher speak to Theresa for whispering while teacher is telling the story of 'The Three Bears.' Carmilla tells the story after teacher, while Theresa whispers.

'Do you want me to pin this on you?' teacher reminds Theresa, and shows the big red-paper tongue. Theresa for a little while then does not whisper to Carmilla and Jassamine and Angelo and Peter. But soon again, —

'Come here, Theresa,' says teacher. With reluctant steps Theresa complies. There she stands in the corner, with the red tongue pinned on. Yes, before now has the red tongue been wet with tears.

They dramatize the Three Bears. Marian is Golden Locks, Peter is the big 'fah-der' bear, Becky is the middle-sized 'mudder' bear, Dominic is the 'littlest' baby bear. They draw the Three Bears. There is writing, spelling, dismissal of the B and C classes, calisthenics, games, sight-reading from the dilapidated sets of books furnished by the Board, — books, pages, parts missing, — doubling up in seats, skipping pupils who draw blanks. — Noon.

Teacher sees the lines out, locks the door, and races for the penny-lunch room. The teachers volunteer to help serve the swarms of children, as at this hour the employees paid by the Board are swamped. Carmilla comes for the bowl of soup, the glass of milk, the sandwich — The pennies to pay for them? That is the green Miss Shannon's secret. When Carmilla first came to Room 16, she was thinner than now, and whiter. The green Miss Shannon watched, wondered; then one morning Carmilla fainted. Teacher sent quickly for the school doctor. Carmilla was under-nourished, the school doctor said. Teacher brought a bowl of soup from the penny-lunch room. Yes, soup was all the medicine Carmilla needed. The school nurse went to where Carmilla lived — the father dead, the mother all day away at the laundry; in the evening the nurse went and showed Carmilla's mother how better to prepare the scanty fare. But for the green Miss Shannon and the penny lunch and the flower-bed in the square, little Carmilla —

It was a breathless, spinning noon hour for the green Miss Shannon, stopped short by the gong, watching the lines of children flowing up the stairs and halls and into Room 16 again, closing the door. 'What have you there in your desk, Tony?' — 'Nudding.' — 'Yes, teacher, he have. He swipe some-

thing off de peddler.' What should a head of cabbage be doing in Tony Appa's desk? 'Where did you get that, Tony?' — 'I buyed it for two cent off de peddler.' — 'No, teacher, he never did. We seed him swipe it off de peddler.' Witnesses go with Tony to restore the cabbage to the peddler, while the room is at work constructing the cardboard house and furniture of the Three Bears.

A bambino comes from the substitute teacher in Room 14, and teacher goes with him, only for a little while. A man, a strange man, opens the door and looks on them with sharp eyes, and goes away. Rosie stands up.

'Teacher,' Rosie bursts out as the green Miss Shannon returns, 'a man comes by us and he looks on us.'

'How did he look?'

'My God, I don't know. You better stay in here.'

Teacher 'looks on Rosie,' but Carmilla does not know what teacher is thinking. She is thinking of the strange things Rosie says, and is remembering about Rosie and the Christmas party. The day of the Christmas party Rosie came to school much too early, and when she saw the green Miss Shannon approaching, ran to her and asked when it would be time for the Christmas party to begin.

'Not yet. After a while.'

Then at recess Rosie asked again.

'Not yet. After a while.'

And at noon, and between times, when would it be time for the Christmas party to begin?

'Not yet. After a while.'

More and more incredulous and suspicious of teacher's assurances Rosie was growing. Time dragged to afternoon recess, lessons going on as usual. It was proper to rebuke and caution teacher as Rosie herself had been rebuked and cautioned; yet with restraint.

'I'm afraid you lie some, teacher; it's an awful sin.'

But how should Rosie reinstate herself after the party, which came off after all, in the kindergarten room, with a trimmed tree, and candy and red apples from teacher, and games and singing.

'O teacher, youze so lovely to us by your party,' said Rosie; 'just like a mudder.'

'Yes, just like a mudder,' agreed Joseph.

'Yes, teacher,' Dominic hesitated; 'but so many childrens and no fah-der?'

III

Again Carmilla does not know. Why is teacher smiling? But she likes to look on teacher when she smiles, and when the little jokes are in her eyes, and upon her green dress. Carmilla is a sort of small moon to teacher's sun. Carmilla goes on with the construction lesson, cutting and pasting the table on which are to stand the three bowls of broth of the Three Bears.

But this is not all of school, what they have been doing to-day. No — no. Sometimes the superintendent comes. Then they all sit up very straight, just as the green Miss Shannon stands. They do not whisper, not even Theresa. She will certainly have the red tongue pinned upon her if she whispers before the big, prim, sad man who is the superintendent. Sometimes the smart young man in the office — he must be smart because he is the principal — comes in swiftly and goes out swiftly. Sometimes the man who does not wear his coat comes in and looks at the fixture on the wall (which is a thermostat) and goes out again. Sometimes the lady in the pretty dress and beads, — a black one on each side and a green one in the middle, like an eye, three of them on a chain, — comes in briskly and smiles at teacher, and sits in the chair, and the bambinos

all stand and sing for teacher, blow out lights with their breath, and step up and down the scale and choose songs; and the bead lady tells them how nicely they sing, and talks a minute to teacher, and goes out briskly.

Sometimes, after teacher takes out all the drawings they have done, strings many along the blackboards, and puts many in a pile on her desk, the lady with the gray hair comes in slowly and looks at the drawings, and Carmilla, who is a monitor, and Marian, who is a monitor, and Antonio and Peter pass papers and crayons, and the children draw for teacher, and the lady with the gray hair tells teacher that the drawings are good, and goes out slowly.

Sometimes the young lady in the gym suit looks in, for whom they go to the gym; and the young lady in the gym suit sits and plays at the piano, and for teacher they march and skip and swing on the big swings and rings, as they have practised with teacher for the gym lady; and then with teacher and the gym lady they play the games.

Yes, all of these come sometimes and go sometimes. But teacher always stays. But what Carmilla does not know is that these folk, every one, and the teacher above in the domestic-science kitchen, and the teacher below in the manual-training shop, and the teachers three blocks off in the Mann Technical High School, are all much more important and dignified figures than her teacher, with much more important and dignified salaries.

It is true that, in the meetings of teachers, where Carmilla does not go, there is talk — admirable talk — of teacher's service and devotion and self-sacrifice and indispensability; and the big, prim, sad man who is the superintendent says that the only part anyone else has in the system is to help teacher. But the stout dark primary teacher and the tall fair grammar teacher and the green Miss Shannon, who no longer care for words, and the young Miss O'Callahan and Miss Polonski, who never will care for words, reflect that they who would help should ask, not always tell, the doers what to do, and they question why teacher's must always be the lowest place. Carmilla does not know that the green Miss Shannon, and the blessed ones like her, are growing rarer and rarer. She is conscious in her small soul, as are the simple foreign folk about her, that the one who knows her, and who is her light and hope, is her teacher — Carmilla's teacher.

On the way home with teacher, across the strip of asphalt drive, along the cement walk toward the tulip-bed, Carmilla opens her little grimy fist, disclosing the two bright glass marbles traded by Jaspar for the pendant that makes rainbows. Wriggly coils of colors inside the crystal spheres, tiny rainbows imprisoned, the marbles wink up at Carmilla. Almost does the little fist close again on their shimmer.

'Here, teacher. Here's two marbles for you.'

'O Carmilla — for me! Thank you, dear. Um, two such nice marbles.' The little jokes are in teacher's eyes. 'But you know Miss Shannon cannot have any marbles except those that go thump, thump, thump — ' Now the little jokes are in Carmilla's eyes, too. 'You keep them, Carmilla. Mind you hold tight.' She bends down and closes the little fist over the gleaming bits. There is a sweet and tender light in the eyes of Carmilla's teacher.

DOMESTIC SUPERSTITIONS

BY RALPH BARTON PERRY

I

SUPERSTITIONS are perpetuated mainly in the church and the home, because whatever is said out loud in either place is intended to edify those who hear it. Parents and other adult members of the family belong to the priestly caste. It is their business to preach the doctrine and to be ostentatiously on their good behavior. Like their colleagues of the church, they feel the strain and find it necessary to enjoy stolen hours of unfrocked relaxation, which they spend with others of the profession who are pledged not to betray them. There are so many whom circumstance has placed in this position, but who feel unequal to its duties, that there is a widespread tendency to centralize the work of edification in the boarding-school, where it can be done by paid experts. As yet, however, this relief is too expensive to be generally enjoyed, and it still falls to the common lot of the adult to work, to pay taxes, and to officiate in the home.

Edification breeds superstition simply because fictions having sentimental value have to be preferred to facts. In the home this begins with the myths of Santa Claus and fairyland, and ends with the myth of the Perfect Gentleman and the Perfect Lady. In the home, as in the church, there are ecclesiastical as well as doctrinal superstitions — that is, superstitions having the function of protecting the prestige of the authorities. In the case of the home these superstitions have to do particularly with the pure benevolence, exemplary rectitude, and perfect manners of the parents. This idealized, fictitious parent may vary to any degree from the real parent. His activities off the stage, the friends with whom he associates there, and even his past history, are constructed and recast to fit the rôle of paragon which he assumes in the domestic drama.

Despite the weakness of his position otherwise, the adult member of the home enjoys this great advantage, that he fixes its superstitions in the form which they finally assume. He utilizes the experiences, deeds, and shrewd comments of the children, but puts his own interpretation on them. It is the adult who tells the story — sometimes, from motives of pride or retaliation, to other adults of rival domestic establishments; sometimes, for purposes of edification, to one of the children. In either case the moral that adorns the tale becomes its dominant feature, and it is the adult saga-maker who points the moral. He enjoys this advantage at his peril, however. For he is the most defenseless victim of his own eloquence. His rivals do not believe him because they possess prior domestic superstitions of their own. The children are protected by their inattention, levity, and worldly wisdom. But he himself hears himself so often, and takes himself so seriously, that he is like to become the only thoroughly orthodox adherent of his own teaching. It is in the hope of

opening the eyes of the domestic adult, and enabling him to resist this insidious process of auto-suggestion, that these words are written.

There is, for example, a widespread belief that the mother, or wife, or resident aunt, or other domestic adult female, is the lover and champion of the home. Man is supposed to be a natural vagrant, only with great difficulty prevented from spending his idle time wandering from club to club, or from hole to hole on the golf-links. Woman, on the other hand, is supposed to be by nature the nostic or homing animal. Domestic dynamics, in short, are commonly explained as a resultant of the centrifugal force of the male and the centripetal force of the female. This is doubtless the more edifying view of the matter, because it idealizes what circumstance has decreed to be necessary. Since livelihood falls to the lot of the male and homekeeping to the lot of the female, it is prettier to suppose that the deepest passion of the one is the love of outdoors, and of the other the love of indoors; just as it would be prettier to suppose that a man compelled to earn his living as a night-watchman was by nature a nocturnal animal.

The facts, however, do not agree with this edifying view of the matter. The greatest day in the history of a privileged woman is the day of her Coming Out. From that day forth she wages a more or less ineffectual struggle to stay out. On the other hand, the greatest hour in a man's day is the hour when he sets his face toward home. Every day, through hours of work, he is sustained by the same bright vision, which he derives from romantic fiction, or from his own creative imagination. He sees himself joyfully greeted by a household, no member of which has anything else to do, or any other wish, save to make him comfortable. They have all indulged themselves to their hearts' content earlier in the day, and now it is his turn to be indulged. It is understood that he, and *he alone*, is tired. Any attentions or amiability on his part are gratefully appreciated, but they are not demanded, or even expected, of him. After dinner, there is a certain comfortable chair waiting for him in an accustomed spot near a reading-lamp. The contour of the upholstery is his perfect complement. He fits himself to the chair, reaches for the evening paper, and then experiences the purest rapture of domestic bliss. It consists in a sense of being 'let alone,' of snugness, relaxation, and a hovering protection. But, like all ecstasies, it is essentially indescribable.

This is man's sustaining vision. It is only a vision, but, like all visions, it shows where the heart lies.

Now, why is it only a vision? Because it leaves out approximately seventy-five per cent of the facts. All the other members of the household are tired, also, and are as conscious of having acquired merit and earned indulgence as is the male wage-earner. Each, like the adult male, forms his own conception of the end of a perfect day by the simple method of opposition. The children, having spent most of the day in a restrained posture on a school-bench, incline to riot. The woman, having spent the day indoors, desires to go out; and having seen no one during the day except the postman, the milkman, and the iceman, desires to associate more extensively with her kind. She, too, has been sustained during the day by a vision — children tucked in bed, her husband fired with social zeal, best clothes, a taxicab, a meal *prepared by somebody else*, and then a dance or the theatre, friends, gayety, and late to bed! Hence, while for the man the symbol of home is the armchair, for the woman it is the dressing-table. When the inward-bound man and the outward-bound woman

meet on the threshold at the end of the day, then indeed is the ligature of matrimony strained!

What might or will be the case under a different social organization it is impossible to predict. The present domestic motivation is doubtless a more or less artificial pressure-effect of circumstance. Men work all day in order to be able to go home; women, in order to be able to leave home. Men are standing outside, looking in; women, inside, looking out. In both cases the force of inclination is equal and opposite to the force of circumstance. Thus the day of the man and the day of the woman and the day of the children culminate discordantly; and at the only hour when the family is united in the flesh it is divided in spirit. Somebody must spend the 'free' evening virtuously and patiently doing something that *he* does not want, or else everybody must spend it in a joint debate that nobody wants. Possibly, in some future time, men and women will both work at home and go out to play; or will both go out to work and spend the evening in adjoining armchairs. Even then one does not see one's way clear about the children.

As it stands, then, man is the lover and champion of the home. To him it is a haven, a place of refuge, and an opportunity of leisure. Woman is the custodian and curator of the home. It is her place of business. 'Woman's place is in the home' is not a description of female human nature, but a theory regarding the division of labor, or a precept, coined and circulated by men who want homes and need women to create them.

This corrected view of the home-sentiments throws a new light on certain habits of life which might be supposed at first to contradict it. There is, for example, man's well-known addiction to clubs. It is popularly supposed that he resorts to these places in order to get away from home. Quite the contrary. He goes to his club because his club is the nearest approximation to his ideal of home that is available. It is more homelike than home. A man's club does not exist for the promotion of social life, but for the purpose of avoiding it. It is essentially a place where the upholstery is deep, where one can read newspapers and eat, and where one is safe from intrusion. In other words, a man goes out to his club only from fear of having to go farther out.

Or, consider the popular view that women are more religious than men. The real point seems to be that women are more inclined than men to *go to church;* which is a very different thing. Sunday is related to the week as the evening to the day. For a man, therefore, it is a day at home; and for a woman, a day out. A man's idea of Sunday is to surround his house with barbed-wire, lock and barricade the doors and windows, disconnect the telephone, put on his slippers and an old suit, and then devote the day to reading the paper and 'puttering.' A woman's idea of Sunday is to have everything cleaned and polished up, including the children; everybody in best clothes; and then have half of her friends in in the afternoon, and visit the other half in the evening. Now it is not difficult to see which programme and mood most easily accommodates itself to public worship. If you are all dressed up and socially inclined, what can be more natural and agreeable than going to church? And if you are down cellar, in old clothes, building bookshelves out of a packing-box, what can be more impossible?

According to the orthodox superstition, woman, as inwardly bent on religion and the home, is the natural conservative. She is regarded as the instinctive exponent of established things — of convention, authority, and the

moral code. As a matter of fact, being more or less rigidly subjected to these things, her heart is set against them. Only men are really shocked; women pretend to be, because men would be still more shocked if they did n't. Men, who have had the making of laws, have a real respect for them; women publicly observe them, but secretly regard them as little better than a nuisance. It is the same opposite play of inclination and circumstance that has been observed in the narrower sphere of the home. Men, being placed by circumstance in positions of hazard and exposure, long for security; women, being accustomed to security, long for freedom and adventure.

II

But to return to our domestic superstitions. The most distinctive and highly developed domestic art is scolding. The orthodox belief is that scolding is a sort of judicial censure administered from motives of the purest benevolence. If there is a tone of anger in it, that is supposed to be righteous indignation, or the voice of offended justice, the scolder being for the moment the mouth-piece of the categorical imperative. Scolding is conceived to be a duty peculiar to the home because of the relation of guardianship in which one member of the family stands to another. Thus one is one's child's keeper, or one's wife's, or one's husband's, but not one's neighbor's.

Now, what are the facts? Among animals, where motives are more unashamed, scolding is a mode of threat or attack. It is a manifestation of enmity. There is no reason for supposing it otherwise in the case of the domestic life of man. Statistics would undoubtedly reveal an almost perfect correlation between the frequency and intensity of scolding and the parent's threshold of irritability — the latter depending on conditions of age, digestion, fatigue, temperamental irascibility, and personal idiosyncrasy.

Why should scolding be peculiar to the home? Not because the home is dedicated to benevolent admonition, but because the family circle provides perpetual, inescapable, intimate, and unseasonable human contacts. Individuals of the same species are brought together in every permutation and combination of conflicting interests and incompatible moods. There is no other grouping of human beings which provides so many stimuli for the combative instinct. When this instinct is aroused among the children, it is called quarrelsomeness, and is greatly deprecated by adults. When it is aroused in the adult himself, it assumes the more or less sublimated form of scolding. It flourishes in the home because it is both aroused and protected there. Scolding provides a reputable method of venting spleen when other outlets are stopped by law and convention. In the home, scolding can be indulged in with impunity so long as it does not arouse the neighbors. Its victims are defenseless; and the corporate pride of the family seals the mouths of its members, so that a decent repute may be preserved before the world. It is this conspiracy of silence and regard for appearances that has created the fiction of the happy fireside choir, where all voices carol in perpetual unison.

There would be no merit in this exposure, did it not serve to bring to light the real disciplinary value of home life, which consists, not in the eloquence and light of admonition, but rather in the aggravation of social experience. An individual who learns how to live cheerfully, or even how to live at all, in a home, finds little difficulty in living with his fellows anywhere else. The scolding of children teaches them not so

much the error of their ways, as a practised skill in getting on with irritable adults, many of whom they will meet in real life later on. Perhaps the most superb manifestation of domestic life is the magnanimity of children — their swift forgetfulness of injury and their indulgence even of those human weaknesses of which they are themselves the victims. Both children and adults, consorting with one another in every combination of age and sex, in every condition of health, at every hour of the day, and in a great variety of moods and temperaments, exhaust the whole repertory of human relations and *learn how to live together*. The best name for this is patience. It is the lack of this which distinguishes the bachelor, the maid, the orphan, and in some degree the only child.

In the family, as elsewhere, example is said to be better than precept. The idea is that the child, carefully noting the heroic or saintly qualities of the father, mother, or resident aunt, — those qualities particularly celebrated in domestic song and story, — models his action closely thereon, and so of his own accord grows in wisdom and in favor at the same time that he grows in stature. But the observed results are so unlike this as to justify suspicion that here, too, we have to do with a superstition. And such is, indeed, unhappily the case. While it is doubtless true that the exemplar is better than the preceptor, in the family, at least, there is no ground for believing that example *works* any better than precept. What the child gives particular attention to in the domestic adult is the genial weakness, the human errancy, the comic relief, the discomfiture of dignity. He carefully notes that his father smokes and swears, and puts his feet on the table; and that his mother or resident aunt eats candy, uses slang, and puts her elbows on the table. He thereupon does these things himself, not because he is imitating a model, but because, having an inclination to do them anyway, he takes advantage of the fact that his monitor is for the moment disarmed.

It is not that the child is indifferent to example, but that he finds his examples elsewhere. The domestic adult is not in his line at all. He would as soon think of imitating him as the domestic adult himself would think of imitating the Emperor of Japan or the Grand Llama of Thibet. He has his own pantheon and hierarchy of heroes in the real world outside. These are sometimes adults, more often the elders of his own tribe. In any case they are free from that odor of sanctity and strained posture of edification which disqualify the domestic adult. It should be added that this discontinuity, though it may prevent emulation, does not hinder, but rather promotes, a certain shrewd, critical observation; so that a child may find himself presently cultivating the complementary opposite of certain types of character that have been peculiarly familiar to him in his domestic environment.

III

Many minor superstitions arise from domestic myopia. The intensity and the close propinquity of the domestic drama exaggerates all its values, both positive and negative. The normal genius of childhood is mistaken for individual distinction; and its normal limitations for individual delinquency. Within the family all children are remarkable; generic traits disappear from view altogether. The parent who will laugh heartily at a cartoon depicting the characteristic greediness, cruelty, truancy, disobedience, noisiness, irresponsibility, and general barbarism of a fictitious boy or girl, will at once stiffen into apprehensive sobriety when his own child betrays the least of these weak-

nesses. Viewing human life as a whole, he observes that children grow and outgrow, and that mischievous children have been known to spend their adult years outside the penitentiary; he may even recollect that he had a fault or two himself in early years; but as regards his own children, every offense is a crime, every evil a calamity, and every incident a crisis. His only salvation lies in frequent, unannounced visits to other families.

IV

We have finally to examine a fundamental superstition relating to the seat of domestic authority. In so far as the feudal principle, or the theocratic principle, or the autocratic principle, or the plutocratic principle, survives here and there, owing to the conservatism of the home, the father does manage to retain some semblance of authority. But patriarchy is on its last legs. There is little to it now but outward form and old court ritual. The father still gives his name to the family, sits at the head of the table, and — oh, yes, pays the bills! But there is more service than authority in the second and third of these prerogatives, since someone has to carve, and it is the making rather than the paying of bills that really counts. Of course, he can still tyrannize over the family by making himself so disagreeable that he has to be bought off; but in a family anybody can do that. It is not a power that attaches to the male parent as such. As father, he is still the titular monarch, and that is about all. If he were formally to abdicate, it would not alter the actual balance of domestic forces in the least.

Meanwhile, it is to be feared that he to some extent exploits the pathos of his fallen greatness, and wrings from the feelings of his wife, children, or sister-in-law various minor concessions affecting his comfort. Nothing can exceed the scrupulousness with which appearances are preserved in public. He still takes the curb when the family uses the sidewalk, and is the last to enter and the first to leave a public or private conveyance. But to one who knows life as it is, the irony and bathos of the modern age are summed up in two spectacles: Kaiser Wilhelm chopping wood at Amerongen, and the paterfamilias washing dishes in the pantry.

If the father has fallen from authority, who has superseded him? The mother? Not at all. The popular impression to that effect has no basis except the fact that the power of the mother has increased *relatively* to that of the father. But this is due to the fall of the father rather than to any notable rise of the mother. No, the new domestic polity is neither the patriarchy nor the matriarchy, but the *pediarchy*.

That the children should encroach upon, and eventually seize, the authority of the parents is not so strange as might at first appear. After all, it is only the domestic manifestation of the most characteristic social and political movement of modern times, the rise, namely, of the proletarian masses. Within the family the children constitute the majority, the unpropertied, the unskilled, and the unprivileged. They are intensely class-conscious, and have come to a clearer and clearer recognition of the conflict of interest that divides them from the owners and managers. Their methods have been similar to those employed in the industrial revolution — the strike, passive resistance, malingering, restriction of output, and, occasionally, direct action.

Within the family, as in the modern democracy, the control is by public opinion. It is government of the children, by the children, and for the children. But this juvenile sovereignty is exercised indirectly rather than directly. The office-holders are adults, whose

power is proportional to their juvenile support. The real (though largely unseen and unacknowledged) principle of domestic politics is the struggle for prestige among the adults. Some employ the methods of decadent Rome, the *panem et circenses;* others, the arts of the military hero or of the popular orator. But all acknowledge the need of conciliating the juvenile masses.

The power of juvenile opinion is due, not merely to its mass, and to the boldness and unscrupulousness with which it is asserted, but to its reinforcement from outside. It is more than a domestic movement: it is an interdomestic movement. The opinion of the children is thus less provincial than that of domestic adults. It has, furthermore, a force which it derives from its more intimate contact with the main currents of history. The domestic adult is in a sort of backwash. He is looking toward the past, while the children are thinking the thoughts and speaking the language of to-morrow. They are in closer touch with reality, and cannot fail, however indulgent, to feel that their parents and resident aunt are antiquated. The children's end of the family is its budding, forward-looking end; the adults' end is, at best, its root. There is a profound law of life by which buds and roots grow in opposite directions.

The domestic conflict is in many of its notable features parallel to the industrial conflict; and they may be of common origin. It is natural that similar remedies should be proposed. The Taylor system and other efficiency systems have already broken down in both cases. Conservatives will propose to meet the domestic problem by higher allowances and shorter school-hours, with perhaps time and a half for overtime and a bit of profit-sharing. Liberals will propose boards of conciliation with child representation, attempts to link study and chores with the 'creative' impulses, and experiments in divided management. Radicals and domestic revolutionists will regard all such half-way measures as utterly ineffectual, because they preserve the parental system in its essentials. They will aim to consummate the revolution as soon as possible by violence, and then to bring a new order into being through a dictatorship of a sectarian minority.

This new order would be an almost exact inversion of the parental order. Whereas, under the present system, the parents are supposed to control the home for the benefit of the children, providing them with the necessities of life, and giving them work and advice for their own good, under the new system, the children would control the home for the benefit of the parents and other adults, assuming full responsibility for their living, and employing their expert services only as might be required. However difficult it may be to put such a change into effect, there is, from the adults' point of view, much to be said for it.

TWENTY-FIVE HOURS A DAY

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

If one elects to live well out in the country, going to the opera presents serious difficulties. One can't very well go home to dress and go in town again; and if one decides to stay in town at a hotel, there is a suit-case to be packed in the morning — an operation the result of which I abhor, as I always forget something essential. On one occasion some years ago, I, like a dutiful husband, had agreed to go to the opera; and having packed my bag and sent it to my hotel, I dismissed from my mind the details of my toilet, until I came to dress in the evening, when I discovered, to my horror, that I had absentmindedly packed a colored negligé shirt instead of the white, hard-boiled article which custom has decreed for such occasions, and that several other little essentials were missing. I was quite undressed when I made this discovery; it was already late, and my temper, never absolutely flawless on opera nights, was not improved by my wife's observation that we should surely miss the overture. I thought it altogether likely and said so — briefly.

It was, as I remember, my Lord Chesterfield who observed that when one goes to the opera one should leave one's mind at home; I had gone his Lordship one better — I had left practically everything at home, and I heartily wished that I was at home, too. I shall not, I think, be accused of overstatement when I say that it is altogether probable that most married men, if they could be excused from escorting their wives to the opera, would cheerfully make a substantial contribution to any worthy — or even unworthy — charity.

Thoughts such as these, if thoughts they may be called, surged through my head as I rapidly dressed, and prepared to dash through the streets in search of any 'gents' furnishing-goods' shop that might chance to be open at that hour. I needed such articles of commerce as would enable me to make myself presentable at the opera, and I needed them at once. It was raining, and as I dashed up one street and down another, I discovered that the difference between a raised umbrella and a parachute is negligible; so I closed mine, with the result that I was thoroughly drenched before I had secured what I needed. I have the best of wives, but truth compels me to say that when, upon my return, she greeted me with the remark that what she wanted especially to hear was the overture and that we should certainly be late, I almost — I say I *almost* — lost my temper.

Is it necessary for me to remark that we do not go to the opera frequently? It was my wife's evening, not mine; and as I sat on the side of a bed, eating a sandwich and struggling to insert square shirt pegs in round holes, to the gently sustained *motif* that we should surely miss the overture, I thought of home, of my books, of a fire of logs crackling, of my pipe, and I wondered who it was

that said when anything untoward happened, 'All this could have been avoided if I had stayed at home.'

Finally, after doing up my wife's back, 'hooking them in the lace,' I finished my own unsatisfactory toilet, feeling, and doubtless looking, very much as Joe Gargery did when he went to see Miss Havisham. But at last we were ready, and we descended to the lobby of our hotel, having in the confusion quite overlooked the fact that we should require a taxi. It was still raining, and not a taxi or other conveyance was to be had! I was quite nonplussed for the moment, and felt deeply grieved when my wife remarked that it was hardly worth while now to leave the hotel — we were so late that we should miss the overture anyway; to which I replied — but never mind specifically what I said: it was to the effect that we would go to the opera or bust.

But how? Standing at the door of the hotel, I waited my chance, and finally a taxi arrived; but quite unexpectedly a man appeared from nowhere and was about to enter it, saying as he did so, in a fine rolling English voice, 'I wish to go to the opera house.' There was no time to lose; quickly brushing the man aside, I called to my wife and passed her into the taxi; and then, turning to the stranger, I explained to him that we, too, were going to the opera, and that he was to be our guest, pushed the astonished man into the machine, told the driver to go like h—— (to drive rapidly), and, entering myself, pulled the door to and heaved a sigh of relief. We were off.

For a moment nothing was said. We were all more or less surprised to find ourselves together. I think I may say that my newly discovered friend was astonished. Something had to be said, and it was up to me. 'My name is Newton,' I said; and gently waving toward Mrs. Newton a white-kid-gloved hand, which in the darkness looked like a small ham, I explained that Mrs. Newton was very musical and was particularly anxious to hear the overture of the opera and I was unavoidably late. I added that I hoped he would forgive my rudeness; then, remembering that I was speaking to an English gentleman, who probably thought me mad, I inquired if he was not a stranger in Philadelphia.

'Yes,' he replied, 'I only arrived in the city this evening.'

'And have you friends here?' I asked.

His reply almost disconcerted me, 'Present company excepted, none.'

'Oh, come now,' I said; 'I took you for an Englishman, but no Englishman could possibly make so graceful a speech on such short notice. You must either be Scotch or Irish; whenever one meets a particularly charming Englishman, he invariably turns out to be Scotch — or Irish.'

'Well, the fact is, I'm Scotch,' my friend replied; 'my name is Craig, Frank Craig; I'm an artist.'

'Don't apologize,' I said. 'You are probably not a very great artist. I'm a business man, and not a very great business man either, and as we are the only friends you have in the city, you shall have supper with us after the opera. Don't decline; I'm very much at home in our hotel, as perhaps you noticed. Ask for me at the door of the supper-room. Don't forget my name. Here we are at the opera house, in good time for the overture after all.'

And I passed my friend out of the taxi, and he, assuring me that he would join us at supper, went his way and we ours.

During the performance, which was miserable, I chuckled gently to myself and wondered what my Scotch friend thought of the affair and whether he would keep his appointment. The opera was late, there was the usual delay in

getting away, and it was almost midnight when the head waiter conducted my new-found guest to our table. Then for the first time we had a good look at each other, and told each other how funny it all was and how unexpected and delightful. After an excellent supper and a bottle of champagne, followed by a fine brandy, and cigars, — for I determined to do the thing well, — we grew confidential. We talked of life and of travel, and finally, of course, about books and authors.

'Have you ever met Booth Tarkington?' my friend inquired. I had. Did I know him? I did not. Craig had been staying with him in Indianapolis. Had I ever heard of Arnold Bennett? I had. Did I care for his books? I did. He also had been staying with Booth Tarkington in Indianapolis: in fact, Bennett and he were traveling together at the present time.

'Bennett is doing a book for the Harpers to be called *Your United States*,' Craig explained; and he, Craig, was doing the illustrations for it.

'And where is Arnold Bennett now?' I asked.

'Upstairs, in bed and asleep, I hope.'

'And what are you doing to-morrow?'

'Well, Bennett is lunching with the literati of the city, and I'm going to take photographs and make sketches for our book. We are each on our own, you know.'

'But the literati of the city,' I repeated doubtfully. 'That would be Agnes Repplier, of course, and Dr. Furness, and Weir Mitchell, and who else?' We were rather shy of literati at the moment, as we still are, and I hoped these would not fail him.

Craig did n't know; he had not been invited.

'And after the luncheon, what next?' I inquired.

'Well, I believe that we are to go to the picture-gallery of a Mr. Weednaar, with a friend who has secured cards for us. I'm not invited to the luncheon, but I'm keen to see the pictures.'

'Very well,' I said, 'let me make plans for you. I tell you what we'll do: I'll make it a holiday; I shall get my motor in from the country, and go around with you and show you the sights. You want to see "Georgian" Philadelphia, you say — we call it "Colonial"; I know it well; I'll be your guide, you shall take your photographs and make your sketches, and in the afternoon we, too, will go out and see Mr. Widener's pictures, — his name, by the way, is Widener, not Weednaar, — and if I can find Harry Widener, a scion of that house and a friend of mine, I'll get him to ask us out for lunch, and we will be there to welcome Bennett and his friend with their cards on their arrival. What, by the way, is the name of your friend to whom you owe your introduction to Mr. Widener?'

'A Mr. Hellman of New York; a bookseller, I believe; perhaps you know him too.'

'Perfectly,' I said; 'I probably owe him money at this very minute.'

With this understanding, and much pleased with each other, we parted for the night.

II

The next morning, at half-past nine, we met in the lobby of the hotel and I was presented to Arnold Bennett. I do not remember that at that time I had ever seen a photograph of him, and I was rather disillusioned by seeing a person quite lacking in distinction, dressed in ill-fitting clothes, and with two very prominent upper teeth, which would have been invaluable had he taken to whistling, professionally.

'So you are the man,' he said, 'who has so captivated my friend Craig. He told me all about your escapade last

night, over the breakfast-table, and in the excitement of narration he ate my eggs.'

'No matter,' said I; 'you are going to lunch with the literati of the city; you ought not to worry over the loss of your eggs. But what is quite as important, who is giving the luncheon?'

'George Horace Lorimer,' he replied.

'Then,' said I, 'you certainly need not worry over the loss of a pair of eggs. In an hour or two you'll be glad you did not eat them, for Lorimer understands ordering a luncheon, no man better. I'm sorry for Craig, for he's lunching with me; but we shall join you during the afternoon at Mr. Widener's.'

This seemed to upset Bennett completely. 'But we are going to Mr. Weednaar's by appointment — we have cards — '

'I know, from George Hellman,' I interrupted; 'I don't need any cards. If Harry Widener is at home, we will lunch with him; if not, we will join you some time during the afternoon.'

Bennett looked at me with astonishment. He had doubtless been warned of bunco-steerers, card-sharks, and confidence men generally: I appeared to him a very finished specimen, probably all the more dangerous on that account. We left him bewildered; he evidently thought that his friend would be the victim of some very real experiences before he saw him again. As we parted, he looked as if he wanted to say to Craig, 'If you play poker with that man, you are lost'; but he did n't.

III

We Philadelphians do not boast of the climate of our city. During the summer months we usually tie with some town in Texas — Waco, I believe — for the honor of being the hottest place in the country: but in November it is delightful, and we have the finest suburbs in the world. If it were not for its outlying districts, Philadelphia would be intolerable. But the day was fine, we were in high spirits, like boys out for a lark, which indeed we were, and I determined that our sightseeing should begin at the 'Old Swedes,' or, to give it its proper name, 'Gloria Dei,' Church, and work our way north from the southern part of the city, stopping at such old landmarks as would seem to afford material for Craig's pencil.

What a wonderful day it was! Agreeable at the time, and in retrospect delightful, if somewhat tinged with melancholy, for I chanced to read in an English newspaper not long ago of the death of my friend Craig, in some way a victim of the war. But looking back upon that day, everything seemed as joyous as the two quaintly carved and colored angels' heads, a bit of old Swedish decoration, which peered down upon us from the organ-loft of the old church about which Craig went into ecstasies of delight — as well he might, for it is a quaint little church almost lost in the shipping and commerce that surrounds it. Built by the Swedes in 1700, it stands on the bank of the Delaware, on the site of a block-house in which religious services had been held more than half a century before its erection.

Too few Philadelphians know this tiny church or attend its services: it is out of the beaten track of the tourist; but some of us, not entirely forgetful of old Philadelphia, love to visit it occasionally, and if the sermon gets wearisome, as sermons sometimes do, we can creep out stealthily and spend a few minutes prowling around the graveyard, — where interments are still made occasionally, — looking at the tombstones, on which are curiously cut the now almost illegible names of devout men and women who departed this life in faith and fear more than two centuries ago.

'But come now,' I at last had to say, 'this is our first, but by no means our best church; wait until you see St. Peter's.'

The ride from Old Swedes Church to St. Peter's has nothing to recommend it; but it is short, and we were soon standing in one of the finest bits of Colonial church architecture in America.

'Why,' exclaimed Craig, 'we have nothing more beautiful in London, and there is certainly nothing in New York or Boston that can touch it.'

'Certainly, there is n't,' I said: 'and if you were a Philadelphian and had an ancestor buried in this church or within its shadow, you would not have to have brains, money, morals, or anything else. Of course, these accessories would do you no harm, and in a way might be useful, but the lack of them would not be ruinous, as it would be with ordinary folk.' Then I spoke glibly the names of the dead whom, had they been living, I should scarcely have dared to mention, so interwoven are they in the fabric of the social, or as some might say, the unsocial, life of Philadelphia.

'And these people,' said Craig, 'do they look like other people — do you know them?'

It was a delicate question. It was not for me to tell him that a collateral ancestor was a founder of the Philadelphia Assembly, or to boast of a bowing acquaintance with that charming woman, Mrs. John Markoe, whose family pew we were reverently approaching. Craig could, of course, know nothing of what a blessed thing it is to be a member, not of St. Peter's, but of 'St. Peter's set,' which is a very different matter; but he fully appreciated its architectural charm, and as we strolled about, he observed with the keenest interest the curious arrangement of the organ and altar at one end of the church, and the glorious old pulpit and reading-desk at the other, with a quite unnecessary sounding-board surmounting them like a benediction.

'How dignified and exclusive the square pews are!' said Craig. 'They look for all the world like the lord of the manor's, at home.'

'Yes,' said I, 'and not half so exclusive as the people who occupy them. You could have made a very pretty picture of this church crowded with wealth and fashion and beauty a hundred and fifty years ago, if you had been lucky enough to live when there was color in the world; now we all look alike.'

'I know,' said Craig; 'it's too bad.'

I could have told him a good deal of the history of Christ Church, which we next visited. It is only a short distance from St. Peter's; indeed, in the early days, Christ Church and St. Peter's formed one parish. The present structure was built in 1727, of bricks brought over from England. Architecturally, it is the finest church in Philadelphia; and so expensive was it for the congregation of two hundred years ago that, in order to finish its steeple and provide it with its fine chime of bells, recourse was had to a lottery! Indeed, two lotteries were held before the work was completed. Philadelphians all felt that they had a stake in the enterprise, and for a long time the bells were rung on every possible occasion. Queen Anne sent over a solid-silver communion service, which is still in use, and its rector, Dr. William White, after the Revolution, became the first Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States of America, having finally been consecrated at Lambeth after years of discussion as to how the episcopacy was to be carried on. So 'Old Christ,' as it is affectionately called, may properly be regarded as the Mother Church in this country. When Philadelphia was the national capital, Washington attended it, as did John Adams, and Benjamin Franklin, occasionally — perhaps not often enough.

But our time was limited and there was much to see: Carpenter's Hall, and the State House with its beautiful windows, which Craig called Palladian, and its splendid Colonial staircase, from which I was powerless to draw his attention to the far-famed Liberty Bell.

'I know all about that,' said Craig; 'I've been reading it up; but if you can tell me in what single respect an Englishman has n't just as much liberty as an American, I shall be glad to listen.'

Having forgotten to point out the grave of our greatest citizen, Benjamin Franklin, who, we love to tell Bostonians, was born in Philadelphia at seventeen years of age, we retraced our steps — if one can be said to retrace one's steps in a motor — to the Christ Church burying-ground at Fifth and Arch Streets. There, peering through the iron railing, we read the simple inscription carved according to his wish on the flat tomb: 'Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, 1790.' I have always regretted that I had not availed myself of the opportunity once offered me of buying the manuscript in Franklin's hand of the famous epitaph which he composed in a rather flippant moment in 1728 for his tombstone. The original is, I believe, among the Franklin papers in the State Department at Washington, but he made at least one copy, and possibly several. The one I saw reads: —

THE BODY
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PRINTER
(Like the cover of an old book
Its contents torn out
And stript of its lettering and gilding)
Lies here, food for worms.
But the work shall not be lost
For it will (as he believed) appear once more
In a new and more elegant edition
Revised and corrected
by
THE AUTHOR.

No doubt the plain marble slab, with the simple name and date (for Franklin needs no epitaph in Philadelphia), is more dignified, but I have always wished that his first idea had been carried out.

As we were only a stone's throw from the Quaker Meeting-House, we paid it a hasty visit, and I confessed, in reply to the question, that, often as I had passed the austere old brick building, I had never entered it before, although I had always intended to.

At last I looked at my watch — unnecessarily, for something told me it was lunch-time. We had had a busy morning; Craig had made sketches with incredible rapidity while I bought photographs and picture-postals by the score. We had not been idle for a moment, but there was more to be seen, Fairmount — not the Park; there was no time for that, and all parks are more or less alike, although ours is most beautiful; but the old-time 'water-works,' beautifully situated on the hillside, terraced and turreted, with its three Greek temples, so faultlessly proportioned and placed as to form what Joe Pennell says is one of the loveliest spots in America, and which, he characteristically adds, we in Philadelphia do not appreciate.

But Craig did. It was a glorious day in mid-November, the trees were in their full autumn regalia of red and gold, the Schuylkill glistened like silver in the sun, and in the distance tumbled, with a gentle murmur of protest at being disturbed, over its dam into the lower level, where it becomes a river of use if not of beauty. I thought how seldom do we business men pause in the middle of the day to look at anything so free from complications as a 'view.' My factory was within ten-minutes' walk; there, penned up amid dirt and noise, I spend most of my waking hours, discussing ways and means by which I

may increase the distance between myself and the sheriff, neglecting the beauty which unfolds itself at my very door. I determined in future to open my eyes occasionally; but hunger put an end to my meditations. Food is required even on the most perfect day; by this time the literati must have met — and parted. Back to the city we sped, lunched at my club, thence to Lynnewood Hall, the palatial residence of Mr. Widener, some miles from the centre of the city.

On our arrival we were ushered, through the main entrance-hall, beautifully banked with rare flowers, into the gallery in which is housed one of the finest collections of pictures in America. Bennett and George Hellman were already there, and Mr. Widener, the old gentleman who had formed the collection, was doing the honors.

Harry, his grandson, was there, too, and to the amazement of Bennett welcomed me with outstretched arms. 'I got your telephone message, but too late to connect with you; I've been in New York. Why did you not come to lunch? You were not at your office. I left messages for you everywhere.'

Bennett looked greatly relieved; so I was not an intruder after all and, wonderful to relate, nothing had happened to Craig.

Mr. Widener seemed relieved to see me, and I soon grasped the reason. He did not know who his guest was.

'Who is this man?' he whispered to me.

'Arnold Bennett, the distinguished English author,' I replied.

'Does he know anything about pictures?' he asked.

'I have no doubt he does,' I replied. 'Here is a man who certainly does.' And I presented Craig, who, to the great relief of his host, was vocal.

And then I saw how things had been going. Bennett, with his almost uncanny power of observation, had seen and doubtless understood and appreciated everything in the gallery, but had remained mute; an 'Oh' or an 'Ah' had been all that Mr. Widener was able to extract from him. The old gentleman had seemingly been playing to an empty house, and it irked him. Craig had the gift of expression; knew that he was looking at some of the masterpieces of the world, and did not hesitate to say so.

We strolled from one gallery to another, and then it was suggested that perhaps we would care to see — But the afternoon was going; Bennett had to be in New York at a certain hour; it was time to move on.

'Spend another night in Philadelphia,' I said to Craig; 'you must not go without seeing Harry's books. After a while there will be tea and toast and marmalade and Scotch and soda; life will never be any better than it is at this minute.'

Craig did not require much urging. Why should he? We were honored guests in one of the finest houses in the country, in a museum, in fact, filled to overflowing with everything that taste could suggest and money buy; and for host we had the eldest son of the eldest son of the house, a young man distinguished for his knowledge, modesty, and courtesy. We went to Harry's apartment, where his books were kept, where I was most of all at home, and where finally his mother joined us. In the easy give-and-take of conversation time passed rapidly, until finally it was time to go, and we said good-bye. It was my last visit to Lynnewood Hall, as Harry's guest. Five months later, almost to a day, he found his watery grave in the Atlantic, a victim of the sinking of the Titanic.

On our way back to our hotel we agreed that we would go to the theatre

and have supper afterward; there was just time to change, once again gnawing a sandwich. By great good fortune there was a real comedy playing at one of the theatres; seats were secured without unusual difficulty, and we were soon quietly awaiting the rise of the curtain. After the performance we had supper, which had been ordered in advance. We were at the end of a perfect day, a red-letter day, a day never to be forgotten, Craig said. We had known each other something like twenty-four hours, yet we seemed like old friends.

'I can't hope to give you such a day as we have had, when you come to London; but you'll look me up, won't you?'

'Yes, of course, and meantime I want you to do something for me.'

'Anything, my dear boy; what is it?'

'I want a presentation copy of *Buried Alive*, with an inscription in it from Arnold Bennett, and on a fly-leaf I want a little pencil sketch by you.'

'Right-o. I'll send it directly I get to New York.'

But I had to wait several days before I received a small package by express, which, on opening, I found to be a beautiful little water-color painting by Craig of the picturesque old stone bridge over the Thames at Sonning; and in another package, the book, *Buried Alive*, with a characteristic inscription. The author was doubtful of my identity to the very last, for he wrote, 'To Mr. Newton of Philadelphia, I believe, with best wishes from Arnold Bennett.'

WOOD NUPTIAL

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

THE woods are still; the scent of old rain stirs
Out of the trampled fronds and over us;
And now the evening air is glamorous
With parley of the bramble gossipers,
And fireflies who trace diameters
Of light along a winking radius,
And rasping saws, and the continuous
Insistence of the thicket carpenters.

The architects of night are scaffolding
Our minster to a pandemonium
Of flute and timbrel, warmth of brass and string,
And thrill of triangle and tympanum;
The Reverend Beetle hems his *fa*'s and *do*'s,
And frogs intone their oratorios.

THE INTERPRETER. II

A ROMANCE OF THE EAST

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

EARLY in the pure dawn the men came, and our boat was towed up into the Dal Lake through crystal waterways and flowery banks, the men on the path keeping step and straining at the rope until the bronze muscles stood out on their legs and backs, and shouting strong rhythmic phrases to mark the pull.

'They shout the Wondrous Names of God — as they are called,' said Vanna, when I asked. 'They always do that for a timed effort. Badshāh! The Lord, the Compassionate, and so on. I don't think there is any religion about it, but it is as natural to them as one, two, three to us. It gives a tremendous lift. Watch and see.'

It was part of the delightful strangeness that we should move to that strong music.

We moored by a low bank, under a great wood of chenar trees, and saw the little table in the wilderness set in the greenest shade, with our chairs beside it, and my pipe laid reverently upon it by Kahdra.

Across the glittering water lay, on one side, the Shalimar Garden, known to all readers of *Lalla Rookh* — a paradise of roses; and beyond it again the lovelier gardens of Nur-Mahal, the Light of the Palace, that imperial woman who ruled India under the weak Emperor's name — she whose name he set thus upon his coins: 'By order of King Jehangir, gold has a hundred splendors added to it by receiving the name of Nur-Jahan the Queen.'

Has any woman ever had a more royal homage than this most royal woman — known first as Mihr-u-Nissa, Sun of Women; later, as Nur-Mahal, Light of the Palace; and, latest, Nur-Jahan-Begam, Queen, Light of the World?

Here, in these gardens, she had lived — had seen the snow mountains change from the silver of dawn to the illimitable rose of sunset. The life, the color beat insistently upon my brain. They built a world of magic where every moment was pure gold. Surely — surely to Vanna it must be the same! I believed in my very soul that she who gave and shared such joy could not be utterly apart from me.

Just then, in the sunset, she was sitting on deck, singing under her breath and looking absently away to the Gardens across the Lake. I could hear the words here and there, and knew them.

> 'Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
> Where are you now — who lies beneath your spell?
> Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway far,
> Before you agonize them in farewell?'

'Don't!' I said abruptly. 'You did that on purpose!'

'What?' she asked in surprise. 'That is the song everyone remembers here. Poor Laurence Hope! How she knew and loved my India! What are you grumbling at?'

Her smile stung me.

'Never mind,' I said morosely. 'You don't understand. You never will.'

And yet I believed sometimes that she would — that time was on my side. When Kahdra and I pulled her across to Nur-Mahal's garden next day, how could I not believe it, her face was so full of joy as she looked at me for sympathy?

We were pulling in among the reeds and the huge carved leaves of the water-plants, and the snake-headed buds lolling upon them with the slippery half-sinister look that water-flowers have, as if their cold secret life belonged to the hidden water-world and not to ours. But now the boat was touching the little wooden steps.

Oh, beautiful, most beautiful — the green lawns, shaded with huge pyramids of the chenar trees; the terraced gardens where the marble steps climbed from one to the other, and the mountain streams flashed singing and shining down the carved marble slopes. Even in the glory of sunshine, the passing of all fair things was present with me as I saw the empty shell that had held the Pearl of Empire, and her roses that still bloom, her waters that still sing for others.

The spray of a hundred fountains was misty diamond-dust in the warm air laden with the scent of myriad flowers.

Kahdra followed us everywhere, singing his little tuneless, happy song. The world brimmed with beauty and joy. And we were together.

Words broke from me:—

'Vanna, let it be forever! Let us live here. I'll give up all the world for this and you.'

'But you see,' she said delicately, 'it would be "giving up." You use the right word. It is not your life. It is a lovely holiday, no more. You would weary of it. You would want the city life and your own kind.'

I protested with all my soul. But she went on:—

'No. Indeed, I will say frankly that it would be lowering yourself to live a lotos-eating life among my people. It is a life with which you have no tie. A Westerner who lives like that steps down; he loses his birthright, just as an Easterner does who Europeanizes himself. He cannot live your life, nor you his. If you had work here, it would be different. No — six or eight weeks more; then go away and forget it.'

I turned from her. The serpent was in Paradise. When is he absent?

On one of the terraces a man was beating a tom-tom, and veiled women listened, grouped about him in brilliant colors.

'Is n't that all India?' she said; 'that dull reiterated sound? It half stupefies, half maddens. Once, at Darjiling, I saw the Llamas' Devil Dance: the soul, a white-faced child with eyes unnaturally enlarged, fleeing among a rabble of devils — the evil passions. It fled wildly here and there, and every way was blocked. The child fell on its knees, screaming dumbly — you could see the despair in the starting eyes; but all was drowned in the thunder of Thibetan drums. No mercy — no escape. Horrible!'

'Even in Europe the drum is awful,' I said. 'Do you remember in the French Revolution, how they drowned the victims' voices in a thunder-roll of drums?'

'I shall always see the face of the child, hunted down to hell, falling on its knees, and screaming without a sound, when I hear the drum. But listen — a flute! Now, if that were the

Flute of Krishna, you would have to follow. Let us come!'

I could hear nothing of it; but she insisted, and we followed the music, inaudible to me, up the slopes of the garden that is the foot-hill of the mighty mountain of Mahadeo; and still I could hear nothing.

Vanna told me strange stories of the Apollo of India, whom all hearts most adore, even as the herd-girls adored him in his golden youth by Jumna River and in the pastures of Brindāban.

II

Next day we were climbing the hill to the ruins where the evil magician brought the King's daughter nightly to his will, flying low under a golden moon. Vanna took my arm, and I pulled her, laughing, up the steepest flowery slopes until we reached the height; and, lo! the arched windows were eyeless, a lonely breeze was blowing through the cloisters, and the beautiful yellowish stone arches supported nothing and were but frames for the blue of far lake and mountain and the divine sky. We climbed the broken stairs, where the lizards went by like flashes; and had I the tongues of men and angels, I could not tell the wonder that lay before us — the whole wide valley of Kashmir in summer glory, with its scented breeze singing, singing above it.

We sat on the crushed aromatic herbs and among the wild roses, and looked down.

'To think,' she said, 'that we might have died and never seen it!'

There followed a long silence. I thought she was tired and would not break it. Suddenly she spoke in a strange voice, low and toneless: —

'The story of this place. She was the Princess Padmavati, and her home was in Ayodhya. When she woke and found herself here by the lake, she was so terrified that she flung herself in and was drowned. They held her back, but she died.'

'How do you know?'

'Because a wandering monk came to the abbey of Tahk-i-Bahi near Peshawar, and told Vasettha the Abbot.'

I had nearly spoiled it all by an exclamation, but I held myself back. I saw she was dreaming awake and was unconscious of what she said.

'The Abbot said, "Do not describe her. What talk is this for holy men? The young monks must not hear. Some of them have never seen a woman. Should a monk speak of such toys?" But the wanderer disobeyed and spoke, and there was a great tumult, and the monks threw him out at the command of the young Abbot, and he wandered down to Peshawar; and it was he later — the evil one! — that brought his sister, Lilavanti the Dancer, to Peshawar, and the Abbot fell into her snare. That was his revenge!'

Her face was fixed and strange; for a moment her cheeks looked hollow, her eyes dim and grief-worn. What was she seeing? what remembering? Was it a story — a memory? What was it?

'Men have said so; but for it he surrendered the Peace. Do not speak of her accursed beauty.'

Her voice died away to a drowsy murmur; her head dropped on my shoulder; and for the mere delight of contact I sat still and scarcely breathed, praying that she might speak again. But the good minute was gone. She drew one or two deep breaths, and sat up with a bewildered look, which quickly passed, and left only a painful knitting of the brows.

'I was quite sleepy for a minute. The climb was so strenuous. Hark — I hear the Flute of Krishna again.'

Again I could hear nothing, but she said it was sounding from the trees at the base of the hill. Later, when we

climbed down, I found she was right — that a peasant lad, dark and amazingly beautiful, as these Kashmiris often are, was playing on the Flute to a girl at his feet, looking up at him with rapt eyes. He flung Vanna a flower as we passed. She caught it and put it in her bosom. A singular blossom, three petals of purest white, set against three green leaves of purest green; and lower down the stem the three green leaves were repeated. It was still in her bosom after dinner, and I looked at it more closely.

'That is a curious flower,' I said. 'Three and three and three. Nine. That makes the mystic number. I never saw a purer white. What is it?'

'Of course it is mystic,' she said seriously. 'It is the Ninefold flower. You saw who gave it?'

'That peasant lad.'

She smiled.

'You will see more some day. Some might not even have seen that.'

'Does it grow here?'

'This is the first I have seen. It is said to grow only where the gods walk. Do you know that throughout all India Kashmir is said to be holy ground? It was called long ago the land of the Gods, and of strange, but not evil, sorceries. Great marvels were seen here.'

I felt that the labyrinthine enchantments of that enchanted land were closing about me — a slender web, gray, almost impalpable, finer than fairy silk, was winding itself about my feet. My eyes were opening to things I had not dreamed. She saw my thought.

'But you could not have seen even that much of him in Peshawar. You did not know then.'

'He was not there,' I answered, falling half-unconsciously into her tone.

'He is always there — everywhere; and when he plays, all who hear must follow. He was the Pied Piper in Hamelin; he was Pan in Hellas. You will hear his wild fluting in many strange places when you know how to listen. When one has seen him, the rest comes soon. And then you will follow.'

'Not away from you, Vanna.'

'From the marriage feast, from the Table of the Lord!' she said, smiling strangely. 'The man who wrote that spoke of another call, but it is the same — Krishna or Christ. When we hear the music, we follow. And we may lose or gain heaven.'

It might have been her compelling personality, it might have been the marvels of beauty about me, but I knew well that I had entered at some mystic gate. My talk with Vanna grew less personal and more introspective. I felt the touch of her finger-tips leading me along the ways of Quiet: my feet brushed a shining dew. Once, in the twilight under the chenar trees, I saw a white gleaming and thought it a swiftly passing Being; but when in haste I gained the tree, I found there only a Ninefold flower, white as a spirit in the evening calm. I would not gather it, but told Vanna what I had seen.

'You nearly saw,' she said. 'She passed so quickly. It was the Snowy One, Umā, the Daughter of the Himalaya. That mountain is the mountain of her lord — Shiva. It is natural she should be here. I saw her last night leaning over the height — her chin pillowed on her folded arms, with a low star in the mists of her hair. Her eyes were like lakes of blue darkness, vast and wonderful. She is the Mystic Mother of India. You will see soon. You could not have seen the flower until now.'

'Do you know,' she added, 'that in the mountains there are poppies clear blue — blue as turquoise? We will go up into the heights and find them.'

And next moment she was planning the camping details — the men, the ponies — with a practical zest that seemed to relegate the occult to the ab-

surd. Yet the very next day came a wonderful happening.

The sun was just setting and, as it were, suddenly the purple glooms banked up heavy with thunder. The sky was black with fury, the earth passive with dread. I never saw such lightning — it was continuous and tore in zigzag flashes down the mountains, literally like rents in the substance of the world's fabric. And the thunder roared up in the mountain gorges with shattering echoes. Then fell the rain, and the whole lake seemed to rise to meet it.

We were standing by the cabin window, and she suddenly caught my hand, and I saw in a light of their own two dancing figures on the tormented water before us. Wild in the tumult, embodied delight, with arms tossed violently above their heads, and feet flung up behind them, skimming the waves like sea-gulls, they passed. I saw the fierce aerial faces and their unhuman glee as they fled by; and she dropped my hand and they were gone.

Slowly the storm lessened, and in the west the clouds tore raggedly asunder and a flood of livid yellow light poured down upon the lake — an awful light that struck it into an abyss of fire. Then, as if at a word of command, two glorious rainbows sprang across the water with the mountains for their piers, each with its proper colors chorded. They made a Bridge of Dread that stood out radiant against the background of storm — the Twilight of the Gods, and the doomed Gods marching forth to the last fight. And the thunder growled sullenly away into the recesses of the hill, and the terrible rainbows faded until the stars came quietly out, and it was a still night. But I had seen that what is our dread is the joy of the spirits of the Mighty Mother; and though the vision faded, and I doubted what I had seen, it prepared the way for what I was yet to see.

III

A few days later we started on what was to be the most exquisite memory of my life. In the cool gray of a divine morning, with little rosy clouds flecking the eastern sky, we set out from Islamabad for Vernag. And this was the order of our going. She and I led the way, attended by a sais (groom), and a coolie carrying the luncheon basket. Half-way we would stop in some green dell, or by some rushing stream, and there rest and eat our little meal, while the rest of the cavalcade passed on to the appointed camping-place; and in the late afternoon we would follow, riding slowly, and find the tents pitched.

It was strange that, later, much of what she said escaped me. Some I noted down at the time, but there were hints, shadows of lovelier things beyond, that eluded all but the fringes of memory when I tried to piece them together and make a coherence of a living wonder. For that reason, the best things cannot be told in this history. It is only the cruder, grosser matters that words will hold. The half-touchings — vanishing looks, breaths — O God, I know them, but cannot tell!

In the smaller villages, the headman came often to greet us and make us welcome, bearing on a flat dish a little offering of cakes and fruit, the produce of the place. One evening a headman so approached, stately in white robes and turban, attended by a little lad who carried the patriarchal gift beside him. Our tents were pitched under a glorious walnut tree, with a running stream at our feet.

Vanna, of course, was the interpreter, and I called her from her tent as the man stood salaaming before me. It was strange that, when she came, dressed in white, he stopped in his salutation, and gazed at her in what, I thought, was silent wonder. She spoke earnestly to

him, standing before him with clasped hands — almost, I could think, in the attitude of a suppliant.

The man listened gravely, with only an interjection now and again; and once he turned and looked curiously at me. Then, in his turn, he spoke, evidently making some announcement, which she received with bowed head; and when he turned to go with a grave salute, she performed a very singular ceremony, walking slowly round him three times, keeping him always on the right. He repaid it with the usual salaam and greeting of peace, which he bestowed also on me, and then departed in deep meditation, his eyes fixed on the ground.

I ventured to ask what it all meant, and she looked thoughtfully at me before replying.

'It was a strange thing. I fear you will not altogether understand, but I will tell you what I can. That man, though living here among Mohammedans, is a Brahmin from Benares, and, what is very rare in India, a Buddhist. And when he saw me, he believed he remembered me in a former birth. The ceremony you saw me perform is one of honor in India. It was his due.'

'Did you remember him?' I knew my voice was incredulous.

'Very well. He has changed little, but is further on the upward path. I saw him with dread, for he holds the memory of a great wrong I did. Yet he told me a thing that has filled my heart with joy.'

'Vanna — what is it?'

She had a clear, uplifted look which startled me. There was suddenly a chill air blowing between us.

'I must not tell you yet, but you will know soon. He was a good man. I am glad we have met.'

She buried herself in writing in a small book that I had noticed and longed to look into, and no more was said.

We struck camp next day and trekked on toward Vernag — a rough march, but one of great beauty, beneath the shade of forest trees, garlanded with pale roses that climbed from bough to bough and tossed triumphant wreaths into the uppermost blue. In the afternoon thunder was flapping its wings far off in the mountains, and a little rain fell while we were lunching under a big tree. I was considering anxiously how to shelter Vanna, when a farmer invited us to his house — a scene of Biblical hospitality that delighted us both. He led us up some breakneck little stairs to a large bare room, open to the clean air all around the roof, and with a kind of rough enclosure on the wooden floor, where the family slept at night. There he opened our basket, and then, with anxious care, hung clothes and rough draperies about us, that our meal might be unwatched by one or two friends who had followed us in with breathless interest.

Still further to entertain us, a great rarity was brought out and laid at Vanna's feet, as something we might like to watch — a curious bird in a cage, with brightly barred wings and a singular cry. She fed it with a fruit, and it fluttered to her hand. Just so Abraham might have welcomed his guests; and when we left, with words of deepest gratitude, our host made the beautiful obeisance of touching his forehead with joined hands as he bowed.

To me the whole incident had an extraordinary beauty, and ennobled both host and guest. But we met an ascending scale of beauty, so varied in its aspects that I passed from one emotion to another, and knew no sameness.

That afternoon the camp was pitched at the foot of a mighty hill, under the waving pyramids of the chenars, sweeping their green like the robes of a goddess. Near by was a half-circle of low arches falling into ruin, and as we went

in among them, I beheld a wondrous sight — the huge octagonal tank made by the Mogul Emperor Jehangir to receive the waters of a mighty spring which wells from the hill and has been held sacred by Hindu and Moslem. And if loveliness can sanctify, surely it is sacred, indeed.

'How all the Mogul Emperors loved running water!' said Vanna. 'I can see them leaning over it in these carved pavilions, with delicate dark faces and pensive eyes beneath their turbans, lost in the endless reverie of the East, while liquid melody passes into their dream. It was the music they best loved.'

She was leading me into the royal garden below, where the young river flows beneath the pavilion set above and across the rush of the water.

'I remember before I came to India,' she went on, 'there were certain words and phrases that meant the whole East to me. It was an enchantment. The first flash picture I had was Milton's

Dark faces with white silken turbans wreathed,

and it still is. I have thought ever since that every man should wear a turban. It dignifies the uncomeliest, and it is quite curious to see how many inches a man descends in the scale of beauty the moment he takes it off and you see only the skull-cup about which they wind it. They wind it with wonderful skill, too. I have seen a man take eighteen yards of muslin and throw it round his head with a few turns; and in five or six minutes the beautiful folds were all in order and he looked like a king. Some of the Gujars here wear black ones, and they are very effective and worth painting — the black folds and the sullen tempestuous black brows underneath.'

We sat in the pavilion for a while, looking down on the rushing water, and she spoke of Akbar, the greatest of the Moguls, and spoke with a curious personal touch, as I thought.

'I wish you would try to write a story of him — one on more human lines than has been done yet. No one has accounted for the passionate quest of truth that was the real secret of his life. Strange in an Oriental despot if you think of it! It really can be understood only from the Buddhist belief (which, curiously, seems to have been the only one he neglected) that a mysterious Karma influenced all his thoughts. If I tell you, as a key-note for your story, that in a past life he had been a Buddhist priest, — one who had fallen away, — would that at all account to you for attempts to recover the lost Way? Try to think that out, and to write the story, not as a Western mind sees it, but pure East.'

'That would be a great book to write if one could catch the voices of the past. But how to do that?'

'I will give you one day a little book that may help you. The other story I wish you would write is the story of a dancer of Peshawar. There is a connection between the two — a story of ruin and repentance.'

'Will you tell it to me?'

'A part. In this same book you will find much more, but not all. All cannot be told. You must imagine much; but I think your imagination will be true.'

'Why do you think so?'

'Because in these few days you have learned so much. You have seen the Ninefold flower, and the rain-spirits. You will soon hear the Flute of Krishna, which none can hear who cannot dream true.'

That night I heard it. I waked, suddenly, to music, and standing in the door of my tent, in the dead silence of the night, lit only by a few low stars, I heard the poignant notes of a flute. If it had called my name, it could not have summoned me more clearly, and I followed without a thought of delay,

forgetting even Vanna in the strange urgency that filled me.

The music was elusive, seeming to come first from one side, then from the other; but finally I tracked it as a bee does a flower, by the scent, to the gate of the royal garden — the pleasure place of the dead Emperors. The gate stood ajar — strange! for I had seen the custodian close it that evening. Now it stood wide, and I went in, walking noiselessly over the dewy grass. I knew, and could not tell how, that I must be noiseless. Passing as if I were guided down the course of the strong young river, I came to the pavilion that spanned it, — the place where we had stood that afternoon, — and there, to my profound amazement, I saw Vanna, leaning against a slight wooden pillar. As if she had expected me, she laid one finger on her lip, and stretching out her hand, took mine and drew me beside her as a mother might a child. And instantly I saw!

On the farther bank a young man in a strange diadem or mitre of jewels, bare-breasted and beautiful, stood among the flowering oleanders, one foot lightly crossed over the other as he stood. He was like an image of pale radiant gold, and I could have sworn that the light came from within rather than fell upon him, for the night was very dark. He held the Flute to his lips, and as I looked, I became aware that the noise of the rushing water tapered off into a murmur scarcely louder than that of a summer bee in the heart of a rose. Therefore, the music rose like a fountain of crystal drops, cold, clear, and of an entrancing sweetness, and the face above it was such that I had no power to turn my eyes away. How shall I say what it was? All that I had ever desired, dreamed, hoped, prayed, looked at me from the remote beauty of the eyes, and with the most persuasive gentleness entreated me, rather than commanded, to follow fearlessly and win. But these are words, and words shaped in the rough mould of thought cannot convey the deep desire that would have hurled me to his feet if Vanna had not held me with a firm restraining hand.

Looking up in adoring love to the dark face was a ring of woodland creatures. I thought I could distinguish the white clouded robe of a snow leopard, the soft clumsiness of a young bear, and many more; but these shifted and blurred like dream creatures — I could not be sure of them or define their numbers. The eyes of the Player looked down upon their passionate delight with careless kindness.

Dim images passed through my mind. Orpheus — no, this was no Greek. Pan — yet again, no. Where were the pipes, the goat-hoofs? The young Dionysos — no; there were strange jewels instead of his vines. And then Vanna's voice said as if from a great distance, —

'Krishna — the Beloved'; and I said aloud, 'I see!' And, even as I said it, the whole picture blurred together like a dream, and I was alone in the pavilion and the water was foaming past me.

Had I walked in my sleep? I wondered, as I made my way back. As I gained the garden gate, before me, like a snowflake, I saw the Ninefold flower.

When I told her next day, speaking of it as a dream, she said simply, 'They have opened the door to you. You will not need me soon.'

'I shall always need you. You have taught me everything. I could see nothing last night until you took my hand.'

'I was not there,' she said smiling. 'It was only the thought of me, and you can have that when I am very far away. I was sleeping in my tent. What you called in me then you can always call, even if I am — dead.'

'That is a word which is beginning to have no meaning for me. You have

said things to me — no, *thought* them — that have made me doubt if there is room in the universe for the thing we have called death.'

She smiled her sweet wise smile.

'Where we are, death is not. Where death is, we are not. But you will understand better soon.'

IV

Our march, curving, took us by the Mogul gardens of Achibal, and the glorious ruins of the great Temple at Martund, and so down to Bawan, with its crystal waters and that loveliest camping-ground beside them. A mighty grove of chenar trees, so huge that I felt as if we were in a great sea-cave where the air is dyed with the deep shadowy green of the inmost ocean, and the murmuring of the myriad leaves was like a sea at rest. The water ran with a great joyous rush of release from the mountain behind, but was first received in a basin full of sacred fish and reflecting a little temple of Maheshwara and one of Surya the Sun. Here, in this basin, the water lay pure and still as an ecstasy, and beside it was musing the young Brahmin priest who served the temple.

Since I had joined Vanna I had begun, with her help, to study a little Hindostani, and, with an aptitude for language, could understand here and there. I caught a word or two, as she spoke with him, that startled me, when the high-bred ascetic face turned serenely upon her, and he addressed her as 'My sister,' adding a sentence beyond my learning, but which she willingly translated later: 'May He who sits above the Mysteries, have mercy upon thy rebirth.'

She said afterward, —

'How beautiful some of these men are. It seems a different type of beauty from ours — nearer to nature and the old gods. Look at that priest: the tall, figure, the clear olive skin, the dark level brows, the long lashes that make a soft gloom about the eyes, — eyes that have the fathomless depth of a deer's, — the proud arch of the lip. I think there is no country where aristocracy is more clearly marked than in India. The Brahmins are the aristocrats of the world. You see, it is a religious aristocracy as well. It has everything that can foster pride and exclusiveness. They spring from the Mouth of Deity. They are his word incarnate. Not many kings are of the Brahmin caste, and the Brahmins look down upon those who are not, from sovereign heights.'

And so, in marches of about ten miles a day, we came to Pahlgam on the banks of the dancing Lidar. There were now only three weeks left of the time she had promised. After a few days at Pahlgam the march would turn and bend its way back to Srinagar, and to — what? I could not believe it was to separation: in her lovely kindness she had grown so close to me that, even for the sake of friendship, I believed our paths must run together to the end; and there were moments when I could still half convince myself that I had grown as necessary to her as she was to me. No — not as necessary, for she was life and soul to me; but perhaps a part of her daily experience that she valued and would not easily part with.

That evening we were sitting outside the tents, near the camp-fire of pine logs and cones. The men, in various attitudes of rest, were lying about, and one had been telling a story, which had just ended in excitement and loud applause.

'These are Mohammedans,' said Vanna, 'and it is only a story of love and fighting, like the Arabian Nights. If they had been Hindus, it might well have been of Krishna or of Rama and Sita. Their faith comes from an earlier time, and they still see visions. The

Moslem is a hard practical faith for men — men of the world, too. It is not visionary.'

'I wish you would tell me what you think of the visions or apparitions of the Gods that are seen here. Is it all illusion? Tell me your thought.'

'How difficult that is to answer! I suppose that, if love and faith are strong enough, they will always create the vibrations to which the greater vibrations respond, and so create God in their own image at any time or place. But that they call up what is the truest reality, I have never doubted. There is no shadow without a substance. The substance is beyond us, but under certain conditions the shadow is projected and we see it.'

'Have I seen, or has it been dream?'

'I cannot tell. It may have been the impress of my mind on yours, for I see such things always. You say I took your hand?'

'Take it now.'

She obeyed, and instantly, as I felt the firm cool clasp, I heard the rain of music through the pines — the Flute-Player was passing! She dropped it, smiling, and the sweet sound ceased.

'You see! How can I tell what you have seen? You will know better when I am gone. You will stand alone then.'

'You will not go — you cannot! I have seen how you have loved all this wonderful time. I believe it has been as dear to you as to me. And every day I have loved you more. You could not — you who are so gentle — you could not commit the senseless cruelty of leaving me when you have taught me to love you with every beat of my heart. I have been patient — I have held myself in; but I must speak now. Marry me, and teach me. I know nothing. You know all I need to know. For pity's sake, be my wife.'

I had not meant to say it; it broke from me in the firelit moonlight with a power that I could not stay. She looked at me with a discerning gentleness.

'Is this fair? Do you remember how at Peshawar I told you I thought it was a dangerous experiment, and that it would make things harder for you? But you took the risk like a brave man, because you felt there were things to be gained — knowledge, insight, beauty. Have you not gained them?'

'Yes. Absolutely.'

'Then — is it all loss if I go?'

'Not all. But loss I dare not face.'

'I will tell you this. I could not stay if I would. Do you remember the old man on the way to Vernag? He told me that I must very soon take up an entirely new life. I have no choice, though, if I had, I would still do it.'

There was silence, and down a long arcade, without any touch of her hand, I heard the music, receding with exquisite modulations to a very great distance; and between the pillared stems, I saw a faint light.

'Do you wish to go?'

'Entirely. But I shall not forget you, Stephen. I will tell you something. For me, since I came to India, the gate that shuts us out at birth has opened. How shall I explain? Do you remember Kipling's "Finest Story in the World"?'

'Yes: fiction!'

'Not fiction — true, whether he knew it or no. But for me the door has opened wide. First, I remembered piecemeal, with wide gaps; then more connectedly. Then, at the end of the first year, I met one day at Cawnpore an ascetic, an old man of great beauty and wisdom, and he was able by his own knowledge to enlighten mine. Not wholly — much has come since then; has come, some of it, in ways you could not understand now, but much by direct sight and hearing. Long, long ago I lived in Peshawar, and my story was a sorrowful one. I will tell you a little before I go.'

'I hold you to your promise. What is there I cannot believe when you tell me? But does that life put you altogether away from me? Was there no place for me in any of your memories that has drawn us together now? Give me a little hope that, in the eternal pilgrimage, there is some bond between us, and some rebirth where we may meet again.'

'I will tell you that also before we part. I have grown to believe that you do love me — and therefore love something which is infinitely above me.'

'And do you love me at all? Am I nothing, Vanna — Vanna?'

'My friend,' she said, and laid her hand on mine. A silence and then she spoke, very low. 'You must be prepared for very great change, Stephen, and yet believe that it does not really change things at all. See how even the Gods pass and do not change. The early Gods of India are gone, and Shiva, Vishnu, Krishna have taken their places and are one and the same. The Gods cannot die, nor can we, or anything that has life. Now I must go inside.'

The days that were left we spent in wandering up the Lidar River to the hills that are the first ramp of the ascent to the great heights. She sat, one day, on a rock, holding the sculptured leaves and massive seed-vessels of some glorious plant that the Kashmiris believe has magic virtues hidden in the seeds of pure rose embedded in the white down.

'If you fast for three days and eat nine of these in the Night of No Moon, you can rise on the air light as thistledown and stand on the peak of Haramoukh. And on Haramoukh, as you know, it is believed that the Gods dwell. There was a man here who tried this enchantment. He was a changed man forever after, wandering and muttering to himself, and avoiding all human intercourse as far as he could. He said he had seen the Dream of the God!

'Do you think he had seen anything?'

'What do I know? Will you eat the seeds? The Night of No Moon will soon be here.'

She held out the seed-vessels, laughing. I write that down; but how record the lovely light of kindliness in her eyes — the almost submissive gentleness that yet was a defense stronger than steel? I never knew — how should I? — whether she was sitting by my side or heavens away from me in her own strange world. But always she was a sweetness that I could not reach, a cup of nectar that I might not drink, unalterably her own and never mine, and yet — my friend.

She showed me the wild track up into the mountains, where the pilgrims go to pay their devotions to the Great God's shrine in the awful heights.

Above where we were sitting, the river fell in a tormented white cascade, crashing and feathering into spray-dust of diamonds. An eagle was flying above it, with a mighty spread of wings that seemed almost double-jointed in the middle, they curved and flapped so wide and free. The fierce head was outstretched with the rake of a plundering galley, as he swept down the wind, seeking his meat from God, and passed majestic from our sight.

Vanna spoke, and as she spoke I saw. What are her words as I record them? Stray dead leaves pressed in a book — the life and grace dead. Yet I record, for she taught me, what I believe the world should learn, that the Buddhist philosophers are right when they teach that all forms of what we call matter are really but aggregates of spiritual units, and that life itself is a curtain hiding reality, as the vast veil of day conceals from our sight the countless orbs of space. So that the purified mind, even while prisoned in the body, may

enter into union with the Real and, according to attainment, see it as it is.

She was an interpreter because she believed this truth profoundly. She saw the spiritual essence beneath the lovely illusion of matter, and the air about her was radiant with the motion of strange forces for which the dull world has many names, aiming indeed at the truth, but falling, oh, how far short of her calm perception! She was of a House higher than the Household of Faith. She had received enlightenment. She believed because she had seen.

V

Next day our camp was struck, and we turned our faces again to Srinagar and to the day of parting. I set down but one strange incident of our journey, of which I did not speak even to her.

We were camping at Bijbehara, awaiting our house-boat, and the site was by the Maharaja's lodge above the little town. It was midnight and I was sleepless — the shadow of the near future was upon me. I wandered down to the lovely old wooden bridge across the Jhelum, where the strong young trees grow up from the piles. Beyond it the moon was shining on the ancient Hindu remains close to the new temple; and as I stood on the bridge, I could see the figure of a man in deepest meditation by the ruins. He was no European. I could see the straight, dignified folds of the robes. But it was not surprising that he should be there, and I should have thought no more of it, had I not heard at that instant from the farther side of the river the music of the Flute. I cannot hope to describe that music to any who have not heard it. Suffice it to say that, where it calls, he who hears must follow, whether in the body or the spirit. Nor can I now tell in which I followed. One day it will call me across the River of Death, and I shall ford it or sink in the immeasurable depths, and either will be well.

But immediately I was at the other side of the river, standing by the stone Bull of Shiva where he kneels before the Symbol, and looking steadfastly upon me a few paces away was a man in the dress of a Buddhist monk. He wore the yellow robe that leaves one shoulder bare; his head was bare, also, and he held in one hand a small bowl like a stemless chalice. I knew I was seeing a very strange and inexplicable sight, — one that in Kashmir should be incredible, — but I put wonder aside, for I knew now that I was moving in the sphere where the incredible may well be the actual. His expression was of the most unbroken calm. If I compare it to the passionless gaze of the Sphinx, I misrepresent, for the Riddle of the Sphinx still awaits solution, but in this face was a noble acquiescence and a content which, had it vibrated, must have passed into joy.

Words or their equivalent passed between us. I felt his voice.

'You have heard the music of the Flute?'

'I have heard.'

'What has it given?'

'A consuming longing.'

'It is the music of the Eternal. The creeds and the faiths are the words that men have set to that melody. Listening, it will lead you to Wisdom. Day by day you will interpret more surely.'

'I cannot stand alone.'

'You will not need. What has led you will lead you still. Through many births it has led you. How should it fail?'

'What should I do?'

'Go forward.'

'What should I shun?'

'Sorrow and fear.'

'What should I seek?'

'Joy.'

'And the end?'

'Joy. Wisdom. They are the Light and Dark of the Divine.'

A cold breeze passed and touched my forehead. I was still standing in the middle of the bridge above the water gliding to the ocean, and there was no figure by the Bull of Shiva. I was alone. I passed back to the tents, with the shudder that is not fear but akin to death upon me. I knew that I had been profoundly withdrawn from what we call actual life, and the return is dread.

The days passed as we floated down the river to Srinagar.

On board the Kedarnath, now lying in our first berth beneath the chenars, near and yet far from the city, the last night had come. Next morning I should begin the long ride to Baramula, and beyond that barrier of the Happy Valley down to Murree and the Punjab. Where afterward? I neither knew nor cared. My lesson was before me to be learned. I must try to detach myself from all I had prized — to say to my heart that it was but a loan and a gift, and to cling only to the imperishable. And did I as yet certainly know more than the A B C of the hard doctrine by which I must live? *Que vivre est difficile, O mon cœur fatigué!* — An immense weariness possessed me — a passive grief.

Vanna would follow later with the wife of an Indian doctor. I believed she was bound for Lahore; but on that point she had not spoken certainly, and I felt that we should not meet again.

And now my packing was finished, and, so far as my possessions went, the little cabin had the soulless emptiness that comes with departure.

I was enduring as best I could. If she had held loyally to her pact, could I do less? Was she to blame for my wild hope that in the end she would relent and step down to the household levels of love?

She sat by the window — the last time I should see the moonlit banks and her clear face against them. I made and won my fight for the courage of words.

'And now I've finished everything, thank goodness! and we can talk. Vanna — you will write to me?'

'Once. I promise that.'

'Only once? Why? I counted on your words.'

'I want to speak to you of something else now. I want to tell you a memory. But look first at the pale light behind the Takht-i-Suliman.'

So I had seen it with her. So I should not see it again. We watched until a line of silver sparkled on the black water, and then she spoke.

'Stephen, do you remember in the ruined monastery near Peshawar, how I told you of the young Abbot, who came down to Peshawar with a Chinese pilgrim? And he never returned.'

'I remember. There was a dancer.'

'There was a dancer. She was Lilavanti, and was brought there to trap him; but when she saw him she loved him, and that was his ruin and hers. Trickery he would have known and escaped. Love caught him in an unbreakable net, and they fled down the Punjab, and no one knew any more. But I know. For two years they lived together, and she saw the agony in his heart — the anguish of his broken vows, the face of the Blessed One receding into an infinite distance. She knew that every day added a link to the heavy Karma that was bound about the feet she loved, and her soul said, "Set him free," and her heart refused the torture. But her soul was the stronger. She set him free.'

'How?'

'She took poison. He became an ascetic in the hills, and died in peace, but with a long expiation upon him.'

'And she?'

'I am she.'

'You!' I heard my voice as if it were another man's. Was it possible that I — a man of the twentieth century — believed this impossible thing? Impossible, and yet — What had I learned if not the unity of Time, the illusion of matter? What is the twentieth century, what the first? Do they not lie before the Supreme as one, and clean from our petty divisions? And I myself had seen what, if I could trust it, asserted the marvels that are no marvels to those who know.

'You loved him?'

'I love him.'

'Then there is nothing at all for me.'

She resumed as if she had heard nothing.

'I have lost him for many lives. He stepped above me at once; for he was clean gold, though he fell; and though I have followed, I have not found. But that Buddhist beyond Islamabad — you shall hear now what he said. It was this. "The shut door opens, and this time he waits." I cannot yet say all it means, but there is no Lahore for me. I shall meet him soon.'

'Vanna, you would not harm yourself again?'

'Never. I should not meet him. But you will see. Now I can talk no more. I will be there to-morrow when you go, and ride with you to the poplar road.'

She passed like a shadow into her little dark cabin, and I was left alone. I will not dwell on that black loneliness of the spirit, for it has passed — it was the darkness of hell, a madness of jealousy, and could have no enduring life in any heart that had known her. But it was death while it lasted. I had moments of horrible belief, of horrible disbelief; but however it might be, I knew that she was out of reach forever. Near me — yes! but only as the silver image of the moon floating in the water by the boat, with the moon herself cold myriads of miles away. I will say no more of that last eclipse of what she had wrought in me.

The bright morning came, sunny as if my joys were beginning instead of ending. Vanna mounted her horse, and led the way from the boat. I cast one long look at the little Kedarnath, the home of those perfect weeks, of such joy and sorrow as would have seemed impossible to me in the chrysalis of my former existence. Little Kahdra stood crying bitterly on the bank; the kindly folk who had served us were gathered, saddened and quiet.

How dear she looked, how kind, how gentle her appealing eyes, as I drew up beside her! She knew what I felt, that the sight of little Kahdra, crying as he said good-bye, was the last pull at my sore heart. Still she rode steadily on, and still I followed. Once she spoke.

'Stephen, there was a man in Peshawar, kind and true, who loved that Lilavanti, who had no heart for him. And when she died, it was in his arms, as a sister might cling to a brother; for the man she loved had left her. It seems that will not be in this life, but do not think I have been so blind that I did not know my friend.'

I could not answer — it was the realization of the utmost I could hope, and it came like healing to my spirit. Better that bond between us, slight as most men might think it, than the dearest and closest with a woman not Vanna. It was the first thrill of a new joy in my heart — the first, I thank the Infinite, of many and steadily growing joys and hopes that cannot be uttered here.

I bent to take the hand she stretched to me; but even as our hands touched, I saw, passing behind the trees by the road, the young man I had seen in the garden at Vernag — most beautiful, in the strange mitre of his jeweled diadem. His Flute was at his lips, and the music rang out sudden and crystal-clear, as if

a woodland god were passing to awaken all the joys of the dawn.

The horses heard, too. In an instant hers had swerved wildly, and she lay on the ground at my feet.

VI

Days had gone before I could recall what had happened then. I lifted her in my arms and carried her into the rest-house near at hand, and the doctor came and looked grave, and a nurse was sent from the Mission Hospital. No doubt all was done that was possible; but I knew from the first what it meant and how it would be. She lay in a white quietness, and the room was still as death. I remembered with unspeakable gratitude later that the nurse had been merciful and had not sent me away.

So Vanna lay all day and all night; and when the dawn came again, she stirred and motioned with her hand, although her eyes were closed. I understood, and, kneeling, I put my hand under her head, and rested it against my shoulder. Her faint voice murmured at my ear.

'I dreamed — I was in the pine wood at Pahlgam, and it was the Night of No Moon, and I was afraid, for it was dark; but suddenly all the trees were covered with little lights like stars, and the greater light was beyond. Nothing to be afraid of.'

'Nothing, beloved.'

'And I looked beyond Peshawar, farther than eyes could see; and in the ruins of the monastery where we stood, you and I — I saw him, and he lay with his head at the feet of the Blessed One. That is well, is it not?'

'Well, beloved.'

'And it is well I go? Is it not?'

'It is well.'

A long silence. The first sun-ray touched the floor. Again the whisper:—

'Believe what I have told you. For we shall meet again.'

I repeated, 'We shall meet again.'

In my arms she died.

Later, when all was over, I asked myself if I believed this, and answered with full assurance, Yes.

If the story thus told sounds incredible, it was not incredible to me. I had had a profound experience. What is a miracle? It is simply the vision of the Divine behind nature. It will come in different forms according to the eyes that see, but the soul will know that its perception is authentic.

I could not leave Kashmir, nor was there any need. On the contrary, I saw that there was work for me here among the people she had loved, and my first aim was to fit myself for that and for the writing I now felt was to be my career in life. After much thought, I bought the little Kedarnath and made it my home, very greatly to the satisfaction of little Kahdra and all the friendly people to whom I owed so much.

Vanna's cabin I made my sleeping-room, and it is the simple truth that the first night I slept in the place that was a Temple of Peace in my thoughts I had a dream of wordless bliss, and starting awake for sheer joy, I saw her face in the night, human and dear, looking upon me with that poignant sweetness which would seem to be the utmost revelation of love and pity. And as I stretched my hands, another face dawned solemnly from the shadow beside her, with grave brows bent on mine — one I had known and seen in the ruins at Bijbehara. Outside, and very near, I could hear the silver weaving of the Flute that in India is the symbol of the call of the Divine. A dream; but it taught me to live.

(The End)

THE TWILIGHT OF PARLIAMENT

BY A. G. GARDINER

I

It is a fact of universal admission that the prestige of the British Parliament has not been at so low an ebb in living memory as it is to-day. We should have, I think, to go back to the time when George III, in his pursuit of personal government, packed the House of Commons with his creatures, to parallel the disrepute into which the present Parliament has fallen. The House of Commons has lost its authority over the public mind and its influence upon events. The press has largely ceased to report its proceedings, and the scrappy descriptive summary has taken the place of the full-dress verbatim reports with which we were familiar a few years ago. This is no doubt largely due to the revolution in the press which has replaced the sober seriousness of the past by a tendency to keep the public amused with sensation and stunts. But the fact does reflect the public sense of the decadence of Parliament.

And there is an odd touch of irony in this — that the depreciation affects the popular House much more than the House of Lords. For generations the latter has been a threatened institution, the last hope of impossible causes and the bugbear of the reformer. Its record of stupid opposition to every movement of enlightened and rational change has been the tradition of a century; but it seemed that, with the great Budget fight of 1910 and the passing of the Parliament Act, its power for mischief had been finally controlled. It was an ogre that had lost its teeth and its claws, and was henceforth harmless. And behold! Just at the moment when the representative House is at last based on the broadest possible franchise, when the suffrage is universal and women have the vote, we are confronted with the spectacle of a House of Commons so negligible as to be almost beneath contempt, and so mute and servile that, by comparison, the hereditary Chamber stands out in contrast as the guardian of public liberties and free institutions. For long years Liberals have been fighting for a thoroughly representative system and for imposing restraint upon the reactionary tendencies of the Upper House. And having accomplished their aim, they find that they have to turn, for the experience of whatever remnant of enlightened and liberal-minded opinion there remains, from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. There at least an occasional weighty voice is heard in protest against the follies of the government. There at least is some reminiscence of the spirit of independent criticism, which has certainly vanished from a House of Commons that exists simply to register the decrees of a ministry.

If we seek to discover the causes of the decline of the Parliamentary institution, the most general conclusion will be that it is an incident in the convulsion of the war. There can, of course, be no doubt on this point. It is the war

that has shaken the pillars of Westminster and left the governance of England more chaotic and indeterminate than it has been for two centuries. But while this is undoubtedly true, it is also true that for some years before the war there had been tendencies at work which had been undermining confidence in Parliamentary government. The transfer of power from the educated middle classes to the mass of the people, while a just and inevitable development of the democratic idea, was productive of results which were not wholly salutary. The appeal ceased to be to an instructed community, which could be reached by argument, and passed to the millions who had neither the taste nor the time for the consideration of affairs, and became interested in them only when passion was aroused.

The development enormously enhanced the power of the demagogue in politics. It made the appeal to reason more difficult and the appeal to violent emotion infinitely more profitable. And the change in the seat of power was accompanied by another change, which intensified the demagogic tendency. The press became aware of the big battalions and set out to exploit them. An enterprising youth named Harmsworth, having discovered, by the success of *Answers* and similar erudite publications, that what the great public wanted to know was how many acres there were in Yorkshire, how many letters in the Bible, how far the streets of London put end to end would reach across the Atlantic, and so on, determined to apply the spirit of this illuminating gospel to the conduct of the daily press. His triumph was phenomenal. In the course of a few years the whole character of the English press was changed. It passed mainly into the hands of a few great syndicates, with young Mr. Harmsworth, now Viscount Northcliffe, as the head of the new journalistic hierarchy. It led the public on stunts and sensations. It debased the currency of political controversy to phrases that could be put in a headline and passed from mouth to mouth. The old-fashioned newspaper, which reported speeches and believed in the sanctity of its news-columns, went under or had to join in the *sauve qui peut*. Parliament was treated as a music-hall turn. If it was funny, it was reported; if it was serious, it was ignored. With the exception of a few papers, chiefly in the provinces, like the Manchester *Guardian* and the *Scotsman*, the utterances of serious statesmen other than the Prime Minister were unreported. The Midlothian campaign of Gladstone, which used to fill pages of the newspapers, would today be dismissed in an ill-reported half-column summary devoted, not to the argument, but to the amusing asides and the irrelevant interruptions.

All this profoundly affected the Parliamentary atmosphere. The power outside the House was no longer a vigilant influence upon events within the House. The statesman ceased to rely upon his reasoned appeal to the facts. He found that the way to dominion over Parliament was not by argument on the floor of the House, but by making terms with the great lords of the press outside, who controlled the machine that manufactured public opinion. Long before the war Mr. Lloyd George had appreciated the changed circumstances and taken advantage of them. A press man was much more important to him than a Parliamentary colleague or a prince of the blood. He might forget to reply to an archbishop, but he would never forget to reply to a journalist. His acquaintance among the craft was more various and peculiar than that of any politician of this day or any other day. There was no newspaper man so poor that he would not do him reverence and entertain him to

breakfast. While his former colleague, Mr. Asquith, studiously ignored the press and would no more have thought of bargaining with Northcliffe and Beaverbrook for their support than of asking his butler to write his speeches, Mr. George lived in the press world, knew every leading journalist's vulnerable point, humored his vanity, and gave him a knighthood or a peerage as readily as his breakfast.

By these ingenious arts, which I have had the pleasure of watching at pretty close quarters for twenty years past, he built up that press legend of himself which has been so invaluable an asset to him. It has not only enabled him to establish his own political fortunes: it has enabled him to destroy the political fortunes of one set of colleagues after another — unhappy gentlemen, who did not know the secret doors of Fleet Street, and found themselves frozen out of the public affections by a mysterious wind that emanated from they knew not where.

It may be worth while to mention the chief figures of the press bodyguard with which Mr. George has displaced the authority of Parliament and made himself more nearly a dictator than the country has seen since the days of Cromwell. They are really very few, but between them they influence the opinion and control the news-supply of nineteen twentieths of the people of the country. They are Lord Northcliffe, whom he made a viscount; his brother, Lord Rothermere, whom also he made a viscount; a third brother, Sir Leicester Harmsworth, whom he made a baronet; Mr. George Riddell of the *News of the World*, whom he made Lord Riddell; the manager of the *Times*, Sir Stuart Campbell, whom he made a knight; the manager of the *Mail*, whom he made a knight; Sir H. Dalziel of the *Daily Chronicle* and *Pall Mall;* Sir William Robertson Nichol (also made a knight), who, as editor of the *British Weekly*, keeps him right with the Nonconformist public; Sir Edward Hulbar, the owner of a great group of papers in London and Manchester (a baronetcy for him); Lord Beaverbrook of the *Daily Express*, who was given a peerage for engineering the overthrow of the Asquith ministry. There are others, but these are the leaders of the claque through which Mr. George rules England and, in larger degree than any man living, the continent of Europe. It is a great achievement. The press lords have so indoctrinated the public mind with the Lloyd George legend that it is doubtful whether they themselves can destroy their own creation. Lord Northcliffe, disappointed at not being chosen, as a part of his contract, to represent England at the Peace Conference, has tried to destroy it, but has found that he did his work too thoroughly to undo it easily. The public has become so attached to the legend that they find it hard to surrender it until the press can agree upon a new legend to put in its place. That will not be easy, for no other man living has anything approaching Mr. George's genius for manipulating the press, and he has had five years of power in which to consolidate his hold upon the machine of government and to establish his friends in all the strategic positions of influence.

II

But, side by side with this transfer of real power from Parliament to the press, there has been another tendency operating to discredit the House of Commons. This tendency has no doubt been aggravated by the disrepute of Parliament itself. It is the idea of direct action. The Labor movement, just when it seemed to have the control of Parliament within its grasp, developed a school which aimed at repudiat-

ing Parliament altogether, or, at least, at subordinating it to the exercise of direct industrial power outside. The view of the leaders of this movement was that Parliament was an institution which, however democratic its basis, became inevitably the instrument of the capitalist interests, and that the realities of government must pass to the organized industrial classes before Labor could get justice or achieve the aims it had in view. Between the mutually destructive ideas of possessing Parliament and dispossessing Parliament, Labor has temporarily lost its way. The rank and file of the movement, I think, is still overwhelmingly in favor of a Parliamentary system; but the intellectual energy is largely behind the new school of thought, and the discredit that has fallen upon the present Parliament has strengthened the motive of direct action. The result has been disastrous both to Labor and to Parliament. The cleavage of politics tends more and more to be between Labor and Capital, with the latter in control of Parliament and the former increasingly disposed to make its power felt outside by the interruption of the processes of industry.

This insurgent disposition of the advanced section of Labor is aggravated by the subservience of the press to the money interest. The present condition of journalistic production makes it practically impossible for newspapers to be run in the interests of the men; and the conviction that both the press and Parliament are against them gives impetus to the preachings of direct action.

Another consideration that has helped to make Labor distrust Parliament is its own failure as a Parliamentary factor. There are some seventy Labor members in the present House of Commons; but it is notorious that they are, as a whole, the least efficient body in the Chamber. The fact is due to two things. While it is the intellectual who dictates the abstract policy of the party, it is the mass of the party that nominates and elects the members; and it is the practice to send to Westminster trade-union secretaries of third-rate ability and generally without either political training or Parliamentary instinct. Nor is this the only handicap. They are deprived of all independent action, and enter the House committed to a certain collective course on any given issue, regardless of what the debates may reveal. All this has made Labor a singularly negligible influence in the House, and has increased its disposition to distrust an instrument it has failed to use.

III

And there is another cause of the decline of the Parliamentary institution. I do not think it can be doubted that it is not to-day attracting the best intellectual and moral material of the country to the extent to which it attracted it a generation or two ago. The pushful and clever lawyer is still there in abundance; but the great public-spirited citizen, who entered Parliament, not for what he could make out of it, but from a disinterested passion for the commonwealth, — the man of the type of Cobden and Bright, — has disappeared. No first-rate Parliamentary figure, has emerged during the past twenty years, with the exception of Mr. Churchill, a mere swashbuckler of politics.

This, I fear, is not an accidental circumstance. It is due to the changed conditions. In the past the private member of distinction had an opportunity of making his influence felt, which is no longer possible. If he had anything to say, he was able to say it, and he was assured that through the press he would reach the mind of the country. All this is changed. The private member has few chances of being

heard and no chance of being reported. Though he speak with the tongue of angels, the popular press, occupied with important matters like the forthcoming prize-fight or the latest society divorce suit, will be deaf to his pleadings. If he is to make any impression, he must be a noisy nuisance, who cannot be suppressed. The effect of this is to make Parliament increasingly unattractive to the men who would give it distinction, but who are not prepared to devote their time and their energies to an unprofitable and not very elevating service.

I remember Lord Morley, when he was at the India Office, deploring the disappearance of the great private member, who consecrated distinguished abilities of mind and character to the service of the State without any desire for office.

'You mean a man of the type of Cobden,' I said.

'No,' he replied, 'I would be satisfied with something less than Cobden. I would be content if the House of Commons produced one private member of the type of Bradlaugh: powerful in speech, courageous in action, with a large understanding of affairs, and no eye upon the front bench. But there is no such man to-day.'

There is no such man, because there is no room for such a man. Burke would be almost as much out of his element in the House of Commons to-day as the Archbishop of Canterbury would be out of his element on the race-course. The change in the character of the House of Commons is, of course, largely due to the enormously increased activities which modern developments have imposed upon it. The tide of business that flows through the House is so impetuous, that the large issues of conduct are lost in the mass of multitudinous detail, and the appeal to the moral standards of public conduct has become almost as irrelevant as a sermon on the stock exchange. Those who are concerned about these things find a more fruitful field for their activities in the social and intellectual world outside than they could hope to find in the House of Commons of to-day.

But in spite of these general tendencies, which have slowly and insensibly transformed the spirit and procedure of Parliament, it remains true that the low esteem in which it is held to-day is mainly due to the war. On the 3rd of August, 1914, the House of Commons was put into cold storage, and from that condition of frozen inactivity it has never emerged. Recalling that unforgettable scene when Sir Edward Grey made the speech that committed England to the war, one seems to look across a gulf that can never again be spanned. Power so completely passed from the House of Commons to the executive, that the merest murmur of criticism was enough to send a man into political exile for the rest of his days. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made such a murmur when Sir Edward Grey sat down, and he has not recovered from the consequences to this hour. He is marked with the indelible stain of having said what half the Cabinet were saying in private the day before, and what many of them, including Mr. Lloyd George, were saying only three hours before. For four years and more the iron law of unquestioning obedience was imposed on the House of Commons. It became a registering machine. It was drilled and disciplined to the service of the executive. Its power of initiative vanished. The function of the opposition to oppose was abolished. The liberties of the Chamber were blotted out, and the House lost the very instinct of free criticism and independent thought. This paralysis continued so long that it became the habit of men's minds. They were unconscious of their chains. It would almost be true to say

that they came to wear their chains proudly, as the symbol of their patriotic self-surrender. The more they clanked them, the more they asserted their devotion to the country. The very tradition of a free Parliament passed away.

That tradition might have been recovered at the end of the war, if power had been in the hands of men who reverenced the Parliamentary institution. But Mr. Lloyd George had no disposition to restore to Parliament the unprecedented authority with which the war had invested him at the expense of Parliament. The events of the years of the war and his skillful adaptation of them to his aim of personal government had made him dictator in all but name. The fiction of Parliament continued, but he ruled the country through the press and through his control of the official machine, and he seized the moment of hysteria that came with the end of the war to rush an election that enabled him to secure a House of Commons exactly adapted to his purpose.

The squalor and shame of that election, with its coarse appeals to the worst appetites of the mob, is a humiliating memory. Its fruit continues in a House of Commons that is without precedent since the days of the pocket boroughs. Not a single Liberal statesman of front-bench rank was returned, and for the first time in modern annals the representative chamber was without an organized opposition. Two small fragments of the Liberal and Labor parties were returned, but they consisted of new and inconspicuous men, and as they acted in isolation, the small influence they might have exercised upon events was dissipated.

The disaster to the opposition was completed by the dramatic course of affairs in Ireland. The Nationalist party had for generations formed a formidable opposition *bloc* in the House; but the election swept the Nationalist party out of existence, and in its place, Nationalist Ireland elected a solid phalanx of Sinn Fein candidates, who, adopting the policy of repudiating the English Parliament, have made no appearance at Westminster. Mr. George was therefore left in possession of Parliament with a completeness unlike anything in history. Not only was there no opposition confronting him, but the unwieldy mob of members sent to support him came, not as free representatives freely elected, but as his personal adherents who, in accepting his 'coupon,' had practically undertaken to disestablish Parliament and endorse his personal dictatorship without challenge.

It is needless to say that a House of Commons elected in these circumstances and under these conditions was of a quality new to the walls of St. Stephen's. It was composed for the most part of men who had done well out of the war and expected to do still better out of the peace. The wiser mind of the nation was wholly absent from it, and the scum thrown up by the war was left in undisputed possession. Owing their seats entirely to the strategy of Mr. George, depending for the retention of these seats entirely upon his maintenance in office, at once ignorant of and indifferent to the traditions of Parliament, they provided a perfect instrument for his purpose. In the previous Parliament, opposition had been silenced by the supposed requirements of the war; but in this Parliament it has been suppressed as a sort of blasphemy against the divine right of dictatorship. No proposal has been too grotesque to be swallowed with servile and uncomplaining obedience. Even Mr. George's fantastic fifty-per-cent tax on German imports — every copper of which came out of English pockets — was accepted almost without discussion, although the whole business community was panic-stricken at so inconceivable a form of

commercial suicide. The folly perished by its own silliness within a fortnight, but it has been duly followed by other follies, like the Anti-Dumping bill, which has been received with the same complacent imbecility. Cabinet responsibility has ceased to exist, the safeguards of the constitution have gone one by one; ministers have declined into mere clerks, responsible, not to Parliament, but to their chief; treasury control has vanished from finance, and an orgy of unchecked extravagance runs riot through the departments; the benches of the House are crowded with placemen, for whom new offices have been created in such abundance that Mr. George can vote down the feeble opposition with his salaried supporters alone. We are in the presence of an experiment in personal government which would have been unthinkable a decade ago.

Two issues will show how completely Parliament has abdicated. The story of the events in Ireland during the past year has no parallel in our annals for more than a century. The facts, denied or travestied with impudent effrontery by Sir Hamar Greenwood, are no longer in doubt. Every day adds its dreadful chapter to an indictment such as no civilized government in modern times has been subjected to. In other and better days one incident of the thousand that have occurred would have stung Parliament to an indignant anger that would have swept the government that authorized it from office. One has only to invoke the great name of Gladstone to appreciate the moral death that has fallen upon an institution that sits day by day and month by month in guilty and approving complicity with the chief authors of this indelible crime.

Or take the enormous disaster that has paralyzed industrial England this summer. Whatever share of responsibility the unions have for that catastrophe, it is small in comparison with the share of the government. They made vast profits by controlling the coal-trade, and used them to conceal the deficiency in their accounts. Nothing was set aside from the coal profits for the purpose of restoring the trade to normal conditions when the slump came. It came as the result, largely, of Mr. George's surrender to the French demands at Spa, which glutted France with German coal and brought about the collapse of the English coal-trade. And with this collapse, almost at a moment's notice, coal was decontrolled, and the miner was left to bear the whole burden of the government's gross improvidence. The wrong was open and palpable, but the House of Commons, in this as in every other crucial test, abdicated all its functions of criticism and appeasement. It was plainly in sympathy with the idea of using the occasion to destroy organized Labor, at whatever cost to the community. Probably the idea will prevail. Labor may be left beaten, impoverished, and sullen. But in thus destroying the last element of confidence among the working-classes in its good faith, Parliament will have suffered no less heavy a blow.

The future is incalculable. Parliamentary government, of course, there will continue to be; but whether Parliament can recover from the atrophy of years of war and the ignominy of years of peace to anything approaching the prestige of other days is more than doubtful. The rot has gone far, and we are in the presence of disruptive forces which cannot be measured. The Cæsarism of Mr. Lloyd George on the one hand, and the challenge of direct action on the other, seem to be crushing the institution between the hammer and the anvil. Apart from the abnormal happenings of the past seven years, the social and industrial changes of the last

generation have foreshadowed a reshaping of the machine of government. Decentralization is in the air, and the demand for an instrument less remote and cumbrous, more sensitive and immediately responsive to local needs, is increasingly made.

The universal loss of faith — in men, in institutions, in creeds, in theories — which is the devastating product of the war has touched nothing, not even the Church, more blightingly than it has touched Parliament. It would have suffered less had there been a great moral influence, to which the constitutional idea was as sacred as it was to Hampden, or Burke, or Gladstone, in control of affairs when the tempest came. But the upheaval of the war left it the sport of a nimble genius to whom the soul of Parliament is nothing and the manipulation of mob emotion through the press the only vehicle of statesmanship.

THE JAPANESE IN HAWAII

BY WILLIAM HARDING CARTER

THE recent census shows that, out of a total population of 255,912 in the Hawaiian Islands, 109,269 are Japanese. The increase in Japanese population since 1910 is 29,594, or 37.1 per cent, compared with 18,564 or 30.4 per cent during the preceding decade. The disproportionate number of Japanese in comparison with that of other nationalities in the islands constitutes an intricate and perplexing problem, and a knowledge of the history of Japanese immigration is essential to any proper consideration of the situation.

Diplomatic relations between Japan and Hawaii began with a treaty of amity and commerce in 1871. Scarcity of agricultural labor in Hawaii caused Honorable Charles R. Bishop, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to take up with the Hawaiian consul in Tokyo the subject of an arrangement for obtaining laborers from Japan; but nothing came of it until King Kalakaua visited Japan, in 1881, when the Hawaiian Minister of Immigration, Honorable William Nevins Armstrong, initiated negotiations with the Japanese government on the subject of emigration of laborers from Japan to Hawaii.

In 1883 Colonel C. P. Iaukea was accredited to the Court of Japan as Minister Plenipotentiary, for the special purpose of arranging for Japanese immigration, and was instructed by the Hawaiian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Honorable Walter Murray Gibson, in this remarkable manner: —

'You will please impress upon the mind of the Minister the very exceptional character of these proposals, and the evidence they afford of the high value His Majesty's government places upon the friendly alliance between this country and Japan, and upon the Japanese race *as a repopulating element.*'

Later, under date of July 22, 1885, Mr. Gibson wrote to Count Inouye: —

'I desire in the first place to assure Your Excellency that, owing to the

strong desire of Hawaii to settle upon her soil a kindred and kindly people like the Japanese, this government is most anxious to meet the views and requirements of Japan on all points.'

Under date of January 21, 1886, the Hawaiian Consul-General at Tokyo, Mr. R. W. Irwin, wrote to Count Inouye: 'I accept unreservedly the terms and conditions laid down in Your Excellency's communication of yesterday, and I am prepared to sign the immigration convention.'

The Hawaiian Minister of Foreign Affairs, under date of March 5, 1886, wrote to Count Inouye: 'Mr. Irwin unreservedly accepted these stipulations, and I have now the honor to accept his engagement and to confirm on the part of His Majesty's government the several subsidiary agreements referred to, in so far as may be consonant with the constitution of the kingdom and His Majesty's treaty obligations with foreign powers.'

Count Okuma in reply informed Mr. Irwin: 'I accept your assurances in these regards, as well as other particulars specified in your communication, as an authorized statement of the obligations which your government assumes in the premises, and I shall so regard the understanding as binding on our respective governments, subject to the right of revoking same, either in whole or in part, which is specifically reserved to me.'

In 1885 there were less than fifty Japanese in Hawaii; but under the encouragement of the terms of the treaty, the number increased to twenty thousand in ten years, at which time *Japan demanded the exclusion of any more Chinese laborers.*

Foreseeing future complications, the Constitution of 1887 was made to limit the franchise to 'every male resident of the Kingdom of Hawaiian, of American or European birth or descent, who shall have taken an oath to support the constitution and laws, and shall know how to read or write either the Hawaiian, English, or some European language.'

In the following year, 1888, demands for the franchise for the Japanese began, and continued, as a diplomatic bone of contention along the line of favored-nation clauses, until 1893, when Mr. Fujii, Consul-General, made a categorical demand upon President Dole for the granting of the franchise by the Provisional Government — which had superseded the Monarchy — to all Japanese in Hawaii, including field-laborers brought under contract, over whom the Japanese government retained control by withholding 25 per cent of their wages.

President Dole explained that there could be no foundation in law, reason, or the usages of nations for one nation to demand of another, as a right, permission for its subjects to cast off their allegiance and acquire citizenship in another country. The relation of sovereign and subject, state and citizen, comprises an obligation between the governing authority and the individual; otherwise, an overcrowded country could unload its surplus population upon a smaller country, and by the utilization of the enforced franchise eventually and legally absorb the smaller country. This, in the last analysis, would result from the democratic theory that government should follow from the consent of the governed.

Following the establishment of the Republic of Hawaii, the immigration convention lapsed, but Japanese continued to arrive as free immigrants in greater numbers than before, 5129 having arrived in 1896. Matters were reaching a serious condition by reason of the heavy immigration. It was necessary to end a situation which threatened to jeopardize the continued development of Hawaii along Anglo-Saxon

lines; and under the terms of the general statutes of Hawaii nearly 1500 Japanese who arrived were denied entrance.

The native Hawaiian population has been disappearing in about the same ratio in which that of the Japanese has increased. Some of the early explorers estimated the native population of the group of islands as high as 250,000; but in 1832 a census was taken, and showed only 130,313. Twenty years later the population had dwindled to 71,019, of whom 2119 were foreigners. Improved agricultural conditions, incident to the reciprocity treaty with the United States, turned the tide, and in 1896 the total population was 109,020, of whom only 39,504 were Hawaiians. The census of 1910 showed only 26,041 Hawaiians, and the new census, that of 1920, shows that the number of natives has declined to 23,723.

While the native Hawaiian race is steadily disappearing, it still exercises power in local political matters through the considerable number of half-castes, born of intermarriages of whites and Chinese with Hawaiians, who now number 18,027 and are steadily increasing. There is practically none of the populating by mixing of races, anticipated when the Japanese were invited to settle in the islands. The Japanese men marry only Japanese women, and their children are habitually registered as Japanese with officials of their own government. A large proportion of them are sent back to Japan for part of their education. The younger children attend both the public schools of Hawaii and private Japanese schools. The number of Japanese women in Hawaii has increased rapidly, — the ratio of women to men having nearly doubled since 1900, — and now is 42.7 per cent. The Japanese have increased in number since the census of 1910 by 29,599, and with Filipinos comprise three fourths of the total increase.

The main elements of population, other than Hawaiians and Japanese, are Chinese, Portugese, Filipinos, Porto Ricans, and Spaniards. Americans, British and Germans have been more powerful in commercial and financial interests than in numbers.

The islands are fertile, their location is of immense and growing importance, and altogether they constitute a vital element in the future problems of the Pacific. The United States arrived at their possession through a process of stumbling, and doubtless the great problems arising from the commercial and strategic position of the islands will be met in the same way.

ROOT, HOG, OR DIE

THE NEW ENGLANDER AND HIS RAILROADS

BY PHILIP CABOT

I

CHEAP, efficient transportation is the life-blood of New England. Located at the extreme northeastern corner of the country, it has been, since the death of the China trade, as dependent on its railroads as man upon his food. Without them we die, and yet for twenty years a process of decay has been going on — stealing over us like creeping paralysis, but so gradually that for many years it passed almost unnoticed.

Ten years ago rumblings and cracks in the walls gave us warning, however, of the collapse which has now occurred. To-day the New England railroads not only are bankrupt, but seem bankrupt beyond repair. Faced with this condition at a time when war had raised the pressure on our whole industrial system to a point never before reached, the manufacturer and distributer turned to the motor-truck, as the only possible avenue of escape; with the result that, in a brief five years, our main radial highways have been converted into railroad rights of way, and are now choked with heavy traffic for which they were never designed.

Every abuse carries its penalty. The penalty for this abuse of our roads will be a heavy one, which the tax-payer must pay. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has spent more than $25,000,000 of the tax-payers' money in road-construction, much of which has already been ground to powder under the wheels of the five-ton truck; and the damage must to-day be repaired at perhaps double the former cost. Our State tax has mounted in recent years by leaps and bounds; the contribution of the truck-owner to the cost of road-construction is so trivial, that most of the burden will fall upon the tax-payer, on whose now over-loaded back a huge additional levy is apparently about to fall at the very moment when he is expecting relief. And make no mistake as to who must bear the burden. The old notion that a tax could be pinned upon one class has vanished into thin air. We now realize that it is not the capitalist who pays the tax, or the manufacturer. It is the man in the street who pays the tax, in the increased cost of everything he buys. He pays the bill for every waste of public money.

At the present time 2,000,000 ton-miles of freight are transported annually by truck; and five years hence, if the growth continues, the figure will be 60,000,000.

Apparently the business community has come to the conclusion that the motor-truck is to replace the railroad for freight traveling 100 miles or less, and is developing its business along these lines. The decision is a vital one, which must rest, one would suppose, on some well-matured plan, the practica-

bility and financial results of which have been thoroughly tested and adequately proved. But such is not the case. As a matter of fact, the proposition to make such a change in our transportation system not only is one which no intelligent merchant or manufacturer would recommend, if he knew the facts, but is a venture, not merely wild, but literally impossible.

The traffic which it is proposed to handle in this way will in five years' time require, for Massachusetts alone, at least 2000 miles of main highways constructed primarily for that purpose, at a cost exceeding $40,000 per mile, or a total of $80,000,000. Such a sum of money cannot be raised and economically spent in the brief space of time within which the work must be done; for unless the thing is done promptly, our industrial life will be strangled. But even if it were possible, the result would be a system of transportation so costly in operation as to be prohibitive. The cost per ton-mile of handling freight in such a way would be more than the traffic would bear; and if the money were raised and spent, it would be wasted. This can be shown by figures which, while subject to much uncertainty, are adequate for the purpose.

It now costs from 15 to 50 cents per ton-mile for motor-truck operation, depending upon two variables — the distance hauled and the so-called load-factor. By load-factor is meant the ratio between the maximum number of ton-miles per day that a truck can transport and the actual number of ton-miles transported. It is the habit of motor-truck manufacturers and operators to figure a load-factor of 50 or 60 per cent; but this is certainly too high, though it is difficult to say exactly what the figure should be. But considering that these trucks are to replace our freight cars, and that in New England the load-factor on a freight car is certainly less than 5 per cent, the above figures are wholly unreasonable. If a load-factor of 20 per cent were obtained, it would indeed be remarkable. At this load-factor, operating costs per ton-mile, without profit, will vary from 30 to 40 cents, according to conditions.

To this figure the intelligent critic may object, on the ground that, the truck being a relatively new device, great economies in fuel are to be looked for; but in the first place, fuel is a relatively small item, and in the second place, it must be remembered that, as time goes on, the wages cost, which even now is a large item, will tend to increase. Compared with railroad wages to-day, this cost is very low, and it is practically certain that operators cannot be found in large numbers who will work regularly for the wages and under the working conditions now in effect. Looking five years ahead, therefore, and adding to the operating cost the fixed charges and maintenance of way and structures, it seems clear that the average cost per ton-mile of this method of transportation will not fall below 50 cents. The present cost of way and structures is estimated at 33 cents per ton-mile. If in the next five years the traffic doubles annually, which would mean a traffic of 60,000,000 ton-miles, this might come down to ten cents. If the trucks were taxed ten cents per ton-mile, this would produce an income of $6,000,000 per year, which, added to the $3,500,000 in fees now assessed, is hardly enough to meet the necessary expenditures. But at this rate, assuming a 20 per cent load-factor, about 10,000 trucks would be required, and the tax per truck would be $600 per year. Compare the present license fee, and note what the tax-payer is contributing.

We are, then, in this position: in order to provide and maintain the necessary right of way to do the business,

an annual expenditure of more than $10,000,000 during the next five years will be necessary; and when the job is done, we shall have created a system, the operating cost of which will be prohibitive. Obviously, this is no solution of our problem. Better to pay the money to the present owners of the railroads, whose rights of way have already cost twice the sum which it is now proposed to spend in duplicating them, and are far better adapted for the purpose.

This is not a fact, however, which should cause the legitimate and far-sighted truck-manufacturer any alarm. He is engaged in a great permanent industry, not in raising mushrooms. Sound, steady expansion upon a firm foundation is his watchword and his goal, and any movement which tends to throw upon him a sudden but ephemeral demand will damage him. A great structure, built upon a quicksand, that will topple over and crush him, would be an unmitigated misfortune, which he will be the last to encourage. He is to-day painfully digging himself out of such a crumbling ruin resulting from the war boom, and he will not need a second object-lesson. The burnt child dreads the fire.

We are clearly driven to the conclusion that the only way out of the dilemma (if there be any) is by improving and cheapening our local railroad freight-service. Perhaps this is impossible; perhaps we are in a blind alley from which there is no way out. But have we really tried to escape? Have we put our best brains and energy into a desperate effort to improve our railroad service? Have we employed the best methods that the keenest business imagination can devise to help us? Of course we have done nothing of the kind. Look at the railroads of New England to-day and the conditions under which they operate.

II

The railroad system of New England — into which the investing public has already poured the best part of a billion dollars, to which should be added annually $25,000,000 more to keep it up-to-date — is the greatest single industry we have. At the head are a group of over-driven slaves, beaten from pillar to post by government officials and labor-union leaders, and under them a small army of operating men in a semi-mutinous condition, whose principal aim at the present time seems to be to secure as high wages and do as little work as possible. Here is a business in the management of which the highest degree of skill, coöperation, and imaginative power must be employed and allowed to function in the most efficient manner. But we have either failed to show great skill in selecting the executive officers, or have forced them to work under impossible conditions.

The freight-traffic of New England is peculiar. Unlike that of our great Western states (or even that which the great trunk lines handle), the business of New England is largely in less than car-load lots. New England is, in fact, far more like old England, and has properly been compared to a huge terminal. In the conduct of this business, we have allowed ourselves to be dominated — one might almost say hypnotized — by the ideas of train-load and motive power associated with the great name of James J. Hill. The bankers have selected Western men to operate our systems, with lawyers and politicians of the old New England school for their adjutants and advisers.

It is a fundamental axiom of life that no great operation can be carried on without team-work — the most active and loyal coöperation between all members of the organization, from top to bottom. The capacity for team-work

(that vigorous coöperative effort expressive of the militant soul) is the measure of civilization, of the rise of civilized man above the brute. This is fundamental and axiomatic; but to what extent has it been achieved in the railroad business? No one who will take the trouble to talk with the railroad employees need long remain in doubt. The attitude of the great railroad unions and of the individual operative is one of sullen discontent, or active hostility to the executive officers. The system of rules and working conditions on which the men insist seems primarily designed to make the operation of the business as costly and inefficient as possible. In an industry where the prosperity, and even the life, of the community demands maximum efficiency and minimum cost, the great body of the workers spend their best time and effort to frustrate both. Is it strange that the service is unsatisfactory and that costs are high? It would be a miracle if it were otherwise. One risks nothing in saying that the business must be reorganized from top to bottom before it can function properly.

The thing is possible. Many of us can remember the time, a generation ago, when the frame of mind of these railroad workers was radically different: when men were proud of the companies they served, loyal to their interests, and spoke with bated breath of their superior officer as 'the old man,' a term of highest reverence, affection, and respect. We can remember the fine figure of the conductor of the fast train, bowing to his distinguished passengers, all of whom called him by name. That was the spirit necessary for success, but it is conspicuous to-day by its absence. It was the result of a great local enterprise, owned, managed, and operated by local men, on whom the responsibility for success had been squarely placed, and who had been allowed relative freedom of action. They breathed the free air of their native hills, were honored and respected by their fellow citizens, and, feeling the full weight of responsibility with power, met the test.

The conditions which have produced the ruin that we now face belong, perhaps, in the province of the philosopher rather than the statesman, but some comprehension of them is essential; for the men who must to-day get us out of this tangle are like the doctor who must diagnose the disease before he can cure it.

The public mind has been directed during recent years to blunders and scandals of a financial character, which are supposed to be the root cause of the present collapse; and doubtless they have contributed to it. But they are not the main cause. The failure is in management, not in finance. Either this great industry has assumed proportions beyond the power of men to deal with, or through lack of sufficient imagination and grasp of the nature of the problem, the owners and the public have failed to attract, or have driven to distraction, the type of man that was needed. That the industry has become very large, that such men as are needed to run it successfully are rare, no one will deny. But we cannot afford to admit that the job is beyond our power. The word 'impossible' is not popular with our people. Where there 's a will, there 's a way.

On the other hand, that we have failed to get the right managers, or that, having got them, we have not allowed them to do their work, is also clear; and before we discharge them as incompetent, we are bound in fairness to consider the conditions under which we have placed them.

Public regulation of the industry began fifty years ago; but only within twenty-five years did it become general and of decisive importance. During

the latter period, however, the railroad systems of New England have been under the strictest supervision of eight independent regulative commissions, each supreme in its own jurisdiction (the limits of which were not always clear), each holding divergent views as to the policy to be pursued, and unanimous only in this, that railroad executives were naughty boys, who needed stern discipline; and the rod has not been spared. As a result, the major portion of these men's time has been spent in attending public hearings, in preparing to attend them, or in endeavoring to act in such a way that they would not have to. Little time or energy has been left them to consider how to run the business so as to meet the rapidly changing conditions; and they have had less than no encouragement to look into the future with the keen constructive insight which was essential to success. They have been forced into the ignoble position of holding responsibility without real power, of being accountable for results which they did not cause, and of being blamed for every failure, whether brought about by them or by others.

Note, also, that men browbeaten as these men have been are not likely to overflow with the milk of human kindness, and may pass on similar treatment to their subordinates. Whatever the native capacity of the railroad executives, therefore, clearly they have labored under insuperable obstacles. The power to regulate, like the power to tax, is the power to destroy, and public regulation in New England has in this respect achieved a notable success.

III

The time has come, however, when the business men of New England must make radical improvements in the whole railroad situation, or we die. Freight rates and services and (to a lesser degree) passenger business must be cheapened and improved, or New England industries will perish. A system of motor-transportation is no remedy, nor is government ownership and operation. The collapse is not due primarily to financial failure, but to failure of the human element; and in this respect, government officials, under present conditions, will not act with more vision, intelligence, and energy than private officials. The essential thing is that the public (that is, the tax-payer) should clearly grasp the fact that this is a matter of life or death, and determine to meet it with the desperate energy which alone will bring success.

The two main issues that must be grasped are: first, that the railroad industry (like all others) must be conducted by a group of men enthusiastically interested in their work and loyal to it and to each other from top to bottom; and second, that the conditions of traffic of New England are not like those of the West and South, but more like those of Europe, and must be studied and dealt with as such.

It is the industrial life of New England that is at stake, and our hope must rest on New England men. The West has its own problems to worry over, and the type of brains and energy which have made New England industrially great must save us now, or we perish. We must rely on Eastern men — not men steeped in and hypnotized by the ideas of train-load and motive power invented by Jim Hill to solve the traffic-problems of the great-plains states. For observe that the local traffic of New England is much of it in less than car-load lots. Freight cars of thirty to fifty tons' capacity are not what our traffic requires. The five-ton motor-truck, or the five-ton railway-van used in England, is more suited to our conditions.

Light trains and speed in handling must be the order of the new day.

One of the most serious stumbling-blocks in our local freight situation to-day is the cost and the delay in handling at terminals. Our present system of freight-houses and freight-handling is calculated to produce a maximum of both. It must be done away with. New methods must be devised. Already the lines along which these methods will run are beginning to appear. The motor-truck has replaced the horse for local haulage. Removable bodies, which can be loaded by the merchant or manufacturer in his shipping-room and slid on to the motor-chassis that backs into the room, will take the goods to a freight-yard (not a freight-house) where overhead traveling-cranes will hoist these bodies over as many intervening tracks as is necessary to deposit them on freight-cars placed according to their destination, one or several bodies on each car. If necessary, tarpaulins can be stretched over them for protection against the weather, and the trains will be made up in small units, hauled by light, economical engines (which in the not-distant future will be electric). Such trains will be dispatched at frequent intervals, and unloaded by the same method at their destination. The business of transporting goods to and from the freight-yards can, if necessary, be done by the railroad companies themselves (as it is in England); but it will probably be wiser to leave this part of the operation in the hands of separate local agencies.

By some such method deliveries of much of the local freight can be greatly speeded up and costs of handling reduced; and, as to the balance, systems of handling by small electric trucks at the freight-house, such as are now being tried in the Milwaukee freight-house of the St. Paul, will save much man-power and reduce costs.

However, it is not by the increased use of machinery alone that the cost of handling freight can be cut down. Better organization of man-power and a better spirit in the men can result in an increased efficiency which would cut the handling cost in two. No freight-handler need fear the loss of his job. His future is in his own hands; for, if he will use his head as well as his hands, and put will-power behind both, no machine can displace him. But he must now face the music, for the tax-payer, once thoroughly aroused, will insist that he shall handsomely earn his pay or give way to a machine that will.

Just what the cost of handling local freight by rail ought to be, it is perhaps impossible to say; but some approximation to the point where the dividing line between motor-truck transport and rail transport will come can be made in this way. Assuming a price of 15 cents per hundredweight for cost of delivery at the freight-yard and removal therefrom, or about three dollars per ton at each end, we have a fixed charge of six dollars per ton on every ton moved, however far it goes. At a cost of 50 cents per ton-mile for motor transport, six dollars will move a ton twelve miles; so that for this and shorter distances the railroad cannot compete. This distance, amounting to six miles at each end of the operation, fairly represents the area of the larger industrial communities, where streets designed for heavy traffic have already been provided; and within these areas the truck will clearly be supreme. Beyond this point, however, the railroad costs should be less, in view of the fact that the Class II rate, within which class most of the local traffic could with skillful readjustment be made to come, is now only five and a half cents, with all the terminal cost upon its head. Even if the cost for hauling local freight is as high as five cents, plus the cost of hand-

ling at terminals, it is clear that, above the twelve-mile limit, a saving over the 50 cents per ton-mile for motor costs can be shown.

But there is one feature essential to the success of this or any other scheme. The railroads must be efficiently operated. Loyalty, team-work, and discipline in railroad operations — all are absolutely vital to any improvement whatsoever. Without these no system, no industrial operation, can succeed. Scientific management and the best of methods are futile if the human element fails. The army of 75,000 men who operate the railroads of New England must be loyal to its commander, or the enemy (high taxes and high manufacturing costs) will drive us from the field.

At the present moment the nation is much agitated by the controversy between the railroad executives and the railroad unions, over the question of wages and working conditions — the unions demanding that all such questions shall be settled on a national basis, while the executives plead for the privilege of dealing directly with their own employees. It is beyond the scope of this article to analyze the merits of this controversy; but it may not be amiss to point out that, in the heat of battle, the parties are in danger of losing sight of the real issue — the shadow may be mistaken for the substance. Effective team-work requires loyalty and discipline. Industrial organizations that survive the test of time are organized upon the same principles as an army, in which there must be supreme command and also subdivision into units, to the commanders of which much liberty of action is allowed. The organization of the National Baseball League forms an analogy which is instructive, for the business as a whole is recognized as a close monopoly, controlled absolutely by a small group of men; while at the same time the individuality of the clubs is not lost, competition is of the keenest character, and discipline is preserved.

But whatever be the form of organization, it is essential to success that each individual who comprises it shall be interested in his work, proud of his job, and loyal to it and to his superior officer. That it is easy to create such a condition, it would be idle to assert; but it will be impossible without the closest and most intimate relations between officers and men, and any system which tends to keep them apart will be fatal. This is, perhaps, the most serious objection to the scheme of national agreements, for which the leaders of the railroad unions contend.

The transportation conditions of New England are peculiar. They are wholly different from the conditions of the South or the West, and a union official living in Cleveland knows little, and is likely to care less, about the special problems of our community. The railroads of New England must be owned, managed, and operated by men whose homes and hearts, as well as their heads, are in New England. The operating men, from the engineer to the freight-handler, must know clearly that the success and the efficiency of operation of the roads is vital to their own lives; that when they strike, they strike their own wives and children; that, if costs are high, they must pay them; and that, if the business is a failure, they and theirs will be the sufferers.

If, in the process of reorganization on which we must now embark, new men are required in responsible positions, they should be sought, and will be found, among the rank and file of the present operating force. The spirit of team-play, which is essential, can be created and kept alive only by making it clear to every man, from water-boy to president, that promotion is the sure

reward of good work; and in addition to this, public regulation must be so administered that responsibility and power will not be divorced; that the men we look to for results shall have freedom of action within reasonable limits, and be given a chance to show what they can do.

Moreover, unless these apparently simple principles are entirely fallacious, they would seem to indicate the solution of the problem of grouping the New England roads, which is now so hotly disputed. Current argument is largely controlled and its lines directed by the hoary tradition that the problem is a financial one, to be settled like a sum in arithmetic, notwithstanding the crop of failures which this method has produced in the past. But one is tempted to suggest that an experiment in dealing with it primarily as a human problem could not be a worse failure, and might succeed.

Nothing is more alien to industrial progress than a narrow provincialism, and yet the strongest motive-forces of the race are its personal loyalties to family — to clan — to State and to Nation. If this motive can be enlisted, it is irresistible, and will sweep aside obstacles that baffle the economist and the banker. So that it might well be found that the slogan, 'New England money, New England men, New England roads,' will lead us to a victory which the bankers in New York who guide the destinies of the Trunk-Line Association cannot achieve.

The roads of New England must either be grouped together or parceled out among the Western trunk-lines. The figures point to the latter course; but the powerful popular instinct, which has opposed this in the past, rests upon a sound (if somewhat inarticulate) foundation. New England railroads succeeded when they were local enterprises supported by the loyalty of New England. As they slipped from this basis, they began to fail, and they have now collapsed. To our old rock-foundation we must now painfully return.

It is idle to suppose that the controversies which have destroyed the morale of our railroad organizations are between Labor and Capital, or that one class in the community is more vitally interested in their solution than another. The penalty of failure will not fall most heavily upon the big business man or the banker. These can, and will, escape and win a livelihood in other fields. It is the workingman — the man in the street — who will suffer. New England is his home; its future and his are one. If New England suffers from the failure of its transportation-system, these men and their wives and children must bear the consequences. And if these men fail to realize the true nature of the problem, as they have failed hitherto, and to coöperate in its solution, they, and chiefly they, will suffer.

The present attitude of railroad labor, which seems to be striving for high wages and limited output, is suicidal. These men behave as if efficient and economical operation of the railroads were somebody else's business. In fact, it is their own. If they maintain their present attitude, they will destroy themselves and force their fellow citizens to shatter them and their organizations as a measure of self-preservation. The remedies will have to be drastic, for it is a matter of life and death.

To sum up the situation, then, and put a point upon the spear, we are faced with a vital problem, upon the successful solution of which hangs the future of New England. We are to-day a manufacturing community, to which cheap and rapid local transportation is essential. Owing to the collapse of our railroad system, we have not got it.

Transportation by motor-truck, except for short distances, is too expensive. Our goods must be transported by rail, if at all, and we must either provide cheap and rapid railroad transportation, or perish as a manufacturing centre.

This conclusion does not imply that the policy of the Commonwealth regarding the construction of state roads has been unwise. On the contrary, such construction, properly planned and administered on the basis of payment by the automobile of its share of cost and maintenance, through a system of registration fees, is sound and popular. But these roads were designed for relatively light traffic; their foundations and bridges are wholly inadequate to withstand the blows of a five-ton truck, and their use for freight-service of this character is wantonly wasteful. The $25,000,000 investment of the tax-payers' money is being destroyed by a use that was never intended. Your pocket-knife makes a poor claw-hammer, to say nothing of the effect on the knife.

That the task is not beyond our power, there is no question. Brains and energy of the sort that have made New England, if applied to this problem, will solve it. A small commission, composed of the leaders of our industrial life, could, in a very short time, verify the facts of the case and draw up a statement which every citizen in New England could understand, and which should be published and advertised in such a way as to drive it home in every section and in every class. The tax-payers, once aroused, will then insist that the necessary steps be taken at once. Different methods of handling goods and of handling men must be put in operation, but these methods need not of necessity be invented. To a large extent, the labor-saving devices which we need are already in existence and in use in other industrial or construction organizations. The future methods of handling men need not, in fact must not, be new. They must be the methods now in use in other great, efficient, and successful industries.

Whether these changes can be carried out by the men who now operate the roads remains to be seen. With a clear mandate and a fair chance, which they have not had heretofore, they should be given time to show what they can do. If they fail, they must be replaced by men who will not fail. Needs must when the Devil drives. Our need is desperate, and the right men can be found. Management, and not money, is what we need. The motor-trucks for local deliveries, the terminals, the railroads, and a large part of the necessary equipment are at hand. We have the tools — our problem is to use them with the requisite skill.

THE ADRIATIC NEGOTIATIONS AT PARIS

BY DAVID HUNTER MILLER

I

THE story of the Paris negotiations about the Adriatic has not yet been written; perhaps all of it cannot be told until we read the papers of Orlando and Lloyd George, of Sonnino and President Wilson, and of some other figures who, at times at least, played a part in the drama; but certainly an attempt can now be made to outline the picture and to reconstruct the progress of one of the failures of Paris, a failure, however, which paved the way for the final ending, by the Treaty of Rapallo, of the differences between Italy and the kingdom of the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes.

First of all, let us recall to our minds just what the Adriatic problem was. When Italy became at once a united nation and a great power, her situation geographically was both singularly satisfactory and unsatisfactory. That great peninsula, which looks on the map like a gigantic boot projecting into the Mediterranean, has a coast-line with an extraordinary opportunity for commerce. On the other hand, the Italian frontier on the north and northeast was almost hopeless for defense, and, indeed, seemed drawn so as to invite attack.

But we are concerned only with the Adriatic, whose western waves wash the coasts of Italy for five hundred miles, from beyond Venice to the Mediterranean. From the point of view of modern naval warfare, no sea is more one-sided. Every advantage is with the east: the many islands, often with concealed channels and with an indented shore behind them, protected by an almost impassable mountain range along the coast, not only are beyond all attack, but, with their deep harbors and their hiding-places, make an ideal haven for warships; but the unbroken coast-line on the Italian side, with its shallow waters and almost no ports, affords no naval base. Moreover, the waters of the Italian shores are shallow, while those leading to the Mediterranean by the Straits of Otranto are deep and the currents swift, so that mines in that twenty miles of channel are hardly possible. No wonder that, despite the Allied fleets, Austria controlled the Adriatic throughout the war.

But the Adriatic problem meant more than this. The shores of the Adriatic that were not Italian were largely within the Empire of Austria-Hungary. Before the war, the peninsula of Istria, coming down east of Venice, had to the north the great Austrian port of Trieste and near its southern tip the famous naval base of Pola. Hungary reached the sea just below, at Fiume, the outlet for a hinterland of varied races under different governments. Farther south, Austrian territory extended along the coast, in the narrow strip of Dalmatia, that Adriatic wall along which Serbia was looking for a window. And when one thought of the Adriatic, one could not but think of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, annexed by Aus-

tria-Hungary with a cynical contempt for treaties; and one must think also of two other countries on the sea below Dalmatia — Montenegro, that superb anomaly of independence, and Albania, a land that had always lived its own life in the Balkans, but apart from the rest of the world and of Europe till 1913.

With its memories of Italian civilization and culture, where Italian power had long since lost sway; with its medley of races, of religions, and of governments; with the conflicting strategic positions and ambitions of the great powers bordering on its waters; with its cross-currents of commercial rivalries, and with ancient hatreds smouldering under modern injustice, the Adriatic presented a situation which, at any static stage, it might well seem impossible to change without disaster, but which, in the state of flux created by a great war, became a problem whose solution was well worthy of any wisdom.

II

The diplomatic history of the Adriatic in the World War is usually dated from the Pact of London. But I put it farther back. I date it from that night in August, 1914, when the Italian Ambassador at Paris woke the French Minister of Foreign Affairs in his bedroom, and told him that the attacks by Germany on France and on Russia were not a *casus fœderis* within the terms of the Triple Alliance, and that Italy would remain neutral. Then was taken the great decision by Italy, a decision which really put the Adriatic question on the lap of the gods, and which, by permitting the withdrawal of French troops from the Italian frontier, made possible the first victory of the Marne.

Now, the Pact of London has been denounced by almost every recent critic; and, in particular, it has been denounced by every so-called 'liberal,' a term which seems to me often to mean one who is very tolerant of his own point of view. We have been told that the Pact of London was secret, that it was a bargain — a hard bargain — driven by Italy with the Allies, and that it violated every principle of self-determination and of justice. Well, despite the critics and despite the fact that they charged me at Paris with the crime of being pro-Italian, I think I can consider the Pact of London by an examination of its provisions in the light of the circumstances surrounding its creation; and that is how any international document should be considered.

That treaty was signed on April 26, 1915, between Italy, Great Britain, France, and Russia; and one of its provisions was that Italy should enter the war on the side of the Allies within one month thereafter. This fact alone repels all criticism on the ground of secrecy at the time; for it could hardly be expected that public announcement would be made of a future move in the war.

Of course, no one can defend secret treaties in principle, for the principle of secrecy in diplomacy is an evil one. But the evil was not generally recognized in Europe in 1915; we are apt to forget the great change which has taken place in world-sentiment in this matter. The Covenant of the League of Nations contains a clause for the public registration of treaties; any such idea would have been wholly illusory and impossible only a few years ago, for the fundamental law of almost every continental state made provision for secret treaties. Indeed, if we go back a century in our own history, we find the Congress of the United States under Madison passing secret laws, which for years were kept off our statute-books.

By the rest of the Pact of London it

was agreed that Italy should have various territorial acquisitions in the Adriatic and elsewhere, and that she should be given a loan in London of £50,000,000 — a very modest sum from the later point of view of war finance. I am reminded in this connection of a remark which Mr. Lloyd George is reported to have made in Paris, to the effect that the refusal of Great Britain to give Turkey a loan of £20,000,000 in 1914 was the most extravagant economy known to history.

Of course, the territorial clauses of the Pact of London were a bargain between Italy and the Allies; but I fail to see that they were a harsh bargain. Passing, for the moment, any question of the righteousness of the clauses, surely France and Great Britain were not being treated harshly; they were not giving away anything of their own, and from the point of view simply of self-interest, they could well afford to be generous with the territory of their enemies before they were just; it was not their ox that was being gored in Dalmatia.

Now the territorial clauses of the Pact of London have such a direct relation to the Adriatic negotiations at Paris that it is necessary to examine those clauses in some detail; perhaps their justice or injustice has become a matter of no practical moment; but still I shall turn aside to consider that question of justice, for otherwise the background of the Paris negotiations may be seen in a false light.

The moral qualities of an act are to be judged as of its date and not from subsequent events. I not only admit, but insist, that in 1919 it would have been wrong and unjust, as well as unwise and impossible, to carry out the terms of the Pact of London; but, to consider fairly the situation of 1915, we must lay aside our knowledge of subsequent events, difficult as that is to do. In the spring of 1915, when Italy entered the war, the cause of the Allies was not going well. They were making no progress on the Western Front, and in the East, Russia was about to meet with a severe defeat. No one dreamed of a rout of Germany or of a complete remaking of the map of Europe. A continuance of the former European alignment seemed reasonable to expect, in a modified form, perhaps, but certainly with no overturn of the situation.

Italy had lived her national life of two generations in a continuous and justified state of fear — a sentiment almost unknown to American statesmen, but which has had, and has, a more profound influence on European thought and action than can well be imagined. The door in the Alps was open. Italy visualized a German empire and an Austro-Hungarian empire existing after the war, the former probably, and the latter certainly, deeply hostile to her; and so Italy sought safety, sought to acquire a frontier as impregnable as possible, together with the control of the Adriatic. Most of the questioned territorial gains secured by Italy in the Pact of London in the region we are now considering were of comparatively little material value; their worth was chiefly as a defense against attack.

Furthermore, unless the Empire of Austria-Hungary was to collapse, the future of the Jugo-Slav movement was problematical. In 1915, one might, perhaps, have predicted a greater Serbia, but hardly a union of all the Jugo-Slavs. Certainly, there was no heaven-sent reason why any of those peoples should be governed from Vienna or from Budapest rather than from Rome, if they were not to have their own capital at Belgrade. And while Serbia did not sign the Pact of London, Russia, the self-constituted protector of the Balkan Slavs, was a consenting party.

So, while the terms of the Pact of

London were drawn in the spirit of the old and now discredited diplomacy, still Italy, from the standpoint of 1915, was largely justified in signing that treaty, although the same treaty in 1919 would have been unrighteous and unjust.

By the Pact of London, while a part of the coast toward the north of the Adriatic, including specifically Fiume and all the coast of Croatia, was not to be Italian, the whole of the Istrian peninsula was to go to Italy, and in addition an extensive strip of Dalmatia above Spalato, with nearly all the islands off the coast; and when to these was added Valona and its gulf, almost opposite Brindisi and the heel of the Italian boot, the control of the Adriatic was complete; it would have been wholly Italian in all but name.

But by the time the Conference of Paris met, a change had come over the spirit of the political dream of Eastern Europe. The ancient empire, which had been the natural enemy of Italy, had vanished. And here let me say that it is a common criticism, born of common ignorance, to charge the Conference of Paris with the Balkanization of Eastern Europe, that catching phrase. It was no treaty that set up separate governments at Prague, at Budapest and at Vienna, for those separate governments had existed since before the German Armistice. And no Peace Conference could have joined together these fragments of an empire which its peoples had put asunder.

Nor was it any outside influence which brought to a conclusion that national movement which resulted in the union of the three Jugo-Slav peoples — peoples of different religions, indeed, and under different governments, some of whom had been under alien rule for centuries, but who were all of nearly the same blood and of nearly the same speech.

It has recently been made public, as perhaps some had earlier suspected, that not all the Americans at Paris were of one mind with their chief about the principle of self-determination. It now appears that there were some unexpressed and private thoughts at Paris, to the effect that self-determination is a rather unsettling doctrine and one not based on sufficiently ancient legal precedents; but surely everyone who is at all familiar with the history of the Jugo-Slav movement will agree with Woodrow Wilson that 'self-determination is not a mere phrase.'

For in place of Serbia we found, not a Greater Serbia, but a new kingdom, the kingdom of the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes; a kingdom including Serbia and Montenegro, and which had taken in not only Bosnia and Herzegovina, but also Croatia and Slavonia, and other parts of Austria-Hungary; a kingdom which regarded its claim to Dalmatia and the adjacent islands as perfect, and which had aspirations, not only to Istria but even to Trieste.

And the change that had come was not a change in fact and in feeling only, but also in law. The Jugo-Slavs were not bound technically or in any other sense by the Pact of London, but held it as void from their point of view, and claimed that it had been annulled by the so-called 'Pact of Rome,' of April, 1918, a claim which had in it, perhaps, more of equity than of technical accuracy. But more important, practically, was the fact that the United States was certainly not bound by the Pact of London, to which we had never directly or indirectly assented; indeed, the American legal view was that the Pact of London, so far as it conflicted with the Fourteen Points, bound nobody at all; for the Fourteen Points had in substance been accepted by Italy as well as by France and Great Britain, even though they had not been

formally incorporated in the Austro-Hungarian Armistice of November 3, 1918, as they were in the strictest sense made part of the German Armistice eight days later.

But the Pact of London remained a factor throughout the negotiations. The British and the French recognized fully the unwisdom of that treaty in the light of events, though they were naturally unwilling to deny that an agreement which they had signed was binding as to them; so that, with some hesitation, doubtless, they recognized that they could not deny their support to Italian claims based on that treaty.

But, as all the world knows, the Italians did not stand on the Pact of London alone, for they claimed Fiume, which was specifically and by name excluded from their claims by that very document.

III

It was with such a background, such a confusion of conflicting facts and legal theories, that the Paris negotiations between the United States and Italy regarding the Adriatic took place.

For it was between those two powers that the real Adriatic negotiations at Paris were carried on. The British and the French were entirely willing to accept in advance anything that America and Italy agreed to, and the Jugo-Slavs were practically committed to the same view by their offer of arbitration before President Wilson. Indeed, as the Jugo-Slavs were a new political union of peoples, it was said at Paris, perhaps with some reason, that their three representatives, Mr. Vesnich, a Serb, Mr. Pachitch, a Slovene, and Mr. Trumbitch, a Croat, would have preferred to accept, as easier to defend in their own country, an agreement announced to them rather than one that had obtained their assent. Obviously, any criticism which alleged that one branch of the newly formed union had been sacrificed for the benefit of the others would not have been easy to meet. The difficulties of their situation were illustrated by a symbolic remark made by one of their delegates in Paris, that he was negotiating with a dagger at his back, held by his own colleagues.

If I have succeeded in my attempted outline of the geography of the Adriatic, it will be seen that there were four regions there where the Italian and Jugo-Slav views and aspirations clashed: Istria, the islands belonging partly to Istria and partly to Dalmatia, the Dalmatian mainland, and Fiume. Doubtless, if the question were asked of anyone which of these four was the cause of the final difficulty between President Wilson and the Italians, the answer would be Fiume; but that answer would be wrong. It was not Fiume that proved the finally impossible point, but another region, very closely related to that of Fiume, it is true, but still distinct: it was a little strip of territory running along the Gulf of Fiume and then down the Istrian coast, with a hinterland of small importance — a strip which a New York journalist at Paris wittily called the 'Riverside Drive of Istria'; a strip which the Italians valued highly, but only because it would bring Italian territory up to Fiume itself.

During President Wilson's first visit to Europe, little progress was made toward any settlement of the Adriatic question. Signor Orlando, the Italian Prime Minister, had, indeed, during that time, most actively and heartily worked with President Wilson in the drafting of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the relations between the two chiefs of state were most cordial. But the Adriatic was not directly related to a peace with Germany, with which all the delegations were then more particularly occupied.

It was not until President Wilson came to Paris for the second time that the whole matter was taken up directly between him and Signor Orlando, in great detail. The Italians naturally wanted settled a question which was of more direct interest to them than the terms of the peace with Germany, even including reparations.

In the negotiations, President Wilson rested almost wholly, I think I may say wholly, on the opinions of his territorial advisers on all details of the various proposals. He was, indeed, willing to accept any agreement freely entered into between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs; but no such agreement was possible, perhaps for the reasons I have indicated, perhaps, partly, because of the very natural hostility then existing between the two countries. The Serbs had, of course, fought valiantly and devotedly on the side of the Allies; but the Croats and the Slovenes had been subjects of Austria-Hungary, and while many of them had in fact supported the Allied cause, still the Italians did not then feel very kindly toward peoples, some of whom had, a few short months before, fought against Italian troops on the Piave.

The American point of view, as I have said, necessarily was that the subject must be considered wholly independently of the Pact of London; and the opinion of Professor Douglas Johnson, the eminent geographer of Columbia University and the American territorial adviser, in this matter supported the Italian claims as to Fiume not at all, practically not at all as to the Dalmatian mainland, to a very limited extent as to the islands, and in Istria up to, but only up to, the line drawn by Professor Johnson, which became known as the Wilson line.

It is difficult to describe verbally the Wilson line, in which, indeed, important changes were made from time to time after it was originally laid down; but it left in Jugo-Slav territory a very considerable part of eastern Istria, and specifically, and more important, perhaps, it was intentionally drawn so as to leave wholly in Jugo-Slav territory the railroad running north from Fiume to Vienna. From the Italian point of view, one great objection to it was bound up with the matter of Fiume; for the Wilson line, in every form, left Fiume physically separated by land from Italy.

The views of the American territorial adviser were that the position taken by him really involved very great concessions to Italy: that the Wilson line was drawn so as to leave several hundred thousand Slavs in Italy and perhaps only 75,000 Italians on the other side of the frontier; that Dalmatia, with the exception of Zara, a city of 12,000 people, was almost wholly Slav; and that the Dalmatian and Istrian islands were likewise mostly Slav; and, finally, that Fiume, while possibly half-Italian in its population, was the essential economic outlet to the sea for a vast hinterland, much of which was part of Jugo-Slavia and the rest a part of Hungary and other regions toward the north.

IV

This leads me to say something a little more in detail of Fiume, a city which for its size has certainly had more than its share of the headlines on the front pages during the last two years.

Fiume owes its commercial importance to its location at the only real break in the mountain-range running down the eastern coast of the Adriatic. Nowhere else along that shore south of Fiume can railroads easily reach the sea. While it has not a naturally fine harbor, its facilities had been well developed by Hungary, and are susceptible of further improvement; and while

logically not serving the same territory as Trieste, it is a commercial rival of that city. In 1914 the trade of Hungary found its political and natural outlet at Fiume, and its surrounding country and neighboring hinterland were wholly Slav. If the suburb of Susak, a part of the port, is included as being in everything but in law a part of the city, the Italians, while the largest group in Fiume, were not a majority of the population.

These facts made the Italian claim to Fiume seem to President Wilson wholly outside of any principle of self-determination, and the Italian argument had no other real basis. So that, so long as the Italian demands included Fiume, any successful result of negotiations between President Wilson and the Italian representatives was impossible. So-called 'compromise proposals' could mean only that one side or the other should give way. And in fact the negotiations between Orlando and President Wilson in March and April were more than unsuccessful, for they ended in President Wilson's public statement of April 23, which not only ended the discussions, but caused the temporary withdrawal of the Italian delegation from Paris.

The reasons that led President Wilson to declare publicly his position in a matter which was under discussion are still somewhat obscure. It seems that he was informed, I believe erroneously, that a public statement was about to be made by the Italian delegation. Certainly, late in the evening of the day before the issuance of President Wilson's statement, Count Macchi di Cellere, the Italian Ambassador at Washington, who was then in Paris, had no idea of such a purpose, for he then handed me a typewritten copy of the latest Italian proposal, in four brief items; and the day that President Wilson's statement appeared, the count told me that Signor Orlando had not succeeded in his attempt to see President Wilson that day, owing to the latter's other engagements; and that Mr. Lloyd George had sent word to the Italian delegation that three of the four items of the Italian proposal were acceptable, and had asked for information as to the fourth, which concerned Fiume.

But whatever were the reasons for President Wilson's action, certainly some of its effects were unfortunate. It stirred up much feeling about the whole matter, particularly in Italy, and tended to take the question out of the realm of discussion and argument and into the sphere of the emotions, an unsatisfactory background for any international exchanges.

Still, the negotiations were only interrupted; their first chapter was closed, but they were resumed, on the initiative of Colonel House, when Orlando and Sonnino came back to Paris. And I feel free to speak in some detail of those later negotiations of May, 1919, for their story has been largely published in Italy in the *Memoirs* of Count Macchi di Cellere.

Colonel House's aim was to arrive at a solution which would be satisfactory to the Italians, and which, at the same time, would not be an abandonment of the principles laid down by President Wilson. Certainly, this was a consummation devoutly to be wished, but one that seemed almost impossible on its face. However, Colonel House not only tried it, but demonstrated that it was not impossible; and while the desired goal was not reached, the failure was no fault of his.

After talking with Orlando and President Wilson, Colonel House evolved and had accepted this plan for discussions, which, indeed, was itself a proof of his extraordinary influence, both with his chief, President Wilson, and with his friend, Signor Orlando:

conversations were to take place between Orlando and myself, with the view of reaching an accord between us, either temporary or final; anything that we agreed on would be supported by Colonel House, and would be carefully considered by President Wilson on Colonel House's recommendation; in other words, whatever Orlando agreed to with me would bind Italy, but not America.

My path in the matter, so far as personal relations were concerned, was made easier by my close friendship with Count Macchi di Cellere, whose death, a few months later, was a real loss to his own country and a sad blow to his many friends here. And while Signor Orlando kept the negotiations strictly in his own hands, the Count di Cellere was frequently, and Baron Sonnino occasionally, present at our talks.

These rather extraordinary conversations with Signor Orlando, which took place at the hotel of the Italian delegates, and which were necessarily carried on in French, were always entirely amicable and cordial; indeed, Signor Orlando's attractive personality, combined with his juristic attitude of mind, precluded any other course of discussion.

I often recall a few words of Signor Orlando which seemed to me to speak in part his thoughts on the meetings of the Council of Four. I was talking one evening with him and Marshal Joffre, who said to Orlando, in French, 'Do you know any English?' To which Orlando replied that he knew very little — 'Nothing,' he added, 'except these words, "eleven o'clock, I don't agree, good-bye."'

Now, there is one sort of solution almost always possible in a diplomatic discussion, and that is a *modus vivendi*, an agreement to postpone final decision and to arrange a status for the intervening time. In view of the divergence of thought between President Wilson and the Italians, this seemed one way out of the difficulty, and it was discussed in various forms. But there were obvious objections to any such postponement, and the terms of the intermediate status, the questions of temporary occupation and of temporary government, presented new problems without solving old ones.

The real attitude of the Italians was not one of eagerness for the application of the Pact of London; they regarded it rather as a claim which they might reluctantly be forced to press. Orlando said to me that that treaty was his last line of defense; that, if no solution were possible, if no delay were obtained, he would be compelled to fall back upon the Pact of London, — for he would have nothing else, — although he did not like it and did not believe it was in accordance with the principles of President Wilson.

So the talks with Signor Orlando soon turned toward the possibility of a definitive agreement, and I proposed a formula, the most important point of which was that Fiume should be an independent city and free port under the protection of the League of Nations. This suggestion was not wholly novel, but it was the first time, I think, that it had been definitely made in that form in the negotiations. It differed from the views of the American territorial advisers, who would have preferred to give Fiume to the Jugo-Slavs; and it at the same time rejected the Italian demand, which would have made Fiume Italian, or, at least, have put it under Italian protection.

My own belief at Paris was — and despite the episode of d'Annunzio, I have never seen any reason to change it — that a fair vote by secret ballot of the inhabitants of Fiume would have shown a very large majority in favor of a free city and against either Jugo-Slav

or Italian sovereignty; people usually vote according to their own ideas of self-interest; and that Fiume, which is essentially a port of through traffic both ways, would be more prosperous and more developed under its own control than under either that of Italy or that of the Jugo-Slavs, particularly in view of the Hungarian and other traffic, seems to me clear. I do not intimate that that fact, if it be a fact, is conclusive, but it is certainly entitled to some weight.

It soon appeared that President Wilson would accept this solution as to Fiume. The Italians hesitated. But in their inner feelings, the members of the Italian delegation were not at all of one mind about Fiume. After all, Fiume represented a dream of Italian sentiment rather than a reality of Italian needs. And there were not lacking Italian statesmen who thought that, by insisting on Fiume, Italy would be seeking a shadow which might well mean abandoning some real substance. And finally Orlando yielded and agreed that he would accept the solution as to Fiume. I thought for a moment that perhaps Colonel House had again achieved the seemingly impossible, and that the Adriatic question was to be solved.

But there remained Dalmatia, the islands off the coast, and Istria. The first presented comparatively little difficulty, though causing much discussion. The Italians claimed only one or two towns on the mainland, and Baron Sonnino, unyielding as he is usually pictured, said that Italy was not inflexible about the islands.

Baron Sonnino has often been painted in the black colors of a reactionary, and no one knew better than he that the indictment had been drawn. He said to me once with a smile, 'If we come to an agreement, you might add a clause to the effect that Baron Sonnino should retire from office, for that might help to get the agreement accepted'; and 'after all,' he added, 'I am an old man, and have been in office as Foreign Minister since the war began.'

Reactionary or no, Baron Sonnino had all the charm of the old school, and his manner made me recall the remark of Lord Rosebery, who said that, while he agreed with the Liberals, he preferred to dine with the Conservatives.

V

All that was left was the location of the Wilson line in Istria; the Italians wanted it moved east at its southern end, over toward Fiume, so as to leave in Italy all of Istria, with a boundary-line touching Fiume itself; but here President Wilson, still resting on the recommendations of his territorial advisers, refused to yield; and the Italians were equally firm, considering that they had already given up too much, or at least enough, of their claims, and that the physical junction with Fiume was indispensable from their standpoint.

Indeed, national aspirations are so bound up with national sentiment and tradition, that it is not a matter of pure fancy to recall that the Italian claim of 1919 had been phrased six centuries before the Conference of Paris, by Dante, in one of the most famous lines of the Inferno, where he spoke of the sea east of Istria as 'the Quarnero, whose waters are the confines of Italy and bathe her farthest frontiers.'

So on this point of Istria, a comparatively minor one, if the situation is looked at as a whole, the negotiations broke down and failed to result.

Whose duty was it to yield? The answer depends on the point of view. The American territorial advisers, rightly considering the Pact of London a nullity as to the United States, considered, not only that Italy had received great concessions, but that she had

really yielded nothing at all. Their opinion was that, as Italy had been given the strongest possible frontier in the north, a grant which included as Italian even the southern part of the Austrian Tyrol, and as the remaining land-frontier had been drawn east of the ethnic line, Italy had received all her just claims; and they considered, too, that Italy would be safe as to the Adriatic, an opinion shared by the American naval experts.

The other argument was that, assuming the correctness of the views of the American territorial advisers, the importance of reaching a solution outweighed the importance of the change in the line in Istria; that the difference between the two proposals was not great enough to be a difference in principle, but only in degree; that the advantages of a present solution so nearly correct in theory, a solution in which Italy had yielded her claim to Fiume, — a claim which, whether defensible or not, had aroused passions and feelings of a grave character, — should not be dismissed in favor of the mere possibility of a slightly different solution later on; and that a continuance of such a difference between two neighboring countries involved grave risks of war; or if not the risk of war, that it involved at least the possibility of the application of the provisions of the Pact of London — a treaty which everyone, Italy included, wished to discard.

I am frank to say that the latter was my own view; I thought that President Wilson should have yielded for the sake of the greater good of a final settlement as against the lesser good of the assumed correctness of the Wilson line.

Whether I am right or not, certainly the failure of the settlement brought about a year and a half of uncertainty, and made possible the mimic war of d'Annunzio; and the final result, as we shall see, was more favorable to Italy in regard to Istria and the Wilson line than the solution proposed in the conversations that I had with Orlando.

Whether one agrees or not with the stand of President Wilson, one cannot but admire its courage and its disregard of political results; the man who stands for what he thinks just, even when his course is bound to lose votes, is almost as rare nowadays as the great auk. Those political results followed as surely as the night the day; the opposition to President Wilson capitalized his stand on the Adriatic question, and from their flotation of the sentiment which that stand had aroused drew large dividends in ballots.

After President Wilson came back to Washington, discussions continued at Paris and by exchanges between the various governments. Their most important feature was the proposal to Italy, made in December, 1919, by Great Britain, France, and the United States jointly, in which President Wilson, under the advice of Dr. Bowman, of the American Geographical Society, made substantial concessions from his earlier views. But this proposal was not accepted, and it was followed by the accord of January, 1920, between France, Great Britain, and Italy, under the leadership of Signor Nitti, an accord which President Wilson refused to accept, but which, so far as it related to Jugo-Slav relations with Italy, was in substance incorporated into the final agreement of the Treaty of Rapallo.

I omit any discussion of the occupation of Fiume by d'Annunzio — that amazing madness which destroyed for months the trade of a commercial city and brought about increased feeling among the various partisans on all sides, but which convinced no one who was not convinced before, and left the official attitudes of the governments of Italy and of the Jugo-Slavs unchanged.

Nor can I do more than allude to the matter of Albania — an important part of the Adriatic question, but one not so much discussed at Paris.

All ideas of any partition of Albania, or of an Italian protectorate, or even of Italian occupation of the port of Valona, have been finally abandoned. By a treaty signed on August 2, 1920, Italy, retaining only two headlands near Valona and the island of Saseno, off the coast, recognizes the independence of Albania within the frontiers of 1913; any doubt as to the separate existence of Albania is at an end: she has a real and apparently stable government of her own, and has, indeed, become a member of the League of Nations.

But the final settlement of the Adriatic question between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs is not unrelated to the inconclusive Paris negotiations. That settlement took place last autumn, and its moving cause was the American election on November 2, which obviously left Italy a free hand and which brought keenly home to the Jugo-Slavs the advice of the Scriptures: 'Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him.'

For just ten days after our election, there was signed on November 12, at Rapallo, a little winter resort near Genoa, a treaty between Italy and the kingdom of the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes, which settled their differences as to the Adriatic, and settled them as the Italian government, not as the Italian extremists, wanted them settled.

It is interesting to compare the terms of the Treaty of Rapallo with those proposed at Paris. Italy gets four island groups in the Adriatic, of considerable strategic but little other importance; and in Dalmatia a little territory at Zara. Fiume, with a small strip running along the gulf, becomes independent. Thus far, we might be in Paris instead of at Rapallo. But the Wilson line in Istria becomes a thing of dreams. Not only do the Italians get a frontier touching that of Fiume; not only do they get all of Istria; but the line near Laibach goes even east of the line of the Pact of London, making a strategic frontier even more strategic than before.

I called the Adriatic negotiations at Paris a failure. Perhaps I was too harsh: although they did not reach any final result, they demonstrated the obsolescence of the Pact of London, they paved the way for an agreement to be reached between the parties, and they showed the moral fibre of a man who wanted to be right, even while he was President.

I try never to think of what might have been at Paris, for nothing is more vain than to recast a mythical present from an imaginary past. One must be a philosopher and think of Sainte-Beuve's striking phrase in his introduction to the *Memoirs of Saint Simon:* 'On ne refait point l'histoire par hypothèse.' (History cannot be made over by supposing.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PERIOD FURNITURE

In our town, as in others like it, the recent years have proved epochal. First there was the War, and after that the H. C. L., and after that the Coal Boom, and after that the Interior Decorator. On every hand new houses are going up and old ones either coming down or undergoing a transforming process of rejuvenation.

Contractors and builders are bustling busily, and our afternoon bridge clubs flow gently along, — like the tide of Sweet Afton, — to a murmuring stream of period furniture, oriental rugs, glassed-in porches, grass-cloth hangings, refectory tables, and breakfast alcoves.

One morning I received a call from an interior decorator. He was a pleasant little gentleman with a portfolio under his arm, and he greeted me with so obvious an assurance of being expected that I asked him to come in.

'I have called,' said he, 'about the period furniture for the library and dining-room, and I have here' — indicating the portfolio — 'the photographs of the special "pieces" which our Mr. Astrachan has selected for those rooms. The designs are extremely chaste, as you will see, and entirely correct in line and detail. If you are at leisure — '

And then it developed that he was a pleasant little gentleman who had made a mistake.

He had been assigned by Messrs. Astrachan & Kolinsky, Interior Decorators, of Fifth Avenue, to take charge of the furnishings and fittings of an extensively remodeled mansion farther up the street, whose owner bore the same name as my own. The homes in this section of the town are not numbered, and inquiries at the hotel had resulted in his arrival at my door.

Followed explanations, profuse apologies, and a bowing exit.

Our interview had taken place in the hall, from which, through uncurtained doorways, were widely visible the contents of the library, the living-room, and the dining-room; and during the brief colloquy the pleasant little gentleman's glance — heavily bounded by tortoise-shell — had embraced with the sweeping observation of an expert the varied appurtenances of those apartments.

Incredulity, shocked disapproval, a look akin to horror, following his swift survey of the dining-room, passed rapidly in procession across his mobile countenance; and as he politely backed away, it was with the feeling of one artistically condemned that I closed the door.

In the hall I stood still and looked about me.

'Period furniture!' Surely no dwelling-place in all the town was so thoroughly period-furnitured as mine! The dining-room, now, — the dining-room, whose time-honored plenishings had received that devastating lightning glance from Mr. Astrachan's dismayed deputy, — were not that massive board of convoluted oak, and those six accompanying chairs, 'Jacobean'? They were — great-uncle Jacobean; indirectly inherited by my husband at the dismantling of his bachelor relative's old-fashioned domicile. The sideboard and china-closet — also inherited, but not from the same source — were eloquent emblems of an obsolete pattern, whose

material and finish contrasted neatly with the table and chairs. The library at my right harbored the customary craft of libraries, — books aplenty, magazines galore, — but the desk between the windows was a middle-aged 'rolltop,' and before the fireplace stood an armchair with a gilt-embossed back and permanently waved legs — a 'William and Mary' chair, presented at my marriage, twenty years ago, by Aunt Mary and Uncle William, and held ever since in the reverence befitting the wedding-gift that was accompanied by a check.

The living-room across the hall — but here my descriptive powers fail, coming to a full stop, as it were, before the florid architecture of the mid-Victorian 'sofa,' the Bronze Age on the mantelpiece, the bent-wood rocker of the early eighties, the monastic simplicity of the Mission table, with its bulging-bowled lamp of Royal Worcester, and the rigid outlines, blackly angular, of the 'upright' piano in the corner. No, the familiar furniture of this well-loved and lived-in room is not, strictly speaking, 'Period' — it is exclamation point, preceded by a dash!

My mind's eye in its travels ascends the stairs.

In the large front bedroom is the Period of Archibald II. Here stands austerely the bed of black walnut, — the wide double bed of the old régime, — whereon my grandparents slumbered peacefully, undisturbed by scandalized fore-visionings of the slim twin couches of fashionable modernity. Here, too, is its companion bureau, ponderous, moving reluctantly, when needs must, upon complaining castors, and boasting a swinging oval mirror and a mottled marbled top.

Through the doorway of the adjoining dressing-room looms a mausoleum-like structure of carved and paneled cherry, which, like the dining-room table and chairs, had once belonged to Great-uncle Jacob. Blatantly this article of vertu hits the eye. Frankly hideous it is, indeed — exteriorly; but within — ah, it is within that one must seek its adequate excuse for being; for behind its glossy red panels are smooth, wide shelves of fragrant cedar, where moth-inviting peltry may be safely stored. A separate compartment is divided into broad dust-proof spaces — spaces fortuitously ideal for shoes, admirable for hats. Beneath are four brass-handled drawers, deep and generous, wherein repose my most cherished linens and where, in un-cramped ease, my treasured centre-pieces lie extended, their broidered surfaces untroubled by a fold.

At one side an unexpected door, fitted with a lock and key, conceals a small receptacle quite perfectly adapted to the particular use to which I am confident it was put by bachelor Great-uncle Jacob. At any rate, as the little door swings back, a faint bouquet, subtle, alluring, salutes my nostrils, and I find myself thinking oddly of — of lemon-peel and Araby the Blest, and tinkling, delicate glasses.

There is, indeed, a legend extant, to the effect that, in the reign of Great-grandfather Archibald I, there existed certain possessions of rare old mahogany. Whispers have reached me of a glass-knobbed 'low-boy,' of Chippendale chairs, of adorable top-tipping card-tables with pie-crust edges; there is even a tradition of a wondrous Sheraton sideboard. But, alas, these gems of antiquity were all reduced to ashes by a destructive fire, which necessitated the immediate erection of a new house furnished throughout in 'modern' style.

Perhaps, after all, it is just as well. As a family we should probably have quarreled violently over the distribution of those gracious relics. For what domestic disintegrations might not that

Sheraton sideboard have been responsible? — besides occasioning the sin of covetousness in the souls of our friends and acquaintances.

As it is, we accepted our just apportionment of our ancestors' 'delusions of grandeur' in a spirit of resigned calm and the harmony of mutual commiseration.

But what is one to do — such a one as I, that is, to whom has descended, in the fullness of time, a proportionate share of the Lares and Penates of two dismantled homesteads, as well as a sprinkling of bestowals from several on the side-lines?

Sell them? Give them away? Cast them to the flames? Never! Forbid such sacrilege! Besides, — I confess it unashamed, — I *don't want to.* I *like* these things. I am 'attached' to them. The 'Elizabethan' roll-top desk in the library where, in years agone, Aunt Elizabeth kept her circumspect accounts and copied her recipes; the cherry sarcophagus, where Great-uncle Jacob housed his wardrobe and assembled the ingredients of the mellow consolation that warmed his lonely heart, are companions tried and true. Chosen with anxious care and conscientious economy in the placid 'boomless' past, endeared by long usage and hallowed by memory, these 'Period' furnishings are now beloved members of the family; and so I am determined they shall remain, even though my gardener's spade should strike oil in the backyard, or my facetious Airedale unearth a coal-mine under the front steps. Nevertheless, my inherited honesty, chaste in design and correct in line and detail, forces me to admit that, at times, the rummage-sale has been a help.

TERESINA

Teresina has gone to school. I watched her round black hat, snug blue sweater, scarlet dress, white legs and brown feet, twinkling away up the path in the frosty morning dew, safely escorted by an older black-hatted, blue-sweatered edition of schoolgirlness, very patronizing and sweet in her rôle of friendly protector.

Teresina will come racing home at noon, full of wisdom: French words shyly attempted, crayoned *chefs-d'œuvres*, 'writings' of incalculable value.

And I shall be so glad — oh, so glad! — to have her back again; to hug her and wash her and feed her, and listen to her complex tales of the big boy who cried and the light-haired boy who pushed her head off his desk when she leaned harmlessly upon it, and the girls who whispered and had to go out and sit on the stairs, and the dog who looked in the window. Teresina has given me five years of gladness; for she is curly and crinkly in body and mind, stubborn and sweet, amazingly good and appallingly naughty. Truly, to send her to school has been my adventure almost more than hers, such adventures being of the privileges of parenthood.

But to-day, after two weeks of school, my own private adventure begins. To-day, for the first time in all her five darling demanding years, I am all alone in the house — and the clock just striking ten! For Jennie, the beneficent tyrant of our domestic past, has gone to command another kitchen, and to begin loving another baby just come from the Blue Children, as she has so loyally loved our Teresina.

Even though her departure means baking and brewing and sweeping for me, and many moments of regret for lost comfortings and cossettings — I am all alone in the house!

This morning my new green dishes danced perilously from their suds; the steel wool scratched without pity over pans and kettles; the kitchen floor got a lick and a promise of further sweeping. I sprinkled a basket of clothes against

the ironing, and rolled them hard and swiftly in fat bundles; I made beds and dusted one table and two chairs (no more, on my life); and all the time I was hurry-scurrying, joyfully, breathlessly, with my spirit on flightiest tippy-toes, even like a very young person with a wonderful picnic or a wonderful party before her.

For, when all those most necessary good works were done, I would have to myself two hours — two fat morning hours; not the tired contented time after supper, when X and I sit happily by the fire, and find our heads nodding over our books, and a strange need of sleep before the clock strikes nine; but the clear-shining, brisk, notable forenoon!

No dear but insatiable calls for drinks of water, graham crackers, dress-up scarves, pencils, paper, mud-pie spoons; no need to arbitrate between tearful claims, provide 'tea-parties,' and deal out rubbers and reproofs. And from the kitchen no urgent or comic problems; explosive announcements that the potatoes are all out, or the ice-man did n't stop; not even (a thing to be missed afterward, but not to-day in the first flush of adventure) any friendly coaxing at eleven o'clock: 'I'm almost dead for the lack of a cup of tea; and if you'll come and sit in the kitchen with me, I'll make you some cinnamon toast.'

Two hours! — And half an hour has already fled while I write this, for sheer comfort in telling how strange and fresh is freedom. — To-night shall I ask X how to disconnect the telephone for those two precious hours? Or shall I trust, as I do to-day, that in some miraculous fashion a thick black mark will strike through our name and number in every telephone book in town, so that all my friends and foes shall turn away from some ominous approach to me, muttering, 'That's queer. That's very queer!' and I shall go unscathed.

For if people only knew how wonderful it is to be free, surely they would not need me for just two hours!

It would seem easy to say to the people whom I love much and those whom I love even a little, — those who would understand and those who would not, — 'I am going to keep two hours of five days in the week quite free. I — am — going — to — try — to — write.'

But I can't say it. The fatal word up there printed itself slowly, shyly, as if I said, 'I'm going to get very drunk,' or, 'I'm going to smuggle diamonds,' or, 'I'm going off with Mrs. Smith's husband.'

It is very strange. Ever since my little-girlhood, 'writing' has been my most intimate and easy escape from the persistences of life. And lately, when I have been so happy that often the wings of my joy seem ready to burst some inward fetter and flash out living and shining, 'writing' has been my only way of setting free a thousandth part of that pulsing joy. The public worth of what I write is of no such matter as the doing of it. It is not needful that a private art should make repayment in cash or fame, for its possessor to love it and to require its practice.

But it is strange, as I said, that with all these years of certainty about my desire to 'write,' I have never felt that anybody else, or many other bodies, would truly understand the place it holds in my life. I could say, 'I must clean house,' or 'I must go to a committee meeting'; but to say, save to those very few who know me better than I know myself, 'I must write,' has seemed foolish and vain.

It is as if my assumption of needing time to write would strike my hearers as an ill-judged remark of my older brother's struck us long ago. He, scribbling at some great work destined for a St. Nicholas contest, put us younger roisterers into a mood of derisiveness

with his reproof. 'Hush, children! Don't make such a row! I'm writing for the Press!'

Will not my announcement of a literary retreat bring me under the same condemnation? Will people not, even while they applaud my worthy purpose, wonder a little: 'But will she leave all her housework till afternoon? Will her family get enough to eat? Will she give up the committees and things she used to belong to? Can't we ever call her up between ten and twelve?' And, worst of all, stealthily, won't they say, 'I do wonder if the kind of thing she writes is worth all that fuss'?

No, I really think they would not say any of those things. Most of them would understand, if I dared to pursue my course of innocent folly.

But the fact remains that only to the Contributors' Club can I speak with perfect frankness. For I know that there must be hundreds of *Atlantic*-reading women who feel as I do about some pet art or handicraft; who steal time for it, sneakingly, apologetically; who will not love their fathers and husbands and children and neighbors any the less for a restrained practice of it.

They will understand without ever needing to measure up any personal knowledge of me against any possible failure or achievement.

They will know how I feel this October morning, when Teresina has gone dancing to school, and the house sits quiet by its sunny meadow, and the autumn crickets purr in the yellow garden.

They will know why I shall not cut off my telephone or turn the key in my door, and yet, why I must needs run so precipitately to my desk, sweep aside bills and letters, and scratch off all this folly of confession.

It is half-past eleven: three quarters of an hour more before the white legs and brown feet trot up the brick walk, and the curly head rubs against my chin in greeting. Perhaps there is even time to copy some of this on the typewriter.

What do I care whether the *Atlantic* will accept this or not? Have I not had an hour and a half of perfect, undisturbed, secret, old-fashioned scribbling?

And when X reads it to-night, I thank the Lord that he will only chuckle, and will announce in no uncertain voice, —

'I'll attend to that telephone business to-morrow morning, first thing.'

I shall not let him do it, of course. But, just the same, thank the Lord!

ON TYPEWRITERS

Of course, they are merely a sign of the times, but anyone who has sat in an office with eighteen or twenty of them rattling like a brook in full spate within the compass of four too-narrow walls, retains a searing of the mind. One of many captains lays down one of many cigarettes, calls one of many stenographers, and begins: 'Take this.' Then, in a wasting monotone, the soulless voice of a Frankenstein, varied only by an occasional, 'No — scratch that out,' he drones a letter to his tailor, an advice to the General Staff, or a description of the cotton plains of Turkestan. The form of the sentences varies as little as the captain's voice. They are short. They begin with the substantive, followed by a verb, which is in turn followed by an adjective or another noun, and at the end, as a kind of miserable rear-guard, is suspended the phrase — 'there being' such and such a thing, or such and such a condition. It was my fortune to read a great many army reports during a year in the War Department, and I speak from experience when I say that the 'there-being' construction is one passionately admired by the military man. At last the drone dies away in a discussion of the latest regu-

lation concerning the form of signature, and, wafting oriental odors, the stenographer resumes her place at her machine, draws a powder-puff from her bosom, — for, like Moses, 'the skin of her face did shine,' — and pats her nose. These formalities concluded, the noise is increased by her contribution on the keys.

Well, that is the business world, and undoubtedly the typewriter is of immense value; but do you not resent its intrusion on the world of friends and social relationships? It is part of the *Zeitgeist* that tolerates 'thru' and 'yours aff'y.' People say that it saves so much time in writing; but how much loss it causes in individuality! When I receive a typed letter from a friend, it makes me feel as post-cards do, that I am on his conscience, not in his mind. Also it makes people careless of their grammar and spelling. A very delightful young man of my acquaintance, with an Oxford education and a real knowledge of literature, can write that he was 'much empressed by the difficulty of getting a birth' on a steamship to Japan.

You are typing. You come to the end of the line, thinking there is room to strike the final *e* of 'possible,' or the *t* of 'just'; but the little beggars stick, so you either let the word go as it is, or allow the *e* or *t* to dance off on the next line as Karen's red shoes danced away when she tore them from her feet in the churchyard.

So much of modern literature bears the stamp of having been composed on the typewriter — the sentences sometimes brisk and impatient, sometimes lumbering along like a train of mule-wagons over a sandy plain. Perhaps one half of the books one so criticizes were produced by the old-fashioned means of a pen, but I do maintain that very few appear of which the reader can say, 'This is a labour of love, the work of a man who lingeringly wrote each sentence as though it were his last.' Could Sir Thomas Browne have captured the mood which sombres the lovely pages of his *Hydriotaphia* while seated before a clacking machine, or the translators of the Bible have touched the wings of Gabriel? Surely they wrote, as Fra Angelico painted, on their knees. Gone are the days of Grub Street, when the author, his feet curled under his chair, a wad of paper thrust under the hind-legs of the table to keep it steady, and before him scribbled sheets and a china ink-pot, sat with his pen between his lips and eyes fixed on the patch of sky behind the garret window. Unless he has been changing the ribbon of his typewriter, the author of to-day no longer has an inky finger. Before anyone catches me up on this generalization, I hasten to make a few exceptions — notably Henry James. Great man as one has always considered him, one's admiration leaps to amazement on realizing that he dictated his books. *Mon Dieu! quel homme!* Surely he must have had some physical method of keeping track of his rhetorical labyrinths, such as walking down a long room dropping pebbles to record the fall of his relative, subjunctive, and parenthetical clauses, and on the return journey picking them up, — thus sure that not one had escaped, — until all were safely gathered in the rare triumph of a full stop.

I have a little collection of French poems of the nineteenth century, after many of which is a reproduction of the original, with its blots, its erasures, its emendations. It is a pleasure to go over the pages and see the poet's hesitations — an encouragement, indeed, that brings the Olympians nearer earth. Who, I ask you, would treasure the first draft of 'La Maison du Berger,' were typing substituted for the delicate flow of De Vigny's pen; and for the impatient dash over some discarded word,

— a gesture of dismissal, it seems, to the second-rate, — a row of little *x*'s? Such a sacrilege were comparable to reading Keats to the accompaniment of an insecure set of false teeth.

One more protest, and I have done. It is against those apostles of efficiency who, overvaluing that most common commodity, time, bring their typewriters on the train with them, and make the journey hideous by an incessant flow of soul. A parlor-car, to normal people, is a place where they read novels they would not dare read at home, sit vacantly counting the silos on the various farms they pass, plan campaigns for seizing railroad crossings, or, from the appearance of the houses, decide the fitting names for the families that inhabit them. When my brother and sister and I were small, our mother and governess could always be sure of one peaceful quarter of an hour during the journey which we frequently made between Albany and Buffalo. That time came when we approached Syrause; for having been told that there were a great many negroes there, we always pressed our noses against the window to enumerate rapturously all persons of color whom we saw. I still do it, and achieved, a month ago, the fine total of thirty. On the return journey I found, to my anger, that the counter-interest of watching a one-armed man typing took my mind from the main business of the day, so that my score was only seven.

VIGIL

I had a plan that I would keep
Myself awake: I *would not sleep*,
But listen hard till far away
The silver bells upon his sleigh
I heard, and on the neighbors' roofs
The clatter of those tiny hoofs.

Then from my nice warm bed I 'd creep;
Out of my window I would peep,
And see him with the bag of toys
He yearly brings good girls and boys.

For from my window I can see
The chimney of our library,
Where all our stockings in a row
Hang till the fire has burned so low
That down the chimney, warm and
wide,
Old Santa Claus can get inside.

But if a fire there should be
With roaring flames, it seems to me
The chimney 'd get so piping hot,
I guess he 'd think he 'd better not.

I made my prayer, and went to bed,
And Mother tucked me in, and said,
'Dear, drowsy head
On pillow white,
Sleep sound all night.'
And then I made believe to fall
Right sound asleep: but in the hall
I heard our old grandfather-clock —
Tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock
Tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock
Tick-tock . . .
Then, all at once, it struck eleven —
And *I had gone to bed at seven!*

I listened then with all my might;
And far away across the night
I heard his sleigh-bells' tinkling tune,
And guessed that he was coming soon.
But ever fainter grew the sound,
Till silence fell the whole world round
Except for old grandfather-clock —
Tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock tick-tock —
He'd come and gone; and I admit
That I was rather glad of it.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

To Frank I. Cobb the New York *World* has owed for many years the reputation of printing the most vigorous and cogent editorial page in the United States. **Dr. Joseph Fort Newton,** called during the war to preach in the City Temple, — the famous preaching pulpit in London, — is minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York City. **Hans Coudenhove,** a Dutchman who has spent most of his active life in Africa, sends this paper from Zomba, in Nyasaland. **William McFee** is at present chief engineer of the S. S. Toloa, under the British flag.

* * *

Fannie Stearns Gifford, one of the most graceful and individual of American poets, lives in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. **Milton O. Nelson,** formerly associate editor of the Minneapolis *Journal*, has lately joined the staff of the Portland (Oregon) *Telegram*. The story here told is, of course, a record from the author's life. Indeed, it could not be anything else. The author was brought up in a household closely patterned after Old Testament ideals. Perhaps we may, without breach of confidence, publish a paragraph from a highly interesting letter of recollections.

Father [writes Mr. Nelson] was innately modest, even diffident. He never pestered us much with taking daily inventories of our spiritual relations with the Infinite, as the elder Gosse bothered his afflicted son; nor did he ever presume to know the mind of God to a nicety. But the question uppermost in his thought always was: 'Are my children saved?' Evidence of this is given in his words when his first child — John Newton, aged 26, who went as a missionary to Peru, Brazil — died of yellow fever two months after his arrival. The first words father spoke after the shock of the tidings were: 'One of my boys is safe.'

* * *

Frances Theresa Russell, a new contributor, is of the faculty of Leland Stanford Junior University. **L. P. Jacks,** Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, and editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, was for many years a familiar and affectionate friend of William James. **Charles Bernard Nordhoff** is living at Papeete, in the South Seas. **Leonora Pease,** a teacher in the public schools of Chicago, knows whereof she writes.

* * *

Ralph Barton Perry is Professor of Philosophy at Harvard. **A. Edward Newton,** now diverting himself in English auction-rooms, will return to America in time for the publication of his new volume in September. **L. Adams Beck** is an English scholar and traveler, now living in the Canadian West. **Joseph Auslander** is an American poet at present teaching at Harvard.

* * *

Alfred G. Gardiner, distinguished English journalist and essayist, for many years editor of the London *Daily News*, but now living in alert retirement, keeps his study window wide open on politics. **Major-General William H. Carter,** U.S.A., a West Point graduate of 1873, in the course of his service commanded the Hawaiian Department. Retired in 1915, he was recalled to active service in 1917. His article is in a large degree authoritative. **Philip Cabot** is a Boston banker, who has had long and successful experience in the conduct of public utilities. **David Hunter Miller,** a New York lawyer with a detailed knowledge of political and social conditions in Europe, served during the Peace Conference as technical adviser to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace. His article is, of course, a record at first hand.

* * *

Mr. Stewart's entertaining paper has rallied to the *Atlantic* the support of fox-hunters everywhere. An old hand at the sport writes us from Bloomington, Illinois, this interesting epistle.

Dear Atlantic, —

Charles D. Stewart's very interesting article in the June *Atlantic*, called 'Belling a Fox,' sets down what he calls three facts. From experience in following the trails of foxes in the snow I can confirm the first two facts, but I am compelled to differ from Mr. Stewart regarding the third, which is, 'you cannot approach within gunshot of a fox.'

Several years ago, in Funk's Grove, McLean County, Illinois, while I was following the tracks of a fox in the snow, footprints indicated that another man had been following the same tracks. I met him later, on another trip. He was a young farm-hand named La Follette, and his boyhood home had been in Virginia. He carried a shotgun and said he was hunting foxes by following their tracks. I asked to be allowed to go with him. We skirted a piece of dense woods and came upon tracks leading into the woods, which he pronounced to be 'long tracks,' and explained that the fox was starting off on a long hunting-trip and it would be useless to follow. The tracks led straightaway through the woods.

Later, in a draw, or low place, we came upon what he called 'short tracks,' leading from the woods into open country. The tracks were zigzag and advantage was taken of bare pieces of ice and grass. La Follette stated that the fox was approaching a place to lie down, and was seeking to conceal its tracks. Within a few minutes we approached a fall-ploughed field, where the ridges were bare of snow, and there was a low hill.

Asking that I remain behind, La Follette cautiously followed the tracks and stopped frequently to examine the ground with an old-fashioned spy-glass. Two red foxes were approached within gunshot as they were apparently asleep on the top of the hill and were not aware of the hunter's presence. They were not seen until they jumped up to run, and both were crippled in two shots.

We followed the more seriously crippled fox for about two miles, but spent three hours in covering this distance. After examining the tracks, La Follette said the fox would lie down if not pursued too closely; and we sat down for over an hour to let it 'get stiff' before the final careful advance was made which resulted in the fox being killed. We then took up the trail of the second fox, but lost it later when the snow melted.

La Follette told me that the fox killed that day was the eighth killed by him that winter, and made a total of about thirty foxes killed by him in the same manner. He always hunted alone and found the foxes by tracking them in the snow.

Very truly yours,
FRANK W. ALDRICH.

* * *

Horrors as might be pale, as usual, before horrors as is.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A 'Contributor' to the June issue writes an amusing article which opens with these words: 'If "that blessed word Mesopotamia" were in practical use to-day, it would doubtless suffer the horror of becoming Meso or Ma.'

If it were in practical use to-day! Is it not, perhaps, to many thousands of British soldiers and sailors? At any rate one of them, sending a batch of snapshots, writes as follows: 'so now you know what Mespot looks like!'

This sounds quite 'practical,' and moderately descriptive!

Yours truly,
MARY KELLOGG SHERRILL.

Vernon Kellogg's papers on Life and Death have moved many people to break through the artificial reticences with which we hedge ourselves in.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I find it impossible to refrain from sending a few words in an attempt to express a little of the intense interest and satisfaction I have just had in reading 'The Biologist Speaks of Death' in the June *Atlantic*. While I have always secretly felt myself to be an 'agnostic' — if so ignorant a being as I dare call herself anything — yet, since the death of the person dearer to me than all others, I have read here and there, listened here and there to things that have made me waver — particularly taken in conjunction with many startling and impressive dreams of my lost dear one. But the condition of mind I have been in since meeting with this loss has been made a thousand times more agonizing than before by these half-doubted, agitating, distracting, uncomfortable theories and testimonies that have appeared in articles and books dealing with spiritism; and *now*, after reading this clearly expressed, authoritative essay, I feel more at ease, — more at peace, — more nearly satisfied on this terrible yet inevitable problem than ever before; and so grateful to the author who wrote it that I felt impelled to try to express, however clumsily and inadequately, my indebtedness to him. The part of the article that means perhaps more to me than any other begins, 'Sadly he answers, "I can give you no comfort"' — ending with the words 'He does not know.' But every word of the article has been interesting and valuable to me, in my perplexity and sorrow. However undesirable, flat, stale, and unprofitable life seems — at least I have the comfort of reading the *Atlantic Monthly!* And this article I have found so enlightening, convincing, and — compared with all else I've read on the subject — so satisfying.

With gratitude unspeakable,
Believe me, sincerely yours,
O—— R——.

* * *

Was ever self-confession more essentially complete than this, since Dogberry wrote himself down an ass?

PHILADELPHIA, *June the Tenth*, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

That vacuous article entitled 'What Constitutes an Educated Person To-Day,' which you admitted to your columns for June, in which it is stated that no man can fairly be called educated who lacks the power to use his native language correctly, impels me to respond.

In the first place I am the fortunate holder of a degree of A.B., with Honors in my chosen field; I also am a Master of Arts, a Master of Science and a Doctor of Philosophy, the two latter degrees having been granted by Harvard University. I have taught at Harvard and have the Professorial title from teaching in a Western University. I am a Fellow of the American Associa-

tion for the Advancement of Science, a member of, among others, two scientific societies, membership in which is by invitation only and is considered as recognition of a certain ability to put to good use a so-called education. I am also a member of Sigma Xi, concerning which you probably know nothing and for your elucidation I will state that it is the equivalent in Science of the Phi Beta Kappa in the arts. Moreover I enjoy good music, paintings and sculpture; am fairly conversant with good literature and am able to differentiate to some extent the wheat from the chaff. In addition I am an Associate Editor of a scientific journal. Notwithstanding this humorously imposing list of accomplishments I lack the power to use my native language correctly — and what is probably more awful, I don't give a damn, and if I lack education according to the standard set by your contributor I am tickled to death that I lack the feeble and theoretical intelligence that goes with such education that gives rise to the inane sneers such as your Contributor is allowed to publish in the *Atlantic*. If I admitted such drivel to the columns of my journal I would be fired from my job at the next annual meeting.

Come on, *Atlantic*, what is the matter with you? Are you so cloyed with your own self-assumed sweetness that you think the only educated persons are those who belong to your own little mutual admiration society? I fail to find in your pages any logical basis for the opinion that you are really high-brow. You have the patina only, not the substance. Where are your Leigh Hunts, your Hazlitts, your Charles Lambs, your Emersons? You don't begin to come half-way up to those writers in what you publish, in so far as fine writing goes.

Oh yes, I forgot to tell you that I have also published so far in my youthful career some thirty-six (36), count 'em, scientific articles as the results of my studies, and all of these have appeared in reputable scientific journals. They are not always in correct English, but they get the idea across.

AN UNEDUCATED PERSON.

P.S. I am not signing my name for the very obvious reason that I have no desire to toot my own horn except behind the scenes.

Behind the Scenes! But the curtain is mercifully drawn.

* * *

What the scholar learns is often overmatched by what the teacher is taught.

May 15, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In a recent examination of a group of boys who will next year be in college, I received the following answers: —

1. Who was Florence Nightingale? *A singer.*

2. Who was Huckleberry Finn? *An Irish writer. He wrote* 'Mark Twin.'

3. Who was Grover Cleveland? *The fellow who put the fine tower on Princeton.*

4. Explain the use of *shall* and *will*. Shall *is used by polite people,* will *by all others.*

5. Where is Tyre? Sidon? *Parts of an automobile.*

After receiving such answers, week in, week out, is it any wonder teachers forget all they ever knew? Is it any wonder teachers lose their sense of humor and their hair? Et clamor meus ad te veniat?

COLIN C. CLEMENTS.

* * *

The following elucidation of an unsolved *Atlantic* mystery of some months' standing comes to us from the professor of Romance Philology in Columbia University.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The alluring chronicle which, under the title of 'A Little Boy's Utopia,' appeared in your number for May, begins as follows: —

'My little nephew was three and a half when he began to talk about "the Stewart Country," and between five and six when he gave us to understand that the subject was forever closed. The *origin* of the name was a mystery *we never fathomed* [italics mine]. Asked why it was called so, he would say, "That is its *name,*" with the patience born of answering many foolish questions. He described it as "that far land where I lived when Mulla was a little gayl, too little to be my Mulla"; and professed to be able to visit it at will.'

With the flair of a professional philologist, — who must needs also be something of a psychologist, — I continued, with mind gently alert, my reading of the article, in the hope of discovering the solution of the puzzle that had piqued for years the curiosity and ingenuity of the child's family circle.

Internal evidence soon furnished the clue. About midway of the brief narrative occurs the preparation of the explanation, in the form of quotations from the child's own entertaining testimony; and somewhat farther on in the story is given the complete though unconscious confirmatory evidence of the aunt who tells the tale.

'"When I lived in the Stewart Country" — I can hear the change of tone that marked the familiar opening: it was a kind of half-sad droning. . . . "I sat on the grass and my *Stewart Country lamb* climbed up into the tree and threw the oynges down to me." . . . "My Stewart Country lamb" was the hero of many of those wonderful tales.'

Now for the aunt's corroborative contribution: —

'One day a relic of some past era of domestic art was unearthed from the store-room — a huge pincushion of white canton flannel in the shape of an animal. But what animal? The question was being discussed in the language of the old primers. "Is-it-a-cat? No-it-is-a-goat." Someone was trying to lift it by an imaginary tail, to see if it was a guinea pig. The little boy sat gazing at the object in a kind of trance.

'All at once his arms opened wide. "My Stewart Country lamb!"'

Is the demonstration sufficiently convincing?

'One day a relic of some past era of domestic

art was unearthed *from the store-room. . . .* "My Store-Room Country Lamb!"' (My Stowoom Tountwy lamb.)

Observe that the child could not pronounce the letter *r* (witness 'gayl' and 'oynge') either in 'store-room' or in 'Country' — which is precisely why the chronicler, unconsciously true to a well-recognized principle in the science of palæography, has inserted an imagined *r* in the imaginary word 'Stewart,' on the erroneous supposition that in view of the child's lisp in the word 'tountwy' there ought to be an *r* in 'Stewart.' As for the final *t* in 'Stewart,' it is simply the initial *t* of the child's pronunciation of 'tountwy.' — The study, by the way, of childish mutilations or modifications of speech, and the possibility of their perpetuation in the vocabulary of adults, such as the childish reduplication of Old French *ante* (English *aunt*), *ante-ante*, modern French *tante*, is lately coming into its own.

But to return to the 'Stewart Country.' This mysterious, fascinating *Store-room Country* of Aladdin's lamps and Seven-League boots and all the untold wealth of quaint and curious discarded treasures, was what my own children used to call the *Story-Room*. The one-time children are now, alas, all flown from the parental roof-tree, but in the far-flung ends of the earth to which the *Atlantic* penetrates, they will doubtless all be proud to find themselves here immortalized in its classic columns. HENRY ALFRED TODD.

* * *

Poetry is eternal, and — who knows? — the poet may be, too.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, *May* 14, 1921.

GENTLEMEN, —

I am herewith sending you a poem of mine for your magazine. Should you deem my poem worthy of publication, I should appreciate your sending some remuneration to me, in order that I might buy some more paper and ink for the purpose of sending you some more of my literary efforts. Yours truly,

J—— E——.

* * *

Gradually the *Atlantic* is finding its niche.

HOPEWELL, VIRGINIA, *June* 10, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am Employment Manager for a company that is hiring in fifty girls a week, and I have several times made trips through the State to get a line on girl-power.

I arrived the other night in a town about eleven o'clock at night, and found three hotels absolutely filled up. I had my *Atlantic* under my arm, as I had been reading it on the train. As I stood at the counter, wondering what to do, — as there was no Y. W. in the town, — the clerk asked me to come to one side as he wanted to speak with me. When I went over to him, he said, 'Are you with the "Y"?' I said, 'No.' He said, 'Well, I saw you with that magazine and I know you must be all right, so I wanted to let you know that I have a room here that the Travelers' Aid takes by the month, and she is away for four days, so I'm going to let you have it.'

The same thing happened again, in another town; for drummers seem to be very busy hunting business these days and they fill up the hotels. When I found I could n't get in a hotel, I telephoned to a dormitory run by a big cotton mill for their employees. It was a veritable palace of a dormitory. When I arrived, at twelve o'clock at night, the watchman let me in and the head worker of the dormitory politely greeted me and told me how to find my quarters. As she turned to go, she saw I had in my hand an *Atlantic*, and she said, 'We don't usually take in strangers this way at this time of the night, but I judged from your voice over the telephone that you were a lady, and now I see you with your *Atlantic*. I know you are a person we will be glad to have with us.'

And this is Virginia, and not Massachusetts!

Hereafter, I shall always carry an *Atlantic* under my arm in my travels.

MARY L. MORRIS,
Woman Employment Supervisor.

* * *

Here is a letter which supplements admirably a recent *Atlantic* discussion.

AKRON, OHIO, *June* 28, 1921.

GENTLEMEN, —

To your illuminating articles and letters on the foreign-born in America, permit me to add a letter which to me evidences the pathetic desire of the sender to be identified with his adopted country. Wladyslaw F. Meszkowski, a faithful soldier of Uncle Sam, writes: —

'*Dec.* 23, 1920.

'Dear Mr. Captain C. Southworth, —

Have receiving your tip (Armistice Anniversary) card and glad to return answer with fully thanks now captain I am I getting along mostly fine and working hard to keep my living so — I most tell you captain when I got descharge I went to school for a while and after a took civil service court school which does help me and now I am working a little job in mashinerry work. I may be great successful some day latter on. I am single yet and wont decided to be a maried before I can eorining something or receive a batter position. . . . 'Yours

'WALTER FRANK

'This is my new address. This name I am using in working sociation. Meszkowski is known just as same.'

I am sure that many others who served during the late war could tell of many instances of the pride our foreign-born ex-soldiers, or at least some of them, have in their certificates of honorable discharge. Not that *all* of them were anxious to fight, — and after all, who were? — but having served, they feel that they are no longer 'Dagoes' or 'Hunkies.' Surely all who love America will try to see that they are not disillusioned. Let us join Walter Frank in the hope that he may be 'great successful some day,' and in the meantime let us help some other Walter Frank maintain his new self-respect and pride.

Very truly yours,
CONSTANT SOUTHWORTH.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

It is one of the compensations of a publisher's existence that he is compelled to live a definite part of his life in the future — to proceed, as the lawyers say, *nunc pro tunc*. On a hot day in June, for example, there is a certain cooling comfort in talking about 'autumn books,' with their inevitable suggestion of longer evenings and the first lightings of open fires. For it is in June — on a day suggesting the well-done far more clearly than the rare — that these words for midsummer publication are written.

Through the full title of *A Magnificent Farce and Other Diversions of a Book-Collector*, by **A. Edward Newton**, the relation between this new book and the author's previous volume, *The Amenities of Book-Collecting*, will suggest itself to many minds. Mr. Newton put the final touches on his second book just before leaving Philadelphia for a summer vacation in France and England. His publishers in the Atlantic office are seeing the book through the press, and hope to have it ready for him, and the large audience he has created, by the time of his return in September.

The intensely personal, and therefore intensely human, quality of Mr. Newton's *Amenities* explains its remarkable success. The same quality pervades *A Magnificent Farce*, for it is from the books which the author himself has brought together, from the associations that have sprung from the process, and, perhaps most notably of all, from the extraordinary collection of illustrative material in his own possession, that he has drawn both text and picture for his new book. Thus it becomes almost a record of friendships; for Mr. Newton is no less the friend of chosen spirits in the centuries that have gone than of those contemporaries of his own who stray engagingly across his pages. Warren Hastings, the central figure of the 'Magnificent Farce,' William Blake, Arnold Bennett, and Christopher Morley — to name but a few of Mr. Newton's host of friendly figures — commingle without any more suggestion of the incongruous than Addison detected in the spectacle of Westminster Abbey making contemporaries of all those whose dust it shelters.

* * *

One of the best of **John Jay Chapman's** books, his biography of William Lloyd Garrison, has been out of print for several years. A new edition of it will appear among the early autumn publications of the Atlantic Monthly Press. This will be differentiated from the original edition by means of a new introduction, written in this year of 1921, and relating the significance of Garrison's life and work to the present time. When the book first appeared, it was customary for American writers to speak of 'the war' with only one meaning, which instantly carried the reader's mind more than half a century back into American history. The last few years have changed all that; but they have not changed the meaning of a spirit like Garrison's, and Mr. Chapman's burning portrait of one of the great apostles of human freedom is as timely to-day, when material and spiritual realities have resumed their ancient warfare, as it ever was or ever can be.

In addition to its new introduction, the book will be equipped, in the revised edition, with a full chronology of the circumstances of Garrison's life, with a resulting gain of practical usefulness for purposes of study. The body of the book, with its ardent spiritual message, is unchanged.

* * *

It is our own belief that not only the boys who have read *The Mutineers*, — and there are many of them, — but also a considerable number of fathers and older brothers — for many of these, besides, have been reading this tale of the sea — will rejoice to hear that **Mr. Charles Boardman Hawes** has written another story of the same general character. It is called *The Great Quest*, and has been making its serial appearance, like its predecessor, in *The Open Road*, with which Mr. Hawes himself is associated. Of course, he never went to sea on a Yankee vessel in the first or the fourth decade of the last century; but he has done the next best thing for a man with the story-teller's gift: he has made a hobby of the study of old log-books and maritime narratives of many sorts, so that the nautical atmosphere in which his books move and have their being is authentic to quite a rare degree. One amusing evidence of this is that, when the meticulous proof-reader questions an unfamiliar word in Mr. Hawes's manuscript, he can not only retort with a confident *Stet* in the margin of the proof, but also fortify his position by chapter-and-verse reference to the source of his strange term of the sea.

But no amount of authenticity could make a dull yarn readable. Mr. Hawes's new story, *The Great Quest*, which deals with mad adventures on the West Coast of Africa, is anything but a dull yarn. In fact, we believe it marks a distinct advance in Mr. Hawes's capacity as a story-teller.

How that capacity has impressed an adult reader of his first book may be seen in a letter written by Professor Dallas Lore Sharp, of Boston University, after making the acquaintance of *The Mutineers* several months ago: 'I have read Mr. Hawes's *Mutineers* till the finger of scorn was pointed at me! "A man grown," they cried, "reading a boys' book and keeping it from the children!" But I got started *first*. What could I do? It is real boys' stuff, and a right good story. I am glad such themes have not been lost yet to boys and men!'

Mr. Hawes, by the way, is one of the younger graduates of Bowdoin College. His wife, a true helpmeet in all his work, is a daughter of Mr. George W. Cable.

* * *

The name of **Miss Nancy Byrd Turner,** a Virginian writer who for several years has been editor of the 'Children's Page' in the *Youth's Companion,* has long been familiar to those who care for the better sort of American verse, whether for younger or older readers. Her poems — the word is used advisedly — have appeared in many magazines, but never, up to the present time, in a book of her own. Such a book will be issued in September by the Atlantic Monthly Press, under the title, *Zodiac Town.*

It is a book that children may be counted upon to like, both for its verses and for the prose that binds them together. The children need not be told, but their elders may be interested to know that, when the verses which form a large part of this volume first came to the Atlantic office, they came, with many more, as detached bits of rhyme bearing no obvious relation to one another. Their charm and cleverness led to a suggestion to Miss Turner that, if she could devise some way to weld a portion of them into a coherent whole, a book might be the result. This she achieved through the invention of the story-scheme of *Zodiac Town* and the production of the new verses and the prose which constitute the frame-work of the narrative. It was a piece of literary craftsmanship so deftly wrought that we cannot help believing this knowledge of it will enhance the interest of the book for all who care for feats of literary skill. If we did not believe it to be an uncommonly successful feat, of course we should say nothing about it.

The pictures in *Zodiac Town* must have a word of their own. They are the first American work of a young English artist, Miss Winifred Bromhall, who came to Boston from London less than a year ago, and is now curator of the Children's Art Centre at the South End Music School in Boston. If ever author and illustrator were qualified by experience and sympathy to appeal directly to the young, Miss Turner and Miss Bromhall possess these qualifications.

The Seven Ages of Man, by **Ralph Bergengren,** scheduled for September publication, will be the fourth book by this author to appear on the list of the Atlantic Monthly Press. The list is still young, and no other author is represented upon it by so many titles. His *Jane, Joseph, and John,* an illustrated book of verses for children, and his little volume of essays, *The Comforts of Home,* appeared in 1918. These were followed, in 1919, by a second volume of brief essays, *The Perfect Gentleman.* The new book is a collection of characteristically whimsical papers, akin to *The Comforts of Home* and *The Perfect Gentleman* in manner, but more a unit than either of these volumes in point of substance, and in its presentation of a shrewd and humorous philosophy of life. Mr. Bergengren cultivates this philosophy the year round at Scituate, just far enough from Boston to keep out of the turmoil of a city, yet not too far to cast a philosopher's eye upon the ways of huddled human society when there is any danger of forgetting what it is like.

* * *

All these, and one more, *Inside the House Beautiful,* a companion volume to *What Makes the House Beautiful,* by **Henrietta C. Peabody,** are September books. It is a little premature to begin talking now about our October books, but surely it is permissible to remark that next month we shall have something to say about the *Life and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson* by **Professor Bliss Perry,** of Harvard University; a delightful little book of verses, *Many Children,* by **Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer,** with illustrations by **Florence Wyman Ivins**; the strangest of true stories of a bear, profusely illustrated with striking photographs, by **William Lyman Underwood,** of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and a reprint of the Christmas classic, *The Visit of St. Nicholas,* from designs by **Mr. Bruce Rogers,** who is now associated with the Press of William Edwin Rudge, in Mount Vernon, New York.

Of all these matters, more anon. We have been holding our peace about them so long that it is safer to clear the throat in this manner before beginning to talk a month hence.

* * *

A word was said here in June about a new educational text, *Youth and the New World,* edited by **Ralph P. Boas,** which the Atlantic Monthly Press is adding to its list. This word must have failed to reach a potential editor in one of the State Universities, for he has recently proposed a compilation of *Atlantic* articles dealing with education, science, politics, industry, religion, and the position of women in the modern world. Is it not a good omen for a new book when a second editor wants to produce something else exactly like it?

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1921

PHILANTHROPIC DOUBTS

BY CORNELIA J. CANNON

I

For thirty years the philanthropists of America have indulged in a perfect orgy of charitable activity. They have developed and expanded every form of humanitarian service common to the civilized nations, and have searched the world and their own imaginations for types of moral and physical ailment to which the philanthropies of old were oblivious, in order that they might still further improve society, and have even wider openings for the spread of their social enthusiasms. They have organized to deal with every form of human need, and have established institutions to rectify every variety of human defect. They have had oversight, from the cradle to the grave, of those unfortunates who anywhere along the way have fallen out of balanced adjustment to their environment. Pre-natal clinics, baby-welfare stations, orphan asylums, charity hospitals, penny-saving societies, child-hygiene associations, home-economics organizations, social-hygiene boards, dental clinics, and settlement houses have dotted the land. The socially minded have concerned themselves with the unmarried mother, the crippled, the blind, the insane, the deaf, the traveler, the tubercular; they have agitated for better housing, for home nursing, for backyard playgrounds; they have enunciated a philosophy of the family, developed a technique of case-work, and formulated methods for conducting the philanthropic enterprises which have been generally accepted as an essential part of our organization of society. It has been social heresy to inveigh against or even question the fundamental importance of these charities. Indifferent to a protest so feeble as to be practically unheard, institutions for social uplift have followed our spread across the continent like prairie tumble-weed blown by an autumn gale.

But something has happened in the last year or so. The apparently solid support of these societies has shown signs of giving way. The expensive philanthropies, manned by professionally trained and highly paid experts doing careful individual work with the maladjusted, have been supported by a lavish public. The gifts came from the possessors of old wealth, who had been trained to accept philanthropic obligations as paramount, a sort of first lien on property, and from the possessors of new wealth, seeking outlets for their surplus. The money came comparatively easily. A mushroom tradition of

the ethical beauty of dying poor gave impetus to the generous impulses of the donors. Rich Americans have 'gone in' for philanthropy as the English gentleman goes in for sport. Each man has adopted his pet charity, has preyed upon his friends for help, and been preyed upon in turn.

This impulse of giving did not always imply personal sacrifice. 'Give till it hurts' was a slogan developed by the war emergency. In the piping days of peace such drastic advice would have defeated its own ends. 'Give as much as you comfortably can' is about as strong a stimulus as we can stand today. Of late the charitable institutions, perhaps in desperation, have assumed a truculent tone, an air of authoritative activity, of an implied right to our donations, that has robbed us of the grace of generosity. We confess to a harried feeling in the presence of the grim alternatives daily offered to us, of either surrendering our money or accepting a major responsibility for the downfall of philanthropic institutions.

Must we bear the burden of moral obloquy imposed upon us by the anxious philanthropists, or is there some justifiable limit to our charitable efforts to help our less fortunate brethren? May it not be just possible that this revolt of the giving public is not altogether selfish, but is the harbinger of a moral revolution?

II

A survey of the philanthropic quandary discloses some new elements in the complex. Thousands of families in the past had incomes with a comfortable surplus, which was available for the support of an elaborate system of philanthropies. These surpluses have fallen into the remorseless grasp of the collector of surtaxes. Our national, and only legitimate, community-chest now offers sanctuary to the moneys that used to be lavished on the widow and orphan. This is a consideration that might be easily overlooked, and yet is a factor of significance as a sign of the times. We have seen fit, for the common good, to appropriate from the pockets of our citizens sums so gigantic that they make the large donations of recent years to the cause of philanthropy seem like a tiny star in a giant galaxy.

If we can tax so heavily for purposes of war without raising a word of protest, would it not be possible to do something commensurate for purposes of peace without reaping the whirlwind? The money has passed beyond the reach of the philanthropists. Has the responsibility associated with its former use passed with it? After all, whose duty is it to see that this is a better world? Is it not the natural burden of the people who inhabit the earth — not of a selected few, but of all the people? Can we not look forward to a day when our philanthropic obligations will be brought to our attention, not by an appeal from boards of directors, but by a tax-bill from the properly constituted authorities?

Whatever the future may hold for us, the community of the present will no longer support private charities on the scale and in the manner it has done in the past. We are forced to ask ourselves whether the basis of the philanthropic movement is sound; whether it is doing an essential work; and whether that work can be carried on in the face of a general refusal on the part of the public to back the philanthropists.

What lies at the root of the philanthropic impulse? The moralist would say brotherly love. But it is a love that takes a very different attitude from that we show toward our blood brothers. It could hardly be called friendship, for it assumes no equal give and

take. Might it be a subconscious response to the doctrine drilled into a Christian nation, 'Thou art thy brother's keeper'? Or is it an obscure expression of some primitive herd-instinct, coming up with us from the palæozoic ooze, determining alike the conduct of the Neanderthal Man and of Edith Cavell? The impulse is not only not simple, but is probably extremely complex. There are in it elements of kindly condescension, of a sympathetic fellow feeling, and of ardent generosity.

We can imagine the philanthropist saying to himself, 'Here is a world admittedly imperfect, and here are we humanitarians eager to set it right. What exception can be taken to our urge toward betterment? What if it does perpetuate in our minds and in the community's the differences of man from man? The differences are there, and closing our eyes to them does not eliminate them. We are willing to give our time, our money, and our enthusiasm to bring health and happiness to our brothers who are poor and suffering. It is impossible that the community wishes to repudiate us. We are the exemplars, however imperfect, of the Christian ideal which is the basis of our civilization.'

We have many things to say in reply to him. An enthusiastic friend of a blind man offered to bring another blind man to see him, thinking thereby to give pleasure to both. 'No,' said the blind man, 'I do not wish to meet people on the ground of my infirmities.' Our philanthropist's first handicap lies here. His human contacts are on the basis of infirmities, poverty, ignorance, sin, never on the basis of any mutual interest or responsibility. It is not 'our baby-welfare clinic,' to which we all bring our babies, but 'your baby-welfare clinic,' to which I bring my baby to be told how I should take care of it. It is not 'our home-economics association,' but 'your home-economics club,' to which I am invited to come and learn the wider use of corn-meal.

Environment has perhaps favored you more than it has me; but I also have a contribution to make to our mutual betterment, if you can only bring yourself to count me in. It is not enough for you to love humanity. You must have a delicate respect for the soul of humanity, that sensitive instrument which registers progress in terms of the individual's victory over himself. I do not wish to be lifted up by you or anyone else; I wish to lift myself. Even though the height I attain by my own efforts be not so lofty, the foundations of my character are firmer and are better able to resist the assaults of temptation.

A fastidious respect for our brother's personality makes heavy drafts on our tolerance — too heavy at times to be honored. So we fail in our efforts to help, and ascribe our failure to the obduracy of the beneficiary, or to inferior traditions inherited from alien races. We are willing to admit that our municipal government is very bad, but we aver that it is better for us to manage it inefficiently for ourselves than to allow anyone else to manage it for us, however admirable the immediate results might be. When, however, it comes to the decisions of a man's life by which his character is to be built up, if he happens to be poor, we may remove from him the opportunity for choice by a pressure he is unable to withstand. We show a Gargantuan daring in assuming responsibility for lives alien to our own. How much good are we justified in hoping or expecting will come of it? Of course, each reader will instantly think of cases he or she has known in which lives have been markedly altered for the better by contacts formed in philanthropic association. There are perhaps many, but how

large do these cases bulk in the total number of individuals dealt with? How do such successes balance the effort, money, enthusiasm, and vital energy that have gone into these attempts at human reconstruction? In our own personal lives, who has influenced us save those whose family relations, social status, and range of interests most closely approximate our own? We should regard as an impertinence, if done to us, the invasion of spiritual privacy that the more tolerant victims of misfortune accept as part of their disability. They act upon our advice if they must, they disregard it if they can, but they preserve untouched the inner citadel of their personality, whence their fighting forces may sally forth once the siege is raised. Could we accomplish as much with as well-bred dignity?

A serious defect, seemingly inherent in the organization of philanthropic effort, is the intense individualism of each unit and the frequent jealousy or disregard of one another. It may be the fault of their virtues, each organization having an almost fanatical sense that it holds the key to human regeneration. To the outsider it looks like a lot of ants tugging from all sides at a dead beetle. The beetle does not move, and the ants use a prodigious amount of energy, to no avail. Coöperation is a word often on the lips of the social worker, but not always understood. Indeed, such fundamental coöperation as has been achieved has usually been accomplished by forming an additional coöperating agency to accomplish it. And yet, duplication of effort or failure to recognize reasonable limits to the number of philanthropic establishments is a spoliation of the whole community.

A more fundamental danger, and one to which the best are prone, is reluctance to let go and cease functioning when the need is past. Vested funds, rooted traditions, personal zeal, often conspire to keep alive institutions which have served their day and whose continued existence is only an incubus on the community. It is a rare board of directors that will admit the failure of its experiment or recognize that changing conditions demand an entirely new alignment if an institution is to fulfill its purpose. Occasionally a day nursery does close its doors and fight for mothers' pensions, or an orphan asylum lets its plant lie idle while it places out its charges in homes; but do not the chimneys of many a mistaken charity pour out the smoke of a high-priced coal on a world that has long ceased to have any need for such an organization? No intrenched idea seems more difficult to dislodge than this passion for a philanthropy for its own sake. Endowments perpetuate what should be only temporary; they give immortality to the normally transitory; until our land is weighted down with foundations and institutions which fetter the free spirit of a changing world.

III

Are the philanthropic societies doing an essential work? In every community there are the discerning who have eyes to see an evil and imaginations to vision a good that can be brought out of it. They gather round them the few whom they can inspire with their enthusiasm, and try out the new idea. These are the social pioneers, the leaders to whom we all look for guidance. In so far as charitable societies catch the spirit of these adventurers and hold the ideal of their own labor as pioneering, they do a vital work, and in the future, as in the past, will be essential to social progress. But the assumption of many philanthropic associations, that they are to go on forever, that they

are as permanent a part of the running of a democracy as the ballot-box itself, robs their effort of much of its significance.

'Yes,' the philanthropist may say, 'that is all very well; but if we do not care for the orphans, who will? If we do not stand by the unmarried mothers, who will befriend them? If we do not maintain day nurseries, how can needy widows go out to work?'

In a civilization so complex as ours it is not feasible that we should depend on these small philanthropic groups to keep the great machine going and the grosser injustices from being done, and it is impossible that we should continue to be mendicants for their bounty. It is not self-respecting for any community to let the few shoulder the responsibilities of the many. What are we going to do about it? The public is bringing the whole matter to an issue by refusing any longer to support private charities on the present scale, whether that scale is regarded as extravagant or not. On the other hand, there remains a mass of good-will, energy, and devotion to the bettering of the world, available for the common service. How can such money as there is, and such energy, be employed to the best advantage? How can what is prescient in the philanthropic movement be preserved, and what is unsocial be eliminated?

If you compare a city which has a full quota of philanthropic societies to care for every type of human sin and weakness with one which has practically nothing, you will not necessarily find any superiority in the more richly equipped. Of course, you may say, 'What would the first city be without the institutions? Its problems are graver than those of the second city, and its evil is held in check only by the activities of the generously inclined.' But are not a community's standard and quality primarily due to its educational opportunities, its living conditions, its civic enthusiasm, its moral standards, its homogeneity of feeling, and not to the efforts that any one group may make to improve any other group?

The status of the philanthropies during the war was a revelation like that made by a dazzling streak of lightning. During those momentous years there were high wages, prohibition, and plenty of work for everyone. The demands on the charitable societies dropped fifty per cent and more. The poor and the sick seemed to be no more with us. The question forced itself upon us, 'Is it possible that the philanthropies have been on the wrong tack, that fair wages and decent living conditions are the basis of a sound civilization, and that the philanthropists are but poulticing a surface sore?' There were some few associations which saw in the light of this great experiment the portent of their own ultimate dissolution. Though of making philanthropies there seems no end, of ending them there seems to be no beginning, so that the total number in existence has not been appreciably reduced by the world-shaking convulsions of the war.

A new orientation has, however, taken place in the public mind toward the philanthropist as the sensitive register of human suffering, and the chief guide to the alleviation of human misery. We are beginning to recognize that the same passion for humanity that inspires one man to lavish money on baby welfare, rescue homes for girls, and Christmas dinners for the poor makes another man a radical. The impulses in both cases are the same, but the second man is trying to think more fundamentally than the first. His methods may be clumsy and his suggested solution crude, but his aim is to remove the causes of human despair, not to risk the loss of precious

time by attempting to modify their tragic consequences.

The philanthropists belong to a class on which the injustices of our present basis of society have not borne heavily. They serve unconsciously as a bulwark of the *status quo*, for whose defects they are ready and eager to apply palliatives. They are the great menders and patchers-up of society, not the surgeons who cut deep into the festering sore and scrape the bone. They express the tenderness and pity of man, not his reasoning intelligence. Their technique is developed to a high degree of perfection, but their philosophy lags far behind. They know better *how* to do a thing than *why*. We must turn to them for methods, the fruit of long and careful experiment; but as yet they have offered us no fundamental basis for the work of human improvement. It is not through their eyes that we shall see life steadily and see it whole.

IV

The interlocutor queries, 'What are we here for?' and instead of being satisfied with the exemplary reply, 'To help others,' invites disaster by persisting, 'But what are the others here for?' Here is the Achilles heel of the philanthropic movement. In the soul of the philanthropist stirs a passion for betterment, a real desire that life shall be more endurable for us all. But in the method he employs he ignores participation by the 'others.' He uses the ways of an aristocracy instead of those native to a democracy.

The major indictment against philanthropy is that it has ignored the opportunities democracy offers for reforms from within. It has distracted our minds and attention from community responsibility for the removal of social defects. It has encouraged us to leave reforms to the activity of self-appointed groups. Its reforms have tended to be superficial, because it has everywhere selected for its leaders those interested in philanthropy, but not in democracy. The typical lover of his kind will pour out money for the starving Chinese though he may hesitate to contribute to campaign expenses for public-school associations. The novice can catch the thrill of teaching folk-dancing to the tenement-house child or distributing bread tickets to the poor; but an offer to pay the expenses of a board of health 'clean-up campaign' requires imagination of a different order.

Yet a great people committed to the experiment of organizing a democratic society fails in so far as it refuses to use the forms appropriate to democracy. Here about us are all the types of community effort that we have so far evolved: boards of health, school committees, overseers of the poor, courts, probation systems, boards of parole, poorhouses, commissioners for the blind, public libraries, departments for the care of defectives, for the care of children, for giving mothers' pensions, for the supervision of public safety, for the treatment of the tubercular, hospitals, dispensaries, parks and playgrounds — and yet how few philanthropists try loyally to work out their problems through this wealth of agencies before organizing associations of their own.

And where is the reformer who ever feels that, once a law is passed and a department created, there is any further responsibility on his shoulders? Yet, if we had the wit to see it, our responsibility is then but just beginning. City and county and state officials are only our leaders; we are the rank and file, who must stand back of them if they are to be truly effective. An autocracy does not need the coöperation of its citizens; it is not organ-

ized to depend on that; but the failures of democracy are the failures of citizens to play their part. The governing departments belong to us. Their successes are ours; their mistakes disgrace us. Think what a board of health might accomplish if the citizens made an effort to work wholeheartedly with it! Think what a street-cleaning department might be in a city where every inhabitant felt as responsible for the sidewalk and street in front of his property as for his parlor floor! Think of the quality a community might acquire with a school system which was the pride and anxious concern of every parent in the city!

Where are the members of the community who might have leisure and money to band their fellows together and work unrestingly with the public officials to build the City Beautiful? They are supporting attractive homes for the aged poor, while wages are too low to allow a worker to save for the future; they are establishing asylums for illegitimate children, while public dance-halls are not safeguarded; they are forming classes to teach English to foreigners to whom the evening schools are open; they are spending large sums to teach music to children, while the school department is too impoverished to give a class more than two hours' instruction a day.

These efforts may be good in themselves, but a community must make its investments with some sense of proportion. Enthusiasm for the individual may be a blunder. Suppose that through our failure to carry on some charity individuals do suffer here and there. There are bound to be sufferers at best; but one is blind indeed who does not see that more misery may be saved in the end by the more broadly conceived plan. Even a very slight enlargement of the department for child-care in a board of health would accomplish more for the welfare of our youthful citizens than the work any private society for the care of babies could do in twenty years.

Has philanthropy any place, then, in a modern community? The concern of the philanthropist is legitimately with those social responsibilities not yet assumed by all. A group of persons dedicating themselves to the study of existing evils, to the practice of admittedly temporary demonstrations of improved methods for combatting these evils, and to a determination never to shoulder any permanent responsibility for the carrying-out of reforms, has a very important place in society to-day. If such a group of social experimenters has, after a suitable interval of time, failed to persuade the community of the value of the suggested reforms so that the authorities are ready to adopt them, it should feel no false pride in abandoning the venture. The experiment may have been impracticable; other forces in the community may have been attacking the problem from a more advantageous position; or public sympathy, without which no reform is possible, may have been lacking. In any case the paddle-wheels are beating empty air, and it behooves the reformers to conserve their fuel till the tide comes in. Such an attitude requires a very high order of self-effacement, though one surely not beyond the capacities of true lovers of their kind.

The reluctance of organized societies to surrender their work to the community itself is not always due to an exaggerated sense of the importance of their own contribution, but may be inspired by a very real fear of a consequent lowering of standards. The apprehension is understandable, but it is shortsighted. How many persons who have seriously tried to coöperate with public servants have found them impossible to work with? In some com-

munities there is political corruption of a serious nature. This does not, however, justify turning to private charity as a way out. It might serve the poor and suffering of such a city much better if all the charitable institutions closed their doors and used their time and money to establish and back a good government. In most of our cities the government, though often inefficient and unenlightened, is not corrupt, or beyond the influence of the citizens who have no private axe to grind. The worst failures are due to the fact that, as soon as the officials are elected, the public forgets all about them and leaves them to the companionship of the few who come to abuse and the many who come to get some favor for themselves or their friends. Public servants can hardly credit their senses when citizens come with a desire to back them in doing a difficult task, or to help them in their efforts to carry on their work efficiently. Citizens have no one except themselves to thank if an official, left to the mercies of the self-seeking, becomes careless in self-defense or corrupt through evil associations.

Think of the daily battle the officers of a board of health have to fight! They are the bane of every vicious element in a city, the enemy of every man who wishes to break the sanitary laws. Every dishonest landlord, every filthy tenant hates them. They are hounded by peddlers who wish to be exceptions to the law; by the dealers who prefer to leave their trash on the sidewalk; by butchers who are unwilling to screen their premises; by stable-keepers who refuse to remove manure; by irate parents who see no sense in quarantine; by the gentry who spit on the sidewalk; and by lodging-house keepers who do not think eight sleeping in a hall bedroom excessive. The law-abiding citizens leave the board of health alone.

Is it any wonder that the officials feel that the hand of man is against them, and sometimes weaken in playing such a losing game? If only the people could realize that the board of health is their creation, trying in the face of mountainous difficulties to carry out their orders and make the community a place of safety for them and their children, they might feel a share in the responsibilities, a pride in the achievements, and a sense of personal failure in the mistakes. Real contact on the part of citizens with governmental problems often brings home the fact that the defects which loom large are due to a lack of money, of public backing, and of legal authority — circumstances beyond the control of the official, but within the power of his employer, the public.

The high standards of our heavily endowed and well-managed philanthropies may be beyond our station in life. A democracy has to surrender a certain perfection of efficiency. We deplore it, though we know the compensations are great. We make our mistakes, but we learn from our failures and develop a power that would be withheld from us if we were perpetually guarded from error by superior intelligences.

The taking over by towns and states of the responsibility for the care and prevention of tuberculosis, a work ably initiated all over the country by the anti-tuberculosis associations, undoubtedly meant in some places an inferior quality in the treatment given; but the comprehensiveness of the work that is being done and the promise that the activity throughout the country makes for an eventual control of the dread disease, is something no private organization, however efficient and ably run, could have hoped to attain. Yet anti-tuberculosis associations continue to exist, refusing to recognize that

their pioneer work is done and that their outposts should be moved further on.

Legal aid societies have figured as charities since their inception. Only recently a profoundly significant change of attitude has begun to show itself in the minds of those cognizant of the flaws in the relation between justice and the poor. Legal advice for those with small means is being accepted as a part of the public administration of justice, a responsibility of the people as a whole, not a benefit conferred by the rich on their less fortunate fellows. The very fact that the impecunious client becomes a part of the system itself brings him the assistance of the public agencies of our juridical machinery, which are not so readily available to the private organization. The needs of the litigant become of primary concern to those responsible both for protecting his rights and for enforcing the decrees of the law-makers.

In the educational world the kindergartens have passed through somewhat the same cycle. They were begun as an experiment, by private enthusiasts, then given a grudging hospitality by our public-school system, and finally accepted in their entirety as an essential part of the educational course in all progressive communities. And yet occasional settlement houses have maintained kindergartens close to those of adjacent schools, on the ground that the school was crowded or the teachers not so skilled as their own. Did the idea of lending an extra room for the use of the public school, or bringing community pressure to bear to increase school-equipment and to improve the quality of the teachers, lie beyond the range of possibilities in the minds of these settlement directors? Such institutions have kept up their old routine, instead of using their freedom to try new ways of bringing light into dark places. The amount of public money available for experiments is always small. The taxpayer is perhaps justifiably reluctant to have his money used for purposes which may prove to be utopian; so that many promising but untried methods must wait on the generosity and initiative of private enthusiasts for their testing out. This makes the plodding work of an institution which accepts itself as a fixed part of the social universe so deeply disappointing.

The Workmen's Compensation acts can hardly be said to be the result of an enlightened refusal on the part of the private charities to bear the burden of the tragedies of industry, but they lifted from the philanthropic agencies burdens which the industry should itself bear. The acts suddenly made the problem distinct. They drew the attention of the industries to the cost of accidents, which had been previously borne by the families of the victims and the philanthropies of the community, and had now become a heavy drag on the profits of production. The expense was quickly recognized as excessive, and intelligent efforts were made to reduce it. The most spectacular effect has been the greatly increased demand for safety appliances, medical and nursing care in factories, and a final and perhaps determining pressure for the prohibition amendment. The philanthropist might have gone on indefinitely carrying the load; but when the responsibility for faulty industrial conditions was thrown on the community at large, through additional cost of the products of industry, something fundamental took place.

The Mothers' Pension acts have had a similar history. They have removed a crushing weight from the shoulders of women with young children, and placed it on the shoulders of the taxpayers. The tax-payers, however, perform a double function. They not only

provide money for the pensions, but make and enforce the laws as well. They have not been content with doling out groceries and paying rent, but have made new laws about deserting husbands, and have stimulated the activity of the courts and the extraditing agents to return these evaders to the bearing of their responsibilities. In our capacity as the governing body in a democracy, we go far beyond any individual's ability to achieve. We become supermen, and can accomplish the seemingly impossible.

Education used to be regarded as a philanthropy. Charitable schools cast their turbid shadow on mid-Victorian literature. It was a form of charity which was withheld as far as possible from the working classes, lest it make them restless and dissatisfied, and was given out only in quantities which were expected to add to the usefulness but not to the ambition of the lower ranks of society. Democracy has discredited education as a philanthropy, and recognized it as the right of every potential citizen, the only insurance against the anarchy of ignorance, and the sole safeguard of the institutions of a free people.

The public schools offer to all the children of the Republic the opportunity to prepare for citizenship together — the rich and the poor, those with long traditions of culture and those with long traditions of toil — in the atmosphere and under the inspiration of the community institution. If the schools as they exist to-day are not good enough for one man's children, they are not good enough for any man's children, and the enlightened lover of his kind must throw the money, interest, and enthusiasm he may be putting into the private schools into the public. Whatever improvement he can there achieve will better the education of hundreds of children instead of tens, and will not lapse with the passing of his interest. Citizens interested in education, who devote themselves to the building up of private and parochial schools, have not been touched by the Americanization movement and have never fundamentally grasped the American idea. The place for them to help is in the school-system itself, where the problem is acute, the laboratory prepared, and where an outside intelligent interest is of value in keeping alive the professional enthusiasm which may be repressed by the insistent demands of the daily duty. No money can return larger dividends in real accomplishment than that added to the budget of our public schools; nor can any community interest more certainly strengthen the best elements in our civilization than that devoted to the improvement of the public education.

V

What is our moral responsibility to our brothers, fortunate and unfortunate alike? If we give the best education we can to every citizen, if we keep the community health at the highest possible level, and provide ample opportunities for innocent pleasure; if we strengthen the churches and safeguard working conditions in our industries; if we provide the most favorable environment that lies within our power, cannot we trust the individual to work out his own destiny? Even those social workers who devote most time and attention to work with the individual find that the problem of human difficulty is largely one of faulty character. Is not the remedying of that defect beyond the power as well as the province of any self-constituted group in the community? Must we not leave those changes to the interplay of the influences of a man's family, church, friends, teachers, and fellow workmen, in an

environment as wholesome for all of us as our united efforts can make it? The new keeper of his brother is the man who looks to bettering his home town, not to giving his old coat to the beggar. At the Judgment Seat we may be asked, 'What did you do to improve your city government?' and not be allowed to introduce evidence as to our distribution of the scraps from our table. Our task is, not buttressing the weaknesses of our fellows with our strength, but organizing the energies of man to reconstruct his world.

The dream of our people is the coming in of true democracy. Dreaming does not bring the realization nearer. In the organization of human society the pronouncement, 'Let there be peace,' is of no value unless it is accompanied by some concrete suggestion as to how this desirable end may be attained. The philanthropist's contribution must be experimental work on happier methods of living together. There is no particular dignity or virtue in giving money to a soup-kitchen or in giving clothes to the children of the unemployed. But there is a tonic in working in one's home, one's business, and one's community to prevent unemployment.

The genius of the American people is never going to allow itself to be daunted by such a problem. A nation that could devise the traction plough, tame the wilderness, and build the Panama Canal has inventive ability enough to make continuous mutual service a possibility. Each man's work means every other man's additional comfort and leisure. The problem of uninterrupted employment is surely no more occult than the problems of organization and distribution that our great corporations have successfully wrestled with. But so long as we placate our intelligence and pacify our consciences by our philanthropies, we put off the day of attack on the sources of poverty and distress.

The game of democracy cannot be played from the grand stand. The humanitarian finds it fatally easy to sit on the side-lines and criticize. He may be willing to sponge the combatants' faces and run no risk of getting dirt on his clothes, but to play the people's game, he must get into the ring and be willing to take knockout blows and still come back. The only place where the game can be played is within the organizations of our towns, our counties, our states, and our nation. And the only way it can be played is by citizens fighting together as fellow sufferers against the forces of corruption and destruction that lie in wait for us.

The social workers, the professionals of the philanthropic movement, are themselves becoming weary of their dependence on the uncertain generosity of the patrons of the poor. Many of them, especially the more thoughtful, have felt an inner skepticism as to the fundamental character of their work, even while they have developed a technique which they feel is their real contribution to the solution of the social riddle. The primary interest of the best of them is not so much that of keeping their own particular institutions alive, as of animating the community as a whole with the spirit they have developed, and transferring to the public agencies the methods worked out by years of experiment in private enterprises.

The community organizations deal with masses; and, as masses are simply the sum-total of individuals, the perfection of the result depends on the intelligence with which each dependent's difficulty is treated. To carry over into public work the professional ability, the intellectual enthusiasm, and the discriminating judgment that have characterized the activities of the

best social workers, is a responsibility of the philanthropists who pay their taxes but who have ceased giving to private charities. The passing of laws alone will never bring in the millennium; the establishment of public commissions to do the work the private groups are now doing is not enough. We must feel a responsibility, as individuals and as a nation, for the organizations we share in common. We can afford to give over into public control our private institutions for the service of our fellow men, if we continue to exercise the same energy that we have devoted to them in cultivating the social outlook of our public officers and in increasing the scientific and humanitarian character of our community institutions.

THE WALPOLE BEAUTY

BY E. BARRINGTON

[*From a packet of letters, written in the middle of the eighteenth century by Lady Fanny Armine to her cousin, Lady Desmond, in Ireland, I have strung together one of the strangest of true stories — the history of Maria Walpole, niece of the famous Horace Walpole and illegitimate daughter of his brother, Sir Edward Walpole. The letters are a pot-pourri of town and family gossip, and in gathering the references to Maria Walpole into coherence, I am compelled to omit much that is characteristic and interesting.*]

July, 1757.

Why, Kitty, my dear, what signifies your reproaches? I wish I may never be more guilty than I am this day. I laid out a part of your money in a made-up mantua and a petticoat of Rat de St. Maur, and for the hat, 't was the exact copy of the lovely Gunning's — Maria Coventry. And though I won't flatter you, child, by saying your bloom equals hers (for I can't tell what hers may be under the white lead she lays on so thick), yet I will say that your Irish eyes may ambuscade to the full as well beneath it, though they won't shoot an earl flying, like hers, because you have captured your baronet already!

But 't is news you would have — news, says you, of all the gay doings of the town.

And how is her Gunning Grace of Hamilton, you ask, and do the folk still climb on chairs at Court to stare at her? Vastly in beauty, child. She was in a suit of fine blue satin at the last Birthnight, sprigged all over with white, and the petticoat robings broidered in the manner of a trimming wove in the satin. A hoop of the richest damask, trimmed with gold and silver. These cost fourteen guineas a hoop, my dear. Who shall say the ladies of the present age don't understand refinements? Her Grace had diamonds plastered on wherever they would stick, and all the people of quality run mad to have a stare at so much beauty, set

off with as much glare as Vauxhall on a fête night, and she as demure as a cat after chickens.

But 'tis always the way with these sudden-come-ups, they never have the easy carriage that comes from breeding, and 't is too much to expect she should be a topping courtier.

You must know Horry Walpole was there, in gray and silver brocade, as fine and finical a gentleman as ever, and most genteelly lean; and says I to him, 'What think you, Mr. Walpole, of our two coquet Irish beauties? Do they put out all the fire of our English charmers?'

So he drew himself up and took a pinch of rappee (can't you see him, Kitty, my girl?), and says he, —

'Madam, to a lady that is herself all beauty and need envy none, I may say we have a beauty to be produced shortly to the town that will flutter all the world excepting only the lady I have the honor to address.'

And, Lord! the bow he made me, with his hat to his heart!

'La, man,' says I, 'who is she? But sure I know. 'T is the Duchess of Queensbury reduced a good half in size and with a new complexion.'

But Horry shook his ambrosial curls.

'No, madam, 'pon honor! A little girl with the vivacity of sixteen and brown eyes, brown hair — in fact, a brown beauty.'

And then it flashed on me and I says, —

'Good God! — Maria! But sure she can't be presented. 'T is impossible!' And could have bit my silly tongue out when 't was said.

He shrugged his shoulders like a Frenchman — 't is the last grace he picked up in Paris, and turned from me to the new lady errant, Miss Chester, who models herself on the famous Miss Chudleigh. But nothing could equal the horrid indecency of Miss Chudleigh's habit at the masquerade at Vauxhall t'other day! She was Iphigenia in a Greek undress, and says Horry, —

'Sure, never was a more convenient thing — the victim is prepared for the priest to inspect the entrails without more ado.'

I thought we should have died laughing. 'T is only a woman of breeding knows exactly where certainty should stop and imagination take its place.

But, Kitty child, who do you guess is the new beauty? I give you one, I give you two, I give you three! And if 't was three hundred, you'd be never the wiser. Why, Maria Walpole, you little blockhead! Maria, the daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, Horry's brother. What think you of that? But Sir Edward never was married, says you. True for you, Kitty, but don't you know the story? No, to be sure. There 's no scandal in Ireland, for St. Patrick banished it along with the snakes and their poison, because the island that has so many misfortunes would have died of another.

Well, take your sampler like a good little girl and hearken to the history of the lovely Maria that's to blow out the Gunning candles. Let me present to your la'ship Sir Edward Walpole, brother to the Baron of Strawberry Hill. A flourish and a sliding bow and you know one another! Sir Edward, who resembles not Horry in his love for the twittle-twattle of the town, is a passable performer on the bass-viol, and a hermit — the Hermit of Pall Mall. But the rules of that Hermitage are not too severe, child. 'T is known there were relaxations. And notably one.

The Hermit some years since was lodged in Pall Mall, and in the lower floors was lodged a dealer in clothes, with prentices to fetch and carry.

Lord! says Kitty, what's this to the

purpose? Attend, Madam. The curtain rises!

'T is an old story: the virtuous prentice — and the unvirtuous. There was one of them — Dorothy Clement, a rustic beauty, straw hat tied under the roguish chin, little tucked-up gown of flowered stuff, handkerchief crossed over the bosom, ruffled elbows. 'T is so pretty a dress, that I protest I marvel women of quality don't use it! However, this demure damsel looked up at Sir Edward under the hat, and he peeped under the brim, and when he left the house and returned to his own, what should happen but the trembling beauty runs to him, one fine day, for protection, swearing her family and master have all cast her off because 't was noted the gentleman had an eye for a charming face.

Well, child, 't is known hermits do not marry. 'T is too much to ask of their Holinesses. But he set a chair at the foot of his table for the damsel and bid her share his pulse and crusts; and so 't was done, and whether in town or country, the Hermitess kept him company till she died. Sure the Walpoles are not too fastidious in their women, excepting only Horry of Strawberry Hill, who has all the finicals of the others rolled up in his lean body.

Well, Kitty, there were four children: — a boy, — nothing to the purpose, — and Laura, Maria, and Charlotte. And the poor lasses, not having a rag of legitimacy to cover 'em, must needs fall back on good behavior and good looks. I saw Laura, a pretty girl, in the garden at Englefield some years since, when I was airing in Lady Pomfret's coach; and as we looked, the little hoyden Maria comes running up in muslin and blue ribbons, all health and youth and blooming cheeks and brown curls and eyes — a perfect Hebe. And 't is she — the milliner's brat — that's to borrow the Car of Love and set the world afire. But she can't be presented, Kitty; for our high and mighty Royals frown on vice, and not a single creature with the bar sinister can creep into court, however many may creep out. And that's that!

And now I end with compliments and curtsies to your la'ship, and the glad tidings that one of the virgin choir of Twickenham, those Muses to which Mr. Horace Walpole is Apollo, has writ an Ode so full of purling streams and warbling birds, that Apollo says he will provide a side-saddle for Pegasus, and no male shall ever bestride him again.

September, 1758.

O la, la, la! Was you ever at the Bath, child? Here am I just returned, where was great company, and all the wits and belles, and Miss Biddy Green, the great City fortune, run off with Harry Howe, and her father flourishing his gouty stick in the Pump Room and swearing a wicked aristocracy should have none of his honest guineas. But he'll soften when he sees her presented at court, with feathers stuck in her poll and all the city dames green with spite. 'T is the way of the world.

But to business. The town is talking with hundred-woman power on the marriage that Laura, — by courtesy called Walpole, — the Hermit's eldest daughter, makes to-morrow. 'T will astound you, Lady Desmond your Honor, as much as it did your humble servant. For Miss Laura honors the Church, no less, with her illegitimate hand, and no less a dignitary than a Canon of Windsor! Is not this to be a receiver of stolen goods? Does not his Reverence compound a felony in taking such a bride? What say you? 'T is Canon Keppel, brother to Lord Albemarle; and mark you, Kitty — the Honorable Mrs. Keppel has the right to be presented where Miss Laura might knock at the door in vain! We come up

in the world, child, but the Walpoles had always that secret.

'T will set the other charming daughters dreaming of bride cake. All the world talks of Maria, a shining beauty indeed. Horry Walpole is enchanted at Miss Laura's match — sure, an illegitimate Walpole, if niece to the Baron of Strawberry is worth a dozen of your Cavendishes and Somersets! I laughed like a rogue in my sleeve when says Horry to me at my drum, —

'Colonel Yorke is to be married to one or both of the Miss Crasteyns, great city fortunes — nieces to the rich grocer. They have two hundred and sixty thousand pounds apiece. Nothing comes amiss to the digestion of that family — a marchioness or a grocer.'

Says I, flirting my fan, —

''T is gross feeding, sure, Mr. Walpole. Now, had it been a royal illegitimate.'

He looked daggers, and took a pinch of snuff with an air. Never was a man with more family pride, though he affects to scorn it.

What think you of this latest news of Lady Coventry? The people are not yet weary of gazing upon the Gunning, and stared somewhat upon her last Sunday was se'night in the Park. Would you believe it, Kitty, that she complained to the King, and His Majesty, not to be outdone in wisdom, offers a guard for her ladyship's beauty. On this she ventures into the Park and, pretending fright, desires the assistance of the officer, who orders twelve sergeants to march abreast before her and a sergeant and twelve men behind her; and in this pomp did the silly little fool walk all the evening, with more mob about her than ever, her blockhead husband on one side and my Lord Pembroke on the other! I'm sure I can't tell you anything to better this, so good-night, dear sister, with all affectionate esteem.

April, 1759.

Great news, your la'ship. I am but just returned from a royal progress to visit the Baron of Strawberry Hill. Strawberry was in prodigious beauty — flowers, cascades, and grottoes all displayed to advantage in a sunshine that equaled June. The company, her Gunning Grace of Hamilton, the Duchess of Richmond, and your humble servant.

Says Mr. Horace, leaning on his amber cane and surveying us as we sat in the shell on the terrace, —

'Strawberry Hill is grown a perfect Paphos. 'T is the land of beauties, and if Paris himself stood where I do, he could never adjudge the golden apple.'

He writ to George Montagu after, who showed the letter about town, —

'There never was so pretty a sight as to see the three sitting. A thousand years hence, when I begin to grow old, if that can ever be, I shall talk of that event and tell the young people how much handsomer the women of my time were than they are now.'

There's a compliment like a fresh-plucked rose from the Lord of Strawberry. It reads pretty, don't it, child? Horry was in vast wit — 't was like the Northern Lights hurtling about us — made us blink! The Duchess of Richmond pretending she could not recall her marriage-day, says Horry, —

'Record it thus, Madam. This day thousand years I was married!'

'T was not till a week later I discovered this to be a *bon mot* of Madame de Sévigné. His jewels are polished very fine, but 't is not always in the Strawberry mine they are dug. But to our news — What will your Honor pay me for a penn'orth?

'T is of our beauty, Maria — ahem! Walpole. The pretty angler has caught her fish — a big fish, a gold fish, even a golden-hearted fish, for 't is Lord Waldegrave! A belted earl, a Knight of the Garter, no less, for the pretty milliner's

daughter. You don't believe it, Kitty? Yet you must, for 't is true, and sure, if beauty can shed a lustre over puddled blood, she has it. Lord Villiers, chief of the macaronis, said, yesterday was a week, —

'Of all the beauties Miss Walpole reigns supreme — if one could forget the little accident of birth! Her face, bloom, eyes, teeth, hair, and person are all perfection's self, and Nature broke the mould when she made this paragon, for I know none like her.'

'T is true, but 't is so awkward with these folk that can't be presented nor can't meet this one nor that. Still, I have had her much to my routs and drums, where 't is such an olla podrida that it matters not who comes. But Lady Waldegrave may go where she will; and certainly the bridegroom has nothing to object on the score of birth, for he comes from James the Second by the left hand, and for aught I know a left-hand milliner is as good these Republican days. Anyhow, 't is so, and Horry, who would have all think him above such thoughts, is most demurely conceited that a Walpole — ahem! — should grace the British peerage. Remains now only Charlotte, and I dare swear she will carry her charms to no worse market than Maria, though not so great a Venus.

I went yesterday evening to the Bluestocking Circle at Mrs. Montagu's fine house. I am not become learned, Kitty, but 't was to hear the lionesses roar, and because I knew the Lord of Strawberry would be there and was wishful to hear his exultations. Lord preserve us, child, what a frightening place! We were ushered into the Chinese Room lined with painted Pekin paper, and noble Chinese vases, and there were all the lions, male and female, in a circle — the Circle of the Universe. All the great ladies of the Bluestocking Court were there; the vastly learned Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Delany over from Ireland, the Swan of Lichfield Miss Anna Seward, Mrs. Chapone, and other lionesses and *cubesses*. My dear, they sat in a half-moon, and behind them another half-moon of grave ecclesiastics and savants, and Horry at the head of them, in brown and gold brocade. 'T was not sprightly, Kitty. 'T is true these women are good and learned, and some of them well enough in looks; but 't is so pretentious, so serious, — I lack a word! — so censorious of all that does not pull a long face, that, when Mrs. Montagu rose to meet us with the shade of Shakespeare in attendance (for no lower footman would serve so majestic a lady), I had a desire to seize her two hands and gallop round the room with her that I could scarce restrain. But sure she and the company had died of it!

I expected great information from such an assemblage, but 't was but a snip-snap of talk — remarks passed from one to another, but served as it were on massy plate — long words, and too many of 'em. Dull, my dear, dull! And so 't will always be when people aim to be clever. They do these things better in France, where they have no fear of laughter and the women sparkle without a visible machinery. 'T was all standing on the mind's tip-toe here. And when the refreshments were served I made for Horry —

> On silver vases loaded rise
> The biscuits' ample sacrifice,
> And incense pure of fragrant tea.

But Bluestockingism is nourished on tea as wit on wine.

'So, Mr. Walpole,' says I, 'what is this news I hear of Miss Maria? My felicitations to the bridegroom on the possession of so many charms.'

And Horry with his bow, —

'I thank your ladyship's partiality and good heart. For character and credit, Lord Waldegrave is the first match

in England, and for beauty, Maria — excepting only the lady I address. The family is well pleased, though 't is no more than her deserts, and 't was to be expected my father's grandchild would ally herself with credit.'

'T is when Horry Walpole gives himself these demure airs that I am tempted to be wicked, Kitty. For what signifies talking? The girl is a beauty, but Nancy Parsons and Kitty Fisher are beauties, too, and if the court and peerage are opened to women of no birth, why what's left for women of quality? 'T is certain the next generation of the peerage bids fair to be extreme ill-born, and the result may be surprising. But I held my tongue, for I have a kindness for Horry and his niece, though I laugh at 'em.

I thought Mr. Walpole looked ill, and doubted whether I might hope to see him at my Tuesday rout. Says he, —

''T is the gout, Madam, that ungallant disorder, and had I a mind to brag, I could boast of a little rheumatism too; but I scorn to set value on such trifles, and since your ladyship does me the honor to bespeak my company, I will come if 't were in my coffin and pair. May I hope your ladyship will favor us at Maria's nuptials. Sure the Graces were ever attended by Venus on occasions of ceremony.'

He would have said more, but the Queen of the Blues swam up, protesting and vowing she had never seen such a goddess as Miss Maria Walpole; that were she to marry the Emperor of the world, 't would be vastly below the merit of such glowing charms. And so forth. 'T is a lady that paints all her roses red and plasters her lilies white, and whether 't is malice I can't tell, but believe 't is possible to blast by praise as well as censure, by setting the good sense of one half the world and the envy of the other against the victim. So she shrugged and simpered and worked every muscle of her face, in hopes to be bid to the wedding; but Mr. Walpole only bowed very grave and precise, and turned away, and I with him. And no more circles for me, my dear; and here I conclude, and my next shall be the epithalamium.

18th May, 1759.

Kitty, child, when you was married, did you look about you from under your hat? — did you take a sly peep at the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, and wonder which was the bridegroom? I did, but I'll never tell which he proved to be! Well, Maria was married two days since, and Horry Walpole favored me to-day with a glimpse of the letter he writ to his friend Mann on the occasion. 'T was very obliging; but you know all he writes is writ with one eye on the paper and one on posterity, so 't is no wonder if he squints a little by times. However, here's to our letter.

'The original day was not once put off — lawyers and milliners all canonically ready. They were married in Pall Mall just before dinner, and we all dined there, and the Earl and the new Countess got into their post-chaise at eight and went to Navestock alone. On Sunday she is to be presented and to make my Lady Coventry distracted. Maria was in a white and silver night-gown, with a hat very much pulled over her face. What one could see of it was handsomer than ever. A cold maiden blush gave her the sweetest delicacy in the world.'

So far our doting uncle, Kitty; but 't is indeed a fair creature. I saw the long soft brown eyes lifted once and flash such a look at the bridegroom — I dare to swear Lord Waldegrave wished away then the twenty years between them. Poor Lady Coventry, indeed! Her race is run, her thread is spun, her goose is cooked, and any other trope you please; for what signifies all the

white lead at the 'pothecary's compared to the warm brown of Maria's complexion and her long eyelashes!

Lady Elizabeth Keppel had a gown worthy of the Roman Empress she looks, with that beak nose and nutcracker chin. 'T was a black velvet petticoat, embroidered in chenille, the pattern a great gold wicker basket filled to spilling over with ramping flowers that climbed and grew all about her person. A design for a banqueting hall rather than a woman; or indeed a committee of Bluestockings might have wore it to advantage. She had winkers of lace to her head, and her hoop covered so many acres that one could but approach at an awful distance and confidences were impossible — a sure reason why the modish ladies will soon drop the hoop.

I saluted the bride after the ceremony and says I, —

'Maria, my love, I attend your presentation on Sunday, and I bring my smelling bottle for Lady Coventry. 'T is already said her guards will now be transferred to your ladyship, together with a detachment from each ship of the Fleet, to secure so much beauty.'

She has the sweetest little dimple in either cheek, and twenty Cupids hide under her lashes.

'I have no wish, Madam, to dethrone my Lady Coventry, if even 't were possible,' says she. 'That lady has occupied the throne so long, that 't is hers by right, and the English people never weary of an old favorite.'

'T was two-edged, Kitty, as you see, and I will report it to the other lovely Maria, and 't will be pretty to see the rapiers flash between the two. 'T is not only the men carry dress swords, child. But I thought Miss Maria a downy nestling, with never a thought of repartee, till now. 'T is born in us, child. It begins with our first word and is our last earthly sigh.

May, 1759.

Well, was you at the presentation, Lady Desmond, for I did not see your la'ship.

Says you, 'How was that possible with the Irish Sea between us? So out with the news!'

The company was numerous and magnificent, and Horry Walpole in his wedding garment of a white brocade with purple and green flowers. 'T was a trifle juvenile for his looks, but I blame him not; for my Lady Townshend would choose for him though he protested that, however young he might be in spirits, his bloom was a little past. I could see he was quaking for his nuptialities — lest Maria should not be in full beauty.

T' other Maria — Coventry — in golden flowers on a silver ground — looked like the Queen of Sheba; and were not our Monarch anything but a Solomon, I would not say but — A full stop to all naughtiness! But I must tell you her last *faux pas*, for you know, child, she's as stupid as she's pretty. She told the King lately that she was surfeited with sights. There was but one left she could long to see. What, think you, it was? — why, a coronation!

The old man took it with good humor; but Queen Bess had made a divorce between her lovely head and shoulders for less.

Well, into the midst of this prodigious assemblage, with Uncle Horry quaking inwardly and making as though Walpole nieces were presented every day, comes the fair Waldegrave, gliding like a swan, perfectly easy and genteel, in a silver gauze with knots of silver ribbon and diamonds not so bright as her eyes. I dare swear not a man there but envied my Lord Waldegrave, and many might envy the beauty her husband, a good plain man, grave and handsome. But the bride! She swam

up to His Majesty, like Venus floating on clouds, and her curtsey and hand-kissing perfect. Who shall talk of blood in future, when a milliner's daughter can thus distinguish herself in the finest company in Europe? 'T is true 't is mixed with the Walpole vintage; but when all's said and done, who were the Walpoles? If you get behind the coarse, drinking Squire Western of a father, you stumble up against Lord Mayors and what not! So 't is a world's wonder, and there I leave it.

As for Maria Coventry — do but figure her! I saw her pale under her rouge when the bride entered, and her eyes shot sparks of fire, like an angry goddess. Could they have destroyed, we had seen her rival a heap of ashes like the princess of the Arabian Nights. I tendered her my smelling-bottle, out she dashed it from her, and then, smiling in the prettiest manner in the world, says to my Lord Hardwicke, —

"'T is said women are jealous of each other's good looks, my lord, but 't is not so with me. I am vastly pleased with my Lady Waldegrave's appearance. 'T is far beyond what was to be expected of her parentage. She looks vastly agreeable, and I hope she will favor me with her company.'

'T was cleverer than I supposed her, and sure enough she did nothing but court the bride, and now the two beauties go about to all the sights and routs together and are the top figures in town, and all the world feasts its eyes upon two such works of nature — and Art it must be added, so far as Maria Coventry is concerned; for she is two inches deep in white lead, and the doctors have warned her 't will be the death of her.

Kitty, I found my first gray hair yesterday. 'T is my swan-song. I am done with the beaux and the toasts and the fripperies. When I spoke to Harry Conway at the Court, his eyes were so fixed on Lady Waldegrave that he heard me not till I had spoke three times. Get thee to a nunnery, Fanny! I shall now insensibly drop into a spectatress. What care I! To ninety-nine women life ends with their looks, but I will be the hundredth, and laugh till I die!

Four years later.

Why, Kitty, your appetite for news grows by what it feeds on. Sure you are the horse-leech's true daughter, crying, 'Give, give!' You say I told you not of Charlotte Walpole's marriage. Sure, I did. Maria married her sister well — to young Lord Huntingtower, my Lord Dysart's son. 'T is a girl of good sense. She loved him not, nor yet pretended to, but says she to Maria, —

'If I was nineteen I would not marry him. I would refuse point-blank. But I am two-and-twenty, and though 't is true some people say I am handsome, 't is not all who think so. I believe the truth is, I am like to be large and heavy and go off soon. 'T is dangerous to refuse so good a match. Therefore tell him, sister, I accept.'

And 't was done. I had this from Maria herself, who took it for an instance of commendable good sense; but I know not — somehow I would have a girl less of a Jew with her charms. Anyhow, stout or no, she will be my Lady Countess Dysart when his father dies; and now sure, there are no more worlds left for the Walpole girls to conquer. Their doting Uncle Horry could never predict such success. The eldest girl's husband is now Bishop of Exeter.

Poor Maria Coventry is dead — the most lovely woman in England, setting aside only t' other Maria. 'T was from usage of white lead, Kitty, and tell that to all the little fools you know! It devoured her skin, and she grew so hideous that at the last she would not

permit the doctors to see her ruined face, but would put out her hand between the curtains to have her pulse took. She was but twenty-seven.

Sure, I am Death's herald, for I must tell you, too, my Lord Waldegrave is dead, and the beauty a widow after but four years' marriage. I saw her but yesterday, full of sensibility and lovely as Sigismonda in Hogarth's picture. She had her young daughter, Lady Elizabeth, in her lap, the curly head against her bosom, the chubby cheek resting on a little hand against the mother's breast. Sure never was anything so moving as the two — exact to the picture Mr. Reynolds painted.

She has a great tenderness for his memory, and well she may, when the position he raised her to is considered. 'T is like a discrowned queen, for her jointure is small, and she is now no more consequence to his party, so his death has struck away her worldly glory at a blow. Indeed, I pitied her, and wiped away her floods of tears with tenderness that was unaffected. But for such a young woman, I won't believe the scene is closed. What — are there no Marquises, no Dukes for such perfection?

But 't is brutal to talk so when she is crying her fine eyes out. I wipe my naughty pen and bid you adieu.

Two days later.

I attended Mrs. Minerva Montagu's reception, and there encountered the Great Cham of Literature, Dr. Johnson, rolling into the saloon like Behemoth. Lady Waldegrave's bereavement was spoke of and says he, —

'I know not, Madam, why these afflictions should startle us. Such beauty invokes ill fortune, lest a human being suppose herself superior to the dictates of Providence.'

'Certainly she is the first woman in England for beauty,' says I, very nettled; 'but 't is to be thought she had chose a little less beauty and rather more good fortune, had she been consulted. 'T is hard she should be punished for what she could not help!'

'Let her solace herself with her needleworks, Madam. A man cannot hem a pocket-handkerchief and so he runs mad. To be occupied on small occasions is one of the great felicities of the female train and makes bereavement more bearable.'

'T is a bear roaring his ignorance of the world, my dear. But he has a kind of horse sense (if the female train would but let him be) that makes him endurable and even palatable at times.

1764.

Kitty, my dear, have you forgot that, when my Lord Waldegrave died, I writ, 'Are there no dukes to pursue the lovely widow?' Give honor to the prophet! She refused the Duke of Portland, that all the fair were hunting with stratagems worthy of the Mohawks. She refused this, that, and t' other. And the town said, 'Pray who is the milliner's daughter, to turn up her nose at the first matches in England? Has she designs on the King of Prussia, — for our own young monarch is wed to his Charlotte, — or is it the Sultan, or His Holiness the Pope that will content her ladyship?'

No answer. But, Kitty, 't is me to smell a rat at a considerable distance, and I kept my nostrils open! Our handsome young King has a handsome young brother, — His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, — and this gentleman has cast the sheep's eye, the eye of passion, upon our lovely widow! What think you of this? That it cannot be? Then what of the King Cophetua and other historic examples? I would have you know that in the tender passion there's nothing that cannot be. It laughs at obstacles and rides

triumphant on the crest of the impossible. I knew it long since, but 't is over the town like wildfire now.

Meeting my Lady Sarah Bunbury yesterday, says she, —

'Lady Fanny, sure you know the Duke of Gloucester is desperately in love with my Lady Waldegrave. Now don't mask your little cunning face with ignorance, but tell me what's known. What have you heard from Horry Walpole?'

'Nothing, your la'ship,' says I, very demure.

Well,' says she, ''t is reported the King has forbid him to speak to his fair widow, and she is gone out of town. He has given her two pearl bracelets worth five hundred pound. That's not for nothing surely. But for what?'

'Indeed, 't is an ambiguous gift, Madam,' says I, whimsically; 'and may mean much or little. Give me leave to ask whether 't is Pursuit or Attainment as your la'ship reads it?'

But she tossed her head, the little gossip, and off she went.

I can tell you thus much, Kitty: the Walpoles are main frightened. It may be a cast-back to the principles of the milliner mother. And there was never the difference between her and Sir Edward Walpole that there is between Maria and a Prince of the Blood. Her birth is impossible. My Lady Mary Coke asking me if the mother were not a washerwoman, says I, 'I really cannot determine the lady's profession.' But, spitfire as she is, 't is too true Maria is playing with fire, and there should be nothing between him and her mother's daughter. She is indeed more indiscreet than becomes her. His chaise is eternally at her door, and, as my Lady Mary says, she is lucky that anyone else countenances her at all. If they do, 't is as much from curiosity as any nobler emotion. Indeed I fear her reputation's cracked past repair. Meeting Horry Walpole last night at the French Embassador's, he was plagued with staring crowds, and he made off after braving it a while. I hear the King is highly offended and the Queen yet more. She has a great notion of birth, and though poor, the Mecklenburg family has as good quarterings as any Royals in Europe. For my part, Kitty, I know not. Yet, if we seek for pedigree in horse and dog, 't is to be supposed worth something in Adam's breed also. And this ill-behavior in Maria confirms me.

Yet I have visited the fair sinner, for I love her well. She can't help neither her birth nor her beauty, but sure her kind heart is all her own. She wept and would reveal nothing, but asked me to be so much her friend as to think the best of her. 'T is pity her tears were wasted on a mere woman. The drops beaded on her lashes like rain on a rose. Well, God mend all! say I. Sure none of us have a clear conscience and if anyone was to come up behind us and whisper, 'I know when, how, and who!' 't is certain there are few women but would die of terror. Yet I did not think Maria a rake — though a Prince's.

1770.

Kitty, Kitty, 't is all come out! But I may say the town knew it after the masquerade in Soho, when His Royal Highness appeared as Edward the Fourth and Maria as Elizabeth Woodville, the pretty widow he made his Queen. You'll allow 't was a delicate way to let the cat out of the bag. It could not longer be kept within it, for the lady's sake, for there is to be a little new claimant one day to the Crown, if all the elder stem should fail. They were married four years ago, Kitty! Sure never was an amazing secret better kept! And I will say she hath borne much for the Prince's sake and with good sense. But think of it! Maria

No-name — the milliner's base-born daughter — to be Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess of Great Britain! Was ever human fate so surprising? 'T was a secret even from her father and uncle, by the Duke's command; but she has now writ her father so pretty a letter that 't is the town's talk, Horry Walpole having shewed it about. But Horry — have you forgot his pride, hid always under a nonchalance as if 't was nothing? I was at Gloucester House, where she received *en princesse*, two nights ago; and to see Horry kiss her hand and hear him address her with, — 'Madam, your Royal Highness,' at every word, — sure no wit of Congreve's could ever equal the comedy! But if looks were all, she should be Queen of England — a shining beauty indeed! She wore a robe in the French taste, of gold tissue, her hair lightly powdered, with a bandeau of diamonds and the Duke's miniature in diamonds on her breast. He, looking very ill at ease, as I must own, stood beside her. The King and our little Mecklenburger Queen are distracted, the royal ire withers all before it; but it can't be undone, though they will pass a Marriage Act to make such escapades impossible in the future.

But the Walpole triumph! 'T is now proved in the face of all the world that a Walpole illegitimate is better than a German Royalty, for he might have married where he would. No doubt but Horry Walpole always thought so, yet 't is not always we see our family pride so bolstered.

Meagre as a skeleton, he looked the genteelest phantom you can conceive, in pure velvet and steel embroideries. For my part, I am well content and wish Her Royal Highness joy without grimace. 'T is true I laugh at Horry Walpole, for in this town we laugh at everything, from the Almighty to Kitty Fisher; but I have a kindness for him and for Maria, and had sooner they triumphed than another. 'T is not so with the town. O Kitty, the jealousy and malice! 'T would take fifty letters to tell you the talk, from the Court down.

Well, Her Royal Highness gave me her hand to kiss, very gracious. She will not let her dignity draggle in the mud, like others I could name. But whether she would have been more easy with Portland or another, I will not determine. The Fates alone know, and sure they can't be women, they keep their secrets so well!

MY OLD LADY, LONDON

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

I ONCE heard a charming woman say at dinner, 'I don't think I ever had quite as much fresh asparagus as I wanted.' In like manner, I don't think I shall ever get as much of London as is necessary for my complete happiness; I love it early in the morning — before it rouses itself, when the streets are deserted; I love it when throngs of people — the best-natured and politest people in all the world — crowd its thoroughfares; and I love it, I think, best of all, at sunset, when London, in some of its aspects, can be very beautiful. If I were a Londoner, I should never leave it, except perhaps for a day or two now and then, so that I could enjoy coming back to it.

The terrible world-upheaval through which we have just passed is responsible for my not having been in London for six years, and I greatly feared that those years might have left some unhappy imprint upon the Old Lady. Indeed, she may have lost a tooth or a wisp of hair; but aristocratic old ladies know how to conceal the ravages of time and circumstance, and as I looked around the railway station while my belongings were being stowed away in the 'left luggage' room, I saw only the usual crowd quietly going about its business.

Then, as I stepped into my taxi and said, 'Simpson's in the Strand,' and was being whirled over Waterloo Bridge, I said to myself, 'Nothing has changed. Nothing has changed except that the fare, which was once eightpence, is now a shilling.'

I said it again, with not quite the same certainty, when, after eating my piece of roast beef and a little mess of greens and a wonderful potato, I called the head waiter and complained that the meat was tough and stringy. 'It is so,' said that functionary, and continued: 'you see, sir, during the war we exhausted' (with careful emphasis upon the *h*) 'our own English beef, and we are now forced to depend upon — ' I looked him straight in the eye; he was going to say America, but changed his mind and said, 'the Argentine.'

'Very neatly done,' I said, ordering an extra half-pint of bitter and putting a sixpence in his hand; 'to-morrow I'll have fish. I'm very sure that nothing can have happened to the turbot.'

It was only a little after one, when, leaving Simpson's I lit a cigar and turned westward in quest of lodgings. As the Savoy was near at hand, I thought no harm would be done by asking the price of a large double-bedded room overlooking the river, with a bath, and was told that the price would be five guineas a day, but that no such accommodation was at that moment available. 'I'm glad of it,' I said, feeling that a temptation had been removed; for I have always wanted a room that looked out on the river; and, continuing westward, I inquired at one hotel after another until, just as I was beginning to feel, not alarmed, but a trifle uneasy,

I secured, not just what I wanted, but a room and a bath which would serve — at the Piccadilly.

I had been kept waiting quite a little time in the lobby, and as I looked about me there seemed to be a good many foreigners in evidence, a number of Spaniards and, I suspected, Germans. A fine manly young fellow, with only one arm (how many such I was to see), who manipulated the lift and to whom I confided my suspicions, replied, 'Yes, sir, I believe they is, sir; but what are you going to do? They calls themselves Swiss!'

But in my anxiety to get to London, I have forgotten to say a word about the Imperator, on which I crossed, or of the needless expense and delay to which one is subjected in New York, for no reason that I can see, but that some of what Mr. Bryan called 'deserving Democrats' may be fed at the public trough.

After being photographed, and getting your passport and having it viséd by the consul of the country to which you are first going, and after assuring the officials of the Treasury Department that the final installment of your income tax will be paid, when due, by your bank, — though where the money is to come from, you don't in the least know, — you finally start for New York, in order that you may be there one day before the steamer sails, so that you may again present your passport at the Custom House for final inspection. I know no man wise enough to tell me what good purpose is served by this last annoyance. With trunks and suitcases, New York is an expensive place in which to spend a night, and one is not in the humor for it; one has started for Europe and reached — New York.

But fearful that some hitch may occur, you wire on for rooms and get them, and 'the day previous to sailing,' as the regulation demands, you present yourself and your wife, each armed with a passport, at the Custom House. Standing in a long line in a corridor, you eventually approach a desk at which sits a man consuming a big black cigar. Spreading out your passport before him he looks at it as if he were examining one for the first time; finally, with a blue pencil, he puts a mark on it and says, 'Take it to that gentleman over there,' pointing across the room. You do so; and another man examines it, surprised, it may be, to see that it so closely resembles one that he has just marked with a red pencil. He is just about to make another hieroglyph on the passport when he observes that the background of your photograph is dark, whereas the regulations call for light. He suspends the operation; is it possible that you will be detained at the last moment? No! with the remark, 'Get a light one next time,' he makes a little mark in red and scornfully directs you to another desk. Here sits another man — these are all able-bodied and presumably well-paid politicians — with a large rubber stamp; it descends, and you are free to go on board your ship — to-morrow.

The Imperator made, I think, only one trip in the service of the company that built her; during the war she remained tied up to her pier in Hoboken; and when she was finally put into passenger service, she was taken over, pending final allocation, by the Cunard Line. She is a wonderful ship — with the exception of the Leviathan, the largest boat afloat; magnificent and convenient in every detail, and as steady as a church. The doctor who examines my heart occasionally, looking for trouble, would have had a busy time on her. I fancy I can see him, drawing his stethoscope from his pocket and suspending it in his ears, poking round, listening in vain for the pulsa-

tion of her engines; fearful, no doubt, that he was going to lose his patient, he would have prescribed certain drops in water at regular intervals, and, finally, he would have sent her in a very large bill.

I am quite sure that I owe my comparatively good health to having been very abstemious in the matter of exercise. But it was my habit to take a constitutional each day before breakfast; this duty done, I was able to read and smoke thereafter with a clear conscience. Four and a half times around the promenade deck was a mile, the steward told me; and I can quite believe it.

Coming back to earth, or rather sea, after this flight into the empyrean, I am bound to admit that the Germans knew how to build and run ships. And the beautiful part of the Imperator was that, though you saw a German sign occasionally, not a German word was heard. How completely, for the time being at any rate, the German nation has been erased from the sea! I sometimes doubt the taste of the English singing 'Rule, Britannia'; it is so very true — now.

II

As we entered Southampton Water after a pleasant and quite uneventful voyage, we saw almost the only sign of the war we were destined to see. A long line, miles long, of what we should call torpedo-boat destroyers, anchored in midstream, still wearing their camouflage coloring, slowly rusting themselves away.

We landed on a clear, warm September afternoon, and, Southampton possessing no charm whatever, we at once took train for Winchester, which we reached in time to attend service in the austere old cathedral. The service was impressive, and the singing better than in most cathedrals, for the choir is largely recruited from the great school founded centuries ago by William of Wykeham. After the service, we stood silently for a moment by the tomb of Jane Austen; nor did we forget to lift reverently the carpet that protects the tablet let into the tombstone of Izaak Walton. After tea, that pleasant function, we drove out to the Hospital of St. Cross, beautiful and always dear to me, being, as it is, the scene of Trollope's lovely story, *The Warden*.

Seated at home in my library, in imagination I love to roam about this England, this 'precious stone set in the silver sea,' which, however, now that the air has been conquered, no longer serves it defensively as a moat; but as soon as I find myself there, the lure of London becomes irresistible, and almost before I know it I am at some village railway station demanding my 'two single thirds' to Waterloo or Victoria, or wherever it may be.

So it was in this case. I did, however, take advantage of the delightful weather to make a motor pilgrimage to Selborne, some fifteen miles across country from Winchester. A tiny copy of White's *Natural History of Selborne* came into my possession some forty years ago, by purchase, at a cost of fifteen cents, at Leary's famous bookshop in Philadelphia; and while I now display, somewhat ostentatiously perhaps, Horace Walpole's own copy of the first edition, I keep my little volume for reading and had it with me on the steamer.

The Wakes, the house in which Gilbert White was born and in which he died, is still standing on what is by courtesy called the main street of the little village, which is, in its way, I suppose, as famous as any settlement of its size anywhere. The church of which he was rector, and in which he preached, when he was not wandering about observing with unexampled fidelity the flora and fauna of his native parish, stands near

the upper end of a tiny public square called the Plestor, or play-place, which dates only from yesterday, that is to say, from 1271! Originally an immense oak tree stood in the centre; but it was uprooted in a great storm some two centuries ago, and a sycamore now stands in its place. Encircling it is a bench upon which the rude forefathers of the hamlet may sit and watch the children at play, and on which we should have sat but that we were more interested in the great yew which stands in the near-by churchyard. It is one of the most famous trees in England, — a thousand years old, they say, — and looking old for its age; but it is so symmetrical in its proportions that its immense size is not fully realized until one slowly paces round it and discovers that its trunk is almost thirty feet in circumference.

The church, which has luckily escaped the restorations so many parish churches have been compelled to undergo, is in no wise remarkable. Many Whites are buried therein; but our particular White, the one who made Selborne notable among the villages of England, lies outside in the churchyard, near the north wall of the chancel, the grave being marked by a half-sunken headstone on which one reads with difficulty two simple letters, 'G. W.,' and a date, '26th June, 1793'; but a tablet within the church records at greater length his virtues and distinctions.

III

There is nothing more exhausting than the elegance of a big hotel; and to move from a fashionable caravansary in Philadelphia to another in London or Paris is to subject one's self to the inconvenience of travel, without enjoying any of its compensations. One wants to enjoy the difference of foreign countries rather than their somewhat artificial resemblances. At the end of a busy day, when one is tired, one wants peace, quiet, and simplicity — at least, this one does; and so, when our attention was called to a small apartment in Albemarle Street, from the balcony of which I could throw a stone into the windows of Quaritch's bookshop, in the event that such an act would afford any solution to the problem of securing the books I wanted, I closed the bargain instantly and was soon by way of being a householder on a very small scale.

We had been told that 'service' in England was a thing of the past, that it has disappeared with the war; but this was only one of the many discouraging statements which were to be entirely refuted in the experience. No one could have been better cared for than we, by a valet and maid who brushed our clothes and brought us our breakfast; and shortly after ten each morning we started out upon our wanderings in whatever direction we would, alert for any adventure that the streets of London might afford. This is an inexpensive and harmless occupation, interesting in the event and delightful in retrospect. Is it Liszt who conjures us to store up recollections for consumption in old age? Well, I am doing so.

I know not which I enjoy most, beating the pavements of the well-known streets, which afford at every turn scenes that recall some well-known historic or literary incident, or journeying into some unexplored region, which opens up districts of hitherto unsuspected interest. Years ago, when slumming first became fashionable, one never used to overlook Pettycoat Lane in far-off Whitechapel: of late years it has been cleaned up and made respectable and uninteresting. But how many people are there who know that there is a very pretty slum right in the heart of things, only a short distance back of Liberty's famous shop in Regent

Street? If interested in seeing how the other half lives, look it up when you are next in London, and you will be astonished at the way in which the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness unfolds itself in a maze of little streets and courts all jumbled together. London has always been a city in which extremes meet; where wealth impinges upon poverty. Nowhere can greater contrasts be obtained than in that *terra incognita* which lies just to the south of Soho. The world lives, if not in the open, at least in the streets; and food, fruit, fish, and furbelows are exposed for sale on barrows and trestles in what appears to be unspeakable confusion. I had discovered this curious slum years before my friend Lucas, that sympathetic wanderer in London, called attention to it in his delightful volume, *Adventures and Enthusiasms*.

But there is to my mind an even choicer little backwater, just off Fleet Street — Nevill's Court, which I first visited many years ago, during a memorable midnight ramble in company with David Wallerstein, a Philadelphia lawyer and an old friend, who, by reason of his wide reading, retentive memory, and power of observation, seemed able to better my knowledge of London even in a district where I had thought myself peculiarly at home.

Nevill's Court runs east from Fetter Lane. One enters it by an archway, which may easily be passed unnoticed; and to one's great surprise one comes suddenly upon a row of old mansions, one of which was pointed out to me as once having been the town residence of the Earl of Warwick. 'It was a grand house in its day, sir,' said a young woman in an interesting condition, who was taking the air late one afternoon when I first saw it; 'but it's let out as lodgings now. Keir Hardie, M.P., lodges there when he's in London; he says he likes it here, it's so quiet.'

'And how long have you lived here?' I inquired.

'Oh, sir, I've always lived about 'ere in this court, or close to; I like living in courts, it's so quiet; it's most like living in the country.'

All the houses look out upon ample, if now sadly neglected, gardens, through the centre of which flower-bordered paths lead to the front doors. Push open one of the several gates, — one is certain to be unlocked, — or peer through the cracks of an old oaken fence which still affords some measure of the privacy dear to the heart of every Englishman, and you will see a bit of vanishing London which certainly can last but a short time longer. The roar of the city is quite unheard; one has simply passed out of the twentieth century into the seventeenth.

Oxford Street is to me one of the least interesting streets in London. It is a great modern thoroughfare, always crowded with people going east in the morning, and west in the evening when their day's work is done. I was walking along this street late one afternoon, when my eye caught a sign, 'Hanway Street,' which instantly brought to mind the publishing business conducted in it more than a century ago by my lamented friend, William Godwin. I hoped to learn that it was named after the discoverer of the umbrella, but it is not. Hanway Street is a mean, narrow passage running north out of Oxford Street, as if intent upon going straightway to Hampstead; but it almost immediately begins to wobble and, finally changing its mind, turns east and stops at the Horse-Shoe Tavern in the Tottenham Court Road.

My hour of refreshment having come, I stopped there, too, and over a mug of ale I thought of Godwin, and as a result of my meditations, decided to follow up the Godwin trail. And so, the inner man refreshed, I continued east through

Holborn until I came to Snowhill, to which street Godwin subsequently removed his business and his interesting family. Turning off to the left, and doubling somewhat on my tracks, I descended Snowhill, and found myself facing a substantial modern building, which challenged attention by reason of the rather unusual decoration of its façade. It needed but a glance to see that this building had been erected on the site of the Saracen's Head Inn, immortalized by Charles Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Let into the wall were two large panels, one being a school-scene bearing the legend 'Dotheboys Hall'; the other, a 'Mail Coach leaving Saracen's Head.' Over the arched doorway was a fine bust of Dickens, while to the left was a full-length figure of the immortal Mr. Squeers, and on the right a similar figure of Nicholas Nickleby.

In the pleasure of my discovery I almost forgot all about Godwin, whose shop was once near-by; proving again, what needs no proof, that many characters in fiction are just as sure of immortality as persons who once moved among us in the flesh. Then I remembered that John Bunyan had lived and died in this street, when Snowhill was described as being very narrow, very steep, and very dangerous. This led me to decide that I would make a pilgrimage to Bunyan's tomb in Bunhill Fields, which I had not visited for many years.

And so, a few days later, I found myself wandering about in that most depressing graveyard, in which thousands of men and women, famous in their time, found sepulture — in some cases merely temporary, for the records show that, after the passing of fifteen years or so, their graves were violated to make room for later generations, all traces of earlier interments having been erased. Poor Blake and his wife are among those whose graves can no longer be identified.

On the day of my visit it was much too damp to sit on the ground and tell sad stories of anything; but I had no difficulty in coming upon the tomb of Defoe, or that of Bunyan, a large altar-like affair, with his recumbent figure upon it. An old man whom I met loitering about called my attention to the fact that the nose had recently been broken off, and told me that it had been shot off by some soldier who had been quartered during the war in the near-by barracks of the Honorable Artillery Company. It appears that some miscreant had, to beguile the time, amused himself by taking pot shots at the statuary, and that much damage had been done before he was discovered. I think I shall accuse the Canadians of this act of vandalism. It is always well to be specific in making charges of this kind; moreover, it will grieve my talented friend, Tait McKenzie, the sculptor, who comes to us from Scotland by way of Toronto, and who thinks it a more grievous crime to mutilate a statue than to damage a man.

It will have been seen from the foregoing that I am the gentlest of explorers. Give me the choice of roaming the streets of London in search of a scarce first edition of, say, *The Beggar's Opera*, — so delightfully performed month after month at the Lyric Theatre in Hammersmith, but which lasted scarcely a week in New York, — and a chance to explore some out-of-the-way country with an unpronounceable name, and my mind is made up in a moment. I have found the race with the sheriff sufficiently stimulating, and, on a holiday, give me the simple, or at least the contemplative, life.

Just before leaving home, I had lunched with my friend Fullerton Waldo; his face positively beamed with happiness and his eye sparkled. Why? Be-

cause he was going to Russia to see for himself what the Bolsheviki were doing. 'You will see plenty of misery, you may be sure,' I replied. 'Why look at it? Why not let the Russians stew in their own juice? Ultimately they will come home, those that are left, wagging their tales behind them.'

But no, he wanted to see for himself. So we parted, each of us going his own way, and both happy.

But I did see one thing unusual enough to have interested even so sophisticated a traveler as Waldo, and that was the crowd which, on Armistice Day, that is to say, the eleventh of November, 1920, at exactly eleven o'clock in the morning, stood absolutely silent for two whole minutes. London is a busy city; there is a ceaseless ebb and flow of traffic, — not in a few centres and here and there, as with us, but everywhere, — and when this normal crowd is augmented by thousands from the country, intent upon seeing the dedication of the Cenotaph in the centre of Whitehall and the burial of the unknown warrior in the Abbey, it is a crowd of millions. And this huge crowd, at the first stroke of eleven, stood stock-still; not a thing moved, except, perhaps, here and there a horse turned its head, or a bird, wondering what had caused the great silence, fluttered down from Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square. And so it was, we read, all over Britain, all over Australia and Africa, and a part of Asia and America: the great Empire, Ireland alone excepted, stood with bowed head in memory of the dead. Not a wheel turned anywhere, not a telegram or telephone message came over the wires.

These English know how to stage big effects, as befits their Empire; with them history is ever and always in the making. And when at last the bunting fluttered down from the Cenotaph, and when the bones of the Unknown, with the King representing the nation as chief mourner, were deposited in the Abbey, there formed a procession which several days afterward, when I sought to join it, was still almost a mile long!

IV

London can boast of countless little museums, or memorials, to this or that great man; and it is soon to have another: Wentworth Place, in Hampstead, with which the name of Keats is so closely connected. When this is opened to the public, — I have visited it privately, — it is to be hoped that it will take on something of the kindly atmosphere of the Johnson House in Gough Square, rather than that of the cold museum dedicated to that old dyspeptic philosopher, Thomas Carlyle, in Chelsea. I remember well when he died. He was said to have been the Dr. Johnson of his time. Heaven keep us! Carlyle! who never had a good or kindly word to say of any man or thing; whose world, 'mostly fools,' bowed down before him and accepted his ravings as criticism; whose Prussian philosophy, 'the strong thing is the right thing,' was exploded in the great war. I have lived to see his fame grow dimmer day by day, while Johnson's grows brighter as his wit, wisdom, and, above all, his humanity, become better known and understood.

To Gough Square, then, I hastened, once I was comfortably installed in my little flat, to see if any of the suggestions I had made at a dinner given by Cecil Harmsworth, in the winter of 1914, to the Johnson Club, to which I was invited, had been carried out. The door was opened to my knock by an old lady who invited me in as if I were an expected guest. She explained that it was hoped that ultimately one room would be dedicated to the memory of Boswell and others of the Johnsonian

circle, — Goldsmith, Garrick, Mrs. Thrale, Fanny Burney, and the rest, — and that the whole house would be pervaded by the immortal memory of Dr. Johnson, the kindest as well as the greatest of men; but that, owing to the war, not as much had been accomplished as had been hoped.

'And so,' I replied, 'my suggestions, have not been entirely forgotten. I had feared — '

'Why,' continued the old lady, 'can you be Mr. Newton of Philadelphia?'

I could have hugged her; for, gentle reader, this is much nearer fame than I ever hoped for. What a morning it was! Mrs. Dyble called for her daughter, and I was presented, and again found to be not unknown; and believe me, these two women were so absolutely steeped in Johnson as to shame my small learning and make me wish for the support of real honest-to-God Johnsonians, such as Tinker or Osgood, or my friend R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, who has the greatest Johnson collection in the world, and who, when next he goes to London, has a treat in store which will cause him to forget, at least momentarily, his charming wife and his young son; charming wives and young sons being not uncommon, whereas Gough Square is unique.

Any man of fine heart and substantial means could have bought the Gough Square house, but it required a singularly wise and modest man to fit it up so simply, so in keeping with the Johnsonian tradition; to say, 'We don't want a cold, dry-as-dust museum; we want the house to be as nearly as possible what it was when the great Doctor lived in it and compiled the dictionary in its attic room.' So it is, that 17 Gough Square, Fleet Street, is one of the places which it is a delight to visit. A fine Johnsonian library has been lent, and may ultimately be given, to the house; paintings, portraits, rare prints, and autograph letters abound; and in these interesting surroundings, friends, literary societies, and clubs may meet for the asking, and teas and dinners may be sent in from the nearby Cheshire Cheese. And all this might have been done, and yet the house might have lacked one of its greatest charms, namely, the kindly presence and hospitality of two women, the discovery of whom, by Mr. Harmsworth, was a piece of the rarest good fortune. Mrs. Dyble is a soldier's wife, her husband being a color sergeant in one of the crack regiments; and the story goes that, during the air-raids, when the Germans were dropping bombs on all and sundry, the old lady went, not into the 'tubes' for shelter, but, to meet the bombs half-way, into the attic; there, taking down a copy of Boswell, she read quite composedly through the night; for, as she said, she would not be worthy of her soldier husband if she were not prepared to face death at home as he was doing in France. But how long, I ask myself, will her daughter, Mrs. Rowell, a pretty widow, be content to live upon the memory of Dr. Johnson?

I was especially pleased to convey to the Johnson House a superb photograph of a portrait of Dr. Johnson by Reynolds, which had recently been acquired by Mr. John H. McFadden of Philadelphia. I was sitting in my club one afternoon, when Mr. McFadden came up and asked me how I would like to see a picture of Dr. Johnson which he had just received from the Agnews in London. Of course, I was delighted, and a few minutes later I was in the small but exquisite gallery of eighteenth-century portraits which Mr. McFadden has collected. Familiar as I am supposed to be with Johnson portraits, I had never seen the one which was shown me. It was obviously Dr. Johnson; and as soon as I returned home and had an opportunity of consulting my notes, I saw that it was the portrait

painted for Dr. Taylor of Ashbourne. So far as I have been able to learn, it has never been engraved or even photographed; and I told its owner that he owed it to himself and all Johnsonians to have it photographed in the best possible manner, and to send a copy to the Johnson House at Lichfield, and also to Cecil Harmsworth. This Mr. McFadden readily consented to do; and so, on my arrival in London, I had the pleasant duty of presenting the pictures. The portrait is of a very old man; the head is bent forward, the face is kindly, and about the mouth is the tremulousness of age. I take it, indeed, to be a speaking likeness, and it pleases me to fancy that the kindly Doctor has just made the remark quoted by Boswell: 'As I grow older, I am prepared to call a man a good man on easier terms than heretofore.'

During the war, when Germany was dropping bombs on London and England was protesting that no real military purpose was served thereby and that the priceless treasures in the museums that had always been open to the public were being endangered, Germany characteristically replied that England should not keep her bric-à-brac in a fortress. Whether London is a fortress or not, I do not know; doubtless the Tower once was, and doubtless a certain amount of bric-à-brac is stored therein; but the Tower is a fatiguing place, and I fancy I have visited it for the last time; whereas I shall never cease to delight in the London Museum, filled as it is with everything that illustrates the history, the social and business life of a people who by no accident or chance have played a leading part in the history of the world.

This wonderful collection is housed in what was for years regarded as the most sumptuous private residence in London. It is situated in Stable Yard, very near St. James's Palace, and not so far from Buckingham Palace as to prevent the late Queen Victoria from dropping in occasionally for a cup of tea with her friend, the Duchess of Sutherland, who for many years made it her residence. The story goes, that Her Majesty was accustomed to remark that she had left her house to visit her friend in her palace. Be this as it may, it is a magnificent structure, admirably fitted for its present purpose; and I was fortunate enough to be one of its first visitors when it was thrown open to the public in the spring of 1914. The arrangement of the exhibits leaves nothing to be desired; and if one does not find the garments of the present reigning family very stimulating, one can always retire to the basement and while away an hour or so among the panoramas of Tudor London, or fancy himself for a brief time a prisoner in Newgate.

But the streets of a great city are more interesting than any museum, and it was my custom generally to stroll through St. James's Park, gradually working my way toward Westminster, thence taking a bus to whatever part of London my somewhat desultory plans led me. One morning I had just climbed the steps which lead to Downing Street, when a heavy shower forced me to stand for a few moments under an archway, almost opposite number 10, which, as all the world knows, is the very unimposing residence of the Prime Minister. Standing under the same archway was an admirable specimen of the London policeman, — tall, erect, polite, intelligent, imperturbable, — and it occurred to me that the exchange of a 'British-made' cigar for the man's views on the war would be no more than a fair exchange. And right here let me say that, all the time I was in England, I did not hear one word of complaint or one word of exultation. There was no doubt in Bobby's mind

who won the war, 'but mind you, your fellows was most welcome, when they came'; and I thought I detected just a trifle of sarcasm in his last words. 'We don't like the Germans, but we don't wear ourselves out 'ating 'em,' he said, in reply to my question.

Just here our conversation was interrupted by an old lady, who came up to inquire at what hour Mrs. Lloyd George was going out. 'I'm not in her confidence, ma'am,' replied my friend; and continuing, he suggested that he had gone to bed hungry many a night but had n't minded in the least, because he knew that British ships were taking the American army to France. 'I've a tendency to get 'eavy, hanyway,' he continued. His views on the League of Nations were what one usually heard. He 'had no confidence a man's neighbors would do more for a man than a man would do for himself'; that 'Wilson was a bit 'eady; and the American people 'ad let 'im down something terrible.'

Another morning, walking past the Horse Guards, I noticed on approaching the Mall an enormous German cannon mounted on its heavy carriage, the wheels of which must have had at least five-inch tires. This engine of death, having shot its last bolt, was an object of the greatest interest to the children who constantly played about it. As I passed it, one little chap, probably not over four years of age, was kicking it forcibly with his little foot, his act being regarded approvingly the while by the Bobby who was looking on; but when finally he began to climb up on the wheel, from which he could have got a nasty fall, the policeman took the little lad in his arms, lifted him carefully to the ground, and bade him 'be hoff,' with the remark, 'You'll be tearing that toy to pieces before you are a month older; then we won't 'ave nothing to remind us of the war.'

'I should n't think you were likely to forget it,' I remarked, looking at his decorations and handing him a cigar.

'Well, sir,' he replied, thanking me and putting the cigar in his helmet, 'it's curious how one thing drives another out of your mind. I was in it for three years, and yet, except when I look at that gun, I can't rightly say I give it much thought.'

V

I had an experience one day, which I shall always remember, it was so unexpected and far-reaching. I was sitting in the back room of Sawyer's bookshop in Oxford Street, talking of London, and rather especially of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's district thereof, in which I had recently made several interesting 'short cruises,' in company with his night watchman (he who had a bad shilling festooned from his watch-chain, it will be remembered), when I felt rather than saw that, while I was talking, a man had entered and seemed to be waiting, and rather impatiently, to get into the conversation. Now just how it came about, I don't exactly know; but soon I found myself suggesting that Londoners know relatively little of their great city and that it was only the enlightened stranger who really knew his way about.

'And this to me,' said the stranger in a harsh, strident voice, of such unusual timbre that its owner could have made a whisper heard in a rolling-mill. 'Think of it,' he continued, turning to Sawyer, 'that I should live to be bearded in my den — by a — by a — '

He paused, not at a loss for a word so much as turning over in his mind whether that word should be kindly or the reverse. This gave me an opportunity to look at the man who had entered, unasked, into the conversation in very much the same way that I had

entered into his London. He was seemingly about sixty years of age, short rather than tall, with piercing eyes under bushy eyebrows, but chiefly remarkable for his penetrating voice, which he used as an organ, modulating it or giving it immense power. One felt instinctively that he was no patrician, but rather a 'city man' accustomed to giving orders and having them obeyed promptly, and having a degree of confidence in himself — say, rather, assurance — which one associates with Chicago rather than with London.

Now I am conceited enough to think that, with the ordinary mortal, I can hold my own in conversation when London is the subject; so almost before I knew it, I was trying to make myself heard by one who had evidently decided to take the lead in the conversation. The result was that two men were talking for victory at the same time, greatly to the amusement of Sawyer.

Finally my stranger-friend said, 'Have you many books on London?'

To which I replied, relieved that the subject had taken a bookish turn, 'Yes, about three hundred,' which number is, say, a hundred and fifty more than I actually possess.

'I have over six thousand,' said my friend; 'I have every book of importance on London that ever has been written.'

'Yes,' said I, 'and you have the advantage in discovering first how many books I had. If I had been as keen as mustard, as you are, I would have asked the question, and you would have said three hundred; then I could have said six thousand.'

'Listen to him,' roared my friend; 'he even doubts my word. Would you like to see my books?'

'Have you a copy of Stow?' I replied, to try him out.

'Yes,' answered my friend; 'every edition, including a presentation copy of the first edition of 1598, with an inscription to the Lord Mayor.'

Now, presentation copies of the *Survay*, properly regarded as the first book on London, are very rare; I had never seen one, and I replied that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see his books. When and how could a meeting be arranged?

'Shall we say next Thursday afternoon?'

'Very good, but where?'

'Now,' continued my friend, 'pay attention. Tell your second chauffeur to get out your third Rolls-Royce car — '

'Never mind my chauffeurs and my Rolls-Royce cars,' I interrupted; 'if you are on the line of a penny bus, tell me how to reach you from Piccadilly Circus.'

'Good,' continued my friend; 'you know the Ritz?'

'From the outside,' I replied, 'perfectly.'

'Well, go to the Bobby who stands outside the Ritz, and ask him to tell you what bus to take to Clapham Junction; and when you get there, just ask any Bobby to direct you to John Burns's on the north side of Clapham Common.'

John Burns! Had I heard aright? Was it possible that I was actually talking to John Burns, the great labor leader, who had once marched a small army of 'Dockers' from the East End of London to Westminster, and who had finally become an all-powerful Member of Parliament, and Privy Councillor, and President of the Board of Trade and of the Local Government Board; John Burns, without whose approval not a statue, not a pillar-box or a fire-plug had been located for the past twenty years, and who had, when the war broke out, resigned all his offices of honor and emolument because he could not conscientiously go along with the government! As I recovered from my

astonishment, John Burns, with a fine sense of dramatic values, had disappeared. I looked at his name and address written in his own hand in my little engagement-book. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'that looks like a perfectly good invitation; John Burns will be expecting me about half-past four, and I am not going to disappoint him.'

A few days later, at the hour appointed, we descended from a taxi and found our friend awaiting us at his front gate. Across the roadway stretched Clapham Common, itself not without historic interest; but it was a cold, raw day in late October, and the inside of a city home is always more interesting than the outside. As I removed my coat, I saw at a glance that I had not been deceived in the number of his books. There were books everywhere, about fifteen thousand of them. All over the house were open shelves from floor to ceiling, with here and there a rare old cabinet packed with books, which told the life-story of their owner. Books are for reading, for reference, and for display. John Burns had not stinted himself in any direction. Throwing open the door of a good-sized room in which a fire (thank God!) was burning brightly, Burns said briefly, 'London, art and architecture in this room; in the room beyond, political economy, housing and social problems. Rare books and first editions in the drawing-room. Now come upstairs: here is biography and history.' Then, throwing open the door of a small room, he said, 'This is my workshop; here are thousands and thousands of pamphlets, carefully indexed.' On landing at the head of the stair, he said, 'Newton, I've taken a fancy to you, and I'm going to let you handle — carefully, mind you — the greatest collection of Sir Thomas More in the world; over six hundred items, twice as many as there are in the British Museum. Here they are, manuscripts, letters, first editions.' And then, dropping the arrogance of the collector who had made his point, he took up a little copy of *Utopia*, which he had bought as a boy for sixpence, and said, 'This book has made me what I am; for me it is the greatest book in the world; it is the first book I ever bought, it is the corner-stone of my library, the foundation on which I have built my life. Now let us have tea!'

During this pleasant function I plied my host with question after question; and he, knowing that he was not being interviewed, was frankness itself in his replies. His judgment of the great men of England with whom he had worked for a lifetime was shrewd, penetrating, and dispassionate; and, above all, kindly; their conduct of the war, his reason for not going along with the nation (he and Lord Morley were the two conspicuous men in England who, upon the outbreak of the war, retired into private life) was forceful if, to me, unconvincing; and I quoted Blake's axiom, that a man who was unwilling to fight for the truth might be forced to fight for a lie, without in the least disturbing his equanimity. My remark about Blake served to send the conversation in another direction, and we were soon discussing Blake's wife, whose maiden name he knew, and his unknown grave in Bunhill Fields, as if the cause and effect of the great war were questions that could be dismissed. Seeing a large signed photograph of Lord Morley on the wall, and a copy of his *Life of Gladstone* and his own *Recollections* on the shelves, I voiced my opinion that his friend was the author of five of the dullest volumes ever written, an opinion I would be glad to debate with all comers.

In reply to my question as to how he had accomplished so much reading, leading as he has done for so many years the life of a busy public man, he answered, 'I read quickly, have a good

memory,' (there is no false modesty about John Burns) 'and I never play golf.'

'Well, I am like you in one respect.'

'What's that?' he asked; and then, with a laugh, 'You don't play golf, I suppose.'

What I thought was my time to score came when he began to speak French, which I never understand unless it is spoken with a strong English accent. This gave me a chance to ask him whether he had not, like Chaucer's nun, studied at Stratford Atte Bowe, as evidently 'the French of Paris was to him "unknowe."' He laughed heartily, and instantly continued the quotation. But anyone who attempts to heckle John Burns has his work cut out for him; a man who has harangued mobs in the East End of London and elsewhere, and held his own against all comers in the House of Commons, and who has received honorary degrees for solid accomplishment from half a dozen universities, is not likely to feel the pin-pricks of an admirer. And when the time came for us (for my wife was with me) to part, as it did all too soon, it was with the understanding that we were to meet again, to do some walking and book-hunting together; and anyone who has John Burns for a guide in London, as I have had, is not likely soon to forget the joys of the experience.

Holidays at last come to an end.

> If all the year were playing holidays,
> To sport would be as tedious as to work.

We came home and, greetings exchanged, our first impressions were those of annoyance. As a nation, we have no manners; one might have supposed that we, rather than the English, had had our nervous systems exposed to the shock of battle; that we, rather than they, had been subject to air-raids and to the deprivations of war; that we had become a debtor rather than a creditor nation. We found rudeness and surliness everywhere. The man in the street had a 'grouch,' despite the fact that he was getting more pay for less work than any other man in the world; and that the President had told him that he had an *inalienable* right to strike. For the first time in my life I felt that 'labor would have to liquidate' — to use a phrase to which, in the past, I have greatly objected. No question was civilly answered. The porter who carried our bags took a substantial tip with a sneer, and passed on. It may be that America is 'the land of the free and the home of the brave'; but we found the streets of our cities dangerous, noisy, hideous, and filthy. It is not pleasant to say these things, but they are true.

BACK-YARD ARCHÆOLOGY

BY WARREN K. MOOREHEAD

DURING the past fifty years citizens and institutions of New England and New York have contributed large sums for archæological expeditions in remote sections of the New and Old Worlds. I suppose it is not inaccurate to state that certain individuals of New England were pioneers in financing Mexican, Central American, and South American expeditions for the Peabody Museum. Dr. Winslow's labors aroused much interest in the study of early European and Egyptian cultures, and other researches which were begun by the English, French, or Italians. To-day, the explorer seeking funds for a survey of ruins in Yucatan finds ready response to his appeal for contributions. In short, our American public — particularly here, east of the Hudson — is more or less educated in archæological matters. The subject has become of popular interest. We read with avidity articles in the *National Geographical Magazine* concerning peoples of remote corners of the globe — although these same descriptions, printed thirty years ago, would have bored us. Everybody knows about the cave-man, and what he did; our Sunday newspapers regularly announce the discovery of another 'new buried city.' Even the movies portray expeditions of all kinds, some slightly 'scientific,' and others made in the foothills out from Los Angeles, or in the mountains and woods a mile from the business section of Saranac Lake.

Last, but not least, Mr. Wells has delved — or his assistants have — into archæologic lore, and we find the whole 'beginnings of the human race' condensed into a few pages, in order that the tired business man, or weary professional person, or the general public, may absorb the leading facts of pre-history, as well as history itself, quickly and conveniently.

People not only buy, but they actually read, books treating in more entertaining fashion of archæological discoveries and primitive peoples. I recall that, thirty years ago, a scientist immediately lost caste, did he write for the public. Following the prevalent custom of that time, his works were dull and pedantic. Few persons outside the cult to which he belonged knew him or his books; for it was considered bad form for him to do that which would interest mankind at large. To-day, most of us believe that our work is a part of the generally accepted educational system; that it should be presented in an attractive form, in order that it may reach the largest number of readers. While much nonsense has undoubtedly been published in the press and magazines, and a great deal of sensational and unscientific information disseminated by the movies, yet, on the whole, people are better informed to-day concerning the early history of our race, and of primitive man in general, than they were two decades ago.

Permit me to hasten, at this juncture, to assure the anxious scholar that I do not claim there are more masters of archæology to-day than formerly; what I wish to convey is the impression that our public has a more intelligent inter-

est in the subject. This is indicated in the correspondence files of the average archæologist. Let him compare letters of 1890 with those of to-day, and he will observe that the correspondent to-day, when addressing the museum curator or a field-man, is somewhat familiar with the subject. We have fewer 'crank' communications. It has been three years since one of these came to our Department; yet in one month during 1895 I received two letters from persons who wished to know my 'formulæ' for making 'mineral rods, by means of which buried treasures are found.'

Formerly, most persons supposed that a museum was a place where 'relics' were bought and then exhibited to gaping and curiosity-seeking visitors. This changed attitude toward the museum may be traced to our museum propaganda; to the work of the Association of Museums, to the spread and influence of children's museums, — popular among their elders, as well, — and to the many illustrated talks on natural history and related topics.

New England's part in lifting archæological research (and museum study) out of the narrow rut of the specialist and placing it upon the hill, that its light might not be hidden, but, on the contrary, be seen of men, is considerable. Indeed, New England occupies a place of distinction as the patron of archæology and research. Was it not at Salem, away back in 1803, that the trading- and whaling-vessel masters brought their 'curios' and ship-models home and exhibited them? Most fitting is it that the museum there, after a century of honorable existence, should display these priceless objects of the long ago. Here, Professor Morse, and at Cambridge, Professor Putnam, began their work in the early eighteen-sixties. Morse's popular lectures, sparkling with humor, filled with worth-while information, stimulated interest and had a far-reaching result. Putnam preached thorough science in exploration, and gathered about him many young students. These men are to-day heads of, or occupy positions of standing in, a dozen of the larger museums in this and other countries.

Yet all the interest on the part of the young scientists who went forth, and of the men who gave funds, and of the public, seemed to centre in places *away* from and not *in* New England. With a few exceptions — notably Mr. C. C. Willoughby's explorations in Maine — no one thought that there *was* and *is* such a thing as the archæology of New England. Obviously, the reason they all neglected the home territory is not far afield. We have no mounds, no cliff-dwellings or ruined cities. We even lack caverns and cave-man! Thus we possess nothing calculated to appeal to the imagination. Wealthy people would give money for investigations of visible monuments. They had seen pictures of remains in the West, the South, and Asia. Putnam could secure little money for work hereabouts. He was told that there was neither romance nor charm in New England exploration. As a natural sequence, archæologists, with one accord, went West, South, or abroad, with the result that, until systematic explorations were undertaken in 1912, we knew less about our own land (archæologically) than we did about regions five thousand miles away.

In 1909 I visited my friend Director Willoughby of the Peabody Museum, and consulted with him concerning work in our home field. It had been neglected; yet here we might find the beginnings of Algonquin culture, Eskimo influence, tribes of pre-Pilgrim days, and so forth. There were far-reaching possibilities. Our trustees kindly voted the necessary funds, and I applied methods used in Ohio, Arizona,

and New Mexico to the State of Maine. In short, we ran a Western survey in the East.

For nine years we have worked hard, carrying large crews to the most distant points in Maine and elsewhere; it is now time to render the public an account of our stewardship. During this period we have traveled over 5000 miles in our large, twenty-foot canoes. We have found seventeen Indian cemeteries of the prehistoric period, and taken out the contents of 440 graves. Our men mapped over 200 village, camp, or shell-heap sites in Maine alone. The grand total of artifacts in stone, bone, shell, and clay is rising 17,000; and all this in *one* state of New England where there were supposed to be few 'Indian remains.' We found one shell-heap (in the Bar Harbor region, near Lemoine) over 700 feet long and five feet deep, in places, and averaging over two feet of débris. From this heap the men took 5000 articles of prehistoric manufacture, and two years later reëxplored for another museum, and secured 2500 more. So far as I am aware, the total of 7500 stone, clay, bone, and shell objects (all human handiwork) from *one* site is exceeded by only five other sites in the whole United States, and these are in the thickly settled mound-builder and cliff-pueblo regions of the West.

Our stone-gouges from Maine graves evince a skill in stone-working, grinding, and polishing not excelled elsewhere in the world. That is, the Maine gouges are easily the highest Stone-Age art in gouge manufacture. I am not speaking of axes or hatchets, but of the long polished gouges.

We find slender spears 14 to 22 inches in length, beautifully wrought and scarcely thicker than a lead pencil. The famous prehistoric Japanese spears are much shorter and of less fine workmanship. One polished dagger of slate, with a wide blade and handle carefully worked out, is the equal of any similar specimen I have observed from Europe or Asia.

These graves are of such antiquity that no bones remain therein. There are eight distinct types of tools found, — all stone, — and great quantities of powdered red hematite occur in each grave, seldom less than one or two quarts, and frequently half a bushel. No large deposit of soft hematite occurs in Maine, save at Katahdin Iron Works; and analysis indicates that the Indians brought it from that source, probably in canoes, possibly overland, to their villages farther south. None of the ochre masses has been found in shell-heaps along the coast, or in caches, or at their village sites. We therefore conclude that it was used in mortuary ceremonies.

These types of stone artifacts persistently occur in the 'Red Paint People's' graves, but in more recent Algonquin burials they are totally absent. We have proved the existence of a very ancient culture, different from any other in this country.

My purpose in mentioning these discoveries at some length is merely to call attention to the interesting and unknown field that we have at hand. It is now proposed to spend the next eight years in intensive exploration of ancient Indian places in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, with the coöperation of local historical and scientific societies and certain individuals. We shall attempt — at least, in some small measure — to reconstruct the life of our aborigines in pre-Colonial times; and at best our task is beset with difficulties. There are no prominent monuments indicating where we shall excavate. Our results are obtained through persistent testing of one region after another, for the surface indications are meagre. Land has been cultivated hereabouts for the past two and a half

centuries, and most of the village-site indications forever destroyed. We look for flint, chert, or quartz chips, burned stone, and discolored soil. Then we sink holes in search of ash-pits and pottery, which are signs of a large or permanent Indian town. Upon a knoll, or the slope of a hill, near-by, should be the cemetery, and we set the men at work searching for that. It has been carefully estimated that in one hundred farms or estates examined, we find one site. Thus, the percentage is ninety-nine to one against us — not a very attractive proposition if measured by commercial standards.

Dr. Thomas Wilson, for many years Curator of Anthropology in the Smithsonian, was wont to utter a sentiment somewhat as follows: 'Evidences of prehistoric occupation of a given area are found, not in proportion as they exist, but rather as men search.' This is especially true of New England. Because of the scarcity of remains and the long labor necessary to discover sites, zest and charm are added to our explorations. The element of chance is not so much a factor as the element of discovery of new types. Common broken bones from the shell-heaps, if occurring in lower layers, when studied by Dr. Allen, proved to be those of the extinct mink, prehistoric dog, and extinct seal. Our 'Red Paint People' culture may be the beginnings of Eskimo culture — certainly, it is unlike anything else on our continent.

Descending the St. John River, in extreme northern Maine, a region of unbroken forests, with no sign of human habitation save the occasional abandoned logging-camp, we discover pottery at a point farther north in Maine than it has been previously reported. We land at the mouth of Big Black River, near the Quebec line, and find a spruce forest growing over ancient ash-pits, and that here man tarried some time and manufactured stone knives and weapons.

We voyaged down the Penobscot and stopped at Mattawamkeag. Here once stood a village of large extent, inhabited at different times; for we discovered one type of implement on the west bank and other and different forms on the east bank. Upon the high hill to the north were buried the later Abenaki of the Jesuit mission; we found some of their simple graves, but ceased excavating, as it has not been our custom to excavate in cemeteries where Indians were buried with church rites. Tradition has it that one of the priests was mortally wounded when the mission was destroyed by Massachusetts troops; and on the retreat of the English, the Indians searched the ruins, found the chapel-bell, and buried it alongside the good Father in a simple grave on that hill.

Many interesting things are to be observed in New England archæology. Pipes were not so common as in the West or South, and the pottery is far inferior to that of the Iroquois and southern Algonquins. Thus, smoking was not in general use and the ceramic art was undeveloped. The stone axe probably came in from the West, and does not appear to be native to the region.

Our greatest Indian population lay along the coast, the lower Connecticut Valley, Martha's Vineyard, and Rhode Island. It is here that the larger villages of Pequots, Narragansetts, Podunks, and others were located. On the large town-sites and in the cemeteries one should be able to discover articles indicating tribal commerce with bands living in New York or New Jersey, and also to obtain specimens of aboriginal art, since the more skilled workmen would naturally locate in the populous communities. Hence, when the survey inspects the site of King Philip's town,

the Pequots' fort, and similar spots, it is hoped that lower layers of the ash-pits will prove rich in evidence. There must have been Indian towns in New England long before the Smith, Cabot, and other visitations. Whence these people came, and their relationship to Long Island and New Jersey Algonquins — all these and similar questions may not be solved, but we shall certainly obtain more reliable data upon their migrations or origins.

New England is thickly settled, and most Indian sites are to-day occupied by towns. Where once were wigwams, lawns stretch down to the sea. One would suppose that we might encounter opposition in securing permission to excavate, yet the contrary is true. In twelve years of expeditions, we have requested hundreds of owners to allow us to excavate, and have been refused but ten times. This is a remarkable record. One lady at Bar Harbor stated that I could open trenches, provided no dirt was left on her lawn. We brought our tent-flies into service, used a sod-cutter, rolled the turf and stacked it on one tent, the earth on another. We dug large pits, filled them carefully, replaced the sod, and wet it down. My men, proud of a good job, have always, with one accord, agreed that she paid them their greatest compliment. We worked three hours; she, meanwhile, played auction bridge with her friends in the cottage. When we had finished, she came out, looked over the lawn, and asked me *when* we were to begin digging!

At Orland, Maine, a cemetery extended under a large barn, filled with new hay. The owner consented to explorations, provided his hay was not left out over-night. We secured extra labor, moved the stock, vehicles, and hay outside, took up the floor, and found seventeen graves. These were opened and photographed. Then the floor was relaid, the stock led back, hay put in the mow, and work finished before dark. We have taken up trees and flower-beds, moved pens and sheds, worked under a saw-mill, and even dug in railroad yards. One wealthy lady would not permit us to complete an important cemetery because the pine-needles covering the sand might be disturbed. These had fallen from 'runt' pines out on an ocean-swept point, and were of no size. I offered to send the men with a team into a heavy pine growth a mile distant and bring her a wagon load of larger needles; but in vain. Nature had deposited those pine 'spills,' and they must remain. Hence, we were compelled to desist; but local people dug there Sundays, undermined her precious trees, and they all fell! Therefore, she lost both trees and needles, and the cemetery was lost to science.

There is a charm in New England archæological research. Most explorers prefer difficult tasks, and finding evidences of our prehistoric American predecessors in this region is not easy. It is pleasant, this voyaging along in the canoe, carrying a crew of State o' Maine men, who have accompanied us on many a trip — the Susquehanna, Texas deserts, Connecticut, Lake Champlain, New Brunswick, and all the Maine rivers. We land at a convenient spot, and set up camp in thirty-two minutes. All hands help the cook, and we get four tents erected and baggage stored within that time. Then we scatter and look for surface signs. The farmers or villagers come to camp, and our mission is explained. They are very accommodating and kind — only the foreigners living in the lower Connecticut have caused us trouble.

One might suggest that explorers in distant lands face dangers, and that our work, contrasted with theirs, is both simple and easy. I have worked in the

Southwest in early days, before the automobile, and personally know one's sufferings in sand-storms, how one feels when without water in the desert. I have had trouble with horse-thieves, been in quicksand, and experienced kindred discomforts. Yet, in July or August in the North Woods, the 'five standard flies' have made life miserable for the survey, and have caused more real inconvenience than we ever experienced on that famous Far Western Painted Desert. The running of our canoes, one at a time, safely through the worst part of the fifteen-mile falls on the Connecticut, by Ralph Dorr, was a performance unsurpassed by anything ever witnessed by us on the Western surveys. Navigating three long open canoes in a heavy sea-fog, from Bangor to Castine in one day, constituted a record of which the crew may justly be proud.

So, if one should suppose that there are no 'adventures' possible in line of duty (for we never take unnecessary risks) in New England explorations, that person should, if possible, join us on our last trip to Maine to be made this summer, when we hope to examine the upper Aroostook and head of the East Branch, and from thence travel across northern Maine to the upper St. John waters, turn southeast, and work down to the Rangeleys.

There are not many indications of ancient Indian occupation in that region, for natives could exist with less hardships nearer the coast. As the colonists spread inland, there was an Indian migration northward; but there is no evidence of long-continued residence north of the central portion of the state. Indeed, I am of the opinion that the Indian occupation of much of Maine and Canada is comparatively recent.

Quite likely the next few years of exploration along the lower Connecticut River, and the coast from New Haven to Providence (including a strip some twenty miles back from salt water), will prove that we had a considerable Indian population prior to the Smith and Cabot voyages. The relationship of these tribes to other Algonquins is to be carefully studied, through a comparison of artifacts. Archæology alone must furnish the evidence, since languages and folk-lore of native Americans living prior to 1600 are unknown.

A few years hence, the pages of New England Indian history previous to European contact will have been written. We shall then realize that our aborigines played no unimportant part in the life of the American red race.

PIONEERS

BY MRS. A. DEVEREUX

[*The following authentic letters, which the Atlantic has been privileged to copy from the yellowing sheets still in the writer's possession, tell a story of the pioneer spirit which ought to be preserved. No introduction is necessary, but the reader should know that the writer was, in 1865, a wife of ten years. Mrs. Devereux still lives, at the age of ninety-three.*]

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, *October* 15, 1865.
(Geographical centre of the United States)

DEAR MOTHER, —

I have a long story to tell you, of why I am here with Will, in this small, rough prairie village, so small and remote, I am sure you have never heard of it before. It is 90 miles from our home in Council Bluffs, with no nearer settlement of any size in any direction, and hundreds of miles from any railroad, and I doubt if the view from our window would impress you very favorably, yet it seems very good to us to be here.

My last letter to you told of Will's successful return journey from Denver, as far as Cottonwood Springs; from Fort Kearney later he wrote of greatly improved health: he would be home ready for duty in two weeks more, coming on slowly to get the full benefit of longer outdoor life in the early October days; and his enthusiasm over wagon-travel and camping-out for health was greater than ever. Ranches were not so far apart, and the ranch women could bake his bread, which, he owned, with his own baking in the Dutch oven, had been often very poor. Nor need he wait to join the slow progress of pack-trains, as he was forced to do farther West, where the Indians were dangerous and an escort of soldiers was furnished. He would enjoy camping by himself in freedom and quiet, and he would soon be home.

At 4 o'clock P.M. of the very day this letter reached me, a telegram came from Grand Island, saying, 'Very ill by the roadside; come at once and bring the doctor.' You can imagine how dazed I was for an instant, and then the impulse to move heaven and earth to reach him quickly; but where Grand Island was, or how I was to get there, I knew no more than if I had not lived two years at one of the gateways to that great plain stretching 500 miles west to Denver.

I called to a passing friend, who, fortunately, was a woman of presence of mind, and had been to Denver herself. She recalled at once the important fact that it was the day for the Overland coach, which only every other day left Omaha at evening for Denver; and it was nearly time for the last boat on the ferry to Omaha, and the ferry was two miles away.

'Send me the doctor and someone to take me to Omaha,' was all that I waited to say; and hastened to put the few things in my bag I could think of.

She found our good friend and banker, Mr. Deming, at the first corner, in his buggy, and he drove to the door at once, and offered to see me started on the coach; and best of all, a need I had

not yet thought of, he could furnish me funds for the journey, and arrange, as we drove on, for any emergency which should call for more. It was impossible for the doctor to go with me, but he came to me, and gave me all the advice he could.

In half an hour from the time the telegram reached me, we were on our way, and I had a little time to collect myself before reaching the ferry. I was so absorbed in going over that terrible telegram, to gain some new light on it, that I had no fear or hesitation about taking the journey, nor did I recall what little I knew about such rough travel in the unsettled West, or what it might demand of my strength, if not of my courage; and I wondered, vaguely, why Mr. Deming should ask me if I were sure I had better try to go. Of course I must go.

We reached Omaha just in time, and Mr. Deming secured the whole of the back seat of the coach for me; and as I crawled into it at 9 o'clock, in the darkness, I heard the driver say, 'Two nights and a day will bring her there'; and the dim lanterns outside showed me Mr. Deming's pale and frightened face as we rolled away.

It was well fear was not added to my anxiety. The rapid movement of the four horses gave me relief, and the intense silence of the black night left me free to think; for though Mr. Deming said with trembling voice, as he shut the coach-door, 'A lady going to her sick husband; won't you be kind to her?' and I was conscious of persons in the other seats, I thought no more of them, and set about making myself comfortable enough for one who could not sleep. I rolled the ill-smelling blanket into pillows, and made a tent-cover from head to foot of the big mosquito net that my thoughtful friends insisted I should take, as I left home.

When day dawned, we had left the rolling hills between Omaha and the Elkhorn behind us, and were passing rapidly over the plains of the Platte valley. I had grudged the delays of the night, when they stopped to change horses, for every hour made one less of that terrible sum of 'two nights and a day,' before I could reach Will, 'ill by the roadside'; but when the light became clearer in the coach, there was a moment's sense of repugnance, but no fear, when I met the eyes of three of the roughest-looking men I had ever seen, staring at me. They had not spoken a word through the long night, I believe in kindness to a lone woman, though they seemed not only coarse, but dull. They rarely spoke to each other during the time I was with them, and never to me; and when awake, seemed filled with astonishment at my presence there.

At the noon station a new passenger took the vacant seat in front of me, and it was very pleasant to see the unmistakable signs of a more cultivated type of man. He was kind to me, giving me helpful attentions at the rough stage-stations, where we tried to eat. Once he insisted, without any complaint of mine, that a basin of water should be placed on a chair inside the shanty for my use, instead of my sharing with the men the towels and basin on the bench outside the door. A sense of being protected by this good man encouraged a little sleep, and the slow hours wore on.

Toward night I began to inquire about Grand Island, supposing that I was to go on to that station, and should reach it next morning. But when, later, the driver was changed with the horses, the new one came to the coach-door and asked, 'Is there a woman here, going to her sick husband?' To my eager inquiries of what he could tell me about Will, he could only say, 'They told me to watch out for ye, and leave ye at Lone Tree; get there in the night

some time.' This, I found, was eight miles east of Grand Island, from which the telegram came.

After midnight I began to peer into the darkness with beating heart, full of vague and terrible fears. I think my friend in the coach was anxious, too, with too much sympathy to sleep; for he was good to me in a silent way, which helped me to wait quietly.

At two o'clock in the morning the coach suddenly stopped, and we knew it was not to change horses; it was too quiet. The coach-door opened, and in silence my neighbor sprang out, and I silently followed. The driver bade us make for a dim light not far away; it was a lantern hanging under Will's wagon, standing by the roadside. My friend helped me to climb into the dark opening under the canvas cover, from which a voice strangely unnatural called faintly, 'I thought you would never come; now let me go to sleep.'

Instinctively I knew there was peril, though I could not distinguish his face.

The stranger exclaimed, 'I can't leave you so; this is dreadful; I will stay.'

But I knew Will must, first of all, get rest that night. No doubt he had forced himself to keep awake until the coach came by. I hope the man knew I was grateful for his kindness, but I could only whisper, 'Go on; I can do; send me a physician if you can find one.' Later on, I did get comfort at a critical time, through his remembrance of us, though he found no physician.

I crawled along the wagon-bed until I came to Will's head, and sat down on the straw and soothed him to sleep. He was too ill to tell me anything about himself, only feebly saying once, 'I shall get well now.'

When it was light enough to see, I crept out the front, and found the wagon was drawn up beside an old empty hut, and near-by was a newly built log-cabin, and a long sod-barn, and no other habitation in sight. Two half-grown boys came out of the new cabin, and I went in to find someone to get me the nourishment I must have for Will, and food for myself, and to learn something about him.

A frowzy, dull-eyed woman met me; her yellow face and yellow hair and lank figure told me the kind of emigrant she was. She seemed to have not a particle of interest in the sick man outside; had I been some unknown species of human kind, she could not have appeared more dazed. A coarse-featured girl of eighteen, maybe, joined her, and paying no attention to my wants, they continued to stand silent, and stare at my face, my clothes, and my hair.

I think nothing up to that time came so near breaking my courage as the silent stare of that dull, passionless woman. I knew then that I was little better than alone, on the wide prairie, with a very sick man.

I begged for fire, and hot water, and milk, and gained by degrees from them, that Will had come to their cabin a week before and given his horses to the care of the sons, because he was ill, and had sent one of them back to Grand Island with the dispatch to me, later; and they had made soup for him once, when he said they must. Did I think he would die? and, Was it a catching sickness?

I knew as little as they what his sickness was; but I meant that he should *not* die, and that they should give me help, though I did not say so. The hot milk I gave him revived him, and he slept again, while I searched his box of stores, and made myself a homelike cup of tea on their old broken cook-stove. A spider and a kettle were all the utensils they had; but I cleaned up Will's saucepans, and then looked about me. He could not stay longer in that wagon. I could not climb in and out, and care

for him. They insisted there was no place for him in their cabin, and indeed he needed quiet and good air, which he would not have there; but I found in the old hut a bedstead frame, with boards across it, and on them a ragged hay-bed.

The floor of the hut was like that of an old barn, and the sod-roof was broken in spots, but was shelter enough for those mild sunny days. I asked for fresh hay for the bed, and in perfect silence they did just what I bade them to do, and then stood again and stared at me.

The bed was the sole piece of furniture in the hut, and there was not much more in the newer cabin. I looked about for a box to serve as a chair, but none could be found. A cask of onions and one of oats stood at one side of the small square room, and the chickens ran in and out of the broken door, freely, all day. When the boys came to their breakfast, I got them to carry Will to the hut on the mattress-bed in his wagon, on which he had slept during his two months' journey; and on my taking off his heavy clothing, he slept more quietly, but could tell me little about himself.

I gradually learned that, after his last letter to me, he had failed for some nights to get good sleep. Mosquitoes appeared in swarms, and horse-thieves were about, so that Punch and Judy had to be watched at night. He felt himself growing ill, and pushed on, hoping at least to get to Columbus, the nearest place he could find advice and care. But that was 60 miles farther east, and when his strength gave out entirely, he stopped beside this cabin, because there was a barn where his horses could be made safe. How he had lived since he sent the dispatch, he did not know. He thinks the women brought him water, and he wanted nothing more. He was waiting for me.

I made a seat for myself on the foot of his bed, with his overcoat as a pillow, and watched, and fed him with all the nourishing things I could contrive from our limited stores, and did not know enough to know that he had a low malarial fever, fast assuming a typhus form. He insisted that he needed nothing but rest, and in his weak state I dared not experiment with the few medicines I had with me. I ate in the other cabin, with the silent family, living mostly on rice and crackers, and tea of my own making; their bacon and mashed potatoes, with the bacon fat stirred into the potato until it was almost a soup, was intolerable to me; and badly made hot soda bread, with coffee, was all they had besides to eat.

They came west from Southern Indiana. The women wore home-made linsey-woolsey gowns, with straight, scant skirts, and I envied them, as I went about in the dust with full skirts and hoops; so I packed away the hoops, and sewed up my skirts in festoons, and laid aside my small hat, which seemed so absurd a covering in that spot, and went bareheaded to and fro in the sun.

One evening the boys came in with an antelope thrown across one of their ponies, which they had shot at some distance, somewhere, and I thought Will could have soup, and I could have a change in food; but before morning they had it all packed in salt, and the stew they made for dinner had a dreadful taste.

All day long the sun shone from a cloudless sky. A few rods in front of our door, the perfectly level trail to Denver stretched in a yellow line of dust to the limits of the horizon, east and west. Four or five miles away, a brown spot indicated a cabin, and a dim fringe of low trees, still farther away, marked a stream; otherwise, the circle of the horizon bounded an unbroken plain,

green as in summer, but utterly silent and unvaried, except when clouds of dust rose in the west, and long lines of oxen came slowly by the door, sometimes as many as sixteen pairs fastened behind each other, drawing as many huge white-covered empty wagons on their return trip to Omaha. Made up in this fashion, one or more men could manage the train returning; and in these days of emigration west, wagon-drivers could be readily found to go to Denver; but few wished to return. Every day the stage-coach passed, east or west, and it seemed a friendly link between us and the world, 150 miles away.

The mail was carried the alternate day on a buckboard with a single seat, sometimes shared with the driver by a passenger. After ten days of hope and despair, I saw plain signs of increasing weakness in Will, and watched eagerly for the buckboard to pass at noon. I must get advice from someone, if only from the stage-man. It seemed odd that it should halt before I went out, and a passenger should spring out and come at once to me, asking, 'How is your husband?' I knew at a glance he was an Eastern man and a gentleman; and oh! the intense relief to my overstrained nerves just the sight of him gave me, utter stranger as he was.

In a few words he explained: he had heard of our desolate state from the man who was kind to me in the coach when I came to Will; he was not sure he should find us still there, but he would inquire. He was engineer of the force then at work at points east and west, surveying the line of the Union Pacific Railroad.

I could not speak of our great need, but he turned away and ordered the man to go on without him. I protested, 'You will lose your place in the stage, and cannot get away from here, maybe for days.'

'I can walk, and nine miles farther on I have a corps of men, and can overtake them.'

'But you will have no place to sleep, and little to eat.'

'I shall do; and this is dreadful for you and your husband,' he said, and bade the stage-man go on. He told me he knew nothing at all of sickness, and Will was too weak to bear the sight of a strange face; so he sat down on the wagon-tongue outside, and I went back to the hut with more courage.

He brought me my food to the door; and when, at evening, the mosquitoes grew worse than usual, he built a smudge of damp grass before the door, and all night I saw him at intervals, pacing backwards and forwards beside it. He could not rest in the wagon even, for there were no blankets, and the mosquitoes had taken possession. Toward morning Will revived, and I could leave him, to consult with my new friend a moment. He said I must send one of those boys back twenty-five miles to Wood River, where there was said to be a physician; and he undertook the task of getting the boy off.

Then, finding he could do little for us, and the coach going east fortunately having a vacant seat, he took it, charging me, if we needed assistance later, either there or on our way east, to send someone to hunt up a surveying-party, and he would give orders to them, along the line, to go at once at my call. This gave me much comfort; for a vague, horrible sense had been growing clearer to me of what might be my needs if Will did not improve in that desolate land, sixty miles from an Eastern settlement.

The doctor came next day; he proved to be a German, from a small cattle-ranch, with little knowledge of English, and less of medicine. He looked at Will in astonishment and then at me, and fairly gasped as he exclaimed, 'What-

ever sent such a man as *he* out here?' Will's pale, refined face certainly was not that of the ordinary 'freighter' he had prescribed for.

He finally said that he did n't know what to do for '*his* kind,' and he thought 'he would die if he did n't get out of here,' and he 'minded he would anyway'; and then he turned away indifferently, and went to gossip with the woman in the cabin.

That coarse bluntness was needed to settle my mind. We must move east early next morning, and that man should go with us and drive. He protested that he could not. He must go back to his cattle. But I still had some faith in his medical knowledge, and meant he should go with us, and set about getting ready. Will was too ill to counsel me about arrangements, and the wagon was ready to start before I disturbed him, to tell him my plans.

My firmness about its being best to go gave him courage to allow us to move him carefully into his old place in the wagon; and when I turned to the doctor, who still doggedly declared he could not go, and told him to get into the driver's seat at once, he obeyed, as if I had some right to control him.

With our small store of brandy at hand, I climbed in beside Will, and we moved on slowly. At first the motion exhausted him; but he was certainly no worse when we halted at noon, four or five miles on; and at the end of a short day's journey, we found, at a ranch, a comfortable lounge in the living-room of the family, which made a bed for him; and he took milk more freely, and slept quietly; and I lay on the floor beside him, and slept, too.

It was strange how little sleep I needed, and how little I minded the roughness of everything.

Still under protest that his cattle would suffer for care, the German helped me make things comfortable for the second day's journey, and, to my relief, went with us, though sulky and silent. As for nursing or giving advice to his patient, the man was utterly incapable; but I believed he could drive and care for the horses; and, in my anxiety, I had failed to take carefully the direction in which the surveying-party were to be found, and no one seemed to know anything about them, nor could we make any delay with safety, to find help from them. We must make a longer drive that day, to reach shelter at night; but the death-like look had gone from poor Will's face, and the smooth prairie trail gave little jar to the spring wagon, as the horses never moved faster than a steady walk.

Noontime brought us to the best sod-house I had seen; it was really a comfortable home. There were no floors, but the ground was hard and polished, and the inside walls were covered with white cotton cloth, and a ceiling, made of the cloth, was suspended under the roof of sod-covered poles. I made tea and toast for Will on the good cook-stove, and ate with relish, myself, the good dinner that the wholesome-looking women of the house prepared for the doctor and me; for though it was not a stage-station, in that new country all houses 'keep,' as the people say. At night, the house where we had planned to stay was more pretentious, but I did not like the looks of the ranch men and women who came out to help us; and having my choice between a bed in the living-room of the family and one in an empty old cabin near-by, I chose the latter. The door would not shut, the bed was not clean, the dirt-floor was no better than the roadway, and the dust from the old sod-roof above us lay in black ridges on our faces next morning; but it was enough that Will was certainly gaining strength.

The weather was still soft and mild,

and the sun shone all day; the air was a tonic, and Will dozed away the hours in comfort. I had been able to buy an empty soap-box, of which I made a better seat for myself, and we started, with good courage, on our last day's ride to Columbus, where we should find a hotel and a good physician, and could dismiss our German, and rest until Will was well enough to go home.

But a new trouble met me. Our driver had found whiskey at the ranch, and brought a bottle away with him. He soon fell asleep and, after a little, tumbled in a heap on the floor of the wagon, under the high seat. I could not reach the reins nor dare I alarm Will, who was sleeping and had observed nothing. I only hoped the man would continue to sleep, for the dear horses were old friends, and I knew they would keep to the trail, and turn all right if they should meet a train, which was not likely to happen, as at this season they were all going east. Before we reached the crossing at the Loup River, not far from Columbus, which was a difficult ford and my dread all the anxious day, the man had slept off his stupor enough to climb to his seat and take the reins again; and to my great relief, another single wagon, like our own, was about to crawl down the steep bank into the deepest portion of the current. Our Punch and Judy did not need guiding to follow the lead; and we went safely on across the many islands and channels of the wide river, dangerous, some of them, from quicksands, if you lost the trail, and soon after drew up before this house, where I am writing to you; and it seems a palace to me, though it really is a dingy two-story building, very bare and common-looking. Freighters and stage-drivers, dressed in rather uncouth style, lounged on the dirty narrow porch; but I climbed down from the rear of the wagon, in my soiled, oddly draped cotton dress, with a confidence in their good-will that I did not find misplaced. A dozen strong men came forward to lift Will out, and take off the horses, and unpack the wagon — not employees of the house, but its guests on the porch; and if I had suggested to them to take that drunken doctor away and hang him, I think they would have done it.

An Ohio woman kept the hotel; she had heard of us from the stage-men, and a word secured us a room up the stairs, in her barrack-like house, though it was already overfull of men.

The wretch who had kept me in fear all day, and could then stand with difficulty, was paid and dismissed. He had seemed to obey me in coming, as if I owned the world; and I am sure he believed I owned it all when I paid him what he asked for coming; but it mattered little to me so long as we were safe and among friends, and Will was better. I ate my supper with pleasure, though the forty rough men seated at the table with me seemed much embarrassed at my presence. I recognized respect for me in my helpless state, when they scarcely lifted their eyes from the table, and spoke to each other in whispers.

But oh, dear! when I came back to our room, hoping to find Will resting and happy, he was, for the first time in his illness, wildly delirious. The sight of so many people, and the bustle and noise of the house, after the worries of the day, were too much for his weak state. I sent in haste for the physician here whom I had heard of, and when he came, I saw I could rely on his aid and his knowledge. He gave a quieting medicine, and this morning, as I sit beside Will, writing, he is quite himself, resting and stronger.

Daylight has shown the room to be exceedingly dirty; the house has been full of disbanded soldiers going east from stations and camps north of the

Platte River. The bed was unfit for decent people, and we grow more particular when we reach settlements. As there seem to be few, if any, women attendants in the house, I have taken the room in hand myself a little. I succeeded in getting a 'bucket' of warm water and a mop, and have taken up a good deal of the dust, and no doubt some fleas and other vermin. We hope soon to be able to go on home.

I have not dared to write to you before this. To think of you and my Eastern home, and put in words, during the past two weeks, what has taken all my strength and courage to face, would have weakened my self-control. Now I write full of hope and in comparative comfort.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA
October 30, 1865.

It is two weeks since I wrote to you, soon after reaching Columbus, and we thought a day or two would see us on our way to our home; but Will did not mend as fast as we hoped he would. Sometimes I lost hope; but had I not escaped with him alive, from those desolate prairies behind us, the very 'valley of the shadow of death'! We had the aid of a kind and intelligent physician, and the essential comforts of life.

I cooked Will's food on the kitchen stove myself; but I was in no way disheartened, nor did my appetite fail me, when I saw the process of cooking the food for the public table; I even helped pull out some of the flies from the batter of soaked bread, which stood on the cooking-table ready to be fried into great balls, in spiders full of grease, and knew, when I ate them later for supper, that not a few remained. To show daintiness, or seem to be different from those about me, would repel the kindness so freely given, which was our support and help.

When I could leave Will, I went to the porch and talked with the stage-drivers, as they came in, about the 90-mile journey still before us — learning how many miles we would be forced to travel in a day to reach the stage-stations at night; for our experience had taught us the wisdom of staying at public places on the road. That we were not molested the night our German doctor found the whiskey, at that lonely wayside ranch, was fortunate.

But, after ten days without much change, we both grew restive; there were so many things to make our going-on more and more imperative.

It was the last of October; these constant days of sunshine must soon end. What if November winds and cold storms set in early? We had no clothing warm enough for late traveling on the plains, and, to my great satisfaction, Will had come to see, what I had long known, that at his best, even in our pleasant city home, he would not be equal to the demands of Western life upon his physical strength, and we must go back to New York before winter. A coach-ride from Council Bluffs to Des Moines, of 150 miles, was not to be thought of at that season, and the only other way to reach the nearest railroad was by the Missouri River; and if we delayed too long at Columbus, the last boat of the season would leave for St. Joseph, Missouri. We *must* go on.

The anxiety and thinking kept Will from getting strong; but he could not yet walk, much less drive horses, and I could find no one to hire. Every man who could work was out on the prairie with hay-machines, cutting and curing hay for the keeping of the great trains of oxen and mules, which, coming and going to and from the far West, made Columbus a 'refitting' station, as Council Bluffs is called an 'outfitting one.'

Huge stacks of hay, high and long, and long barns, built of sod and stacked over with hay, stretched in every direc-

tion from the little cluster of cabins near the hotel, which made what we call a village and they call a town. They had been cutting hay since July, and would keep on till the frost drove them in; but there were not men enough to do the work of getting in the hay still needed.

There was a camp of soldiers stationed a few miles away, and someone mentioned that a convalescent soldier, an under-officer, had received a furlough, and would be glad of the free passage east, and would be a suitable person to help us. I wrote at once to the commandant of the post, and received a courteous reply, that the man would come the next morning and go with us as we wished; so, without delay, I made everything ready, and Will grew bright at the prospect of moving on. Our good friends, the stage-drivers, brought him to the porch next morning before they went out with their coaches, and our horses were put on the wagon, already loaded up and before the door. Good-byes were said to our hostess and her barkeeper, who stood smilingly in the doorway (after confirming to us our previous surmises, that they would soon make a united head to the house), and we waited for our soldier.

He came with a note from the commandant, saying there had been a mistake. The soldier's papers required him to report by the Southern route at Leavenworth, and he could not go with us!

Will grew faint with disappointment, and exclaimed, 'I shall certainly die if I stay here.' One glance at his despairing face, and then at our trusty horses, and a look at the sunny sky, and a thought of those stage-drivers who had promised to meet us at the stations, and I said, 'I will drive myself; help him in.'

Will did not object, and in ten minutes he was in his old place on the mattress and pillows, and his voice sounded quite strong and cheery as he called to tell me how to climb over the high sides of the wagon, to reach the seat, perched up so high that the canvass cover almost touched my head; and I felt elated and happy as I gathered the reins in my bare hands, and turned into the trail to commence our four days' journey, and, in a few moments more, left all signs of habitation behind us.

I knew a good deal more about prairie traveling than when I came out. I had not yet resumed my hoops; the demands of fashion at Columbus, proud and central city as it claimed to be, had not required it. I had completed that morning a most satisfactory bargain, some days under consideration, with a stage-driver's wife, who had come for a few days to the hotel, for her last summer's Shaker sunbonnet, with a buff chambray cape and strings, in exchange for my quite stylish and new hat. I was to pay her two dollars in cash besides, for she was not *sure* that the *hat* was quite the thing. 'Most uns wore Shakers.' At the last moment, she yielded. I knew the comfort of that deep shade and fast strings, under the bright sun and prairie winds; not that my complexion needed shade: I was already brown as the prairie dust, and my gloves were long ago worn out. A heavy flannel shirt of Will's, put on under my dress, may have looked a trifle clumsy, but gave me warmth and left my arms free.

I was a little dismayed when Punch began to go lame after a mile or so. I dared do a good many things, but not to lift his foot to see what was the matter, and Will must not be worried. But he soon cast a shoe, and I climbed down and recovered it; the soft, stoneless soil could do no harm, and the first station-master put it on again.

Our lunch-box was well filled and I made tea on the station stove, while the men hastened to take off the horses and

care for them. When our stage-man John came swinging up later, on his coach from the East, he gave a ringing whoop at sight of us, and said I 'would do,' which gave me satisfaction.

And from that time on, for the whole four days, we were under the special care of the stage-men. They looked after the horses and our comfort, in every way possible to them. It was not *one* man, for of course we could not keep up with the coach, and the men were frequently changed; but going east and going west, all knew about us, and passed us on to each other, so that a bed was ready for us, and men waiting to lift Will out tenderly and carry him to it, at every night station.

The stations were sometimes very rough places, sometimes only one room for living and sleeping; but the one curtained bed was always ours; at least it was Will's; and if it was only a lounge, I spread our blankets on the floor for myself, as I had done farther west. It did not ruffle me in the least, if one or two men snored lustily in another corner of the room; I had learned to trust kind hearts under very rough exteriors. All our good Johns waved their hands to us, as they passed us on the road; and each day's travel was laid out for us by one of them each morning.

One day we were told not to go to the regular stage-station at night; it was *too* rough; but to leave the trail at a certain point and make for a house in sight, two miles across the prairie, where we would get a good room and bed. The owner knew we were coming, how, we could not tell, and welcomed us like friends; and when Will found he could sit at the table with us, and taste the fried bacon, our host looked at him with tears streaming down his face, and swore big oaths at him roundly, to show how glad he was. Later, the tall figure of our John stood in the doorway of our room, and he too cried like a child because Will called out 'Hullo' in a good full voice. The man had walked across the prairie several miles, 'to see if they was square with the horses,' he said, but really to see if *we* were all right. I cannot begin to tell you the comfort these men were to us. They scorned any reward for their services, and had few words to say; if we expressed gratitude, they turned away shyly and disappeared; they still looked at us in that wondering sort of way, I suppose because we showed plain marks of being 'tender-feet,' as newcomers from the East are called.

I was never frightened at our loneliness on the prairie, even when one day they told us there would be a stretch of 16 miles without a house. One day, I was startled for a moment, at a sudden apparition, behind a slight rise of ground, of a dozen Indians, coming in single file, at right angles across our trail; and the horses, too, showed signs of fear; but their squaws were with them with loaded ponies, and I knew we were beyond dangerous Indian ground, and they were soon out of sight.

Once, at our noon halt, we found no men at home at the station, only a young German woman who could not speak English; and as the usual custom for travelers was to water and feed their own horses, I was at a loss what to do; for to lift a pail of water to those thirsty, eager horses, was beyond my strength and my courage as well; but the woman came to my help, and did it all with ease.

Until the afternoon of the third day we had been following the unbroken trail on the level prairie; then we came to a large stream with deeply worn banks, and, to my dismay, some of the planks of the long bridge were upset, and it was impassable. I could not leave the horses nor could I lift the heavy planks to replace them. It was

nearing sundown; what could we do if darkness found us in that place? The coach had already passed us, and not a train or house was in sight. For the first time my teeth chattered with fear.

A half-hour's waiting, and two men in an open spring wagon came rapidly up beside us. Spring wagons are unusual on the plains. The slow-moving heavy white-covered wagons we call 'prairie schooners' are commonly used, and they can be seen at a long distance. I thought this one had dropped from the sky, and still more, when the men came quickly to speak to us, and in the tone and language of the far East, asked us how we were. They were entire strangers, but belonged to the surveying-party, of whom we had seen and heard nothing since that morning at Lone Tree, when our friend left us after his night's vigil. They had been told by their chief to look out for us, and had been expecting to find us at some point farther west, days before that time. Just when all other help failed us, they appeared, and we were soon safely on our way, to the last night station of our journey.

The last day was a difficult one for me, though Will was already so nearly well he needed but little care, reclining cheerfully on his cushions, telling me stories and enjoying the sunshine.

But the country changed to high rolling prairie after leaving the valley of the Elkhorn River, and the frequent long descents were perfectly smooth, like ice, and the worn shoes of the horses obliged me to 'put on the brake.' It was hard to reach it, and harder to press it down. Then the front bow of the wagon cover had broken, and left the canvas to flap about my face, and the sun beat in my eyes, altogether bringing on a violent headache. For the first time in all the four weeks of care and labor, I came near giving out; and the nearer we came to thickly settled country and town life, the less we could expect of personal interest in us. We were being lost in the edges of the rushing, busy life of that world, which seemed to commence at the Missouri River; and Heaven, which had been so near, and Angelic care, in the shape of good Johns and civil engineers, no longer seemed about us. When at last, we took our places in the line of white-topped wagons, waiting their turn to cross the river on the ferry-boat at Omaha, I hoped I might never again see the valley of the Platte. We realized, too, when we were unrecognized by friends on the boat with us, that we were filling well the rôle of emigrant 'poor white,' whose faded-out, shabby look had often excited half pity, half contempt in us, in the streets of Council Bluffs.

When we drew up at last, at our own door, safe and nearly sound, amid the congratulations of the kindest of neighbors and friends, I still kept in mind the tender, almost worshipful respect and care of our stage-driver friends.

And now Punch and Judy, our faithful horses, are to be sold, and a few days must see us on our way down the Missouri, for November's chill air is here, and our faces are set towards New York and home.

THE FOURTEENTH OF SEPTEMBER

1321–1921

BY CHARLES H. GRANDGENT

As age, their shadow, follows life and birth,
So autumn shadowed summertime and spring
And day was yielding fast to equal night,
When, homeward soaring from the rustling shore
Where weary Po exchanges life for peace,
His spring-born spirit fled, so long ago.

Six slowly winding centuries ago,
Reborn was he in everlasting birth,
To taste the food for which he hungered, peace,
At marriage suppers set in endless spring,
Shoresman eternal on the radiant shore
Which never saw its sun engulft in night.

A sinful world of self-created night
He left behind, so many years ago,
A world where hatred ruled from shore to shore
And men, despite their gentle Saviour's birth,
Like ancient Adam forfeited their spring,
For greed and discord bartering their peace.

To light the day of universal peace,
God-sent he dawned upon our bloody night,
Greatest of poets since the primal spring
Flasht forth into existence long ago.
Benignant stars presided o'er his birth,
That he might speak to every listening shore.

Still rings his voice on ocean's either shore,
And when he speaks, our Muses hold their peace

And wonder if the world shall see the birth
Of man like him before the Judgment night,
For all he died so many years ago
When this our iron age was in its spring.

Ere winter blossom into balmy spring,
Ere peace prevail on any mortal shore
(So taught the Tuscan poet long ago),
Justice must reign: in it alone is peace.
The Hound shall chase the Wolf into the night,
Then earth and heaven shall witness a rebirth.

Heaven gave him birth, one ever blessed spring,
Whose lamp through all the night illumes our shore.
He found his peace six hundred years ago.

WHAT IS A PURITAN?

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

I

Both the contemporary and the historical Puritan are still involved in clouds of libel, of which the origins lie in the copious fountains of indiscriminating abuse poured out upon the Puritans of the seventeenth century by great Royalist writers like Butler, Dryden, and Ben Jonson. The Puritan of that day was ordinarily represented by his adversaries as a dishonest casuist and a hypocrite. To illustrate this point, I will produce a brilliantly malevolent portrait from Jonson's comedy, *Bartholomew Fair*.

This play was performed in London six years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth; and it helps one to understand why the migratory movement of the day was rather to than from America. Jonson presents a group of Puritans visiting the Fair. Their names are Zeal-of-the-land Busy, Dame Purecraft, and Win-the-fight Little-wit and his wife. Roast pig is a main feature of the Bartholomew festivities; and the wife of Win-the-fight Little-wit feels a strong inclination to partake of it. Her mother, Dame Purecraft, has some scruples about eating in the tents of wickedness, and carries the question to Zeal-of-the-land Busy, asking him to resolve their doubts. At first he replies

adversely, in the canting, sing-song nasal fashion then attributed to the Puritans by their enemies: —

'Verily for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnal disease, or appetite . . . and as it is carnal and incident, it is natural, very natural; now pig, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing and may be longed for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceedingly well eaten: but in the Fair, and as a Bartholomew pig, it cannot be eaten; for the very calling it a Bartholomew pig, and to eat it so, is a spice of idolatry, and you make the Fair no better than one of the high-places. This, I take it, is the state of the question: a high-place.'

Master Little-wit remonstrates, saying, 'But in state of necessity, place should give place, Master Busy.' And Dame Purecraft cries: 'Good brother Zeal-of-the-land Busy, think to make it as lawful as you can.'

Thereupon, Zeal-of-the-land Busy reconsiders, as follows: —

'Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject to construction, subject, and hath a face of offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face; but that face may have a veil put over it, and be shadowed as it were; it may be eaten, and in the Fair, I take it, in a booth, the tents of the Wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in the midst of the profane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with sobriety and humbleness; not gorged in with gluttony or greediness, there's the fear: for, should she go there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the unclean dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or lust of the palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable and not good.'

Finally, Zeal-of-the-land Busy not only consents, but joins the rest, saying, 'In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly and prophesy; there may be a good use made of it too, now I think on it: by the public eating of swine's flesh, to profess our hate and loathing of Judaism, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea, I will eat exceedingly.'

The entire passage might be regarded as a satirical interpretation of Calvin's chapter on Christian Liberty. In this fashion the anti-Puritan writers of the seventeenth century habitually depicted the people who set up the Commonwealth in England and colonized Massachusetts. In the eyes of unfriendly English contemporaries, the men who came over in the Mayflower and their kind were unctuous hypocrites.

That charge, though it has been revived for modern uses, no longer stands against the seventeenth-century Puritans. Under persecution and in power, on the scaffold, in war, and in the wilderness, they proved that, whatever their faults, they were animated by a passionate sincerity. When the Puritan William Prynne spoke disrespectfully of magistrates and bishops, Archbishop Laud, or his agents, cut off his ears and threw him back into prison. As soon as he could get hold of ink and paper, Prynne sent out from prison fresh attacks on the bishops. They took him out and cut off his ears again, and branded him 'S.L.,' which they intended to signify 'Seditious Libeller'; but he, with the iron still hot in his face and with indignation inspiring, perhaps, the most dazzling pun ever recorded, interpreted the letters to mean, *Stigmata Laudis*. When the Puritans came into power, Prynne issued from his dungeon and helped cut off, not the ears, but the heads of Archbishop Laud and King Charles. After that, they said less about his insincerity. Prynne and his friends had their faults; but lack of conviction and the courage of their conviction were not among them.

When, a hundred years ago, Macaulay wrote his famous passage on the Puritans in the essay on Milton, he tried to do them justice; and he did brush aside the traditional charge of hypocrisy with the contempt which it deserves. But in place of the picture of the oily hypocrite, he set up another picture equally questionable. He painted the Puritan as a kind of religious superman of incredible fortitude and determination, who 'went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.'

Now this portrait of Macaulay's is executed with far more respect for the Puritan character than Jonson exhibited in his portrait of Zeal-of-the-land Busy. But it is just as clearly a caricature. It violently exaggerates certain harsh traits of individual Puritans under persecution and at war; it suppresses all the mild and attractive traits; and Carlyle, with his hero-worship and his eye on Cromwell, continues the exaggeration in the same direction. It gives an historically false impression, because it conveys the idea that the Puritans were exceptionally harsh and intolerant *as compared with other men in their own times.*

For example, the supposedly harsh Puritan Cromwell stood for a wide latitude of religious opinion and toleration of sects at a time when the Catholic Inquisition had established a rigid censorship and was persecuting Huguenots and Mohammedans and Jews, and torturing and burning heretics wherever its power extended. It is customary now to point to the Salem witchcraft and the hanging of three Quakers in Boston — who incidentally seem to have insisted on being hanged — as signal illustrations of the intolerance of Puritanism and its peculiar fanaticism. But, as a matter of fact, these things were merely instances of a comparatively *mild* infection of the Puritans by a madness that swept over the world. In Salem there were twenty victims, and the madness lasted one year. In Europe there were hundreds of thousands of victims; and there were witches burned in Catholic Spain, France, and South America a hundred years after the practice of executing witches had been condemned among the Puritans. Comparatively speaking, the Puritans were quick to discard and condemn the common harshness and intolerance of their times.

The Puritan leaders in the seventeenth century were, like all leaders, exceptional men; but if looked at closely, they exhibit the full complement of human qualities, and rather more than less than average respect for the rights and the personality of the individual, since their doctrines, political and religious, immensely emphasized the importance and sacredness of the individual life. They had iron enough in their blood to put duty before pleasure; but that does not imply that they banished pleasure. They put goodness above beauty; but that does not mean that they despised beauty. It does not set them apart as a peculiar and abnormal people. In every age of the world, in every progressing society, there is, there has to be, a group, and a fairly large group, of leaders and toilers to whom their own personal pleasure is a secondary consideration — a consideration secondary to the social welfare and the social advance. On the long slow progress of the race out of Egypt into the Promised Land, they prepare the line of march, they look after the arms and munitions, they bring up the supplies, they scout out the land, they rise

up early in the morning, they watch at night, they bear the burdens of leadership, while the children, the careless young people, and the old people who have never grown up, are playing or fiddling or junketing on the fringes of the march. They are never popular among these who place pleasure first; for they are always rounding up stragglers, recalling loiterers, and preaching up the necessity of toil and courage and endurance. They are not popular; but they are not inhuman. The violet smells to them as it does to other men; and rest and recreation are sweet. I must illustrate a little the more intimately human aspect of our seventeenth-century group.

II

It is a part of the plot of our droll and dry young people to throw the opprobrium of the present drought upon the Puritans. These iron men, one infers from reading the discourses, for example, of Mr. Mencken, banished wine as a liquor inconsistent with Calvinistic theology, though, to be sure, Calvin himself placed it among 'matters indifferent.' And the Puritans, as a matter of fact, used both wine and tobacco — both men and women. If Puritanism means reaction in favor of obsolete standards, our contemporary Puritans will repeal the obnoxious amendment; and all who are thirsty should circulate the Puritan literature of the seventeenth century. Read your *Pilgrim's Progress*, and you will find that Christian's wife, on the way to salvation, sent her child back after her bottle of liquor. Read Winthrop's letters, and you will find that Winthrop's wife writes to him to thank him for the tobacco that he has sent to her mother. Read Mather's diary, and you will find that he suggests pious thoughts to be meditated upon by the members of his household while they are engaged in home-brewing. Read the records of the first Boston church, and you will find that one of the first teachers was a wine-seller. Read the essays of John Robinson, first pastor of the Pilgrims, and you will find that he ridicules Lycurgus, the Spartan law-giver, for ordering the vines cut down, merely 'because men were sometimes drunken with the grapes.' Speaking of celibacy, Robinson says, 'Abstinence from marriage is no more a virtue than abstinence from wine or other pleasing natural thing. Both marriage and wine are of God and good in themselves.'

Since I do not wish to incite a religious and Puritanical resistance to the Volstead Act, I must add that Robinson, in that tone of sweet reasonableness which characterizes all his essays, remarks further: 'Yet may the abuse of a thing be so common and notorious and the use so small and needless as better want the small use than be in continual danger of the great abuse.' And this, I suppose, is exactly the ground taken by the sensible modern prohibitionist. It is not a matter of theological sin with him at all. It never was that. It is now a matter of economics and æsthetics, and of the greatest happiness and freedom to the greatest number.

These iron men are accused of being hostile to beauty, the charge being based upon the crash of a certain number of stained-glass windows and altar ornaments, which offended them, however, not as art, but as religious symbolism. Why fix upon the riot of soldiers in war-time and neglect to inquire: Who, after the death of Shakespeare, in all the seventeenth century, most eloquently praised music and the drama? Who most lavishly described and most exquisitely appreciated nature? Who had the richest literary culture and the most extensive acquaintance with poetry? Who published the most magnificent poems? The answer to all these

questions is, of course, that conspicuous Puritan, the Latin secretary to Oliver Cromwell, John Milton.

In a letter to an Italian friend, Milton writes: 'God has instilled into me, if into anyone, a vehement love of the beautiful. Not with so much labor is Ceres said to have sought her daughter Proserpine, as it is my habit day and night to seek for this idea of the beautiful . . . through all the forms and faces of things.' With some now nearly obsolete notions of precedence, Milton did place God before the arts. But was he hostile to the arts? The two most important sorts of people in the state, he declares, are, first, those who make the social existence of the citizens 'just and holy,' and, second, those who make it 'splendid and beautiful.' He insists that the very stability of the state depends upon the splendor and excellence of its public institutions and the splendid and excellent expression of its social life — depends, in short, as, I have insisted, upon the coöperation of the Puritans and the artists, upon the integrity of the national genius.

These iron men are said to have been devoid of tenderness and sympathy in personal relations. But this does not agree with the testimony of Bradford, who records it in his history that, in the first winter at Plymouth, when half the colony had died and most of the rest were sick, Myles Standish and Brewster, and the four or five others who were well, watched over and waited on the rest with the loving tenderness and the unflinching fidelity of a mother.

These people had fortitude; but was it due to callousness? Were they really, as Macaulay intimates, insensible to their own sufferings and the sufferings of others? Hear the cry of John Bunyan when prison separates him from his family: 'The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from my bone; and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them, *especially my poor blind child*, who lay nearer my heart than all I had besides. O the thought of the hardship I thought my blind one might go under, would break my heart to pieces.'

Finally, these iron men are grievously charged with a lack of romantic feeling and the daring necessary to act upon it. Much depends upon what you mean by romance. If you mean by romance, a life of excitement and perilous adventure, there are duller records than that of the English Puritans. Not without some risk to themselves, not without at least an occasional thrill, did these pious villagers decapitate the King of England, overturn the throne of the Archbishop of Canterbury, pull up stakes and settle in Holland, sail the uncharted Atlantic in a cockleshell, and set up a kingdom for Christ in the howling wilderness. I don't think that dwellers in Gopher Prairie or Greenwich Village have a right to call that life precisely humdrum.

Add to this the fact that the more fervent Puritans were daily engaged in a terrifically exciting adventure with Jehovah. Some women of to-day would think it tolerably interesting, I should suppose, to be married to a man like Cotton Mather, who rose every day after breakfast, went into his study, put, as he said, his sinful mouth in the dust of his study floor, and, while the tears streamed from his eyes, conversed directly with angels, with 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' If a Puritan wife was pious, she was engaged in a true 'eternal triangle'; when Winthrop left home, his wife was committed by him to the arms of her heavenly

lover. If she were not pious, she stole the records of his conversation with angels, and went, like Mather's wife, into magnificent fits of jealousy against the Lord of Hosts. The resulting atmosphere may not have been ideal; but it is not to be described as 'sullen gloom'; it was not humdrum like a Dreiser novel; it was tense with the excitement of living on the perilous edge of Paradise.

Did these Puritan husbands lack charm, or devotion to their women? I find that theory hard to reconcile with the fact that so many of them had three wives. Most of us modern men feel that we have charm enough, if we can obtain and retain one, now that higher education of women has made them so exacting in their standards and so expensive to maintain. Now, Cotton Mather had three wives; and when he was forty or so, in the short interim between number two and number three, he received a proposal of marriage from a girl of twenty, who was, he thought, the wittiest and the prettiest girl in the colony. I conclude inevitably that there was something very attractive in Cotton Mather. Call it charm; call it what you will; he possessed that which the *Ladies' Home Journal* would describe as 'What women admire in men.'

As a further illustration of the 'sullen gloom of their domestic habits,' take the case of John Winthrop, the pious Puritan governor of Massachusetts. After a truly religious courtship, he married his wife, about 1618, against the wishes of her friends. We have some letters of the early years of their life together, in which he addresses her as 'My dear wife,' 'My sweet wife,' and 'My dear wife, my chief joy in this world.' Well, that is nothing; at first, we all do that.

But ten years later Winthrop prepared to visit New England, without his family, to found a colony. While waiting for his ship to sail, he writes still to his wife by every possible messenger, merely to tell her that she is his chief joy in all the world; and before he leaves England he arranges with her that, as long as he is away, every week on Tuesday and Friday at five o'clock he and she will think of each other wherever they are, and commune in spirit. When one has been married ten or twelve long years, that is more extraordinary. It shows, I think, romantic feeling equal to that in *Miss Lulu Bett*, or *Poor White*, or *Moon-Calf*.

Finally, I will present an extract from a letter of this same John Winthrop to this same wife, written in 1637, when they had been married twenty years. It is an informal note, written hurriedly, in the rush of business: —

Sweetheart, —

I was unwillingly hindered from coming to thee, nor am I like to see thee before the last day of this weeke: therefore I shall want a band or two: and cuffs. I pray thee also send me six or seven leaves of tobacco dried and powdered. Have care of thyself this cold weather, and speak to the folks to keep the goats well out of the garden. . . . If any letters be come for me, send them by this bearer. I will trouble thee no further. The Lord bless and keep thee, my sweet wife, and all our family; and send us a comfortable meeting. So I kiss thee and love thee ever and rest

Thy faithful husband,

John Winthrop.

If, three hundred years after my death, it is proved by documentary evidence that twenty years after my marriage I still, in a familiar note, mixed up love and kisses with my collars and tobacco — if this is proved, I say, I shall feel very much surprised if the historian of that day speaks of the 'sullen gloom of my domestic habits.'

III

But now, three hundred years after Winthrop's time, what is actually being said about the Puritans? In spite of abundant evidences such as I have exhibited, our recent Pilgrim celebration was a rather melancholy affair. From the numerous commemoratory articles which I have read, I gather that there are only three distinct opinions about the Puritan now current — every one of them erroneous.

The first, held by a small apologetic group of historians and Mayflower descendants, is, that the Puritan was a misguided man of good intentions. Since he was a forefather and has long been dead, he should be spoken of respectfully; and it is proper from time to time to drop upon his grave a few dried immortelles. The second opinion is, that the Puritan was an unqualified pest, but that he is dead and well dead, and will trouble us no more forever. The third, and by far the most prevalent, is, that the Puritan was once a pest, but has now become a menace; that he is more alive than ever, more baleful, more dangerous.

This opinion is propagated in part by old New Englanders like Mr. Brooks Adams, who have turned upon their ancestors with a vengeful fury, crying, 'Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.' And I noticed only the other day that Mr. Robert Herrick was speaking remorsefully of Puritanism as an 'ancestral blight' in his veins. But the opinion is still more actively propagated by a literary group which comes out flatfootedly against the living Puritan as the enemy of freedom, of science, of beauty, of romance; as a being with unbreakable belief in his own bleak and narrow views; a Philistine, a hypocrite, a tyrant, of savage cruelty of attack, with a lust for barbarous persecution, and of intolerable dirty-mindedness.

Despite the 'plank' of universal sympathy in the rather hastily constructed literary platform of these young people, it is manifest that they are out to destroy the credit of the Puritan in America. We are not exceptionally rich in spiritual traditions. It would be a pity, by a persistent campaign of abuse, to ruin the credit of any good ones. One of the primary functions, indeed, of scholarship and letters is to connect us with the great traditions and to inspire us with the confidence and power which result from such a connection. Puritanism, rightly understood, is one of the vital, progressive, and enriching human traditions. It is a tradition peculiarly necessary to the health and the stability and the safe forward movement of a democratic society. When I consider from what antiquity it has come down to us and what vicissitudes it has survived, I do not fear its extermination; but I resent the misapprehension of its character and the aspersion of its name. Perhaps our insight into its true nature may be strengthened and our respect renewed, if we revisit its source and review its operations at some periods a little remote from the dust and diatribes of contemporary journalism.

IV

A good many ages before Rome was founded, or Athens, or ancient Troy, or Babylon, or Nineveh, there was an umbrageous banyan tree in India, in whose wide-spreading top and populous branches red and blue baboons, chimpanzees, gorillas, orang-outangs, and a missing group of anthropoid apes had chattered and fought and flirted and feasted and intoxicated themselves on cocoanut wine for a thousand years. At some date which I can't fix with accuracy, the clatter and mess and wrangling of arboreal simian society began to

pall on the heart of one of the anthropoid apes. He was not happy. He was afflicted with ennui. He felt stirring somewhere in the region of his diaphragm a yearning and capacity for a new life. His ideas were vague; but he resolved to make a break for freedom and try an experiment. He crawled nervously out to the end of his branch, followed by a few of his friends, hesitated a moment; then exclaimed abruptly, 'Here's where I get off,' dropped to the ground, lighted on his feet, and amid a pelting of decayed fruit and cocoanut shells and derisive shouts of 'precisian' and 'hypocrite,' walked off on his hind-legs into another quarter of the jungle and founded the human race. That was the first Puritan.

In the beginning, he had only a narrow vision; for his eyes were set near together, as you will see if you examine his skull in the museum. He had a vision of a single principle, namely, that he was to go upright, instead of on all fours. But he gradually made that principle pervade all his life; for he resolutely refrained from doing anything that he could not do while going upright. As habit ultimately made the new posture easy and natural, he found that there were compensations in it; for he learned to do all sorts of things in the erect attitude that he could not do, even with the aid of his tail, while he went on all-fours. So he began to rejoice in what he called 'the new freedom.' But to the eyes of the denizens of the banyan tree, he looked very ridiculous. They called him stiff-necked, strait-laced, unbending, and inflexible. But when they swarmed into his little colony of come-outers, on all fours, and began to play their monkey-tricks, he met them gravely and said: 'Walk upright, as the rest of us do, and you may stay and share alike with us. Otherwise, out you go.' And out some of them went, back to the banyan tree; and there, with the chimpanzees and the red and blue baboons, they still chatter over their cocoanut wine, and emit from time to time a scream of simian rage, and declare their straight-backed relative a tyrant, a despot, and a persecutor of his good old four-footed cousins.

You may say that this is only a foolish fable. But it contains all the essential features of the eternal Puritan: namely, dissatisfaction with the past, courage to break sharply from it, a vision of a better life, readiness to accept a discipline in order to attain that better life, and a serious desire to make that better life prevail — a desire reflecting at once his sturdy individualism and his clear sense for the need of social solidarity. In these respects all true Puritans, in all ages and places of the world, are alike. Everyone is dissatisfied with the past; everyone has the courage necessary to revolt; everyone has a vision; everyone has a discipline; and everyone desires his vision of the better life to prevail.

How do they differ among themselves? They differ in respect to the breadth and the details of their vision. Their vision is determined by the width of their eyes and by the lights of their age. According to the laws of human development, some of the lights go out from time to time, or grow dim, and new lights appear, and the vision changes from age to age.

What does not change in the true Puritan is the passion for improvement. What does not change is the immortal urgent spirit that breaks from the old forms, follows the new vision, seriously seeks the discipline of the higher life. When you find a man who is quite satisfied with the past and with the routine and old clothes of his ancestors, who has not courage for revolt and adventure, who cannot accept the discipline and hardship of a new life, and who

does not really care whether the new life prevails, you may be sure that he is not a Puritan.

But who are the Puritans? Aristotle recognized that there is an element of the Puritan in every man, when he declared that all things, by an intuition of their own nature, seek their perfection. He classified the desire for perfection as a fundamental human impulse. Still, we have to admit that in many men it must be classified as a victoriously suppressed desire. We can recognize men as Puritans only when they have released and expressed their desire for perfection.

Leopardi declared that Jesus was the first to condemn the world as evil, and to summon his followers to come out from it, in order to found a community of the pure in heart. But this is an historical error. Unquestionably Jesus was a Puritan in relation to a corrupt Jewish tradition and in relation to a corrupt and seriously adulterated pagan tradition. But every great religious and moral leader, Christian or pagan, has likewise been a Puritan: Socrates, Plato, Zeno, Confucius, Buddha. Every one of them denounced the world, asked his followers to renounce many of their instinctive ways, and to accept a rule and discipline of the better life — a rule involving a purification by the suppression of certain impulses and the liberation of others.

There is much talk of the austerities of the Puritan households of our forefathers, austerities which were largely matters of necessity. But two thousand years before these forefathers, there were Greek Stoics, and Roman Stoics, and Persian and Hindu ascetics, who were far more austere, and who practised the ascetic life from choice as the better life. There is talk as if Protestant Calvinism had suddenly in modern times introduced the novel idea of putting religious duty before gratification of the senses. But a thousand years before Knox and Calvin, there were Roman Catholic monasteries and hermitages, where men and women, with a vision of a better life, mortified the flesh far more bitterly than the Calvinists ever dreamed of doing. If contempt of earthly beauty and earthly pleasure were the works of Puritanism, then the hermit saints of Catholicism who lived before Calvin should be recognized as the model Puritans. But the hermit saint lacks that passion for making his vision prevail, lacks that practical sense of the need for social solidarity, which are eminent characteristics of the true Puritan, both within and without the Roman Church.

In the early Middle Ages the Roman Church, which also had a strong sense of the need for social solidarity, strove resolutely to keep the Puritans, whom it was constantly developing, within its fold and to destroy those who escaped. If I follow the course of those who successfully left the fold, it is not because many did not remain within; it is because the course of those who came out led them more directly to America. In the fourteenth century, John Wycliffe, the first famous English Puritan, felt that the Roman Church had become hopelessly involved with the 'world' on the one hand, and with unnatural, and therefore unchristian, austerities on the other, and that, in both ways, it had lost the purity of the early Christian vision of the better life. To obtain freedom for the better life, he became convinced that one must come out from the Roman Church, and must substitute for the authority of the pope the authority of the Bible as interpreted by the best scholarship of the age. He revolted, as he thought, in behalf of a life, not merely more religious, but also more actively and practically moral, and intellectually more honest. For him, accepting certain traditional doc-

trines meant acquiescence in ignorance and superstition. His followers, with the courage characteristic of their tradition, burned at the stake rather than profess faith in a 'feigned miracle.' True forerunners, they were, of the man of science who 'follows truth wherever it leads.'

A hundred and fifty years later the English Church as a whole revolted from the Roman, on essentially the grounds taken by Wycliffe; and under Mary its scholars and ministers by scores burned at the stake for their vision of the better life, which included above all what they deemed intellectual integrity. At that time, the whole English Church was in an essentially Puritan mood, dissatisfied with the old, eager to make the new vision prevail, fearless with the courage of the new learning, elate with the sense of national purification and intellectual progress.

But the word Puritan actually came into use first after the Reformation. It was applied in the later sixteenth century to a group within the English Church which thought that the national church had still insufficiently purged itself of Roman belief and ritual. Among things which they regarded as merely traditional and unscriptural, and therefore unwarrantable, was the government of the church by bishops, archdeacons, deacons, and the rest — the Anglican hierarchy. And when these officers began to suppress their protests, these Puritans began to feel that the English Church was too much involved with the world to permit them freedom for the practice of the better life. Accordingly, in the seventeenth century, they revolted as nonconformists or as separatists; and drew off into religious communities by themselves, with church governments of representative or democratic character, the principles of which were soon to be transferred to political communities.

If I recall here what is very familiar, it is to emphasize the swift, unresting onward movement of the Puritan vision of the good life. The revolt against the bishops became a revolution which shook the pillars of the Middle Ages and prepared the way for modern times. The vision, as it moves, broadens and becomes more inclusive. For the seventeenth-century Puritan, the good life is not merely religious, moral, and intellectual; it is also, in all affairs of the soul, a self-governing life. It is a free life, subject only to divine commands which each individual has the right to interpret for himself. The Puritan minister had, to be sure, a great influence; but the influence was primarily due to his superior learning. And the entire discipline of the Puritans tended steadily toward raising the congregation to the level of the minister. Their daily use of the Bible, their prompt institution of schools and universities, and the elaborate logical discourses delivered from the pulpits constituted a universal education for independent and critical free-thought.

Puritanism made every man a reasoner. And much earlier than is generally recognized, the Puritan mind began to appeal from the letter to the spirit of Scripture, from Scripture to scholarship, and from scholarship to the verdict of the philosophic reason. Says the first pastor of the Pilgrims: 'He that hath a right philosophical spirit and is but morally honest would rather suffer many deaths than call a pin a point or speak the least thing against his understanding or persuasion.' In John Robinson we meet a man with a deep devotion to the truth, and also with the humility to recognize clearly that he possesses but a small portion of truth. He conceives, indeed, of a truth behind the Bible itself, a truth which may be reached by other means than the Scripture, and which

was not beyond the ken of the wise pagans. 'All truth,' he declares, 'is of God. . . . Whereupon it followeth that nothing true in right reason and sound philosophy can be false in divinity. . . . I add, though the truth be uttered by the devil himself, yet it is originally of God.'

The delightful aspects of this 'Biblical Puritan,' besides the sweetness of his charity and his tolerance, are his lively perception that truth is something new, steadily revealing itself, breaking upon us like a dawn; and, not less significant, his recognition that true religion must be in harmony with reason and experience. 'Our Lord Christ,' he remarks — quietly yet memorably — 'calls himself truth, *not custom*.'

Cotton Mather, partly because of his connection with the witchcraft trials, has been so long a synonym for the unlovely features of the culture of his time and place, that even his biographer and the recent editors of his journal have quite failed to bring out the long stride that he made toward complete freedom of the mind. If the truth be told, Mather, like every Puritan of powerful original force, was something of a 'heretic.' For many years he followed a plainly mystical 'inner light.' His huge diary opens in 1681 with a statement that he has come to a direct agreement with the Lord Jesus Christ, and that no man or book, but the spirit of God, has shown him the way. He goes directly to the several persons of the Trinity, and transacts his business with them or with their ministering angels. There is an 'enthusiastic' element here; but one should observe that it is an emancipative element.

Experience, however, taught Mather a certain distrust of the mystical inner light. Experience with witches taught him a certain wariness of angels. In 1711, after thirty years of active service in the church, Mather writes in his diary this distinctly advanced criterion for inspiration: —

'There is a thought which I have often had in my mind; but I would now lay upon my mind a charge to have it oftener there: that the light of reason is the law of God; the voice of reason is the voice of God; we never have to do with reason, but at the same time we have to do with God; our submission to the rules of reason is an obedience to God. Let me as often as I have evident reason set before me, think upon it; the great God now speaks to me.'

Our judgment of Mather's vision must depend upon what reason told Mather to do. Well, every day of his life reason told Mather to undertake some good for his fellow men. At the beginning of each entry in his diary for a long period of years stand the letters 'G.D.,' which mean Good Designed for that day. 'And besides all this,' he declares, 'I have scarce at any time, for these five-and-forty years and more, so come as to stay in any company without considering whether no good might be done before I left it.' One sees in Mather a striking illustration of the Puritan passion for making one's vision of the good life prevail. 'It has been a maxim with me,' he says, 'that a power to do good not only gives a right unto it, but also makes the doing of it a duty. I have been made very sensible that by pursuing of this maxim, I have entirely ruined myself as to this world and rendered it really too hot a place for me to continue in.'

Mather has here in mind the crucial and heroic test of his Puritan spirit. Toward the end of his life, in 1721, an epidemic of smallpox swept over Boston. It was generally interpreted by the pious as a visitation of God. Mather, a student of science as well as of the Bible had read in the *Transactions of the Royal Society* reports of

successful inoculation against smallpox practised in Africa and among the Turks. He called the physicians of Boston together, explained the method, and recommended their experimenting with it. He also published pamphlets in favor of inoculation. He was violently attacked as opposing the decrees of God. In the face of a storm of opposition he inoculated his own child, who nearly died of the treatment. None the less, he persisted, and invited others to come into his house and receive the treatment, among them a fellow minister. Into the room where the patient lay, was thrown a bomb intended for Mather, which failed, however, to explode. To it was attached this note: 'Cotton Mather, you dog, damn you; I'll inoculate you with this, with a pox to you!'

Mather stood firm, would not be dissuaded, even courted martyrdom for the new medical truth. 'I had rather die,' he said, 'by such hands as now threaten my life than by a fever; and much rather die for my conformity to the blessed Jesus in essays to save life than for some truths, tho' precious ones, to which many martyrs testified formerly in the flames of Smithfield.'

Here, then, please observe, is the free Puritan mind in revolt, courageously insisting on making his new vision of the good life prevail, resolutely undertaking the discipline and dangers of experiment, and, above all, seeking what he calls the will of the 'blessed Jesus,' not in the Bible, but in a medical report of the Royal Society; thus fulfilling the spirit of Robinson's declaration that 'Our Lord Christ calls himself truth, *not custom*'; and illustrating Robinson's other declaration that true religion cannot conflict with right reason and sound experience. In Mather, the vision of the good life came to mean a rational and practical beneficence in the face of calumny and violence. For his conduct on this occasion, he deserves to have his sins forgiven, and to be ranked and remembered as a hero of the modern spirit.

He hoped that his spirit would descend to his son; but the full stream of his bold and original moral energy turned elsewhere. There was a Boston boy of Puritan ancestry, who had sat under Cotton Mather's father, who had heard Cotton Mather preach in the height of his power, and who said years afterward that reading Cotton Mather's book, *Essays to do Good*, 'gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good*, than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been . . . a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book.' This boy had a strong common sense. To him, as to Mather, right reason seemed the rule of God and the voice of God.

He grew up in Boston under Mather's influence, and became a free-thinking man of the world, entirely out of sympathy with strait-laced and stiff-necked upholders of barren rites and ceremonies. I am speaking of the greatest liberalizing force in eighteenth-century America, Benjamin Franklin. Was he a Puritan? Perhaps no one thinks of him as such. Yet we see that he was born and bred in the bosom of Boston Puritanism; that he acknowledges its greatest exponent as the prime inspiration of his life. Furthermore, he exhibits all the essential characteristics of the Puritan: dissatisfaction, revolt, a new vision, discipline, and a passion for making the new vision prevail. He represents, in truth, the reaction of a radical, a living Puritanism, to an age of intellectual enlightenment.

Franklin began his independent effort in a revolt against ecclesiastical

authority, as narrow and unrealistic. Recall the passage in his Autobiography where he relates his disgust at a sermon preached on the great text in Philippians: Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue, or any praise, think on these things. Franklin says that, in expounding this text, the minister confined himself to five points: keeping the Sabbath, reading the Scriptures, attending public worship, partaking of the sacraments, and respecting the ministers. Franklin recognized at once that there was no moral life in that minister, was 'disgusted,' and attended his preaching no more. It was the revolt of a living Puritanism from a Puritanism that was dead.

For, note what follows, as the consequence of his break with the church. 'It was about this time that I conceived,' says Franklin, 'the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time, and to conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into.' Everyone will recall how Franklin drew up his table of the thirteen real moral virtues, and how diligently he exercised himself to attain them. But, for us, the significant feature of his enterprise was the realistic spirit in which it was conceived: the bold attempt to ground the virtues on reason and experience rather than authority; the assertion of his doctrine 'that vicious actions are not hurtful because they are forbidden, but forbidden because they are hurtful, *the nature of man alone considered.*'

Having taken this ground, it became necessary for him to explore the nature of man and the universe. So Puritanism, which, in Robinson and Mather, was predominantly rational, becomes in Franklin predominantly scientific. With magnificent fresh moral force, he seeks for the will of God in nature, and applies his discoveries with immense practical benevolence to ameliorating the common lot of mankind, and to diffusing good-will among men and nations. Light breaks into his mind from every quarter of his century. His vision of the good life includes bringing every faculty of mind and body to its highest usefulness. With a Puritan emancipator like Franklin, we are not obliged to depend, for the opening of our minds, upon subsequent liberators devoid of his high reconstructive seriousness.

I must add just one more name, for the nineteenth century, to the history of our American Puritan tradition. The original moral force which was in Mather and Franklin passed in the next age into a man who began to preach in Cotton Mather's church, Ralph Waldo Emerson, descendant of many generations of Puritans. The church itself had now become Unitarian: yet, after two or three years of service, Emerson, like Franklin, revolted from the church; the vital force of Puritanism in him impelled him to break from the church in behalf of his vision of sincerity, truth, and actuality. 'Whoso would be a man,' he declares in his famous essay on Self-Reliance, 'must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the *name* of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness.'

No American ever lived whose personal life was more exemplary; or who expressed such perfect disdain of outworn formulas and lifeless routine. There is dynamite in his doctrine to burst tradition to fragments, when tradition has become an empty shell. 'Every actual state is corrupt,' he cries in one of his dangerous sayings; 'good men will not obey the laws too well.' To good men whose eyes are wide and full of light, there is always breaking a new vision of right reason, which is the will of God, and above the law. Emer-

son himself broke the Fugitive Slave Law, and in the face of howling Pro-Slavery mobs declared that John Brown would 'make the gallows glorious like the cross.'

That is simply the political aspect of his radical Puritanism. On the æsthetic side, Emerson disregarded the existing conventions of poetry to welcome Walt Whitman, who saluted him as master. Emerson hailed Walt Whitman because Whitman had sought to make splendid and beautiful the religion of a Puritan democracy; and a Puritan democracy is the only kind that we have reason to suppose will endure.

Let these two examples of Emerson's revolt and vision suffice to illustrate the modern operation of the Puritan spirit, its disdain for formalism and routine.

Now, our contemporary leaders of the attack against the modern Puritan declare that modern Puritanism means campaigns of 'snouting and suppression.' That, we should now be prepared to assert, is precisely and diametrically opposite to what modern Puritanism means. Modern Puritanism means the release, not the suppression, of power, welcome to new life, revolt from decay and death. With extravagant asceticism, with precisianism, modern Puritanism has nothing whatever to do.

What made the teaching of Emerson, for example, take hold of his contemporaries, what should commend it to us to-day, is just its unfailingly positive character; its relish for antagonisms and difficulty; its precept for the use of the spur; its restoration of ambition to its proper place in the formation of the manly character; its power to free the young soul from the fetters of fear and send him on his course like a thunderbolt; and, above all, its passion for bringing the whole of life for all men to its fullest and fairest fruit; its passion for emancipating, not merely the religious and moral, but also the intellectual and the political and social and æsthetic capacities of man, so that he may achieve the harmonious perfection of his whole nature, body and soul. To this vision of the good life, Puritanism has come by inevitable steps in its pilgrimage through the ages.

What have I been trying to demonstrate by this long review of the Puritan tradition? This, above all: that the Puritan is profoundly in sympathy with the modern spirit, is indeed the formative force in the modern spirit.

The Puritan is constantly discarding old clothes; but, being a well-born soul, he seeks instinctively for fresh raiment. Hence his quarrel with the Adamite, who would persuade him to rejoice in nakedness and seek no further.

Man is an animal, as the Adamites are so fond of reminding us. What escapes their notice is, that man is an animal constituted and destined by his nature to go on a pilgrimage in search of a shrine; and till he finds the shrine, constrained by his nature to worship the Unknown God. This the Puritan has always recognized. And this, precisely, it is that makes the Puritan a better emancipator of young souls than our contemporary Adamite.

A great part of our lives, as we all feel in our educational period, is occupied with learning how to do and to be what others have been and have done before us. But presently we discover that the world is changing around us, and that the secrets of the masters and the experience of our elders do not wholly suffice to establish us effectively in our younger world. We discover within us needs, aspirations, powers, of which the generation that educated us seems unaware, or toward which it appears to be indifferent, unsympathetic, or even actively hostile. We perceive gradually or with successive shocks of

surprise that many things which our fathers declared were true and satisfactory are not at all satisfactory, are by no means true, for us. Then it dawns upon us, perhaps as an exhilarating opportunity, perhaps as a grave and sobering responsibility, that in a little while we ourselves shall be the elders, the responsible generation. Our salvation in the day when we take command will depend, we believe, upon our disentanglement from the lumber of heirlooms and hereditary devices, and upon the free, wise use of our own faculties.

At that moment, if we have inherited, not the Puritan heirlooms, but the living Puritan tradition, we enter into the modern spirit. By this phrase I mean, primarily, the disposition to accept nothing on authority, but to bring all reports to the test of experience. The modern spirit is, first of all, a free spirit open on all sides to the influx of truth, *even from the past.* But freedom is not its only characteristic. The modern spirit is marked, further, by an active curiosity, which grows by what it feeds upon, and goes ever inquiring for fresher and sounder information, not content till it has the best information to be had anywhere. But since it seeks the best, it is, by necessity, also a critical spirit, constantly sifting, discriminating, rejecting, and holding fast that which is good, only till that which is better is within sight. This endless quest, when it becomes central in a life, requires labor, requires pain, requires a measure of courage; and so the modern spirit, with its other virtues, is an heroic spirit. As a reward for difficulties gallantly undertaken, the gods bestow on the modern spirit a kind of eternal youth, with unfailing powers of recuperation and growth.

To enter into this spirit is what the Puritan means by freedom. He does not, like the false emancipator, merely cut us loose from the old moorings and set us adrift at the mercy of wind and tide. He comes aboard, like a good pilot; and while we trim our sails, he takes the wheel and lays our course for a fresh voyage. His message when he leaves us is not, 'Henceforth be masterless,' but, 'Bear thou henceforth the sceptre of thine own control through life and the passion of life.' If that message still stirs us as with the sound of a trumpet, and frees and prepares us, not for the junketing of a purposeless vagabondage, but for the ardor and discipline and renunciation of a pilgrimage, we are Puritans.

THINGS SEEN AND HEARD

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

I

My academic orbit is not too rigid to permit an occasional deviation into the outer world. At such times I direct my steps into the neighboring City of Destruction, where, in a lofty building, is one of those centres of light and leading which punctuate the darkness of the metropolis. The structure is not externally remarkable, but the modest fraction of it assigned to my activities is certainly no ordinary apartment.

The extraordinary thing about my classroom is its sides. One is formed by a vast accordion door, loosely fitting, as is the manner of such doors. It faithfully conceals the persons behind it and their every action, while it as faithfully transmits all they may have to say. Theirs is an eloquent concealment. From the sounds that well through the ample interstices of that door, we gather that it is psychology that is going on in the adjoining room. The fascinating affirmations of that most intimate science break in upon our occasional pauses with startling effect. It is thus beyond doubt that theology should always be inculcated to a psychological *obbligato*, an accompaniment of the study of the mind.

Even more unusual is the other side of the room. From floor to ceiling it is all of plate-glass, not meanly divided into little squares, but broadly spaced, so that you are hardly conscious it is there. Through it you may behold, as in an aquarium, a company of men and women going through many motions but making no sound. A tall romantic youth, presumably the teacher, stands before them, and they rise up and sit down for no perceptible reason and to no apparent purpose. One of them will get up and stand for a long time, and then will as suddenly and causelessly sit down again. At other times, even more distressing, they are all motionless. Lips move, but they give forth no sound. It is like a meeting of the deaf-and-dumb society. Worst of all, they will sometimes unanimously and quite without warning rise in their places, simultaneously adjust their wraps, and silently depart. It is as if they all suddenly realize that they have had enough of it. You know that you have. There is something weird in all this soundless action, this patient motiveless mechanical down-sitting and uprising, something far more distracting even than in those disembodied psychological voices that murmur in our ears.

But much more disturbing than either of these extraordinary neighbors of our reflections is their combination. The sounds that come through the door do not tally with the sights that come through the glass. What you hear bears no relation to what you see. It does not even contradict it. There is a war in your members. Your senses do not agree.

And yet you are haunted by the notion that what you are hearing has something to do with what you are seeing. When someone asks a question

behind the door at your left and someone makes a motion beyond the glass at your right, you instinctively try to relate the two. But in vain; there is no relation. Especially when all the visibles get up and leave, it seems as if it must be because of something the audibles have said. Nevertheless, the audibles go right on psychologizing, entirely oblivious of the visibles' departure.

Reflection has satisfied me that much confusion of the modern mind is due to the incongruity of what we hear and what we see. The conditions of my quaint lecture-room are typical. You look about upon a community of earnest hard-working people, soberly doing their daily work at business and at home. But you pick up the Home Edition, and read of a very different world of violence and vice. All its men are scoundrels and its women quite different from those you see, to say the least. You have long been assured that this is the Age of Reason; but observation finds little to support the claim. The Age of Impulse would seem as good a guess. You hear that the League of Nations is dead, but on visiting the movies you are astonished to see it in session and to find that it yet speaketh. You are told on all hands that everything about the war was a failure, and yet, as a whole, it seems to have accomplished its immediate end. You hear much lamentation over the sensationalism of the press, but as you read it, it is its conventionality that oftener leaves you mourning. The newspapers show you a comfortable view of the steel strike, but the cook's brother, who was one of the strikers, tells you something entirely different. With a laudable desire to preserve your reason, you do your best to cultivate the virtues of blindness, deafness, insensibility, and unbelief. Yet you are sometimes just a little bewildered. Your universe is not unified.

The most disturbing thing is not that things seen and things heard contradict each other: that we might learn to allow for. The great trouble is that they seem to bear no relation to each other at all. Most political talk is of this description. It has nothing to do with the case. It is like the effort of a young friend of mine who, on being asked to translate a well-known passage of Epictetus, produced the following: —

'If teachings are no longer the reasons of all things, and who has false doctrines, how much should be the cause, and as such the destruction.'

That mythical creature, the American of British fiction, so boldly portrayed by Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Buchan, Mr. Oppenheim, and Mr. Doyle, much as we love and enjoy him, is, it must be confessed, little known save by reputation on this side of the sea. He is fiction in the strictest sense. Like Mr. De Quincey's unfortunate reporter, *non est inventus*. But he is not the less popular among us for being an imported article. He is so rich, so ready, so unspoiled, so clear-eyed, clean-limbed, nasal-toned, poker-faced, and best of all (true to the great traditions of his country), so quick on the trigger!

The trouble is not merely that the things we hear we never see, but that the things we see we never hear. For how extraordinary is the sensation when you hear of something you have seen! Perhaps it is only an accident. Do you not yearn to rise up and cry out, 'I saw that! I was there'? It is because, for once, things seen coincide with things heard.

Brain-proud men of science sourly say that Greek is dead. But to the Grecian mind it is refreshing to observe that familiarity with Greek is now extraordinarily widespread in this country. This is all the more fascinating at a time when the practical educators have triumphantly excluded the study of

Greek from most institutions of learning, as an impractical subject, not suited to the training of a materialistic people.

As I look about the world in which I live, I observe that every high-school boy or girl knows his Greek letters. He does not have to be compelled to learn them. He wishes to learn them. He would feel humiliated if he did not learn them. He would be looked down upon by his companions as a person without social ideals. His college brothers are equally conversant with the eponym of all alphabets. So are their sisters and their sweethearts. They may not know the rule of three or the multiplication table; they may be without a single formula of chemistry or a solitary principle of physics; but, rely upon it, they will know their Greek letters. Their parents will know them, too. They will learn them at their children's knee, in all docility and eagerness, for fear of disgracing themselves and their offspring by not always and everywhere distinguishing the illustrious Tau Omicron Pi's from the despised Nu Upsilon Tau's. The fact is, it is difficult to be even a successful delivery boy in our community without knowing one's Greek letters.

I doubt whether the Greek alphabet was ever more widely and favorably known than now. In our midst the celebrated Cato could not have survived till eighty without learning it.

I shudder to think what anguish this must cause the practical educators aforesaid, as they walk abroad and see every house boldly and even brazenly labeled with the hated letters. Even their own favorite students, who show promise in the use of test-tubes and microscopes, insist upon labeling themselves with more of the Greek alphabet. Why will they not be content to call their honor societies by some practical Anglo-Saxon name, like the Bread and Brick Club, or the Gas and Gavel? But no! These rational considerations have no force with our youth. Nothing will satisfy them but more Greek letters. I have seen a man use twelve of them, or just half the alphabet, to set forth his social and learned affiliations.

Of course, to us Greek professors, shambling aimlessly about the streets with nothing to do, these brass signs are like the faces of old friends (no offense, I hope), and remind us of the names of the books of Homer, if nothing more.

But the Greek renaissance has gone much further than the alphabet. It pervades science. It is positively nonplussing to hear one's scientific friends rambling on in the language of Aristotle and Euclid, with their atoms and ions, their cryoscopes and cephalalgias, their sepsis, analysis, and autopsies. The fact is, they really talk very little but Greek, which is one reason why we all admire them so. They are greatest when they are most Greek; and were their Greek vocabulary suddenly taken from them, half their books would shrivel into verbs. Three fourths of them are indeed teaching Greek as hard as they can, though mercifully unconscious of the fact.

The Greek, on seeing a queer animal, waited till it was dead and then counted its toes. He thus soon knew enough to make a distinction between genus and species, which zoölogists are still talking about. Whence it comes about that our little Greek friends, the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus, are household favorites still. Consistent people who object to Greek will expunge these words from their vocabulary.

The Greek conquest of our social youth and of our grizzled age is nothing, however, to its triumphs in commerce. Here both letters and vocabulary come into their own. It must be

admitted that we English-speaking people are poor word-makers. Only in moments of rare inspiration do we achieve a Nabisco or a Mazola. But in this age of new creations one of Adam's chief needs is names for the bewildering things he sees about him. How indispensable to us inarticulate moderns is the voluble Greek! Like one who hides a thimble for you to find, he has named everything in advance, and all we have to do is to discover it. From Alpha Beer to Omega Oil, from Antikamnia to Sozodont, the Greek has taught us names. Even automobile is half Greek, which is really what makes it desirable. Who would want an ipsomobile? And Solon and moron, those twin pillars of the journalistic vocabulary, without which no newspaper could exist a week, are pure Grecian. When I attend the funeral of Greek, therefore, as I am constantly invited to do, I am comforted to observe old Greek himself and his whole family, thinly disguised, heading the chief mourners.

II

Nowhere is the contrast between things seen and things heard more striking than in language. Very conscientious people have observed this and, fearful of seeming something other than they are, have evolved phonetic spelling. Witty people like Max Beerbohm and Josh Billings have observed it too, and made such use of it as 'Yures til deth,' and '"The laibrer iz werthi ov hiz hire," an that iz aul.' Children are proficient here. One I know recently addressed a letter to his 'Dere ant LN.' 'Nit mittenz ar the kynd,' as they spell at Lake Placid. An intelligent-looking man steps in front of you at the club, and murmurs a deferential 'Skewmy,' to which you suavely reply, 'Doughmeshnit.' No one has ever been able to reproduce conversation in print. The gulf between the words we see and the words we say is too great. Feeble efforts in this direction are sometimes made by ambitious writers, but the truth is that, from the standpoint of the printed page, we all speak in dialect.

The fact is, almost everything we hear is more or less conventionalized in type or in telling. People exchange fragments of news, or funny stories of a few familiar types. Newspaper items can easily be grouped under five or six thoroughly conventional heads. An observant friend once remarked that the women of literature were mere pallid contrivances compared to the actual ones we know, and I was really startled to perceive that he was right. Even in books no one will go to the pains of relating things as unconventionally as they really happen. We are accustomed to stereotypes, and we expect and desire them. In reality, of course, things happen much more intricately than anyone will bother to report them, or to hear them reported. This is probably what is meant when we say that truth is stranger than fiction. It is vastly more complex.

Take a simple example. As you plod homeward of an autumn morning, fatigued by the labors of the professorial day, you are met by a colleague of high degree, who declares that he has been looking for you. Will you go and meet the Cardinal? Like the Sage of Concord, you like a church, you like a cowl, and you are careful not to say No, as you conceal your gratification and fence for more definite information. You fortify yourself by the reflection that you have encountered cardinals and dukes before this, and struggle to remember which is His Eminence and which His Grace. It seems that the Archbishop is to bring the Cardinal out from the other end of town, and at one-fifteen they will hesitate at a certain down-town corner long enough to pick

you up. All you have to do is to carry your cap and gown, to mark you off from the passing throng. And you would better give the motor-cycle man who will lead the way a memorandum of the route he is to follow.

You do not decline. You move on homeward, thinking quite without effort of some flattering things you will say to the Archbishop and some observations you will address to the Cardinal. In particular, you decide to ask him if, when the German Cardinal condescendingly remarked, 'We will not speak of war,' he really did answer, 'We will not speak of peace.' Your simple preparations are soon made, and you make your way down-town in some preoccupation.

Promptness has been said to be the courtesy of princes and you do not wish to disappoint a Prince of the Church. At one-five you take your stand at the curb beside the streaming boulevard. Traffic is at its highest. You are less inconspicuous than you could wish, for no one else is carrying an academic cap in his hand and a doctor's gown upon his arm. But to conceal these accoutrements may defeat the purpose of your vigil. It is precisely by a wave of that Oxford cap that you are to bring the whole proud sacerdotal cortège, motor-cycles and all, to a stop. You scan each south-bound car with eagerness. It becomes one-fifteen. The Archbishop is the soul of promptitude. He should be almost here. You perceive approaching a particularly stately limousine, which conforms to your preconceived ideas of the archiepiscopal in automobiles. It proves to be empty. You have now scanned hundreds of passing cars. It is one-twenty — one-twenty-five — one-thirty. Great Heavens! Have you missed the Cardinal's car, Archbishop and all? Even in your dawning dismay habits of scientific observation reassert themselves. The stately limousine you had once taken for his reappears, from the same direction as before and still empty. You are not mistaken. You recognize the chauffeur. You almost think he recognizes you. It strikes you that these cars that you have been seeing are not all different ones, but are simply circling about before you, like Cæsar's army on the stage.

It is two o'clock. You despair. The party has eluded you. It has probably already arrived at the University, having gone out some other way. After all, why should you have escorted the Cardinal out? He is escorted everywhere by two archbishops, five motor-cops, five plain-clothes men, and a civilian guard of honor. This should suffice. He is indeed a stranger in the city, but he can hardly go astray. You begin to feel sadly superfluous, yet, following a Casabiancan instinct, you stay on. A friend who has observed your situation goes into the club and telephones. He returns to inform you that, owing to the Cardinal's fatigue, the programme has been postponed one hour. It is two-ten. You observe that it is just time for him now to be appearing. The stately and mysterious limousine, already twice seen, now passes for the third time. It is still vacant.

The mystery of it fascinates you. Is it inextricably caught in the circling current, like some flying Dutchman on wheels, powerless to make a port? It occurs to you that, if the cars before you are in some instances merely running around in circles, the foot-passengers behind you may be doing the same thing. Two-twenty-five, and again that silent, vacant, funereal limousine sweeps by, for the fourth time. It is getting on your nerves. Is it possible that public-spirited owners send their limousines on idle afternoons to circle showily about the Avenue, hour after hour, to swell the concourse and thus contribute their mite, as it were, to the

gayety of nations? Or is this mysterious vehicle, with its hawk-like circling, bent on some sinister errand of abduction, or worse?

But at this instant a police-gong clangs down the thronging street. Five motor-cops appear, and in the car behind them a mediæval saint, a modern archbishop, and divers celebrities such as one sees in guards of honor. One knows them instinctively by their tall hats, and observes that there are still occasions for such hats — the cardinal points of existence, as it were. But you have scarcely registered this observation and handed the leading motor-policeman his typewritten instructions, when you are aware that one of the hats is pointing you to the second car. You turn swiftly to it. The gentlemen in it spring out with surprising agility and make a place for you among them. The cortège has hardly stopped. The nimble gentlemen spring in again (the car is an open one), and you are off.

You experience a momentary disappointment that you are not to hobnob with the illustrious prelates, but bend your attention upon their distinguished representatives about you. They are little given to conversation. If they are not communicative, neither are they inquisitive. They are of a negative demeanor. They drive at a frightful speed, shepherding all other traffic to the curb out of their way as they advance. They achieve this flattering effect by blowing a siren, sounding a loud gong, and hurling deep-throated objurgations, much deeper than you are accustomed to, at anyone who crosses their path. Who are these supreme autocrats, you ask yourself? Mere money could not behave thus. A suspicion crosses your mind and you ask what car this is. You are informed that it is the Police Car!

Of course, you do in the end meet the Cardinal and set his feet upon the long carpet pontifically stretched for his reception. That is all there is to be said about it. You did meet the Cardinal, and you 'acted' (admirable word!) as his escort. But as you look back upon that day, that bald statement does not summarize or even adumbrate its impressions.

III

In one respect alone that I detect does observation agree with rumor. Both are generally inconclusive. Miss Repplier has recently remarked how frequently one who reads is told the beginnings of things and left to conjecture the end. It is just as true of life. We are always wondering what 'finally' became of this man and that, once of our acquaintance, and of this movement or that, once brought to our ears. Life and print are alike full of mysterious fragments, which we have not time to fit into their exact places in the general order.

Domestic rearrangements drove me, on a recent winter night, to go to rest in a room at the back of the house, overlooking what I call the garden. Before retiring I put up a window, so that a refreshing whiff of the stock-yards might perfume my dreams and reassure me that there was no immediate danger of famine.

The night was cold, and my efforts at slumber were frustrated by a strange, steadily recurring sound like a man shoveling coal or clearing frozen slush from a sidewalk. But the hour, between eleven and twelve, seemed an improbable time for such operations. About midnight, however, it ceased and I fell asleep.

The next morning I mentioned the sound to a member of the family who had also been sleeping on the garden-side of the house, and she declared that she too had noticed it and been much mystified about it. It did not seem a

reasonable time to shovel off the hardened snow — for it was, of course, hardest at night, when the thermometer was low. What was my astonishment, however, when I retired on the following night, to hear the same harsh, grating, sound patiently repeated for an hour or two toward midnight. I thought again of the possibility that it was coal that was being shoveled. Perhaps some poor unfortunate neighbor was hoarding coal, and his enjoyment took the form of shoveling his hoard over and over, and gloating over it through the midnight hours. This theory appealed to me strongly as I lay awake and listened to the sound, until I noticed that the shoveled stuff, whatever it was, made no sound when it fell. It therefore could not be coal.

It must, of course, be snow, or at least must fall upon a bed of snow, which made it noiseless. But why this tireless shoveling of hardened snow from the concrete walks night after night in the dead vast and middle of the night? Was it some wretch who had formerly neglected his sidewalks and so wrought an involuntary homicide, who now, sleepless with remorse, must pick away with ringing shovel at the icy crust till midnight came to his relief? I never learned.

Should these lines ever meet the eye of an elderly seafaring man, a pigeon-tamer by trade, who called upon me last Saturday on his way home to Pittsburgh from his second mother-in-law's funeral five miles from Madison, Wisconsin, which he had attended because he considered a wife the best friend a man has in the world, and his second wife, with whom he had become acquainted through advancing her eight dollars to enable her to reach Pittsburgh, was one whom he could not surpass if he married a thousand times; but in returning from which to Chicago by train, overcome by grief and fatigue, he had been robbed of all his money except fourteen dollars and was forced in consequence to seek out his old employer, a professor variously pronounced Riddle, Griggle, and Gridley, but spelled Lelley, in default of finding whom or the grand master of his fraternal order in Englewood, he was reduced to borrowing enough money to make up the price of a ticket to Pittsburgh, or four dollars and eighty-seven cents, from me, a perfect stranger — I should be glad to hear from him again. Till when, I shall continue to reflect on the disparity of what I have seen with what I have heard. Perhaps he was an actor out of work. If so, the performance was worth something, and it certainly had a plot.

AT THIRTY

BY EMMA LAWRENCE

I

LINDA MAINWARING awoke to consciousness on the morning of her thirtieth birthday rather reluctantly. It was a day she had dreaded; for although her twenties had been somewhat turbulent, she had, on the whole, enjoyed them; and they had been, at least, intensely interesting. She was a person with great zest for life; but now, as she lay in her bed, it seemed to her that she had passed through every emotional crisis, in the last ten years, that a woman is capable of; and that there was very little left that life could hold besides stodgy and comfortable existence.

It was a long time that she lay there, thinking, before she rang the bell which would summon her maid, her mail, and her breakfast. She rather wondered that, at the end of thirty years, she felt so tremendously fit, so interested and eager for whatever the future might hold for her, so fearful that it might contain nothing that would not prove an anti-climax to all she had already experienced. She was rather given to self-analysis, and it interested her to compare the woman she was to-day with the girl who, ten years before, had married Harry Mainwaring. She told herself with some humor that, in spite of many lost illusions and the added years, she greatly preferred herself at thirty.

'What a horrible little thing I must have been,' she thought, 'half-doll and half-animal; and if I had any brains, they were sound asleep. Yet how important and how confident I felt; how convinced that no one else was capable of such ideals or of such love as Harry's and mine.'

This trend of thought brought her to considering another situation which the day held for her. To-day her divorce became absolute; from to-day on, she would be as free to plan her own life, dream her own dreams, think her own thoughts, as she had been before she married. Only the voices of her three little girls, whom she could faintly hear chattering at their schoolroom breakfast, could make her married life vivid to her. Financially she had always been less dependent on Harry than he on her; the house she lived in she had been born in and been married from. Yet she felt entirely free from bitterness for the experiences of the past ten years. Nothing could be entirely regretted that had helped to transform the sensual little doll that had been Linda Emmett into the clear-eyed, clean-witted Linda Mainwaring. There was no room for bitterness in her, no room for resentment for the forces that had tempered her, the fire that had left her pliable.

She marveled that Harry cared to use this glorious new freedom that she was reveling in, to form other bonds. He was to be married at noon to a woman in whom Linda, from a slight acquaintance, could discover nothing to equal this thrill of youth, recaptured through freedom. Passion was so dead in her that she was apt to forget it as a factor in other people's lives; and, as a

matter of fact, so distasteful was the memory of her own experience, she made a point of ignoring it. What could Harry possibly find in marriage with a commonplace little woman, she wondered, to compensate for this magnificent liberty?

While she wondered at his desire to reënter the holy state of matrimony, she resented it not at all. She was, in fact, rather grateful to the woman who, in making herself responsible for Harry's future, rendered Linda infinitely freer than the judge's decree alone could have done. But she was sorry on the children's account for the newspaper notoriety which the wedding would evoke. Philippa, aged eight, was too wise a child to be put off much longer with evasions; and in a house full of servants with careless tongues, an intelligent child could learn a good deal about her parents. The divorce itself had been very decently conducted, and the little arrangement which made Harry beneficiary for life of a trust fund created for the children, on condition that he gave up all claim to them, had never been made public. It had always been a quality of Harry's that Linda had despised, — though it had worked times innumerable to her advantage, — that money was an argument he could never resist; and when she had signed the check for the sum for which her lawyer was to be trustee, she realized gratefully that she fully compensated Harry for any loss he might sustain.

She was free, then. Thirty years old and free; not only from marital ties — spinsters of thirty are free from those, but they are still prisoners in the house of life, peering with curious eyes into love's garden, trying surreptitiously to inhale the fragrance and see the colors of the flowers. Linda had lived in the garden the whole season, and watched the flowers from fresh bud to withered stalk; now the gate at the end was ajar, and she stood gazing with eager eyes on a far horizon.

Thirty years old and free — when the power of youth and the wisdom which experience can give meet for a brief space. There was so much to do and so much to do with. Linda felt that, at this moment, the vitality of her body found its complement in the virility of her mind. The dark room suddenly seemed to stifle her; there was not time, with all she wanted to accomplish, for mornings in bed and breakfast on a tray; those had belonged to that half-numbed creature whom circumstance had so nearly wrecked. She would have to steer her boat clear from the sluggish current it had drifted into; she wanted to find the fast-flowing river where there were other boats to compete with; and of what use her certificate of pilot, if she could not avoid the rapids?

II

The maid came in response to her bell, and in a moment the room was flooded with sunlight. Hermence brought a handful of letters and papers before the breakfast-tray appeared; people were making a point of being nice to Linda — a fact she appreciated, though their attentions bored her. Her mail was full of notes from women, including invitations with their birthday congratulations. There was one letter which really interested her, and that was from a man. It read: —

My dear Linda, —

You must admit that I've respected your wish to be let alone for the past few months; but is n't it time to let down the bars a little? Are n't you making a mistake in thinking you can build up your life again irrespective of your friends? Even if you blame a few people (and, by the way, a remarkably silly set of people) who happened to be

your intimates for a few years, you can't eschew the whole race of your contemporaries and expect to make very much of the time left you. It's rather ridiculous in you, Linda, to despise all motion because you could n't keep up with a fast set. So, unless you absolutely forbid me, I'm coming out to see you to-morrow. For one reason, it's your birthday; and for another, there are n't any rules in the etiquette book on how to behave on your husband's wedding-day; and at least you can talk to me, which you can't to Philippa or Tiny.

Yours always,

LEIGH VANE.

Linda digested this with her breakfast. She had long ago ceased to wonder that Leigh Vane rushed in upon ground where the most tactful of ministering angels could not have trodden; yet she knew he was as wholesome for her as are sun and air for a fever patient. Many times in the past few years he had opened windows letting in light to the sick-room of her almost morbid brain. In a way, his letter took the edge off the mood in which she found herself prepared to face life; only a short time ago she had felt that she was ready for whatever the future held for her; but she realized now that she had wanted nothing so disturbing to her tranquillity as this meeting with Vane to happen at once. She was quite willing to enjoy her peace superficially, without stirring any of the depths of thought which he invariably discovered in her; nor did she want to be scolded for the philosophy of little resistance upon which she planned to erect her life. Vane, who appreciated only what he gained by his own labor, was not always sympathetic to Linda's moods. She had once told him that he made accomplishment his God, and had lost all temperament in his mania for efficiency.

As she dressed for riding, she regarded herself very critically. In the past months she had been a bit slack about her personal appearance, but she realized that her physical attractiveness was no less an asset than her mentality. She certainly did not look thirty: she was still essentially young in the slimness of her figure and the contour of her face; the hair was bright and luxuriant; and if the light eyes were a little hard, the mouth was adorable. She was, moreover, lucky in that supreme gift of wearing her clothes well and in being blessed with a skin that every color became. She was considered a beauty, but in reality she was more dependent on a certain dramatic quality than on any perfection of line.

She had ordered her horse at ten, and there was much to be attended to now she was up and dressed. Her house, her servants, and the welfare of her children brought duties which she treated with serious consideration, though the result produced so smooth a mechanism that a casual critic might have failed to recognize the personality which lay behind it.

It was a delightful day. The sun beat down with the first radiance that everything alive must respond to; the fresh wind from the northwest seemed to be engaged in a gigantic housecleaning to remove any traces of the old tenant before spring took up her definite abode. Linda, mounted on a young chestnut thoroughbred, enjoyed her ride hugely. It made her feel even more enthusiastic about life in general and her own in particular, than she had in the confining walls of her house. In this riot of sun and air, face to face with this colossal transformation that the world undertook every year, her own immediate problems took on their relative proportions. Harry's marriage, her own birthday, her meeting with Leigh Vane, all proved themselves in Nature's

scheme of things as trivial as the dandelions that were beginning to star the fields she rode through. It was enough for the moment just to live and enjoy, to let the sun reawaken all that the winter of her discontent had felt die within her; enough to let this clean wind freshen the habitation of her mind and make it fit for the Linda Mainwaring who was preparing to abide there.

Her thoughts were distracted from herself by a chance meeting with a neighbor, a man too closely connected with the old order of her existence to render him entirely welcome. He was the husband of a woman who had once been a boon companion of the Mainwarings; and though Linda had often felt that he did not entirely endorse her, he apparently was making an effort to be cordial to-day, probably because he approved of Harry still less. As he was riding for exercise, he joined her, making civil remarks about the weather. It was obviously difficult for him to bring his conversation down to any local topic for fear of wounding her susceptibilities; but at last he ventured to mention a mutual friend who was not too closely connected with the somewhat unsavory memories they shared in common.

'I see that your friend Leigh Vane is slated for great things,' he said. 'If they run him for governor and he does pull it off, at his age, there's no telling where he'll end up.'

She was interested at once.

'Are they considering running him, then? I have n't seen Leigh for ages; and while I knew he was always dabbling in politics, I had no idea they really took him as seriously as that.'

'He is very well thought of in the state to-day,' the neighbor told her. 'He did a big thing in keeping out of the congressional election last year, and the powers that be are n't always ungrateful. He ought to have a chance, because, if a good man is put up for our party, he'll poll a good many votes from the Democrats. Their man, you see, is a renegade from the Roman Church, and so Leigh has a hope of that vote.'

'I do hope he'll win out,' Linda said. 'He's exactly the type of man who ought to go in for politics in this country at a time like this. I must leave you here,' she added, 'as I'm going home through the woods. It's been awfully nice to see you.'

She nodded and turned her horse, starting off briskly through the sun-dappled path, glad to be alone again.

She had lunch with the little girls and their governess. When the clock struck twice, as they finished, it occurred to her that their father was already the husband of another woman. As the two younger girls left the dining-room with Mademoiselle, Philippa dawdled behind, apparently eager to converse with her mother. She waited, with the intuitive tact that children sometimes display, until they were alone in the room, before she put the question which had been troubling her ever since she had overhead a conversation between the servants that morning.

'Mother,' she said, 'how can Daddy marry somebody else? Caroline told Hermence this morning it was a wonder you felt like riding horseback at the very hour of your husband's wedding.'

Linda had been expecting some such question, but it found her with no ready answer. She was almost tempted to evade it, to chide Philippa for listening to the servants' gossip; but she knew that would in no way check the ideas forming in the busy little head.

'I am sorry you heard Caroline,' she said at last. 'I had hoped you need know nothing about it until you were older, when of course I should have explained it to you myself. You knew that Daddy did n't live here with us

any more because Daddy and I are not married any longer.'

'Is n't he our father any more?' asked Philippa.

'Yes, he's your father still, and because he's your father you must always love him and believe the best of him. You see, when he and I were married, we loved each other very much, so it was right for us to be married and have you and Tiny and Nancy for children; but after we found we did n't care, it became wrong to live together the way people do who love each other.'

'Did you get unmarried?' queried Philippa.

'So we got unmarried,' answered her mother. 'Only it's called getting divorced, and that left Daddy free to marry again, someone whom he did love.'

'How do you get di — divorced?' the child asked. 'Is it like a wedding? Do you go to church and have music and flowers and wear a white dress like Aunt Tina's?'

'It is n't like a wedding at all, dear. When people are married, it is a very happy time; but there is nothing happy about a divorce. It is very sad when two people, who planned to live all their lives together, find they don't love each other enough to make it possible.'

'Are you very sad, mother?'

She wished she could answer truthfully that she was. It seemed so terrible to have to explain the sordid tragedy of divorce, and to admit that it had left her almost untouched. All the arguments which she had used a few months before in justifying the course she had determined to pursue appeared so futile in the face of Philippa's bewildered gaze.

'I'm not very sad any longer,' she answered at last. 'You see, I have you three girls to make me happy; and if I had never married Daddy, I should never have had you. And we will hope that Daddy will be very happy, too, won't we?'

She tried to smile and started to rise from her chair, hoping that her rather lame explanation had satisfied the child; but Philippa had one more question.

'Then will you marry somebody, too?'

This time Linda was able to laugh.

'Oh, dear, no,' she said. 'I don't want to marry anybody. We shall all be very contented here just as we always have been. Run along now, my darling, and remember that mother has been telling you things she does n't want you to talk about with anyone, not even Mademoiselle or the little girls. If there's anything you don't understand, you're to ask me.'

III

They left the dining-room together, Philippa to prepare for her afternoon drive in the pony-cart, and Linda to read up on any political news she could find before Vane should appear. She discovered, however, that it was almost impossible to keep her mind on the printed pages, so often did her thoughts revert to her conversation with Philippa. She had not meant to make light to the child of the sanctity of marriage; yet it seemed impossible to explain the enormity of the step she and Harry had taken, and she doubted whether Philippa's psychology would not be more affected if she found her parents in a position which they themselves questioned.

But her pleasure in the day had gone, and Vane found her as he very possibly expected to find her when he had chosen this particular time to prove his friendship. It would have surprised and probably shocked him had he discovered Linda in her mood of the morning. As it was, he had the satisfaction of drawing her out of herself by talking

to her openly of his own prospects. He had a delightful personality, and as he always took it for granted that women are no less interested in the broader topics of life than men, he took the same pains to talk well to them.

When he had broken down the barriers of her reserve, and they were again on their old footing, he began to question her about herself. He approved her attitude: she had been dignified and yet she had won the sympathy of everyone, simply by making no bid for it. He found her distinctly improved, and told her so.

'You've grown up,' he told her; 'not old, you understand, because, as a matter of fact, you look younger than ever, but you strike one now as an intelligent adult being.'

'I'd like to strike you as an adult being,' she answered, making a little face at him; but she was not displeased to be again talking personalities with a man who was interested in her. She told him how keen she was to make up for all the time she had lost on things which had proved so deplorably worthless, and how eager she felt to reconstruct her life on more rugged lines.

'One part of life is so entirely over,' she said, 'and that's the only part I know anything about. It's rather hard to know where to begin afresh.'

'Meaning, I suppose,' Vane answered, 'that your career as a wife is closed? My dear Linda, you have only just learned how to be a wife for a man; not a boy, you understand, but a grown-up man who wants a grown-up woman. Not,' he added, 'that your present frame of mind is n't a very healthy one until the right man comes along. You can't afford a second mistake.'

This was going a little far, even for Leigh. Linda became intensely serious.

'I wish you would try to appreciate the situation,' she said. 'You say I seem to have grown up, and I assure you that it is true, if it is only in the way I look at the things which I accepted so lightly a few months ago. While I find myself happier to-day than I have been since I outgrew my infatuation for Harry and have seen him with the eyes of all the people, yourself included, who begged me not to marry him, I realize more than ever before the tragedy that has occurred, and I would rather go back to the hell which made up my life until six months ago than have had to make the explanation which I made to Philippa to-day. So there is no need, Leigh, for your kindly little warning about second mistakes.'

'My dear Linda,' he said, quite as serious as she, 'I don't want you to think that I, of all people, have taken this step of yours as anything but the very best way out of an intolerable situation, and I trust with all my heart that it is one which will prove to be for the happiness of everyone concerned; although I understand you perfectly when you say that to-day you feel that happiness is hardly an essential compared to your children's belief in the sanctity of marriage. Forgive me if I have offended by too great frankness in stating that I can't believe that life is over for anyone who has developed under it as magnificently as you.'

Compliments from Leigh were few and far between, and Linda treasured them correspondingly. She took his proffered hand.

'You will help me to go on, won't you?' she said. 'I am depending on you to keep me in touch with lots of big things, which are all around you and quite out of reach of a lone woman.'

'As a start, I'll send you some books which may be of interest,' he promised. 'At least, I hope they'll prove so involved you'll have to let me come often to explain them.'

In a few moments he took his departure, conscious that he felt more intense

sympathy for this old friend than he had in all the miserable years which had followed her rash disregard of his advice and the advice of all the people who had known both Linda and Mainwaring. To him, divorce was a very hideous thing; and the fact that it had become so to her made her more appealing than she had been before she had experienced it. Linda, on her side, felt that her friendship with Leigh had been put through the acid test and come out pure gold.

IV

She began to pick up the broken threads again, and in the next few months, although she became intimate with no one, she resumed a normal intercourse with the people who had been lifelong friends and neighbors. But behind her outer life she continued to expand and develop within herself. The books which Leigh sent her she not only read, but studied; and soon he was coming, not only to expound their meanings, but to discuss and argue them with her. That summer they went deep into a comprehension of Socialism, and, strangely enough, it made a strong appeal both to the woman who had spent her whole life among the frivolous by-products of capitalism and to the man who was running for governor, the choice of serious capitalists. As the work of his campaign grew more engrossing, he found tremendous inspiration in Linda's freshly awakened mental responsiveness; and in meeting the demands of her eager mind for more and ever more facts and explanations, he developed a knowledge of the psychology of the people whom he wanted for his constituents.

It happened that year that there was no dearth of gubernatorial material for the Republicans to choose from, and the nomination of a candidate promised a more bitter fight than the election itself. The state had suffered through a considerable period from a Democratic governor, who had been sustained in office by the labor vote and the Roman Church, of which he was a member. He had pushed representatives of that institution on every state board which had hitherto kept clear of sectarian differences; and he had been very much to the fore in advocating parochial schools to be supported by the unredeemed but tax-paying public.

But, although many people despised the Governor, his policies did not awaken enough antagonism in the country districts, where the Republicans must look for their strength, to defeat him, unless some defalcation should split his own ranks. Suddenly, when his enemies were despairing, he not only threw ammunition into their hands, but caused an explosion among his own adherents. Whether it was a question of real conviction, or pressure brought to bear by some political magnate who was in matrimonial difficulties, could not be ascertained; but without warning to the leaders of his party or his Church, the Governor announced himself in favor of more uniform and lenient divorce laws. The present laws, he was quoted as saying, entailed suffering only on the poor, while the rich evaded them by taking up residence in some other state. It was preposterous, if a person could obtain divorce from a criminal, that one could not from a lunatic; and if religious conviction made divorce and remarriage possible for one cause, it should do as much for several causes. He added that the state laws could not affect people to whom the Church denied divorce; that personally, as a Catholic, he deplored divorce, but as governor of a people of varying creeds, he invoked justice.

This last, which was obviously intended as a sop to his Church, failed to abate the antagonism that his position

aroused; and even the weight of such an influential politician as Mr. Henry McFarland was unable to crush the opposition which threatened to break the Democratic strength. The fact that McFarland's wife had been confined in an institution for the hopelessly insane earned for that gentleman the opprobrium of Henry the Eighth; and it was hinted, not only that the Governor had broken faith with his Church, but that his political honor was not above suspicion.

It was felt by Republican leaders that a crisis had presented itself which gave their party a chance for reinstatement; for while McFarland and his colleagues were strong enough to keep a fresh candidate from acquiring control in their own party, they were unable to influence a number of individuals who loudly acclaimed their disapproval of the present Governor's pretension to another term. It therefore seemed not only possible, but highly probable that, should the Republican nominee prove popular personally, he would stand an excellent chance.

To men like Leigh Vane, the present opportunity led to a hope, not only that his party would win the coming election, but that a man of ideals and vision could do much more than hold down the office — he could lead the state back to the Republican majority which a fairly recent invasion of foreign labor had temporarily overthrown. But it would need a man who firmly believed in his party to accomplish this, — not a mere opportunist, — and it would take a man of great personal integrity and sincerity, quite apart from his political persuasion, to induce the wavering element to come over to his side. Of the present aspirants to the nomination, three names stood out more and more prominently as the date for decision approached. These were Bernard Fabian, Edward Joyce, and Leigh Vane.

Fabian was one of the largest employers of labor in the state; he was a self-made man, who had worked his way up in one of the woolen mills that he now controlled.

Joyce was the more usual type. He had been through the political mill, and had given up a profitable law practice to enter politics.

Though not a capitalist like Fabian, Vane came of people who had always belonged to the moneyed class. They were also people who had served their country in various branches. His grandfather had held the rank of colonel in the Civil War, where his name was still remembered in the homes of men who had composed his regiment. His son, Leigh's father, was concluding his useful if not brilliant term as United States Senator at the time of his death. Leigh himself had been brought up in the traditions of Republicanism, and several of the big men of the party had been his personal friends from childhood. But his present strength lay far less in these affiliations than in the esteem in which the influential men of his own state held him. Orphaned and well-to-do, he had chosen a life of rigorous work on a newspaper, where he had never attempted to score personally, but had given freely of himself to the good of the cause. A year before, he had been requested to contest the Congressional seat of his district, and for a while he had been greatly tempted; but he had proved himself big enough not to risk splitting the slim Republican majority; and he had done such excellent work in upholding the man who might have been his rival, that he was henceforth considered a definite political factor.

Linda had made a point of meeting both Fabian and Joyce, and assured herself that, quite apart from her affection for him, Leigh was far better qualified for the office than either of the

others. She was not the kind of woman who would ever be a direct factor in public life, but her influence could be none the less real. Men said things to her, when she expressed a wish to take politics seriously, which they might not have said to so casual a male acquaintance; and she was clever in using the information she received. She secured several bits of political gossip, which were of some value to Vane; and when he told her so, she was conscious of greater enthusiasm for life than she had felt for years. And it was not only in this way that she helped him. He had no one very near to him with whom to discuss the problems that his campaign presented; and not only did Linda's eager interest prevent him from feeling that he was imposing them upon her, but in putting them before her, he put them more clearly to himself. If Linda was a help to him, he proved himself invaluable to her, not only in stimulating her intellect, but in many little crises of her domestic life.

There were, of course, comparatively long stretches of time when they did not see each other at all, but these made them realize how closely their interests were attuned. Perhaps the fact that the whole situation was abnormal made both Linda and Vane slow to realize its normal consequence. Summer burned itself out, and the early autumn brought new political activities, which made frequent meetings impossible.

V

It was in October, after an interval of some weeks, that Vane found an opportunity to dine and spend a quiet evening with Mrs. Mainwaring — the last before his immediate prospects would be determined.

He came down to the country rather early; he wanted to see the children, he said; and they, enchanted to see him, swarmed over him, showed him every new acquisition since his last visit, played a series of delightful games with him, and went reluctantly upstairs at their bedtime, bribed by the promise that he would come and help Mummy tuck them up. Linda had been more audience than participant in the games. She was conscious of a queer heartache when she saw Leigh with her children — a jealousy for them, and a knowledge that he filled a place in their lives she could never fill.

He stood up when they had gone, smoothing his hair with his hands, straightening his tie, which their last mad game had disarranged, and met Linda's eyes. The expression in them hurt him unbearably — it made her look so detached, so apart from his own healthy, ambitious life.

'I should like some air before dinner,' he said. 'Is it too cold for a last look at the garden, do you think, before we say good-night to the children?'

'It's not very cold. This moon brought a frost, and there's nothing left in the garden, but it's delicious there, I know.'

She got up from her chair; he opened one of the long glass doors and followed her out on the terrace; they crossed, and descended some steps. It was dark save for the cold light of the young autumn moon, which cast hard, curious shadows. The garden, surrounded by a great hemlock hedge, had been a riot of color only a few days before; but tonight the flowers in the moonlight appeared dry husks, ghosts of a vanished loveliness.

They were both very quiet; she was thinking that once she had stolen out of the house and danced in this moonlit garden with a vine twisted in her hair, and a man had pursued her and kissed her in the shadow of the hemlock hedge, and she had thought she loved him. Vane was thinking what a little

thing a career was, compared to a woman with eyes like that; a woman who needed him more than state or party could ever need him; a woman he wanted far above the laurels of a statesman. They gazed into the blackness of the hemlocks as if they were visualizing there the things they were thinking of — until at last he broke the long silence.

'Linda, my dear — my dear!' And she was in his arms, their lips together in their first communion. And with that kiss she was sealed his; with it she entered her kingdom, the kingdom that had never been hers before. The dancing girl who had been kissed in the garden was no part of the woman in Vane's arms. Harry Mainwaring had captured some excrescence, which her youth had thrown off, but he had never touched the seed of her soul that had matured under Leigh's companionship and blossomed at his kiss.

He held her until the children's insistent voices penetrated their fastness, when they retraced their steps to the house. Up in the nurseries, the little girls in their night-clothes were eager for another romp, but Leigh was in no mood for it. He was sweet with them, tender even; but it was he who stood apart, a spectator, while they crowded around Linda to say their prayers and be kissed good-night.

At dinner neither of them spoke much, their understanding was too deep, their content too complete, to need words. The dramatic touch, which no woman lacks, enabled Linda to start fitful topics of conversation when the servants were in the room, as their sense of convention led them to make a pretense of eating; but it was a relief to have the meal over and to find themselves again in the drawing-room, free from interruptions.

At half-past nine, when the motor came to take him to the train, they had not begun to say good-night, to discuss their next meeting, to plan any detail of their future — the present was gloriously sufficient.

'I'll write you in the morning, Linda; to-night, perhaps, when I get to town. Good-night, my darling —' And he was in the hall, struggling with the overcoat which her old butler was holding for him.

She watched him through a crack in the door, eager to see him, to see his face when he was not aware of her. He pulled a paper from his pocket and wrote upon it hastily. She saw him turn to the servant, and heard him speak.

'Mitten, here's a telegram — get it off for me to-night, will you? I meant to send it from the village, but I can't make my train if I do. You can send it over the telephone, but it must go at once. Thanks awfully.'

And he was gone, after handing the paper to the man. The noise of the motor became louder for a moment, and then died away in the distance.

Linda went back to her big chair beside the fire, almost unconscious of any movement she made. She had ceased to be mere flesh and blood; rather she was a sunlit beach flooded by warm waves of happiness.

The entrance of Mitten aroused her.

'Beg pardon, Miss Linda,' he said — after Harry's departure, he could never bear to call her Mrs. Mainwaring, and had gone back to her girlhood appellation. 'Mr. Vane left a message for me to send over the telephone, but I can't 'ardly make hout 'is 'andwriting. I wondered would you mind, miss, being as 'ow 'e said hit was most himportant?'

'I'll send it, of course. You can put the lights out here, and I'll telephone the message from my room. Good night, Mitten.'

'Good-night, miss.'

'Lord,' he thought as she went out,

''ow 'appy she looks — the way she did before that skunk came foolin' round 'ere.'

Up in her room, Linda found it difficult to concentrate on the mechanical act of forwarding Leigh's message. She sat down by her telephone and smoothed out the paper; but it took several readings for his written words to connect with her mind, which happiness had temporarily drugged.

Then suddenly they and their purport became burned upon her brain. It was addressed to his campaign manager and left unsigned.

'Stop all activities to further my candidacy. Events have arisen which would render it impossible for me to accept the nomination. Throw any influence we can control to Joyce. Will see you to-morrow morning.'

If Linda had lost time through being unable to concentrate her thoughts, she made up for it now. Thoughts, unwelcome and at times confused, rushed through her mind, bearing her down with the weight of their evidence. Leigh was giving up his career because he was pledged to marry her, — Linda Mainwaring, — a divorced woman. She was that in the eyes of the world, though in her own she was divorced, not only from Mainwaring, but from the girl who had married Mainwaring. Had she known Leigh less well, she might have hesitated, might have seen less clearly that, should she marry him, his thwarted career would always prove a barrier between them that even their love could not surmount. But she knew him too intimately to deceive herself; she was fully aware of his ambitions, his convictions as to what a man in his circumstances owed to his country and to his tradition.

It was midnight when her course presented itself to her; so clearly did she see it, and so quickly must she act, that she was only dimly aware of her emotions. Soon they would claim her, they would engulf her in utter misery and despair; but for the moment, the too swift reaction from her bliss had numbed them.

She opened the door that led from her fire and lamp-lit room to the dark spaciousness of the hall, felt her way along to the servant's portion of the house, and knocked on Mitten's door. The old man opened it cautiously, his gaunt figure and curious, lined face illumined in the dim light which burned on the service stairway.

'Miss Linda, — you're not hill?'

'No, — no, Mitten, — nothing is the matter. I mean, nothing with me. Something has happened which makes it necessary I should get a letter to Mr. Vane early to-morrow morning, — his message was very important, — an answer has come to it. I want you to go to town on the milk train and take it to him yourself; it is very important. Wake Henry and tell him he must take you to the station at five; I'll have the letter for you then, — the letter will be quite ready, — it's very important.'

She was aware that she was repeating herself, that her voice sounded flat and without emphasis; but she gathered from Mitten's concerned replies that he comprehended and would follow out her instructions.

Back in her own room she managed to control her voice sufficiently to send the telegram. Then she was confronted with the necessity for writing the letter — the terrible letter which would keep Leigh from her forever, the lying letter which was in itself a sin against love. She sat at her desk for hours, writing, destroying what she had written, rewriting, drawing aimless lines and little pictures of nothing. It was nearly five o'clock when she folded her completed missive into its envelope and reeled across the room in response to Mitten's knock.

DEAR LEIGH, —

I think I must have been mad tonight — life has been so difficult that at times I have felt utterly defeated, and it was one of those moments, my dear, when you called to me in the garden. All at once it seemed to me possible, because of my deep affection for you, to lay the whole burden of my problems on you. But now I am alone again, I am sane. I care too much for you to be willing that the woman you marry should go to you defeated, wanting only rest and comfort; she shall go to you triumphant, wanting nothing but your love. That part of me is gone forever, burned out by the fire which destroyed my youth — what I gave once I shall never have to give again; and here in this house where so much of my drama has been enacted, I realize that the stage cannot be reset, or the players recast for its conclusion. You have been a loyal, helpful, wonderful friend always; you will not, I am sure, ask me to relinquish that friendship because for a few short hours we mistook it for something else. You have made me more reliant, given me new confidence to meet situations as they arise in my path. It would be a poor return to give you the husk of love; forgive me for offering it, and forget that I once thought it could be made to satisfy you. It would be as impossible to find within myself anything more worthy of you as it would be to recapture summer in my frost-touched garden; but there will still be warm, pleasant days of Indian summer, when our friendship will ripen and deepen.

With every wish always for your success and happiness,

LINDA MAINWARING.

PRIME

BY AMY LOWELL

YOUR voice is like bells over roofs at dawn
When a bird flies
And the sky changes to a fresher color.

Speak, speak, Beloved.
Say little things
For my ears to catch
And run with them to my heart.

PREACHING IN LONDON. II

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

January 1, 1918. — Christmas is over, thank God! The contrast between its gentle ideals and the ghastly realities round about us almost tears one in two. Here we sing, 'Peace on earth among men of good-will'; out there, the killing of boys goes on. What irony! Still, one remembers that it was a hard old Roman world in which the Angels of the first Christmas sang their anthem of prophecy. How far off it must have seemed that day; how far off it seems to-day. The world is yet in twilight, and from behind dim horizons comes ceaselessly the thunder of great guns. A frost-like surface of garish gayety sparkles in our cities, as anxiety turns to laughter, or to apathy, for relief.

After all these ages, must we say that the song of Christmas is as vain as all the vain things proclaimed of Solomon? No; it will come true. It is not a myth. It is not a mockery. Surviving ages of slaughter, it returns to haunt us, proving in this last defeat its immortality. Because that music is far off, we know that it is not our own, but was sent into the world by One who is as far above our discordant noises as the stars are above the mists. Whatever befall, we dare not lose Faith, dare not surrender to Hate, since that would be the saddest of all defeats. And the children sang carols at our doors, as in the days of Dickens, as if to rebuke our misgiving and despair.

January 7. — One serious handicap besets a minister who labors abroad: he cannot deal with public questions with the same freedom that he can at home. Indeed, he can hardly touch them at all — when criticism is required — save as they may be international in their range. Yesterday, on the national Day of Prayer, I made protest in the City Temple against allowing the increase of brewery supplies to stand, on the ground that it is not cricket to destroy foodstuffs at a time when we have no bread fit to eat and cannot get sugar for our children. To-day every brewery paper in the kingdom jumped upon me with all four feet, *John Bull* leading the pack. It does not matter if every journal in the land stands on its hind-legs and howls, as most of them are doing. What hurts me is the silence of the churches! The majority of Free Churchmen are against the traffic, but hardly so in the Established Church. Indeed, that Church is more or less involved in the trade, at least to the extent of allowing its properties to be used by public houses. Many of the higher clergy refused to forego their wine during the war, even at the request of the King.

The situation is unlike anything we know in America. Liquor is used in England much as we use coffee; it is intrenched in custom, disinfected by habit, and protected by respectability. Moreover, the traffic is less open, less easy to get at in England, and those who profit by it are often of the most aristocratic and influential class in the community. There is, besides, a school of English political thought which holds the sublime doctrine that the way to keep the workingman quiet and con-

tented is to keep him pickled in beer. Any suggestion of abolishing the traffic is, therefore, regarded as an invitation to anarchy, and dire predictions are made. Almost anywhere in London one sees a dozen baby-carts at the door of a public house, while the mothers are inside guzzling beer. Never before have I seen drunken mothers trying to push baby-carts! Surely England has an enemy behind the lines!

January 12. — Had a delicious tilt with Chesterton, who apparently regards the Dogma of Beer as an article of Christian faith. Every time I meet him I think of *The Man Who Was Thursday* — a story in which he has drawn a portrait of himself. He is not only enormously fat, but tall to boot; a mountain of a man. His head, seen from behind, looks larger than any human head has a right to be. He is the soul of good-fellowship, and as the wine in his glass goes down, one may witness an exhibition worth going miles to see. He leads words into the arena, first in single file, then four abreast, then in regiments; and the feats they perform are hair-raising. If he talks in paradoxes, it is for the same reason that more solemn persons talk in platitudes — he cannot help it.

From the Gospel of Beer, the talk turned to Wells and his new theology; and it was good to hear Chesterton laugh about a God unfinished and still in the making. His epigram hit it off to a dot. 'The Christ of Wells is tidy; the real Christ is titanic.' We agreed that the portraiture of Jesus by Wells is in bad drawing, being too much like Wells himself; but we remembered other portraits by the same hand, — Kipps, Polly, and the rest, — very ordinary men made extraordinary and individual and alluring by the magic of genius.

One may call Chesterton many names, — an irrationalist, a reactionary idealist, a humorist teaching serious truth in fun, — but his rich humanity and robust common sense are things for which to give thanks. He is a prophet of normal human nature, and his uproarious faith in God is a tonic in days like these. If Dickens was the greatest American ever born in England, some of us feel that Chesterton is the best thing England has given us since Dickens. One loves him for his strength, his sanity, and his divine joyousness. The Holy Spirit, said Hermas, is a hilarious spirit!

January 17. — Dr. John Hutton, of Glasgow, preached in the City Temple to-day, his theme being 'The Temptation,' that is, the one temptation that includes all others — the spirit of cynicism that haunts all high moods. Artfully, subtly it seeks to lower, somehow, the lights of the soul, to slay ideals, to betray and deliver us to base-mindedness. Such preaching! He searches like a surgeon and heals like a physician. Seldom, if ever, have I had anyone walk right into my heart with a lighted candle in his hand, as he did, and look into the dark corners. For years I had known him as a master of the inner life, whether dealing with the Bible *At Close Quarters*, or with those friends and aiders of faith, like Browning; and there are passages in *The Winds of God* that echo like great music. As a guide to those who are walking in the middle years of life, where bafflements of faith are many and moral pitfalls are deep, there is no one like Hutton; no one near him. But, rich as his books are, his preaching is more wonderful than his writing. While his sermon has the finish of a literary essay, it is delivered with the enthusiasm of an evangelist. The whole man goes into it, uniting humor, pathos, unction, with a certain wildness of abandon, as of one possessed, which is the note of truly great preaching. In my humble judgment he is the greatest preacher in Britain.

January 23. — Just returned from a

journey into the Midlands. At Manchester I preached on Sunday in the Cavendish Street Chapel, where Joseph Parker ministered before going to the City Temple, and lectured on 'Lincoln and the War' the following evening. No man ever had a more cordial reception in any city. As a preface to my lecture I paid a tribute to the Manchester *Guardian* as one of the great institutions of this island, and expressed gratitude for its sympathetic and intelligent understanding of America and her President, in the difficult days of our neutrality. The American Consul, in seconding a vote of thanks, told an interesting fact found in the files of his office. A group of Manchester citizens, knowing the admiration of Lincoln for John Bright, — a Manchester man, — had a bust of the Quaker statesman made, and it was ready to be sent when the news of the assassination came. They cabled Mrs. Lincoln, asking what they should do. She told them to send it to Washington; and it is now in the White House.

As a fact, I did not see Birmingham at all, because a heavy fog hung over it when I arrived and had not lifted when I left. I could hardly see my audience when I rose to speak, and felt half-choked all through the lecture. As it was my first visit to Birmingham, I began by recalling the great men with whom the city was associated in my mind. The first was Joseph Chamberlain. No sooner had I uttered the name than there were hisses and cries, 'No, no! John Bright!' I had forgotten that Bright ever sat for a Birmingham district. The next name was that of John Henry, Cardinal Newman. It was received at first with silence, then with a few groans. But when I mentioned the name of Dr. Dale, there was loud applause; for he was not only a mighty preacher, but a great political influence in the city. Then I reminded my audience that, when Chamberlain was accused in the House of Commons of representing Dr. Dale, he retorted, in praise of the great preacher, that he had no mean constituency. The last man named was J. H. Shorthouse, the author of *John Inglesant*, one of my favorite books. If the name was recognized at all, there was no sign of it.

January 27. — Have been on another short tour, preaching to the men in the camps, including one of the khaki colleges of the Canadian army at Whitley. Twice, when the men were given a choice between a sermon and a lecture, they voted to have a sermon. And what they want is a straight talk, hot from the heart, about the truths that make us men; no 'set sermon with a stunt text,' as one of them explained. When I asked what he meant, he said: 'Such texts as "Put on the whole armor of God," or "Fight the good fight," or "Quit you like men"; they are doing that now.' But they are being undone the while by a terrible shattering of faith, and in many a moral trench-fight.

No end of nonsense has been talked about the men in the armies, as if putting on khaki made a man a saint. No, they are men like ourselves, — our boys, — with the passions and temptations of the rest of us. As one of them put it: —

> Our Padre, 'e says I'm a sinner,
> And *John Bull* says I'm a saint;
> And they're both of 'em bound to be liars,
> For I'm neither of them, I ain't.
> I'm a man, and a man's a mixture,
> Right down from his very birth;
> For part of 'im comes from 'eaven,
> And part of 'im comes from earth.

And upon this basis — being a man myself, and therefore a mixture — I talked to them, without mincing words, about the fight for faith and the desperate struggles of the moral life. Never can I forget those eager, earnest, upturned faces, — bronzed by war and weather

— many of which were soon to be torn by shot and shell. The difference in preaching to men who have seen little of war, and to those who have been in it for two years or more, is very great. I should know the difference if blindfolded. The latter are as hard as nails. Only now and then does the preacher know the thrill of having dug under, or broken through, the wall of adamant in which they shelter that shy and lonely thing they dare not lose.

February 18. — The American camp at Winchester. Preached four times yesterday in a large moving-picture theatre, — packed to the doors, — and to-day I am as limp as a rag. It was a great experience, talking to such vast companies of my own countrymen — tall, upstanding, wholesome fellows from all over the Union, among them the survivors of the Tuscania, torpedoed off the coast of Ireland. They are in the best of spirits, having lost everything except their courage, as one of them said; every one with a cold, and all togged out in every kind of garb — for those who did not lose their clothing had it ruined by the sea-water.

Spent to-day in Winchester, a city of magnificent memories, about which clusters more of history and of legend than about any city on this island, except London. It is the city of Arthur and the Round Table. Here the Saxon Chronicles were written; here King Alfred lies buried. It is the very birthplace of our civilization. The College and the St. Cross Hospital have about them the air of the Middle Ages. But the Cathedral is the gem of the scene, having the most beautiful nave I have ever seen. Less a cemetery than the Abbey, even an amateur architect can trace the old Norman style, shading into the early English, and then into the later English styles, showing the evolution of the building while enshrining the history of a race. In the south transept I came upon the tomb of Izaak Walton, and I confess I stood beside it with mingled feelings of reverence and gratitude. Behind the tomb is a noble window, not more than fifty years old, into which the fishing scenes of the New Testament are woven with good effect — an appropriate memorial to the gentlest and wisest fisherman who has lived among us since Jesus lodged with the fishermen by the sea.

The afternoon service in the ancient temple touched me deeply, as if those who conducted it were awed by the presence of Eternity, and were carrying for a brief time the Torch of Faith, changing but eternal; a faith natural to humanity, and affirmed and expressed by the ordered beauty around them. Such a building is a symbol of that in man which refuses to be subdued, either by the brute forces of life or by the anarchy in his own heart; an emblem of that eternal resolve to love rather than hate, to hope rather than despair.

March 6. — Returning from Edinburgh, I broke my journey at the ancient city of York, where the kindest of welcomes awaited me. Looking out of my hotel window, I saw a music-shop founded in 1768 — older than the American Republic. Preached at three o'clock at the Monkgate Methodist Chapel; at five held an institute for ministers; and at seven lectured on Lincoln to a huge audience, Mr. Roundtree, Member of Parliament, presiding. The Lord Mayor presented me with a resolution of welcome, in which the most cordial good-will was expressed for the people of America.

Earlier in the day I was taken to various places of historic interest, including, of course, the beautiful old gray Minster. Also to the grave of John Woolman, the Quaker, a brief biography of whom I had once written. I knew he died while on a mission to England, but I had forgotten that he was buried

in York. Reverently we stood by the grave of that simple man, — daringly radical, but divinely gentle, — who was the incarnation of the spirit of Christ, and whose life of love and service, of pity and prayer, made him a kind of sad St. Francis of the new world. York is a stronghold of the Society of Friends — the noblest body of organized mysticism on earth. Aye, the war is making men either skeptics or mystics, and wisdom lies, methinks, with the mystics whose faith is symbolized in the beautiful Listening Angel I saw the other day in the Southwell Cathedral.

March 12. — The Prime Minister spoke to the Free Church Council in the City Temple to-day, and it was an astonishing performance, as much for its wizardry of eloquence as for its moral camouflage. For weeks he has been under a barrage of criticism, as he always is when things do not go right; and the audience was manifestly unsympathetic, if not hostile. As no one knew what would happen, it was arranged that he should enter the pulpit during the singing of a hymn.

As soon as he rose to speak, — his stout body balanced on tiny, dwarf-like legs, — the hecklers began a machine-gun fire of questions, and it looked as if we were in for a war of wits. The English heckler is a joy. He does not deal in slang phrases, but aims his dart straight at the target. In ten minutes the Prime Minister had his audience standing and throwing up their hats. It was pure magic. I felt the force of it. But after it was over and I had time to think it through, I found that he had said almost nothing. On the question of Bread or Beer he turned a clever rhetorical trick, and nothing else. The *Evening Star* says that the Prime Minister is not a statesman at all, but a *stuntsman;* and one is half inclined to agree with it. Certainly his genius just now seems to consist in his agility in finding a way out of one tight corner into another, following a zigzag course. An enigmatic and elusive personality, — ruled by intuitions rather than by principles, — if he never leaves me with a sense of sincerity, he at least gives me a conservative thrill. Despite his critics the record of his actual achievements is colossal, and I know of no other personality in this kingdom that could take his place. Like Roosevelt, he knows how to dramatize what he does, making himself the hero of the story; and it is so skillfully done that few see that the hero is also the showman.

March 25. — At the Thursday-noon service on the 21st, we had news that a great battle had begun, but we little dreamed what turn it would take. Instead of the long-expected Allied advance, it was a gigantic enemy drive, which seems to be sweeping everything before it. Wave after wave of the enemy hosts beat upon the Allied lines, until they first bent and then broke; the British and French armies may be sundered and the Channel ports captured. All internal dissension is hushed in the presence of the common danger, and one sees once more the real quality of the British character, its quiet courage shining most brightly when the sky is lowering.

London is tongued-tied; people look at each other and understand. If there is any panic, it is among the politicians, not among the people. Resolute, all-suffering, unconquerably cheery, men brace themselves to face the worst — it is magnificent! There was no room for the people in the City Temple yesterday; the call to prayer comes not half so imperatively from the pulpit as from the human heart in its intolerable anxiety and sorrow. These are days when men gather up their final reasons for holding on in the battle of life, seeking the ultimate solace of the Eternal.

What days to read the Bible! Itself

a book of battles, its simple words find new interpretation in the awful exegesis of events. Many a Psalm for the day might have been written for the day; the leaping up of fires through the crust of the earth makes them luminous. As we enter the depths, those strange songs follow us. Doubt, elation, anger, and even hate are there perfectly expressed. To-day, as of old, the people imagine a vain thing; the earth trembles; the honor of God is threatened. The Apocalypse, too, has a new force, color, and beauty, as we regard it in the light of burning cities. Its pictures are like the work of some mighty artist on a vast, cloudy canvas, dipping his brush in earthquake and eclipse and the shadows of the bottomless pit. Once more we see the Four Horses riding over the earth. The challenge of the Book of Job is taken up again; Jeremiah is justified in his sorrow; and the Suffering Servant of God is a living figure in this new crucifixion of humanity.

And the Gospels! Never has there been so complete a vindication of the ethics of Jesus. If, the Facts now say, you take the anti-Christ point of view, this is what it means. Repent, or the Kingdom of Hell will swallow you up! Thus the Galilean triumphs, in the terror of denying his words, no less than in the blessing of obeying them: 'Thou hast the words of eternal life.'

March 31. — Easter Day! Dr. Rendel Harris tells how, in the musty pages of the Journal of a learned society, he came upon a revealing fact. It was there recorded that, on a morning in May, 1797, which broke calmly after a stormy night, it was possible to see from the cliffs of Folkestone even the color of the cottages on the French mainland. In the spiritual world, also, there is the record of such a day of clear tranquillity, when the fierce night of the Passion had passed, and the day of the Resurrection dawned white and serene. On that Day, and until the Ascension, — when the Great Adventurer was welcomed home, — the Unseen World was known to be near, homelike, and real.

To-day is the anniversary of that Day of Divine Lucidity, when men — plain, ordinary men like ourselves — saw through the shadows into the life of things. Softly, benignly, the Day of Eternal Life dawns upon a world red with war and billowed with the graves of those who seem doubly dead, because they died so young. Never did this blessed day shine with deeper meaning; never was its great Arch of Promise so thronged with hurrying feet. Blessed Day! When its bells have fallen into silence, and its lilies have faded into dust, pray God there may live in our hearts the promise that, after the winter of war, there shall be a springtime of peace and good-will!

When one thinks of the number of the fallen, and the heartache that follows the evening sun around the world, it is not strange that many seek communication, as well as communion, with the dead — longing to see even in a filmy vapor the outlines of forms familiar and dear. The pathos of it is heartbreaking! Even when one is sure that such use of what are called psychical faculties is a retrogression, — since genius is the only medium through which, so far, Heaven has made any spiritual revelation to mankind, — it is none the less hard to rebuke it.

Some think Spiritualism may become a new religion, with Sir Oliver Lodge as its prophet and Sir Conan Doyle as its evangelist. No matter; it has done good, and in a way too easily overlooked. Nearly all of us grew up with a definite picture in our minds of a city with streets of gold and gates of pearl; but that picture has faded. Time and criticism have emptied it of actuality. Since then, the walls of the universe have been pushed back into infinity,

and the old scenery of faith has grown dim. Admit that its imagery was crude; it did help the imagination, upon which both faith and hope lean more heavily than we are aware. Now that the old picture has vanished, the unseen world is for many only a bare, blank infinity, soundless and colorless. These new seekers after truth have at least helped to humanize it once more, touching it with light and color and laughter; and that is a real service, both to faith and to the affections. Meanwhile, not a few are making discoveries in another and better way, as witness this letter:—

DEAR MINISTER, —

Early in the war I lost my husband, and I was mad with grief. I had the children to bring up and no one to help me, so I just raged against God for taking my husband from my side and yet calling Himself good. Someone told me that God could be to me all that my husband was and more. And so I got into the way of defying God in my heart. 'Now and here,' I used to say, 'this is what I want and God can't give it to me.' After a while I came, somehow, to feel that God liked the honesty of it; liked this downright telling Him all my needs, though I had no belief that He could help me. One day I had gone into the garden to gather some flowers, and suddenly I knew that my husband was there with me — just himself, only braver and stronger than he had ever been. I do not know how I knew; but I knew. There was no need of a medium, for I had found God myself, and, finding Him, I had found my husband too.

April 15. — No spring drive is equal to the drive of spring itself, when April comes marching down the world. Kew Garden is like a bit of paradise, and neither war nor woe can mar its glory. How the English love flowers! Even in the slums of London — which are among the most dismal and God-forsaken spots on earth — one sees in the windows tiny pots of flowers, adding a touch of color to the drab and dingy scene. At the front, in dugouts, one finds old tin cans full of flowers, gathered from no one knows where. Each English home is walled in for privacy, — unlike our American way, — and each has its own garden of flowers, like a little Eden. One of the first things an Englishman shows his guest is the garden, where the family spend much of their time in summer. April sends everybody digging in the garden.

And such bird-song! The day begins with a concert, and there is an anthem or a solo at any hour. They sing as if the heart of the world were a mystic, unfathomable joy; and even a pessimist like Thomas Hardy wondered what secret the 'Darkling Thrush' knew that he did not know; and, further, what right he had to sing in such a world as this. After listening to the birds, one cannot despair of man, seeing Nature at the task of endlessly renewing her life. His war, his statecraft, his science, may be follies or sins; but his life is only budding even yet, and the flower is yet to be. So one feels in April, with a lilac beneath the window.

April 20. — Housekeeping in England, for an American woman, is a trying enough experience at any time; but it is doubly so in war-time when food and fuel conditions are so bad. Until the rationing went into effect, it was a problem to get anything to eat, as the shops would not take new customers. Even now the bread tastes as if it had been made out of sawdust; and butter being almost an unknown quality, the margarine, like the sins of the King, in *Hamlet*, smells to heaven. Shopping is an adventure. Literally one has to deal, not only with 'the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker,' but with the fish-market, the greengrocer, the dry grocer, — everything at a different place, — so it takes time and heroic patience, and even then one often comes home empty-handed. As a last resort, we fall back on eggs and peanuts, —

monkey-nuts, the English call them, — to both of which I take off my hat. It is impossible for one person to keep an English house clean — it is so ill-arranged, and cluttered up with bric-à-brac. There are none of the American appliances for saving labor — no brooms; and the housemaid must get down on her knees, with a dustpan and hand-brush, to sweep the room. There is enough brass in the house to keep one able-bodied person busy polishing it. Arnold Bennett has more than one passage of concentrated indignation about the time and energy spent in polishing brass in English houses. It is almost a profession. One compensation is the soft-voiced, well-trained English servants, and often even they are either thievish or sluttish.

April 25. — Twice I have heard Bernard Shaw lecture recently, and have not yet recovered from the shock and surprise of meeting him. My idea of Shaw was a man alert, aggressive, self-centred, vastly conceited, craving publicity, laying claim to an omniscience that would astonish most deities. That is to say, a literary acrobat, standing on his head to attract attention, or walking the tight-rope in the top of the tent. But that Shaw is a myth, a legend, a pose. The real Shaw is no such man. Instead, he is physically finicky, almost old-maidish, not only shy and embarrassed off the platform, but awkward, blushing like a schoolgirl when you meet him. He is gentle, modest, generous, full of quick wisdom, but suggesting lavender, and China tea served in dainty old-world cups. The most garrulous man in Europe before the war, he was smitten dumb by the insanity of it, having no word of comfort or command. Unlike Romain Rolland, he could not even frame a bitter condemnation of it. So, after one or two feeble protests, he went back into his drawing-room, pulled the blinds down, and drank China tea out of his dainty cups, leaving the world to stew in its own juice. Who can describe the fineness, the fatuousness, the futility of him! Whether prophet or harlequin, he has shot his bolt and missed the mark. Of course, the artist will live on in his work — most vividly, perhaps, in his sham-shattering wit.

April 30. — Few Americans realize what the Throne and the Royal Family mean in the life of the British people. Our idea of the King is colored by our republican preconceptions, to say nothing of our prejudices — not knowing that England is in many ways more democratic than America. The other day, in the City Temple, an American minister spoke of the King as 'an animated flag,' little dreaming of the thing of which he is a symbol and the profound affection in which he is held. There is something spiritual in this devotion to the King, something mystical, and the Empire would hardly hold together without it. The Royal Family is really an exaltation of the Home, which is ever the centre of British patriotism. Never, in their true hours, do the English people brag of Britain as a world-power, actual or potential. It is always the home and the hearth, — now to be defended, — and nowhere is the home more sacred and tender. Of every Briton we may say, as Bunyan said of Greatheart: 'But that which put glory of grace into all that he did was that he did it for pure love of his Country.' This sentiment finds incarnation in the Royal Family, in whom the Home rises above party and is untouched by the gusts of passion.

'Their gracious Majesties' is a phrase which exactly describes the reigning King and Queen, though neither can be said to possess, in the same measure, that mysterious quality so difficult to define which, in King Edward and Queen Alexandra, appealed so strongly to the

popular imagination. Gentle-hearted, if not actually shy, one feels that the formalism and ceremony of the Court appeal less to the King than to the Queen, whose stateliness sometimes leaves an impression of aloofness. Something of the same shyness one detects in the modest, manly, happy-hearted Prince of Wales, whose personality is so captivating alike in its simplicity and its sincerity. At a time when thrones are falling, the British King moves freely among his people, everywhere honored and beloved — and all who know the worth of this Empire to civilization rejoice and give thanks.

May 19. — Dr. Jowett began his ministry at Westminster Chapel today, — the anniversary of Pentecost, — welcomed by a hideous air-raid. Somehow, while Dr. Jowett always kindles my imagination, he never gives me that sense of reality which is the greatest thing in preaching. One enjoys his musical voice, his exquisite elocution, his mastery of the art of illustration, and his fastidious style; but the substance of his sermons is incredibly thin. Of course, this is due, in large part, to the theory of popular preaching on which he works. His method is to take a single idea — large or small — and turn it over and over, like a gem, revealing all its facets, on the ground that one idea is all that the average audience is equal to. Of this method Dr. Jowett is a consummate master, and it is a joy to see him make use of it, though at times it leads to a tedious repetition of the text. Often, too, he seems to be laboring under the handicap of a brilliant novelist, who must needs make up in scenery what is lacking in plot.

Since his return to London he has been less given to filigree rhetoric, and he has struck almost for the first time a social note, to the extent, at any rate, of touching upon public affairs — although no one would claim that Dr. Jowett has a social message, in the real meaning of that phrase. No, his forte is personal religious experience of a mild evangelical type; and to a convinced Christian audience of that tradition and training he has a ministry of edification and comfort. But for the typical man of modern mind, caught in the currents and alive to the agitations of our day, Dr. Jowett has no message. However, we must not expect everything from any one servant of God, and the painter is needed as well as the prophet.

June 2. — Spent a lovely day yesterday at Selborne, a town tucked away among the chalk-hills of Hampshire. There, well-nigh two hundred years ago, Gilbert White watched the Hangar grow green in May and orange and scarlet in October, and learned to be wise. One can almost see him in the atmosphere and setting of his life, — an old-bachelor parson, his face marked by the smallpox, as so many were in that day, — walking over the hills, which he called 'majestic mountains,' a student and lover of nature. He was a man who knew his own mind, worked his little plot of earth free from the delusions of grandeur, and published his classic book, *The Natural History of Selborne*, in the year of the fall of the Bastille. Because of this coincidence of dates, it has been said that White was more concerned with the course of events in a martin's nest than with the crash of empires. No doubt; but it may be that the laws of the universe through which empires fall are best known by a man who has such quietness of soul that a brooding mother-bird will not fly away when he visits her. White asked the universe one question, and waited to hear the answer: Take away fear, and what follows? The answer is: Peace, even the peace without which a man cannot learn that when 'redstarts shake their tails, they move them hori-

zontally.' It was a day to refresh the soul.

June 10. — Attended a Ministerial Fraternal to-day, and greatly enjoyed the freedom and frankness of the discussion. A conservative in England would be a radical in America, so far are they in advance of us. Evidently our English brethren have gotten over the theological mumps, measles, and whooping-cough. For one thing, they have accepted the results of the critical study of the Bible, without losing any of the warmth and glow of evangelical faith, — uniting liberal thought with orthodoxy of the heart, — as we in America have not succeeded in doing. All confessed that the atmosphere of their work has changed; that the fingers of their sermons grope blindly amid the hidden keys of the modern mind, seeking the great new words of comfort and light. It was agreed that a timid, halting, patched-up restatement of faith will not do: there must be a radical reinterpretation, if we are to speak to the new time, which thinks in new terms. On social questions, too, the discussion was trenchant, at times even startling. There was real searching of hearts, drawing us together in a final candor, and driving us back to the permanent fountains of power. The spirit of the meeting was most fraternal, and I, for one, felt that fellowship is both creative and revealing.

June 25. — American troops are pouring into England, and the invasion is a revelation to the English people. Nothing could surpass the kindness and hospitality with which they open their hearts and homes to their kinsmen from the great West. They are at once courteous and critical, torn between feelings of joy, sorrow, and a kind of gentle jealousy — at thought of their own fine fellows who went away and did not come back. They have seen many kinds of Americans, among them the tourist, the globe-trotter, the unspeakable fop, and the newly rich who spread their vulgarity all over Europe; but now they are discovering the real American, — the manly, modest, intelligent lad from the college, the store, the farm, — and they like him. He is good to look at, wholesome, hearty, straightforward, serious but not solemn, and he has the air of one on an errand. On the surface the British Tommy affects to take the war as a huge joke, but our men take it in dead earnest. 'Why, your men are mystics; they are crusaders,' said an English journalist to me recently; and I confess they do have that bearing — for such they really are. Last night, in a coffee-house on the Strand, I asked the Cockney proprietor if he had seen many American boys and what he thought of them. Something like this is what I heard: —

'Yerce, and I like what I've seen of 'em. No swank about 'em, y' know — officers an' men, just like pals together. Talks to yeh mately-like — know what I mean? — man to man sort o' thing. Nice, likable chaps, I alwis finds 'em. Bit of a change after all these damn foreigners. I get on with 'em top-'ole. And eat? Fair clean me out. Funny the way they looks at London, though. Mad about it, y' know. I bin in London yers an' yers, and it don't worry me. Wants to know where that bloke put 'is cloak down in the mud for some Queen, and 'ow many generals is buried in Westminster Abbey. 'Ow should I know? I live in Camden Town. I got a business t' attend to. Likable boys, though. 'Ere 's to 'em!'

July 4. — Went to the American Army and Navy baseball game, taking as my guests a Member of Parliament and a City Temple friend. Never has there been such a ball game since time began. The King pitched the first ball, and did it right well, too. The papers say he has been practising for days.

Then bedlam broke loose; barbaric pandemonium reigned. Megaphones, whistles, every kind of instrument of torture kept accompaniment to tossing arms and dancing hats — while the grandstand gave such an exhibition of 'rooting' in slang as I never heard before. Much of the slang was new to me, and to interpret it to my English friends, and at the same time explain the game, was a task for a genius. Amazement sat upon their faces. They had never imagined that a hard business people could explode in such a hysteria of play. An English crowd is orderly and ladylike in comparison. Of course, the players, aware of an audience at once distinguished and astonished, put on extra airs; and as the game went on, the fun became faster and more furious. My friends would stop their ears to save their sanity, at the same time pretending, with unfailing courtesy, to see, hear, and understand everything. The Navy won, and one last, long, lusty yell concluded the choral service of the day.

July 20. — 'The Miracle of St. Dunstan's.' It is no exaggeration, if by miracle you mean the triumph of spirit over matter and untoward disaster. St. Dunstan's is the college where young men who gave their eyes for their country learn to be blind; and as I walked through it to-day I thought of Henley's lines: —

> Out of the night that covers me,
> Black as the pit from pole to pole,
> I thank whatever gods may be
> For my unconquerable soul.

Many of the men are horribly disfigured, and it is a mercy that they cannot see their own faces. Yet, for the most part, they are a jolly set, accepting the inevitable with that spirit of sport which is so great a trait of their race. At least, the totally blind are happy. Those who see partially, and do not know how it will turn out, mope a good deal. At the head of the college is Sir Arthur Pearson, himself a blind man who has learned to find his way in the dark — a blind leader of the blind. It is wonderful to hear him talk to a boy brought into the college dejected and rebellious against his fate. There is no maudlin sentiment. It is much easier to cry than to succor. They sit hand in hand, — comrades in a conquest, — while Sir Arthur tells the lad, out of his own experience, that, though night has come at noon, the day is not ended. His words, taken out of their context and atmosphere, might sound preachy, as he tells how he refused to be beaten, and how darkness has its surprises. All honor to Sir Arthur, — Knight of the Dark Table, — unforgettable for his courage, his chivalry, and his cheerfulness!

(Early in August I went again to America, on another speaking tour, crossing the bar at Liverpool, in the glow of a miraculous sunset, the sacramental beauty of which haunts me still. Time out of mind I had known Uncle Sam, in his suit of nankeen trousers strapped under his instep, his blue swallow-tail coat and brass buttons, and his ancient high hat. It was not easy to recognize him clad in khaki, wearing a gas-mask and a 'tin lid,' and going over the top with a Springfield rifle in his hand; and that change in outward garb was a visible sign of much else. Down the streets of New York, at midnight, one saw long lines of men marching, singing 'Over There'; and Service Stars were everywhere, changing from silver to gold. It was an awe-inspiring America, — new in its unity, its power, and its vision of duty, — albeit to-day, it seems like a dim dream of some previous state of existence. Returning to England in October, my ship was one of fifteen loaded with troops, following a zigzag course over a lonely sea. It was at the time of the influenza epidemic, and almost every ship kept a funeral flag flying all the way. Off the north coast of Ireland we witnessed the destruction of an enemy submarine. Once more, on a Thursday noon, I took up my labors at the City Temple, in an address entitled

'The New America,' in which I tried to describe the novel experience of rediscovering my own country. Events moved rapidly, and I need add only one or two items from the diary, telling of the end of the greatest war in history, the meaning and issue of which are locked in the bosom of God.)

October 25. — Three times since I returned I have spoken to groups in behalf of Anglo-American friendship, but to little avail. My audiences were already utterly convinced, and it was like arguing with Miss Pankhurst in favor of woman suffrage — as useless as rain at sea. Somehow we never get beyond the courtesies and commonplaces of after-dinner eloquence. Yet the matter is of vital importance just now. Already there are rumors of friction between our boys and the Tommies. These are little things, but the sum of them is very great, and in the mood of the hour so many reactions of personal antagonism may be fatal. Not much idealism is left after the long struggle, and one fears a dreadful reaction, — a swift, hideous slip backward, — driving Britain and America further apart than they were before the war. Little groups do something, but what we need is some great gesture, to compel attention and dramatize the scene for the masses on both sides of the sea. Frankly, I am not clear as to the best method — except that we have not found it. Even now, all feel that the end of the war is near, and one detects tokens which foretell a different mood when peace arrives.

October 29. — Ever and again one hears rumors of a revolution in England in which things will be turned upside down. One might be more alarmed, but for the fact that the revolution has already taken place. The old England has gone, taking with it much that was lovely and fair; a new England is here, — new in spirit, in vision, in outlook, — not only changing in temper, but actually changing hands. As the Napoleonic wars ended the aristocratic epoch and brought the middle class to the fore, so the great war has ended the rule of the middle class and will bring the man down under to the top. Of course, as to outward appearance, the aristocratic and middle classes still rule; but their ideas do not rule. There will be no violent upheaval in England; the genius of the British mind — a practical mysticism, so to name it, though the practicality is often more manifest than the mysticism — will not let it be so. Again and again I have seen them drawn up in battle-array, ready for a fight to a finish — then, the next moment, they begin to parley, to give and take; and, finally, they compromise, each getting something and nobody getting all he asked. Therein they are wise, and their long political experience, their instinct for the middle way, as well as their non-explosive temperament, stand them in good stead in these days. Besides, if English society is a house of three stories, the house has been so shaken by the earthquake of war that all classes have a new sense of kinship and obligation. No doubt there will be flare-ups in Wales, or among the hot-heads on the Clyde; but there is little danger of anything more.

November 8. — Went to Oxford last night to hear Professor Gilbert Murray lecture on the Peloponnesian War of the Greeks as compared with our great war; and his words haunt me. With an uncanny felicity, the great scholar — who is also a great citizen — told the story of the war that destroyed Greek civilization; and the parallel with the present war was deadly, even down to minute details. About the only differences are the magnitude of the armies and the murderous efficiency of the weapons we now employ. As I listened, I found myself wondering whether I was in Oxford or in ancient Athens.

The lecturer has the creative touch which makes history live in all its vivid human color. Euripides and Aristophanes seemed like contemporaries.

What depressed me was the monotonous sameness of human nature throughout the ages. Men are doing the same things they did when Homer smote his lyre or Hammurabi framed his laws. For example, in the Athens of antiquity there were pacifists and bitter-enders, profiteers and venal politicians — everything, in fact, with which the great war has made us familiar. After twenty centuries of Christian influence, we do the same old things in the same old fashion, only on a more gigantic scale.

This shadow fell over me to-day as I talked with a young French officer in my study. He used this terrible sentence with an air of sad finality: 'Ideals, my reverend friend, are at the mercy of the baser instincts.' What faith it takes to sustain an ardent, impatient, forward-looking soul in a slow universe! 'Keep facing it,' said the old skipper to the young mate in Conrad's *Typhoon;* and ere we know it, the ship has become a symbol of the life of man. He did not know whether the ship would be lost or not — nor do we. But he kept facing the storm, taking time to be just to the coolies on board, much to the amazement of Jukes. He never lost hope; and if he was an older man when he got through the storm, he at least sailed into the harbor.

November 11. — London went wild to-day. As a signal that the Armistice had been signed, the air-raid guns sounded, — bringing back unhappy memories, — but we knew that 'the desired, delayed, incredible time' had arrived. The war has ended; and humanity, on its knees, thanks God. Words were not made for such a time. They stammer, and falter, and fail. Whether to shout or weep, men did not know; so we did both. Something not ourselves has made for righteousness, and we are awed, subdued, overwhelmed. The triumph seems wrought, not by mortal, but by immortal thews, and shouts of joy are muffled by thoughts of the gay and gallant dead.

The rebound from the long repression was quick, the outburst startling. Men danced in the streets. They hugged and kissed and sobbed. Flags flew everywhere, flags of every color. Women wore dresses made of flags. Shops and factories emptied of their own accord. At an early hour a vast host gathered at the gates of Buckingham Palace, singing the national anthem. The King and Queen appeared on the balcony, and a mighty shout went up — like the sound of many waters.

St. Paul's was jammed by noon; the Abbey was packed. It melted the heart to hear them sing — there was an echo of a sob in every song. All know that the secret of our joy is locked in the cold young hearts that sleep in Flanders, in eyes that see the sun no more. Never was the world so coerced by its dead. They command; we must obey. From prayer the city turned to play again. No wonder; the long strain, the bitter sorrow, the stern endurance had to find vent. At first, peace seemed as unreal as war. It took time to adjust the mind to the amazing reality. Even now it seems half a dream. There is little hate, only pity. The rush of events has been so rapid, so bewildering, that men are dazed. Down on the Embankment I saw two old men, walking arm-in-arm, one blind, the other half-blind, and both in rags. One played an old battered hand-organ, and the other sang in a cracked voice. They swayed to and fro, keeping time to the hymn, 'Our God, our hope in ages past.' So it was from end to end of London. The gray old city seemed like a cathedral, its streets aisles, its throngs worshipers.

SUDDEN GREATNESS

BY KENNETH CHAFEE McINTOSH

A LEAN, quiet man pushed his way through the crowd into the open of the parade-ground at Fort Myer, and perched himself uncomfortably in the midst of a bundle of sticks. A weight crashed down from the top of a derrick, and the bundle, with droning, whining propeller, was thrown into the air, and *stayed there.* Breath was drawn in with sharp, audible gasping, and eyes grew round in upturned faces. The impossible had happened. Orville Wright was proving to the army that he could fly.

When the air-plane had landed clumsily on its two sled-like runners, and the reporters surged around, we have record of the following queries and replies: —

'How fast can you fly?'

'Forty miles an hour.'

'How fast do you think air-planes can be made to fly?'

'Much faster. But, of course, the flyer would be blown out of the machine at anything over a hundred miles an hour.'

'How high can you go?'

'High as I want to. But even in war you would never have to go over one thousand feet. No known gun could hit you at that altitude.'

'What uses can you make of your machine?'

'Sport mainly, and scouting in war.'

Of the thousands who saw that afternoon, and of the millions who read of the flight next morning, probably not one had the least dim perception that a mighty power was born, a power that is already affecting the lives of every one of us, that is forcing upon us changes as vast as those forecasted when the ape-man first discovered that, by swaying erect on his bent legs, he could see his enemies and his victims farther, and have two arms free for fighting.

In the immense development of aviation forced by the war we are apt to forget the tremendous strides made in the first faltering years. As usual, figures and statistics are deceptive, and performances seemed to confirm the opinion of those who saw in the air-plane nothing but a toy and a man-killer. Three years after the Fort Myer flight, it was still a remarkable performance to remain in the air for forty-five minutes, or to climb to an altitude of six or seven thousand feet. After six years of flying, it was still a dare-devil feat to loop an air-plane three times in one flight; and the first man to fly upside down made his name as well known as that of a champion heavy-weight, and known among much the same classes of people. Pilot after pilot was featured on the sporting pages of the newspapers as he succeeded in remaining aloft five minutes longer than the hero of the month before, reached an altitude fifty feet higher, or somersaulted his vibrating little kite once oftener. And with deadly regularity pilot after pilot was killed — his effort to find out how far he could stretch the capacity of his machine being successful.

During those years, however, clumsy skids gave place to wheels and pontoons, or actual boat-hulls; and, while

planes remained rickety toys, the root-idea of every practicable type we have to-day was discovered and demonstrated, waiting only for some imperative necessity to force its development. Rotary and V-type motors began to appear.

Before the war began, aviation had reached the point where its future could be confidently predicted by the initiated as a matter of improvement of existing types, of betterment of existing design, rather than as a new departure. Then came the World War, with its pressing demands on air-craft designers and pilots, and its almost limitless money for experiment.

Aviation has attained in fifteen years a degree of progress which can hardly be matched by any other epoch-making invention in centuries. One hundred and eighteen years since the Clermont, one hundred and fifty since Franklin's kite, and aviation is already as advanced, relatively, as steam and electricity. John Hawkins and Francis Drake revolutionized naval warfare by fighting broadside instead of head-on, and once for all made the gun the master of surface ships; and the all-big-gun battleship, throwing a heavy broadside, is the legitimate child of Drake's weatherly little Pelican. Three hundred and sixty years were required to produce the modern battleship after Drake had shown the way; and there is yet no more difference visible than already distinguishes the army's new Verville-Packard from the original Wright air-plane hanging in the National Museum at Washington. Orville Wright's forty-mile speed has become three miles a minute, and the end is not yet. His one-thousand-feet altitude has become seven miles, and there halts momentarily while we safeguard the gasoline and oil system against the bitter cold of the black upper air. His twenty-two minute, eighteen-mile endurance has become a screaming leap from continent to continent, and air-planes now cross half a world with little comment.

Similarly, the projected uses of air-craft as 'scouts' and for 'sport' have widened as greatly. Well-appointed municipal flying-fields are multiplying rapidly, but the air-plane has far outgrown the present possibilities of a sporting craft. Possible speed has become so great that a private field capable of handling the newest planes is about as inaccessible to the average man as a private eighteen-hole golf-links; and the only sporting air-craft that are within the reach of moderate wealth are small flying-boats along lake shores and landlocked bays.

A great future is claimed for air-borne commerce, and the claim is, possibly, justified. At present, however, planes and dirigibles are enormously expensive, both in first cost and in up-keep in relation to durability; and the small amount of freight they can carry will for some time keep cargo and passenger rates above the bearing-power of the market. The problem of commercial aviation is, nevertheless, plainly stated, and once stated, problems are eventually solved. The need is for a weight-carrier of considerable durability, simple of operation and of low fuel-consumption. This is naturally an engineering problem, and the appearance of a lightweight, heavy-duty motor of 'fool-proof' design may be confidently expected sooner or later. Wings and body are already made of light, durable, rustproof metal; and the commercial air-plane a generation hence will probably resemble a plump-bodied 'blanket-fish' or 'giant ray,' of slow landing-speed and excessive stability — a machine as essentially a worker as a tramp steamer, too clumsy for sport, too helpless for aggressive war. The power-plant problem once solved, air-tramps will probably become as stand-

ardized as fabricated ships or Ford cars. Air-fleets will then increase so rapidly that a new difficulty will be encountered — how to spare enough valuable building-space in and around great cities to create ports of call for them. The answer will probably be found in huge high platforms covering warehouses and elevators and docks.

Precisely in the direction where utility and necessity have been found urgent, even imperative, is where we find the most complicated questions to be solved; questions as yet unformulated. Scouting in war remains and will remain a function of air-craft, but it has already been overshadowed by the crying need of them in the battle-line. Were scouting all we need, a single, standardized type would be quickly procurable — a plane of long endurance, reasonable mobility, and complete steadiness. But a machine that answers these requirements we find to be utterly useless in an air-battle. It climbs slowly, it manœuvres badly, and it presents an almost unmissable target. We must have such air-planes to direct artillery fire afloat and ashore, to drop bombs, to hunt submarines, to scout, to make photograph maps of distant enemy naval bases. To use them to advantage, we must, however, have reasonable certainty that they will be able to fly unmolested.

It is the old sea-problem in a new element — to exploit the air in war-time we must *command* it. In other words, we must *fight* for it. Sailors, for five thousand years, have died to teach the flyer this lesson, — too often forgotten, — that to use our power we must first destroy the enemy's power. An attempt merely to guard against the enemy's blow may, by extreme good fortune, succeed once or twice. Never three times. *Delenda est Carthago*, and to destroy we must attack, court a battle, and fight it to a finish. If the enemy is stronger than we, the attack is more difficult, but more than ever imperative; and to a battle of weapons is added a battle of wits. We must outwit him, outmanœuvre him, outshoot him; but to have even the faintest hope of victory, we must attack him, put him on the defensive — make him do the guessing and take the weight of the first blow.

Even to the layman, the necessary characteristics of the fighting air-plane are thus made apparent — speed, snake-like mobility, hitting-power. Speed and mobility mean small size and immense engine-power. If that were all, this question too would be simple. But to hit hard means *weight*. Carefully guarded planes now exist in every country, which can stand a great many hits from any ordinary machine-gun, and are fairly impervious in any vital spot to a glancing blow. A direct hit at present-day maximum speed is a matter of luck. Air-planes will soon carry cannon-like machine-guns — in fact, they already are carrying 37-millimetre guns and straining to attain a practicable 3-inch gun, baulked only by this matter of weight of gun and ammunition. Speed and ability to 'stunt' cannot be lessened, for the 'upper-hand' in an air-fight is as important as was the weather gauge to sailing-ships.

This brings the war-plane designer up sharp against his second stumbling-block. The inherent nature of the service means that little available weight-carrying capacity is left after the pilot and his motor are aboard. That little must be given mostly to weapons. And fuel weighs something, and fuel means endurance. A line-of-battle plane that can stay aloft three hours at battle speed is a marvelous plane indeed. In battles between armies, much can be done in three hours, especially where practically the entire three hours can be spent in fighting. Afloat, it is different. Battleships of to-day are hard

to sink, and there is no victory until they are irrevocably sunk. The battle between fleets may last intermittently for days, if there is sea-room; and may conceivably commence several thousands of miles away from the bases of either belligerent. To get our battle-planes into the battle-line, we must carry them there; and so one more type is added to the complicated surface fleets of the world, a type as helpless as a collier, but one which must have great size and battle-cruiser speed — the first non-fighting auxiliary to demand admission to the fighting-line. A small ship will not do, for her landing-deck must be not-missable at sixty to eighty miles an hour. A slow ship is worse than useless, for the air-plane carrier must be swift enough to lessen materially the relative velocity of the home-coming plane by running away from her, and also to keep safely out of gunshot behind the crashing, swaying, hurrying battle-fleet that she serves and by which she is guarded.

There is a third problem upon which this matter of command of the air depends, which as yet has made little progress toward solution. It is not so much an air-plane problem as a war-problem, and armies and navies have solved it at terrible cost. The present designs, even the best of them, make an air-battle a matter of individual duels and a mêlée, no matter how great the air-fleets participating. Tactical formation is usually possible only before battle. Once joined, battle is man to man, plane to plane, and control of a fleet by a single commander is confined to individual indoctrination and training beforehand, must often be suspended during contact, and can be resumed only after the fight is over. In other words, air-fighting tactics are the land tactics of the Trojan War, the fleet tactics of the Phœnicians. Victory depends upon supermen, and supermen cannot be made to order. Eventually, designers must find us a machine that can be one unit of an integral fighting fleet instead of one of a number of skillful duelists.

The underlying necessities of this problem have been made plain by the history of war on land and sea. The manner of applying them to the air has not been found. The root of the matter is that in its infancy every known weapon, from a bare-handed man to a machine-gun, fights *dead ahead.* Eyes and blow are directed against the nearest enemy directly in front. The first soldiers, the first ships, and the present air-planes have one thing in common — they fight 'bows on,' have no time to watch for signals from their commanders, and no space on either side to obey a command of movement without hindering their comrades. Edward III formed his bowmen into thin lines, presented the broadside of these formations to the enemy, and inaugurated controlled volley-fire. Man for man, the chivalry of France fully equaled that of England, and greatly outnumbered it; but no Roland, no Bayard, could avail against the disciplined storm of arrows, speeding on their deadly errand at the word of the single commanding brain of the English army. England, too, disciplined Spain at sea by an application of the same principle. The Great Armada was admirably handled, with consummate seamanship and in strict accord with naval science of centuries; but its tactics were bows-on, ship to crush ship with a ramming blow, and to reduce her by hand-to-hand fighting on her shattered decks. The English relied on broadside gunfire and handiness. Every phase of that cruelly long-drawn-out battle shows a gallant attack bows-on by the Spaniards in line abreast, met by a single line of close-hauled English ships entirely under the control of a single mind, raking ship

after ship with the full weight of their superior broadside guns.

On land and at sea, fighting is in one plane, however; so broadside fire, with its advantages of manœuvring and concentration of fire and controllability, is soluble. A flying-machine fighting broadside to the enemy has not been found, for the enemy will probably never be exactly on our own level. We must find a ship which can fight broadside up and down, as well as on either beam.

Command of the air once gained, the steady improvement of existing types will serve to exploit it to the discomfiture of an enemy. Torpedo-carrying air-planes will harass his surface ships; spotting-planes will enable us to crush him with gunfire before he can so much as see us; bombers can destroy his train and cripple his capital ships with explosives and gas.

Command of the air — this is the vital problem of military aviation; and in its wake arise problems and necessities in the path of every activity ashore or afloat. To armies and to cities it brings the necessity of bomb-shelters that will not fill up with poison-gas, and of accurate anti-air-craft batteries. To battleships, still panting from the long struggle to make themselves reasonably immune to torpedoes under water, it brings the new necessity to grow a tough turtle-back impervious to torpedoes from the air, and to rake the open funnels horizontally, or astern, in order that their gaping apertures may offer no chance for a luckily dropped bomb to wreck their vitals, and also to screen the glow of their boilers, now plainly visible from the air on the darkest night. It makes imperative a still undiscovered gas-mask, in which soldiers, sailors, yes, and civilians, may live and work for long periods. It is forcing upon the submarine a new method of underwater propulsion, yet to be found; for an exploding bomb far outboard will cripple the present electric engine and force the submarine to the surface, where she becomes easy prey to bomb and shell.

Eight years of devoted, perilous, quiet work; seven years of feverish development — that is the history of aviation; and it is to-day probably the most far-reaching existing influence on future history. Gone forever are the sickly, thirsting expeditionary columns, which in the past have punished raiding savages in the jungles and deserts of the world at hideous cost. A few men, a few air-planes, a few days, and the chastisement is complete. Gone is the immunity of colliers and repair-ships lagging in the wake of the sea-borne fleets; and gone is the safety of the island cities.

In fifteen years aviation has superposed itself upon civilization. Its future is limitless, not predictable. It is daily demonstrating its ability to extend the scope of our economic fabric to lengths undreamed of, and in ways which were but yesterday fantastic dreams. And it has already proved its power to destroy utterly the world as we have built it; has forced us to take sober and urgent thought as to how this mighty and as yet irresponsible force may be subordinated to the common good. The industrial changes following the introduction of steam and electrical machinery are trifling and infinitesimal in comparison with those already following in the wake of mankind's new-found ability to fly.

The future of all the world is in the air — a future either glorious or terrible. Your generation and mine will decide which it shall be.

BARN ELVES

BY CARY GAMBLE LOWNDES

SOMEHOW, May always reminds you of Horace and barns. True, the poet rarely mentions the months by name; but — 'With leaves all a-flicker at breath of Spring's advent' — is n't that May, the beauteous o' the year?

Thou shun'st me, Chloe, as a fawn seeking its timorous dam within the trackless mountains, panicky with vain fear of breath of air, and of the forest. For whether the thorn with its facile leaves shudders to the caress of the breeze, or the green lizards stir the brake, at once it trembles both in heart and knees. But not as a tiger fierce do I pursue to rend thee, nor as a Gætulian lion. Now, at length, a maiden grown, cease to cling to thy mother.

Wandering about the farm, some mid-May afternoon, you will think of that. You are on a fishing trip — your second visit: the first was in November, quail-shooting. It is singular that you, who never cared much for fishing, should suddenly have decided to try a place so lacking in game-fish that a white perch is a surprise, a 'spot' is an event, and a rockfish as big as the cork used on the eighteen-foot fishing-poles common here would cause a riot. All the same, with rod, reel, and basket, here you are. You have been here a week, and have n't caught anything but catfish, eels, and 'yellow-neds.' But there's the farm. You like farming. After all, what's time or fishing compared with agricultural research?

The farm, with its old buildings and broom-grassed, piny solitudes, is interesting to explore, especially when, in dove-gray skirt and snowy shirt-waist, her wine-dark hair deftly coiled, walks at your side the Spirit of the Farm, who is 'showing you around.' She is rare. Her walk is pheasant-like. Her clothes seem to caress her — a perfect model for a picture by the famed artist of *Society*, whose Grecian heroines, in tailored suits, on pages torn from magazines, adorn her room. They are the inspiration, perchance, of those curves of grace, the classic carriage, and the proud little sway from the waist. Or, happily, it is her Devon blood, renascent, for all its centuries of poverty and struggle, that moulds again in her slight form the lines of *haute noblesse*.

Among her sisters your eye had instantly singled her. She understood. At first she was reserved and dignified, shy; but now, free companions of the woods and fields, you wander where you will. You watch the broken-winged wild goose, tied to a post on the lawn and honking disconsolately. You feed the tiny 'just-out' bantams, hunt eggs in the tool-shed and the musty stalls, and find a guinea's nest under the weed-grown reaper. You gather armfuls of lilacs, but drop them all to burn a tattered last-year's hornet castle. No use telling her that the long-dead hornets are n't 'playing 'possum.'

You race across the pasture, hurdle the bars, are introduced to the cows, name a calf, and are presented with a young and very black kitten, which, taking instant fancy to your feet, sticks thenceforth at your heels, making playful pounces at your leggin-cords. Somehow, for all its idiotic attentions, you

like it, with that red ribbon about its neck.

You slide back the huge barn-doors. Together you mount the worn rungs of the loft-ladder. 'Pioneers! O Pioneers!' Up, up, you go. Up. Still up. High — so high! To the very roof o' the world — the great, wide, hollow, odorous barn.

'Tand' qu'aux bords des fontaines,
Ou dans les frais ruisseaux,
Les moutons baign'nt leur laines,
Y dansent au préau.

'Ého! ého! ého!
Les agneaux vont aux plaines.
Ého! ého! ého!
Et les loups sont aux bois.'

'Ého! Ého! Ého!' The resonant echoes, rolling, return the shouted refrain of the old Burgundian shepherd song. 'Ého! Ého! Ého!' That's the first French this barn — and Somebody — have ever heard. Somebody likes it, too, and is silent. Off from the gables storm the startled pigeons. Out from their nests, on beam and rafter, dart the twittering swallows. It is pleasant, lying on the hay before the wide window, awaiting their return. Back they come, the proud, iris-necked cock-pigeons, a-rou-cou-coo-ing, a-bookity-boo-ing, on the sill; the swallows, Spirits of the Loft, hovering stationary in the gray-framed azure of the window. Brave they look, in their new dress-suits, steel-blue-backed, white-and-chestnut-fronted. 'Now, what,' they twitter, 'what, in the name of common sense, can this pair of human nuisances be up to, high, so high, in our domain?'

'Ého! Ého! Ého!'

'Tell me something about the swallows,' she begs, when the Spirits of the Loft are a-nest once more, and all is the silence of the hay. 'You know so many verses. Tell me one, please. I love birds.'

She does n't have to beg very hard. It was on your lips, unvoiced: —

'I stray and sob in the forest:
The throstle sits on the bough;
She springs and sings her purest,
"What ails thee, sad of brow?"

'Thy sisters, dear, the swallows,
Can rede thee true, my child,
Who chose the lattice hollows
Where erst my darling smiled.'

You don't like it? I'm sorry. Yes; it is sad, but sad things are the loveliest and the farthest from earth. You will like this one. It is old English. Perhaps one of your Devon ancestors wrote it. Those morioned harriers of the Spanish Main grew poetic, sometimes, in the alehouse.

'The martins and the swallows
Are God Almighty's scholars.
The robins and the wrens
Are God Almighty's friends.

'The laverock and the lintie,
The robin and the wren —
If you disturb their nests,
You'll never thrive again.

'For swallows on Mount Calvary
Plucked tenderly away
From the brow of Christ two thousand thorns,
Such gracious birds are they.'

What's that? You don't see how I can shoot a bird? *You* would n't shoot one, of course. How about that quail somebody shot with my gun, last fall? Sitting, too. And right under old Hector's nose, while he was holding his point so patiently! Somebody's so tender-hearted she would n't think of going hunting again. What? She is? And is going to tramp ten miles of sedge-fields, tear her stockings to rags, scratch her hands, and shoot at anything that will sit still long enough? Good for you! Won't we have a time! We'll be *coureurs de marais*, in your canoe, on the river. With old Hector up front, to watch for falling mallards, we'll follow the happy day. I'll be here when the shooting season opens — it's only six months off. I'll bring my sixteen-gauge

gun and a pair of leather leggins for you.

'Êho! Êho! Êho!'

How you show off! When you were a boy, someone said, ''Fraid cat,' and you insanely rode your bicycle down certain brownstone front steps, landing on your head, in the middle of the street, and almost beneath the passing car-wheels. You hear her mocking laughter yet — the cruel, peppermint-sticky little coquette, your first flame, who 'dared' you.

It is different now. She follows eagerly, while you reveal the life of the barn, unveiling a creation of which she has scarcely surmised the existence. She knows the boring-bees; the 'black-faces' sting, but the 'white-faces' don't. The 'death-watch' beetle, ticking in the wall, frightens her, but she likes the nervous mud-daubers, brown and blue, and exclaims in wonder when she first hears their dry, gritty clicking, busily plastering their mud tunnels against the inner shingles.

Thin wings suddenly flutter overhead. 'Oh! oh! A bat! Don't let it get in my hair!' Down she burrows under the hay while, crazily flickering to and fro, the 'leather-bird' darts and twists in the semi-twilight.

You stand, with pitchfork raised. 'It's gone now. Come out, Barn Elf.'

She rises, blinking and sneezing, her hair loose and full of clinging straws. One's gone down her back. What a time it takes to get it out! How she laughs and shrinks and shudders! What's the matter with your fingers? The loosened hair is rearranged and pinned; the errant straw is, at last, recovered, and nature-study is resumed; but it is useless to expatiate upon bats and their habits.

'I think they're awful. I wish every one in the world was dead. I'm going down if it comes again. There! — Oh! oh!' at each returning swoop. Finally, the bat hangs upside down from a rafter, and is quiet.

'My goodness! But you can see things!' she exclaims, enthusiastically chewing a clover-stalk and looking sidewise at you from under her straw-filled hair. 'What an eye you've got! No wonder you beat father shooting partridges last fall.'

'Hush, Barn Elf. See that weasel's head peeping out of the rathole, in the corner? Too late. "Pop" goes the weasel. They always do, just when you look; it's their way. He's hunting rats. He won't bother your bantams. If he does — I'll get him if I have to watch all night. Yonder's a pewee's nest, on the old broom, behind that rafter, by the west window. It's not finished yet. There are no swallows on that side of the barn. Come over and see. No, the nests are empty; they've driven all the beauties away. Pewees are democrats. They hate "swallowtails." '

She is glad to learn. She does not question. Composed, she listens, satisfied with your knowledge. Yet now and then a side-glance at the ladder-opening. Only the faintest flush of cheek, only the twitching of the bitten straw, give token of the 'awfulness' unheard of — but not undreamed of —

'In the loft so long, all by herself, with the stranger!'

'Here comes that horrid bat again! I'm really afraid. I'm going down this minute!'

But why so slow about descending? What glamour is in the odorous air? That little trusting hand, why does it quiver in your hand, like an imprisoned bird? That paling, dawn-flushed face, where is its composure now? That slender form, why does it tremble? Why, half-knowing she knows not what, does she look at you with eyes so strangely luminous? She is a woman, for all her sixteen years. — Deep called unto deep. You can read the whirl of thought with-

in the waiting, straw-flecked head. — Deep called unto deep. There's Chloe-Tyndaris. This is the Sabine Farm.

A kiss lays low the walls of Thee and Me.

Take it, and go down. Walk home, with the sunset swallows skimming the mist-draped, bending rye.

'Ého! Ého! Ého!'

Nightfall. Milking and supper done, the table cleared, and the lamps lighted in the sitting-room, the family dispose themselves to chat and knit, but ever with an eye upon the dining-room across the hall. Dorothy has made a 'catch.' That's nothing. She's been a flirt since she was twelve, as several rural hearts can mourn.

Nine o'clock: the sitting-room is dark and silent. Ten: the tethered wild goose honks and crickets shrill. Still, by the shaded lamp, you read. She is fond of reading, apt of memory, and even knows Latin, in a way. How beautiful she is! The crimson lamp-light gilds her hair. A straw still clings. You reach and pluck it and lay it in your book. No flush, this time, betrays what now she understands. Chin in hand, across the table, steadfastly she looks at you — a look that seals the kiss and hallows Swallow Barn. Translate from the pocket-copy of Horace you always carry: *Felices ter, et amplius, quos irrupta tenet copula.* 'Happy, yea, thrice happy, they whom the unbroken bond doth bind.'

Another week. Here yet. And still fishing. You love her. Everybody knows it. She likes you. Why does she return each night from the distant village school? It used to be only on Saturdays that she came home. She has a camera. Often, at school, behind her book hiding a tiny photograph, she will bend her head. Her chums will know. She will give each a look at the 'stylish' outlines of her 'city' conquest. She will carry it, desirably tucked in pleasant places, until it's worn to shreds.

Gone a week. You've written twice. And, be sure, when your first letter came, the county knew it. Her sisters will tease. Bravely she will bear it. She will flash out at them, and stamp her foot: 'Yes. He does lo — like me. I'm not a bit ashamed. It's no such thing! He's not twice my age! What if he is? I — I even like the city!'

Then you get a letter — four pages crushed into a small envelope. It is a wonder, that letter, and perfect except for legibility and orthography. (She's better at reading.) More brightly shine the occasional misspelled words than all Alaska's river-gold, than all the diamonds of the Rand. A thing of joy is that letter, telling the life of every day, the life of the farm: —

'Brother dug out two cunning little fox-cubs, down on the river shoar. I'm going to keep one. It has a little white spot in its cute little nose and its name is Tansy. I was home, Saturday and Monday. I saw a woodcock fly across the road in the pasture. Oh, it's so hot! The pewee's nest is finished building — where, I reckon you know. I send you a straw. The river is beautiful. Oh, I wish — I wish you were here.

'Barn Elf.
(You called me that.)'

'Ého! Ého! Ého!'

She loves you. Straws show how the wind blows. Dorothy and Swallow Barn are yours, should you go back. Go back. Heed not the Wise of Earth. More are under than on it. Go back. The old farm, and its rain-torn, briary fields, will be forevermore the home of Oread, Dryad, and Faun — an idyl of Sabinian days.

VATICAN POLITICS AND POLICIES

BY L. J. S. WOOD

I

On the 30th of July, 1904, France left the Vatican unceremoniously, just a short note from the *chargé d'affaires*, put on paper, but diplomatically called verbal, being all the notice of her departure. The Ambassador, M. Nisard, had been called home on leave a month before. After an interval of nearly seventeen years, on May 28, 1921, she returned, with all the éclat possible and desirable. It was Cardinal Merry del Val who put on record the now celebrated phrase that 'France was too great a lady to come up the backstairs'; and ever since the resumption of diplomatic relations has been spoken of, it has been regarded here as a *sine qua non* that it must be carried out in the *grande manière*, if at all. That has been done; and indeed all that has led up to it in France, — the Committee report, the Chamber debate, the Senate opposition and delay, the suggestions of half-way resumption, with a representative in Rome but no nuncio in Paris, and, finally, M. Briand's determination, after a question had been put courteously but significantly from Rome, to carry the thing through without waiting for authorization from the Senate, — all this has enhanced the importance of the event.

By the very force of things, it had to be. Not only was the opinion of the country so manifestly in favor of it, but, after the abundant signs of good-will on the part of the Holy See, and more particularly after the honors of the altar given to France's St. Joan of Arc, and the honors paid to France's civil representatives last spring, not a Frenchman but would have felt that he was lacking in the *noblesse* obliging the 'eldest daughter of the church,' if his country had not played the game. And there can be little doubt that the opposition in the Senate — all that is left of the violent prejudice of seventeen years ago — will be overcome, the confirmatory vote of the French Parliament obtained, M. Briand's provisional step officially indorsed. A hundred and fifty politicians cannot oppose the clearly expressed desire of the great majority of the elected representatives and the overwhelming majority of the nation.

The way of reconciliation and collaboration is not quite clear. Obstacles remain. But diplomacy, backed by evident good-will on both sides, may be trusted to find a way round them if it cannot definitely break them down.

The status of Catholics in Alsace-Lorraine has to be regularized. After the conquest in 1870, Germany prudently left them the status which, as French Catholics, they enjoyed under the Concordat of July 15, 1801, between France and the Holy See. Since 1906, therefore, while Catholics in France have been subject to the dispositions of the Law of Separation of Church and State, those in Alsace-Lorraine have retained the status given under the old Concordat. Although they are exceedingly unwilling to resign their privileged

position, common sense demands that conditions be homogeneous throughout the country.

A second difficulty is found in the Law of Separation itself. Pius X refused to accept it, on the ground that some dispositions, particularly regarding the *Associations Cultuelles*, went counter to the divinely given constitution, rights, and duties of the Catholic Church, the charge of safeguarding which was laid on him as Pope. While, on the one side, Benedict XV of course realizes and takes up that charge and responsibility as fully as his predecessor, on the other side, the French Government has pledged its word that the Separation Law shall not be touched. An easy way out of the difficulty lies in ignoring it — not saying anything about the matter at all. If it cannot be ignored, a way around the difficulty is indicated by the record of the actual putting into practice of those dispositions of the law since 1906. It is argued that, inasmuch as the supreme courts before which cases have been brought have invariably interpreted them in a way so favorable to the Church that their tenor is shown to be innocuous, they do not in fact carry the meaning on which Pius X's refusal to accept the law was based.

A third difficulty is found in the realm of world-politics — the Near East, the privileged position given to France there by Turkey, the privileges granted, as accessory to that position, by the Holy See, and the changes in the situation brought about by the great war. Summed up, the situation was that, under the old Capitulations, France held from Turkey the protectorate over all Catholics in the Near East, with a few exceptions; and in consideration of that, the Holy See instructed Catholics in general, both individuals and religious communities, to apply to her for protection. It also gave to the representative of France certain privileges, mainly liturgical — a special place, and special honors, for instance, at important religious functions.

But with the passing of the old Turkish Empire the Capitulations no longer exist. The privileges granted by the Holy See were, as Cardinal Gasparri has authoritatively said, accessory to the principle in relation to the Capitulations: inevitably they cease to exist, in consequence. The old order has, in fact, gone by the board. In the Protocol to the Sèvres Treaty, drawn up at the meeting of the Council of the Powers at San Remo in May, 1920, it is definitely stated that the old protectorate and privileges have lapsed; and the signature of France is attached to that Protocol, together with those of the other great powers.

France holds the mandate for Syria, Great Britain that for Palestine; but French feeling is loath to surrender the old privileges in the Holy Land. It realizes the political advantage that the favored position of France there and in the Near East generally gave to her; and everything spoken and written recently in France on the subject of the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Holy See has shown how the wish for reconciliation with Rome is motived by the hope of regaining, through the religious agency, the privileged political position of the old days. No attempt indeed has been made to disguise the fact that it is political advantage, particularly in the Near East, that is sought. On its side the Holy See has all goodwill, in consideration of what France has done for the Catholic religion in the Near East during past centuries; but the fact remains, and has been stated clearly in Cardinal Gasparri's celebrated letter to M. Denys Cochin, of June 26, 1917, that, when the old Turkish régime and the Capitulations ceased

to exist, the religious privileges granted to France by virtue of them came to an end as well.

Evidently, then, there are points on which France and the Holy See have to reach an understanding. But the restoration of diplomatic relations, the reconciliation, is a fact. The importance of the event is self-evident. The old policy, which Waldeck-Rousseau started, and Combes and Briand carried to lengths far beyond the original intention, was summarized, when completed by the Separation Law, in Viviani's famous phrase, 'We have put out the lights of heaven.' Waldeck-Rousseau dissociated himself from the acts of his successors; Combes has died at the very moment the great change is being carried out; it is no other than Briand who is carrying it out, while Viviani attends the Funeral Mass of Cardinal Gibbons. *Au fond*, it may be nothing more than the inevitable victory of common sense over a phase of political fanaticism; but in itself it is a striking event. And, further, it carries beyond the limits just indicated by France and the Holy See. For, firstly, it has had immediate repercussion here in Italy; and, secondly, it has raised the diplomatic edifice of Rome, the world-position of the Papacy, to such a height that the world cannot help noticing it. The Holy See — to change the metaphor — seems to be riding on a great wave resulting from the storm of world-war; and the world may wonder where, how far, and in what direction, it may steer itself or may be carried.

II

On the part of Italy there is, of course, not the slightest objection to the restoration of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See. When the British Empire determined to send Sir Henry Howard as representative to the Vatican at the end of 1914, Sir Edward Grey took the prudent step of sounding in advance the Italian Government, and was assured that no objection would be made, or was felt. The step was diplomatically cautious and courteous, but was unnecessary. Numerous powers had representatives at the Vatican; the Italian Law of Guaranties explicitly recognizes that the Pope may receive accredited representatives from foreign powers, and it gives them all the prerogatives and immunities due by international law to such envoys. If an objection was inconceivable when England was making a new departure, breaking a centuries-old tradition, it is more inconceivable now, when France returns after an interval of only seventeen years.

But, even though any objection is out of the question, the arrival of France at the Vatican has made Italians think. In actual fact, during and since the war, numbers of states have been establishing or reëstablishing relations with the Holy See, without any particular notice being taken here. It required the striking nature of the return of France to wake public opinion up to the fact that Italy is practically the only great European country unrepresented at the Vatican. And in newspapers and magazines there has been a flood of comment on that fact, ever since M. Briand decided to send M. Jonnart to the Vatican as Ambassador of France. 'Everyone sees the diplomatic advantage of being represented at the Vatican; we are the only great nation out of it; we lose thereby; a remedy should be found.' On that there is practical unanimity, but the question then arises, 'How?'

The actual position, as between Italy and the Holy See, is to-day what it was in 1870, after the Italian troops entered Rome, or, to be more accurate, in 1871, after the passing of the Law

of Guaranties.[1] Officially, the protest of Pius IX has been repeated by each successor — Leo XIII, Pius X, and the present Pope. Benedict XV has been as explicit as his predecessors. In his first Encyclical, of November 1, 1914, he said: 'Too long has the Church been curtailed of its necessary freedom of action, ever since the Head of the Church, the Supreme Pontiff, began to lack that defense of his freedom which the providence of God had raised up during the course of centuries. . . . While We pray for the speedy return of peace to the world, We also pray that an end be put to the abnormal state in which the Head of the Church is placed — a state which in many ways is an impediment to the common tranquillity. Our Predecessors have protested — not from self-interest, but from a sense of sacred duty — against this state of things; those protests We renew, and for the same reason, to protect the rights and dignity of the Apostolic See.'

Every thinking man recognizes the necessity for the Vatican to uphold that official attitude. If it did not do so, it would lose its base — base of action, if there is anything doing; base on which to continue standing, if not. But much water has passed under Tiber bridges since 1871. There is no need to recapitulate here all that has happened during the past fifty years. From the clear-cut cliffs on either side of the dividing river, rocks have been falling into the stream and forming stepping-stones, while the flow of prejudice and bitter feeling has slackened. Through pressure of the World War, of late the line of stones has become almost continuous. Has the moment come to cement them into a bridge? It would seem that there are many thoughtful Italians who think it has; and on the side of the Holy See, there have been many signs of good-will — tempered naturally by what one may now call caution, in place of the strict reserve of former days.

One such sign appeared just twelve months ago, in the Pope's Encyclical Letter on Reconciliation among the Nations and the Restoration of Christian Peace, of which one passage ran: 'This concord between civilized nations is maintained and fostered by the modern custom of visits and meetings, at which the Heads of States and Princes are accustomed to treat of matters of special importance. So then, considering the changed circumstances of the times and the dangerous trend of events, and in order to encourage this concord, We should not be unwilling to relax in some measure the severity of the conditions justly laid down by Our Predecessors, when the civil power of the Apostolic See was overthrown, against the official visits of the Heads of Catholic States to Rome.'

That is a very remarkable concession. In its literal form it is conditional, for the Holy See must envisage the bare possibility of a head of a Catholic state — who may not himself be a Catholic — or the Parliament of such a state, making some move, either in ignorance or by premeditation, not in consonance with the spirit of the present times and of the above concession, but rather in the spirit of the times now past. The Holy See must be free to safeguard its sovereign dignity in view of untoward eventualities. But in substance the veto against the visits to 'the Usurper' in Rome of the heads of Catholic states is lifted. It was on account of this veto that the Austrian sovereign could never return the Italian sovereign's official visit; and, in fact, no Catholic head of a state — with the accidental exception, on one occasion, of the Prince of Monaco, and, of course, the notorious

[1] See the author's paper on 'The Temporal Power,' in the *Atlantic* for June, 1919.

case of President Loubet, whose visit was largely responsible for the breaking off of relations between France and the Holy See — has been to Rome since 1870.

But here, too, the words of concession are followed up immediately by the saving clause of principle: 'But at the same time we formally declare that this concession, which seems counseled or, rather, demanded by the grave circumstances in which to-day society is placed, must not be interpreted as a tacit renunciation of its sacrosanct rights by the Apostolic See, as if it acquiesced in the unlawful situation in which it is now placed. Rather do We seize this opportunity to renew for the same reasons the protests which Our Predecessors have several times made, not in the least moved thereto by human interests, but in fulfillment of the sacred duty of their charge to defend the rights and dignity of this Apostolic See; once again demanding, and with even greater insistence now that peace is made among the nations, that "for the Head of the Church too an end may be put to that abnormal condition which in so many ways does such serious harm to tranquillity among the peoples."'

We have, then, the attitude of the Holy See outlined with sufficient clearness: in principle it is exactly where it was; in practice it has shown signs of real good-will. But, if anything is to be done, it awaits a move from the other side. In that, it is logical. If the Holy See were to speak out in the ordinary language of the world one may imagine it expressing itself thus: 'You took away my independence when you took away the Temporal Power by which it had been guaranteed for a thousand years. Sovereign freedom and independence I must have. Your Law of Guaranties does not give it to me: because the text does not contain it; because such law is unilateral, and a sovereign cannot have regulations imposed on him by anyone or he loses his sovereignty; and because the law, made by one Parliament, could be revoked at any moment by another. It is ephemeral. Even if it gave independence, it could not guarantee it. But if you offer me independence, actual and apparent to the world, and based on a guaranty as effective as the Temporal Power of the old days, I will consider the offer, and, if satisfied, will ratify the new arrangement in a bilateral contract as between two sovereigns.'

Is it possible for Italy to make a move? The government of the day could not make concrete proposals unless it had practical assurance that they would be acceptable in substance to both interested parties — the Holy See on the one side, and Italian public opinion, represented by Parliament, on the other. The government should find no difficulty in getting the information necessary. As regards the Holy See, it is notorious that there has always been an unofficial channel of communication between Italy and the Vatican. There are almost daily happenings, some of little, some of great importance, on which mutual knowledge and understanding is necessary. The Italian railway authorities — to take a very small matter — make special arrangements for the journeys of cardinals to and from Rome; when several Princes of the Church are traveling at the same moment, to a Conclave for instance, a special train is put at their disposal. During a Conclave the most elaborate precautions are taken to prevent any inconvenience to single cardinals while they are in Rome, and to ensure the entire freedom of the Sacred College while it is in solemn session in the Vatican, at the moment when the name of the new Pope is announced from the balcony of St. Peter's, and during the ensuing functions. At great feasts

in St. Peter's, the Cardinal Archpriest has an escort of Italian *carabinieri* in his own basilica, which technically does not belong to the Holy See.

When any excitement among the people here is threatened, the government keeps the Vatican informed of the precautions taken against disturbance of public order in its neighborhood. There are a hundred points on which exchange of information between the two bodies is convenient. During the war communications of a practically official nature passed; as, for instance, during the negotiations for exchange of Italian and Austrian prisoners, a benevolent initiative, in great measure due to and organized by the Holy See, but cut short at the last moment by the prejudice of one Italian minister. In that case, communication between the Foreign Office and the Secretariat of State was, if not official, actually direct.

The Italian government should find no difficulty in learning, privately but authoritatively, the views of the Holy See, if it has concrete proposals to suggest. On the other side, the Chamber of Deputies is divided up into clearly defined parties, and a prime minister can estimate to a nicety, after private conversation with the party leaders, whether or no he can count on their support on any given question. Every prime minister, too, has his own ways of bargaining for such support if he wants it. Public opinion is largely influenced by the press. In the present case the bulk of it would surely be favorable; and if the question were put before the Italian people in the obvious way that presents itself, after the very explicit example set by France of renewing relations with Rome solely in the country's political interest, the proposal might go through — all other circumstances being favorable — on a wave of patriotic enthusiasm, in addition to religious satisfaction of the great mass of the people. The patriotic note would drown what little sectarian clamor might arise.

Recent Italian premiers have been well disposed to the Holy See; one of them, Signor Nitti, is notoriously desirous of seeing his name go down in history as the statesman who settled the Roman Question; and as he is equally notoriously anxious to return to the place now occupied by Signor Bonomi, it is quite possible that the latter might have no objection to doing the thing himself, while he has the opportunity.

III

As to the lines on which agreement could be reached, presuming, as is probable, that preliminary soundings show the possibility of approach, we have, speaking generally, a new willingness to consider the question on the part of Italy, and undoubted signs of good-will on the part of the Holy See. From that it is not a difficult advance to reach, on the part of Italy, the recognition that the existing Law of Guaranties does not give and guarantee fully and patently the necessary liberty and independence of the Pope; and, on the part of the Holy See, an attitude of relaxation of severity, in consideration of the changed spirit of the times, to which the Pope himself has so often alluded, and which, while it may go some way to meet Italian susceptibilities, may be sufficiently explicit and far-reaching to satisfy such claims of the Holy See as are fundamentally and absolutely vital because founded on the divinely given constitution of the Church.

Would it be possible to draw up an agreement, presumably in the form of a Concordat, — a bilateral understanding, that is, between two sovereign powers, — by which Italy would get the political advantage of direct diplomatic representation and communication, which is so evidently desired and

is now gained by France and other nations; and to embody also in that agreement clauses which should subjectively recognize the full sovereignty of the Pope and objectively provide a guaranty of it which he could accept as satisfactory? Sovereignty, it is recognized, must rest on territory: whether as much as would go in a teacup, — theoretically sufficient, practically absurd, — or the old States of the Church, or the City of Rome — practically out of date.

Largely theory must govern consideration; to any and every solution practical objections can be found. Granting that consideration of political interest impels Italy to move; and granting, as is practically assured, benevolent consideration by the Holy See, what guaranty of his sovereign liberty and independence will the Pope consider satisfactory? That is the point on which no one can prophesy. What is quite certain is, that there is no moral obligation on him to claim the old guaranty, the old Temporal Power as it used to exist; but he must claim something, and something satisfactory, in its place.

Before leaving the subject a passing note must be made of that very remarkable phenomenon of the times, the rush of civil governments to Rome. Before the war the Holy See had diplomatic relations with a dozen states; now it has such relations, either sending a representative or receiving one, or, in the large majority of cases, both sending and receiving, with twenty-five. Quality, too, has increased, as well as quantity. Before the war Rome sent to foreign powers only five nuncios, including those of the second class, and two internuncios; it received only two ambassadors and twelve ministers, of foreign states. Now it sends out nineteen nuncios and five internuncios, receiving eight ambassadors and seventeen ministers. Governments which had no relations have established them. Governments which had broken off relations have restored them. Governments which had second-class relations have raised them to first class.

In the first category the British Empire is noticeable. It sent a minister on special mission at Christmas, 1914, for the announced purpose that its policy, reasons, aims, intentions, and conduct in the war might be rightly understood at the Holy See. Now that war is over, it has converted its special mission into a permanent legation, by reason of the proved value of representation there. Holland, in the spring of 1915, carried through Parliament the proposal to send a representative to the Holy See, on the ground that it was the country's special and vital interest that peace should be brought about as soon as possible, and that it was to Holland's interest to coöperate with the Vatican. Now that peace has come, Holland has made its relations permanent, receiving a separate internuncio instead of a subordinate share in the Nuncio at Brussels. In this category, too, come all the states — Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and the rest — that have risen from the war. In the second category, France is the outstanding figure. The third is very numerous: the German Embassy replacing the Prussian Legation; Belgium, Chile, Brazil, Peru raising their legations to the full rank of embassies.

And it is remarkable how this phenomenon has come about without objective effort on the part of the Holy See: the civil governments have approached Rome, not Rome the civil governments, though, of course, she has extended to them the most cordial welcome. If, indeed, one regards the simple objective historical facts, appearing on the surface, affecting the Holy See in relation to the war, the phenomenon seems more remarkable still. The Papacy

proclaimed its neutrality and impartiality; the Pope announced his policy of doing everything possible: first, to relieve suffering; second, to bring about peace. On the first count his success was amazing, showing to the world in a really remarkable manner the unique character and power of the institution of the Papacy. On the second count he seems, to all outward appearances, to have failed completely. A clause in the secret agreement of April, 1915, by which Italy entered the war, — a clause which was, under the resulting circumstances, valueless,—prohibited him from having anything to do with the Peace Conference whenever and however that might come about. It was valueless because the Holy See always envisaged peace by agreement, and would never have taken part in a peace imposed by conquerors on conquered; whereas the Allies always held that there could be no just and lasting peace — such as the Holy See itself desired — unless founded on the defeat of the party responsible for the war and the consequent recognition by Germany that war does not pay.

That was always the fundamental difference between the Pope and the Allies in their outlook on peace. President Wilson's reply to the Papal Peace Note of August, 1917, with which the Allies associated themselves, brought that point out clearly. Strive as he would for peace, the Pope seemed to have no success at all. Yet we now have the striking procession of the nations of the world toward the Vatican, which, on the face of things, seems to have failed utterly to do what it set itself to do. There is the contradiction; but there is the actual, evident fact, from which there is no getting away, of the position of increased prestige and power occupied by the Holy See to-day.

It is certainly one of the great historical phenomena to be noted among the results of the great war. But to prophesy as to future historico-political possibilities arising from it would be premature, particularly in view of the very sudden way in which it has come about. There is a point, however, which rivets the attention. No one, in considering to-day's phenomenon, can help thinking of old times, when the Pope had relations and agreements with all the powers of the world — the historico-political world that counted then: Europe. Such relations were between temporal sovereigns of states and the Pope — who also was temporal sovereign of a state, but at the same time supreme spiritual sovereign of the Catholic princes with whom he had relations.

There is a varied history of the vicissitudes of those relations. But, as the Pope has said more than once lately, times have changed. If we run down the list to-day we find His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain the only remaining sovereign of the class of the olden days; we find states which may be called, in regard to their peoples, Catholic: Poland, Belgium, Bavaria, even France, and others; but Rome's diplomatic relations with the world to-day are not with Catholic princes, but with 'democratic' states, represented by parliaments and prime ministers. It has been said in disparagement of limited companies that they have 'no souls to be saved or bodies to be kicked.' In the old days of Catholic princes and of the Temporal Power, both these conditions stood. Such entities to-day have the first half of the phrase only in the measure of righteousness of feeling expressed in the policy of the nation influencing the Government; and the second half stands only in the lessened and entirely changed measure of adjustment of diplomatic differences. In truth, to-day, Rome's aspect in its relations with the world flocking to it must be very differ-

ent from that of olden days. How it will align itself will be matter for interesting study by future students of history.

And it is for the future students of history, not for a passing note-maker of the time, to comment on another striking phenomenon. There is one great country to which the Pope's eyes turned specially in every crisis of the war; which, up to the very last minute, he believed never would come in; to which his eyes turned all the same after it had done so; to which the eyes of the Vatican are still turned, the more so in view of its evidently increased prestige and objective and subjective importance — and that is the one country which is not joining in the rush to Rome. The United States receives a purely religious representative of the Pope in the person of an Apostolic Delegate, but it has no diplomatic relations with the Holy See. That, too, is a policy as to which future students of history, at the Vatican and in America, will have opportunity for noting results and forming judgment.

THE LABOR SITUATION IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY A. SHADWELL

THE editor of the *Atlantic* has requested me to explain the labor situation in Great Britain to American readers, and has propounded several questions, which I will try to answer in the course of this essay. He asks for an interpretation, rather than a résumé, of the facts, and I will therefore assume that the reader has a certain knowledge of outstanding events. My task is, as I understand it, to explain the broad meaning of what is going on in England without entering into too much detail. This, of course, involves matters of opinion, and a preliminary word on my own standpoint is due. I write as a detached observer, who has for many years studied social conditions and industrial movements from the life in many countries, without any partisan predilections of any kind, political, financial, or theoretical; with friends and acquaintances in every camp, from the Duke of Northumberland to John Maclean, and with no interest to serve but the truth. If I am wrong, it is due to lack of judgment, not to bias, or to want of study.

I

Let me begin with the summary statement that so far we have passed through inevitable troubles and trials better than we had any sound reason to expect. We are by no means through with them yet; but as each successive corner is turned, the prospect improves.

This view may cause some surprise and be set down as 'optimistic'; but optimism has nothing to do with it, as I shall show. It is based on a reasoned anticipation, formed during the war from past and current conditions, of the industrial situation likely to arise after it, and on a broad survey of the actual course of events since the Armistice.

True, it runs counter to popular opinion; but popular opinion was, and is, ill informed in two ways. The public was first led into false anticipations, and then disillusion was unduly heightened by a one-sided view of the actual facts.

The war was generally expected to lead straight into a sort of Utopia, in which the lion would lie down with the lamb and the prophecy contained in the eleventh chapter of Isaiah would be at least on the way to fulfillment. There was no substance in this sanguine vision; it was simply a nebulous hope, born of war-excitement and fed by platform phrases, such as 'a land fit for heroes to live in' and the blessed word 'reconstruction.'

I can remember no such prolific begetter of nonsense as this idea of reconstruction. All the socialists, visionaries, and reformers saw in it their opportunity, and interpreted it in their own way; politicians hung their promises on it, and simple folk rose to it like trout to a fly in May. It proved an irresistible lure and was in everyone's mouth. It created a fool's paradise, in which every wish was to be gratified. Under its influence grandiose schemes were hatched and all sense of proportion was lost. The alluring prospect took a thousand forms, but the general idea was that everyone was going to have a much better time after the war than ever before. In particular, industrial conditions were to be improved out of recognition; the standard of living was to be raised; men were to work less and earn more; strife between employers and employed was to be banished; peace and prosperity were to reign; and all this immediately. The illusion was too popular to be resisted; protest was useless.

The currency obtained by these notions is shown by the frequent references in recent disputes to the falsification of promises and expectations. But good judges were not taken in by the rosy visions of reconstruction. More than five years ago — ten months before the first Russian revolution and eighteen months before the arrival of Bolshevism — I predicted, in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, great trouble after the war. I said that it would be a severer trial than the war itself; that the prospect was full of menace; and that everyone in a position to judge, with whom I had discussed the question, was of the same opinion. This reading was based on solid facts, which I elaborated a year later in the same review. I gave reasons for anticipating 'revolutionary changes, not effected without much tribulation and a period of adversity.'

I recall this, not to vaunt my prescience, which was shared by everyone who knew the real conditions and was not blinded by illusions, but to show that there is nothing obscure or mysterious about the present situation. It is due to forces recognized and understood years ago. Those forces have since been stimulated by events at home and abroad. Bolshevism; high prices; the spectacle of war-fortunes attributed to profiteering and held to be the cause of high prices; successive increases of wages extracted by demonstrations of force; the rapid growth of trade-unionism; artificial prosperity created by inflation of currency; war-time restrictions, especially of drink; revolutionary propaganda — all these have had their effect, and superficial observers have freely attributed the present situation to the influence of one or another of them.

That is a mistake. The trouble is more deeply rooted in the past and cannot be rightly understood without a knowledge of the historical evolution of labor movements, which can be indicated here only in brief outline.

II

During the nineteenth century the growth of industrialism was accompanied by the periodical appearance of an active ferment among the wage-earners, at regular intervals of about twenty years. The outstanding dates, marking the rise of active movement, are 1831, 1851, 1871, 1889, and 1911. It will be observed that but for 1889, which a little antedated the lapse of twenty years, the succession has been remarkably symmetrical. To enumerate the signs of this ferment at each appearance would occupy too much space. I can say only that it took both political and industrial forms, sometimes one and sometimes the other predominating, with a sort of oscillating movement. It issued broadly in legislation and in the advance of trade-unionism in numbers, organization, legal status, and privileges. There were collateral and associated movements, both practical and theoretical; but I am concentrating attention on the points of greatest activity.

What is the explanation of this periodicity? The state of trade has something to do with it. Each successive time of ferment was associated with an upward movement of trade, following a depression; but this alone will not account for the phenomenon. For in each period of twenty years there have been intermediate terms of rising trade, during which no corresponding advance in the labor movement has occurred. In some of them a certain amount of response was perceptible; but it was very small compared with the activity of the fermentative years enumerated. These were followed in each case by a period of apparent exhaustion, during which strength was gathered for a fresh advance.

The chief explanation of this, in my opinion, is to be found in the natural procession of the generations, by which the old gradually give place to the young. The latter know nothing of the struggles and exhaustion of the past; they are fresh, full of energy and fight. More than that, their standpoint is different, their outlook wider, their aspirations higher — or, if not higher, more purposeful, because nearer to practical attainment. They start where the previous generation left off. This development has been particularly noticeable in recent years. It is the result of the many educative influences that have been brought to bear, and of the whole process of social change that has permeated the population.

The notion that class-differences have widened is quite erroneous. In Great Britain, whatever may be the case in other countries, there has been a great and multiform approximation of classes. I have witnessed it going on all my life and at an increasing pace. Those who do not know it are either bad observers or too young to be able to compare the present with the past. The contemplation of figures showing the extremes of nominal wealth and poverty is misleading. It hides the approximation in real conditions. To take the most visible thing, no one even thinks of building either the palaces or the hovels that once regularly represented the extremes. The hovels are abolished, the palaces are being abandoned, the extremes have come much nearer together, and the same process is going on in all the things that matter. There has been a great diffusion of real wealth in comforts and conveniences, a great diffusion of knowledge and the means of self-improvement, a great diffusion of political power and administrative functions. Men of all classes meet on level terms in the council chamber and on the magisterial bench; all classes mingle on the railway platform, where millionaires not infrequently betake

themselves to a third-class, labor leaders to a first-class, compartment.

Everyday life teems with such visible signs of the tendency toward the obliteration of former distinctions; anyone who looks can see it. Indeed, it is so obvious that those who maintain the obsolete theory of a widening gulf have to close their eyes to avoid seeing patent facts.

But the appetite grows with what it feeds on. Each rise in the standard of living and social status becomes a starting-point for a further advance, which is actively entered upon when a new generation, with fresh aspirations, has gained sufficient strength, by the cumulative effect of growing up while the old dies off, to make the essay. This is, I believe, the chief explanation of the periodical ferment.

The last manifestation began in 1911, and several circumstances combined to give it a special character. Trade was rapidly improving, and wage-earners, more strongly organized than ever before, and more conscious of strength, had an unanswerable case for a larger share in the rising prosperity; for prices had been going up, while wages were stationary. By the formation of the political Labor Party, ten years before, the Socialist element had joined hands with some of the large trade-unions and had exercised increasing influence in the joint councils of the party. The remarkable successes of labor candidates in the general election of 1906, consolidated in those of 1910, had given a great stimulus to the movement on the political side and inspired it with confidence.

But still more conducive to a state of active ferment was the spread of organized revolutionary propaganda, and the introduction of new ideas, about this time or shortly before, — industrial unionism, syndicalism, and a little later, guild-socialism, — which differed from the old by making trade-unionism the source, and not merely the instrument, of revolution.

These ideas made little visible impression at the time, and were ridiculed by the advocates of State Socialism, to whom they were obnoxious; but they struck root and began to grow, chiefly in Scotland and South Wales. They were a leaven, and their influence is seen in the marked prominence of those areas in the turmoil during and since the war. In 1911, however, the movement was still confined to the old trade-union line of demanding advances of wages and allied changes, and enforcing their concession by strikes. Employers, blind to the new strength and vigor of the unions, adopted the fatal policy of refusing legitimate demands, which they could well afford to concede, until a strike took place, and then promptly giving way. The result was a series of strikes, unprecedented in number and magnitude, and for the most part successful, which had the effect of still further increasing the strength and self-confidence of the unions, enhancing the prestige of an active policy, and embittering the relations of employers and employer.

There is always a see-saw going on between industrial and political action, each having the ascendancy in turn. In the years preceding 1911, political action was in the ascendant, but it had apparently exhausted its potency, and a reaction had set in, which prepared the way for another turn with the industrial weapon. The striking success of the latter in 1911–12 led, as usual, to overuse and reaction. Strikes were still very numerous in 1913, — indeed, they were more numerous, — but they were on a smaller scale and did not last so long.

Then, in 1914, the character of the conflict began to change. There were indications of declining trade, many

employers were awaiting an opportunity to retaliate for the squeezing they had undergone, and what would have followed in the ordinary course was a period of renewed strife on the opposite line of employers' demands and workmens' resistance.

This is the background to the present situation. The prospect immediately preceding the war was one of declining trade and industrial conflict, waged with stronger forces and more embittered feelings than before. At the same time, it is to be noted that the period of prosperity-strife had produced other and contrary effects. It had led to a better appreciation of the principle of conciliation and to the development of conciliation machinery. In some quarters the relations between employers and employed had improved, and this element must not be overlooked; for it, too, plays no small part in the present situation. Still, the outstanding features of the industrial position before the war were a spirit of acute antagonism and the prospect of a determined conflict, in which the trade-unions would probably have had the worst of the encounter, with the result of reaction against the industrial weapon and recourse once more to the political.

III

Now the broad effect of the war has been to reproduce all these conditions on a higher scale, or in a more acute form, together with the complications introduced by government control, the break-up of international economy, the general impoverishment, and other aggravating circumstances. The economic process just outlined was short-circuited, so to speak; and a state of prosperity was restored by the war-demands on industry. It was artificial, of course, paid for by realizing capital assets and mortgaging the future; and it was conditioned by war-psychology. But the usual influence of prosperity on the labor market was rather heightened than modified by the special circumstances, as the country settled down to the business of carrying on war with all its strength. The demand for labor revived, unemployment diminished, wages rose, and strikes reappeared after some months of abeyance.

This movement went on at an increasing pace during the early part of 1915; but it was not until July of that year that organized labor began to realize the immense strength conferred on it by the emergency of war in indispensable industries.

The occasion was a dispute in the South Wales coal-mining district, where feeling between employers and employed was already much strained, and revolutionary theories had for some years been actively propagated among miners, chiefly by the agency of the Labor College. Originally they were in the right. The standing agreement was about to lapse, and they asked for a new one, with certain advances. The owners boggled and put them off, until the general mass of the miners, convinced that they were being tricked, became exasperated and ripe for revolt, regardless of the war.

And here I may say that British workmen never did believe that the Germans had any chance whatever of winning, until their complacency was somewhat shaken by the advance in the spring of 1918. This accounts for their apparent indifference to the effect of strikes upon the war: it was not due to lack of patriotism, but to complacency. I found it out by going among them in many districts, including South Wales. A young miner there, whom I knew personally, told me that they would have stopped out for six months rather than submit to injustice.

'But what about the war, then?'

'Oh, if I was n't at work, I should join the army and fight.'

They never thought that there was any real danger of defeat, and consequently were ready to accept the arguments pressed on them by revolutionaries, pacifists, and pro-Germans, that every compulsory war-measure was really unnecessary, and that the war was merely an excuse for the subjection of Labor by 'Capitalism.' This belief was fostered by the ultra-patriotic, bombastic prophets, who told them week by week that the Germans were practically beaten and that wonderful events would shortly happen. They readily believed this nonsense because it was just what they wanted to hear; and it played into the hands of those engaged in promoting trouble for their own ends.

In this mood the Welsh miners successfully defied the government and the law, and their success opened the door to all the trouble that followed. The trade-unions learned that they would get nothing unless they asserted themselves boldly, but that, if they did, they were irresistible and could coerce the government. Gradually the lesson sank in by repeated experience in the three great indispensable industries — coal, railways, and engineering. Employers fell into the background through government control, and the hostility of labor was transferred from them to the government, which inspired distrust and lost authority by conceding to force what it refused to argument.

This policy discredited the moderate trade-union leaders who were unwilling to go to extremes from patriotic motives, and at the same time exalted the temper of the militant wing. The trade-unions waxed mightily in strength and self-confidence; unemployment fell to zero, while wages rose continually. It has very often been asserted that the rise of wages only followed, without overtaking, the rise in the cost of living. That is doubtful, but, even if it is statistically correct, it does not apply to earnings, which increased far more through overtime; and it takes no account of family incomes, which swelled out of all proportion through the unlimited demand for boys and girls at very high wages.

The effect of all this was a general state of prosperity never dreamed of before. I witnessed it myself repeatedly in all the large centres; and the unanimous testimony of health-visitors, district nurses, midwives, and other persons whose duties take them constantly into the poorest homes, confirmed this impression with a cumulative mass of detailed evidence, to which the decline of pauperism gave statistical support. The standard of living was visibly and generally raised to an artificial height, which made reversal proportionately difficult when the economics of war, carried on by an inflated currency and State loans, came to an end. The people were the less prepared for reversal because they were given very freely to understand that the conditions of life were to be changed all round for the better after the war. The nonsense about 'reconstruction,' 'a land fit for heroes to live in,' and similar visionary promises was taken seriously.

Prosperity did not produce contentment, because popular indignation was continually aroused by the denunciation of 'profiteering,' which was held up to the ignorant by the ignorant as the sole cause of high prices. This put a powerful weapon in the hands of social-revolutionary agitators, who made the most of it. The same tendency was promoted within the trade-unions by the success of militant tactics, while the self-importance of labor leaders was fostered by incessant appeals, consultations, flattery, offers of ministerial jobs, and other marks of distinc-

tion. The theory that Labor produces everything and ought to have everything seemed to be convincingly demonstrated.

The ferment was further increased by the new theories superimposed on the old ones, and actively spread by young intellectuals, drawn both from the trade-unions, through the Labor College, and from the old universities. Both have exercised a marked influence: the former by educating young workmen in revolutionary theory and tactics, the latter by taking up the mantle of Fabianism, permeating the Labor movement with new ideas, supplying it with arguments, and guiding its action.

It is not surprising that in the excited state of mind caused by the topsy-turvydom of war, the feeling that society was ripe for a radical transformation was already gaining ground in 1917, when the Russian Revolution occurred, and seemed to realize in a concrete form the half-conscious aspirations formed out of the elements I have indicated. A miscellaneous gathering of excited persons was hastily arranged in the name of Labor, and it was resolved to establish soviets in Great Britain. Nothing came of it, but this incident is significant of the state of mind then prevailing. Things had got out of focus. A good many labor men had lost their heads, and others, who never had heads to lose, thought their time had come.

The Bolshevist Revolution followed and increased the confusion; it sobered some, but deepened the intoxication of others. The general stir going on in 1917 was further marked by the increase of strikes, journalistically labeled 'labor unrest,' by the rise of the Syndicalist shop-steward movement, and by an ambitious reconstruction of the Labor Party which was widened to include individual members, with special facilities for the admission of women. The intellectual element was formally recognized by the phrase 'producers by hand or by brain,' whom the party claimed to represent 'without distinction of class or occupation.'

IV

My excuse for recounting all this ancient history is that it is indispensable to a clear understanding and a balanced judgment of subsequent events. I have cut it down to a minimum, but have said enough, I hope, to show that trouble was inevitable after the war, and that there were ample grounds for expecting more trouble than has actually occurred. Any reader who puts together the several factors I have enumerated can see how greatly the prospect of strife impending before the war had been enhanced. The trade-unions had been schooled in it, and Mr. Lloyd George himself had, in 1917, advised them to be 'audacious' in demanding an after-war settlement.

My comment at the time was that the advice was quite superfluous, and that there would be more audacity than he would like. The Left Wing felt that revolution was in the air, that the trade-unions were attuned to their purpose and that the end of the war would leave the field open to them and to class-war. They yearned to exchange external for internal war, and the Armistice was no sooner concluded than they raised the cry — 'Get on with the only war that really matters — the class-war!' Employers, on their side, chafing under bureaucratic control and the excess-profits duty, resentful at their treatment by the Government, which had never consulted and flattered them as it had the Labor side, were preparing to get their own back.

The campaign was not long delayed: January, 1919, saw it opened by the engineers and the 'Triple Alliance,' a combination of miners, railwaymen,

and transport-workers, which had been set on foot in 1912, after the general coal strike, and fully established at the end of 1915. All came forward with large demands, behind which the militant revolutionaries were busy stirring up violence whereby they hoped to usher in the revolution they believed to be imminent. Every pretext was seized upon, and every sort of provocation brought into play, to stimulate the class-war. The editor has relieved me of the task of recounting events in detail, and it will be enough to summarize them.

The year 1919 was marked by a series of attempts by the Left Wing to bring matters to a head, and they met with a certain measure of success. On several occasions public order was threatened, and some collisions actually occurred; but they never got very far. The revolutionary gun went off at half-cock, or misfired, every time. The public remained calm, though by no means indifferent, while the trade-unions refused to go beyond a certain point and showed a general disposition to abide by constitutional methods.

The views held at this time by advanced, but not the most extreme, men in the trade-union movement were well expressed by Mr. Cramp, of the Railwaymen's Union, at the annual meeting of the society at Plymouth in June, 1919. 'The centre of gravity,' he said, 'is passing from the House of Commons to the headquarters of the great trade-unions. . . . While social in outlook, our ultimate aim is the control of industry.' But he did not advocate the forcible seizure of control; they must first fit themselves for it by proper training. I do not think the ideas of what may be called the rational revolutionary section can be better put.

Commenting on Mr. Cramp's statement, the moderate Socialist paper, the *Clarion*, contrasted his view with that of the 'hot-heads,' who 'believe that they are fully qualified now, immediately, to take control of the mines, the railways, the shipyards, the factories, the government of the country and the management of our international affairs. In this conceit of ignorance lies the danger of the troubled time. The wild men are using all devices of incitement — not excepting a plentiful supply of lying — to prompt them to instant revolt.'

They tried it, as I have said, on several occasions, but always failed. Success depended on the amount of support they could command from the general body of men concerned, and in every case the test of actual experiment proved that, though they had enough influence to start trouble, they had not enough to carry it through. And each successive failure weakened such influence as they had and strengthened the forces of sobriety.

This is what I mean by saying that the prospect has improved as each corner has been turned. To observers at a distance, it may appear that the state of things here has progressively worsened. On the surface, it has perhaps done so. The last three months have been economically the worst we have experienced. They have been a climax, the severest crisis we have yet gone through; but the more decisive by reason of its severity. And the issue confirms what I wish to assert with all the emphasis at my command, namely, that superficial appearances are deceptive, and that under the surface things have steadily improved.

The set-back of the revolutionary Left Wing is only part of the story; but before going on to other considerations, I will finish what I have to say on that head.

The organizations and agencies representing the Left Wing are many in number and varied in complexion, but

only two exercise any serious influence on workmen, and both of them have arisen within the trade-unions. They are the Labor College, at which young trade-unionists are schooled in Marxian economics and sent out to spread those doctrines among their fellows, and the Shop-Stewards' Movement. The former is an active and vigorous institution, started in 1909, and it has produced a number of young trade-union leaders, who have become prominent in recent years. It operates chiefly among miners in South Wales and Scotland, where the gospel according to Saint Marx is taking the place of the old teaching among a temperamentally religious people. Its influence has been conspicuous in the incessant turmoil in the mining industry, culminating in the great dispute of this year; but the termination of the conflict marked the limits of its sway, previously weakened by the breakdown of the Triple Alliance. In both of these crucial cases the plain sense of English workmen asserted itself against the adventurous policy of the Left Wing; and that fact is symptomatic of the present general trend of events.

The Shop-Stewards' Movement operates chiefly among engineers and ship-yard workers. Led by revolutionaries, it is an attempt to turn an old trade-union institution to revolutionary purposes. The Clyde is its home and headquarters, but it has been carried by traveling agents to many centres. Its constructive aim is not clearly defined, but it is rather Syndicalist or Guildist than Socialist, especially among electrical engineers, though some prominent leaders profess Communism. But here too the revolutionary influence has been waning, through the failure of several abortive demonstrations, the general economic situation, and the leaden weight of unemployment.

As for the political organizations, those that have drawn their inspiration from Moscow and pinned their faith to Bolshevism are sinking, with its failure, into insignificance. They never had any hold over the general body of workmen, who have no use for revolution or the 'dictatorship of the proletariat'; and since the visit of members of the Labor Party to Russia in 1920, Bolshevism has gradually, but steadily and perceptibly, dropped into general disfavor in official trade-union circles, which once coquetted with it. The decisive refusal of the Labor Party to admit Communists, in June last, put the seal on a long series of rebuffs; for the Labor Party is more revolutionary in complexion than the trade-unions, which furnish the most solid and sober part of it.

The same tendency is seen in the gradual dropping of 'direct action,' or the attempt to dictate the public policy by such labor-organizations as the Triple Alliance and the Trade-Union Congress, which was much in evidence in 1919 and 1920, when it was believed that the 'centre of gravity was passing from the House of Commons to the headquarters of the great trade-unions.' The 'Council of Action,' a self-constituted and irresponsible junta of persons overconscious of their own importance and wire-pulled from Moscow, never did anything but talk, and has quietly faded into oblivion. All that Bolshevism has achieved here is discussion among Socialists.

In short, the traditional sobriety of British workmen has been steadily vindicating itself, all through the alarums and excursions of this trying time. In the end, it has always carried the day. The great coal dispute is the culminating demonstration of its slow-working but massive influence. I do not mean merely the termination, in which the moderate element signally defeated

the extreme, but in the very demands of the Federation, and still more in the conduct of the dispute. The demands, and the tone in which they were made, present a striking contrast to those employed on previous occasions. Instead of claims for ever more pay, less work, and revolutionary changes, put forward in imperative language, the Federation presented a reasoned case for modifying the proposed reduction of wages universally admitted to be excessive and inequitable. The policy of ruining the pits, advocated by the Welsh and Scottish Left Wing, was defeated, and the whole three months of idleness and privation passed without the slightest disorder, save for two or three trifling incidents. Could that have happened anywhere else?

V

But there is another and a positive side to the story. It would be a great mistake to infer from the failure of revolutionary plans and the subsidence into a calmer atmosphere that the Labor movement is falling back into the old rut and yielding to reactionary influences. Not at all. It is moving forward steadily and massively, after its wont. On the side of employers and capitalists there has been a corresponding struggle between the Right and Left wings; the Right Wing of moderation and acceptance of change, the Left Wing of dogged resistance and pugnacity; and in this case, too, the Left Wing is being defeated. The revolutionary press talks much of a grand conspiracy against Labor and a plot to smash trade-unionism, just as the reactionary press talks of Bolshevist plots and a conspiracy to overthrow society and smash the British Empire. There is as much, and as little, in the one cry as in the other. There are reactionary employers who would like to smash trade-unionism and reduce workmen to a state of subjection; and Bolshevist aims, which have never been concealed, have been furthered by much underground intriguing. But neither are succeeding. These fears are out of date on both sides. There is no substance in them, and the campaign is kept up only by the ammunition which each supplies to the other.

The truth is that the relations of employers and employed are undergoing a radical transformation, which amounts to a revolution, peacefully and gradually accomplished. Once more the British — or perhaps I should say the English — people are displaying that genius for stability in change, for movement without losing balance, which has carried them safely through so many revolutionary periods in the past. I confess that I hardly expected it, so great was the turmoil and excitement at one time; but now I plainly see it going on. A test of extreme severity has been imposed by the artificial prosperity and demoralization due to war-conditions and government control, followed by the difficult process of unwinding the chain, and, finally, by the unprecedented depression of trade, entailing unemployment on a scale never heard of before and reductions of wages all round.

But the country is standing the test with increasing sureness. This has not been visible on the surface, because only one side of the account is presented to the public. Newspapers devote their space to the exciting, not the humdrum events, and foreign correspondents are particularly bound by this law. They report strikes, disagreements, and disturbances, but say nothing — indeed, know nothing — of the peaceful proceedings and the far greater mass of disputes avoided.

To deal adequately with this side of the case would take a whole article; I can treat it only summarily here.

During the present year reductions of wages affecting some five million wage-earners, distributed over nearly all the chief industries, have been arranged in the great majority of cases without any rupture. They have been effected by three different methods: (1) sliding scales in accordance with cost of living; (2) sliding scales in accordance with selling price; (3) negotiations between employers and trade-unions.

1. The *Labor Gazette* (official) for December last gave a list of twenty-four industries having a cost-of-living sliding scale, and I have a further list of sixteen. The most important groups are railwaymen, textile workers of many kinds, dyers and cleaners, police, government and municipal services, civil engineering.

2. The most important industry applying the selling-price method of adjustment is iron and steel, in which reductions ranging from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 20 per cent have taken place, affecting about 125,000 persons.

3. Arrangement by negotiation has been effected in ship-building, building, mercantile marine, cotton, engineering, coal, and many other smaller groups.

Several principles of the first importance have emerged from this time of stress, greatly strengthened and extended. I place conciliation by joint committees of employers and employed in the forefront. Long established and well tried in a purely voluntary form, it was advancing in favor and usefulness before the war; but the Whitley Inquiry of 1919 resulted in a great extension of this principle. Under the Industrial Court Act, 70 joint councils have been set up, and 140 district councils, where single boards existed before.

Most of them have been active and efficient. The same act conferred powers of intervention on the Ministry of Labor by three methods: (1) Conciliation; (2) Arbitration; (3) Investigation. During 1920 the Ministry settled 904 cases: 265 by negotiation, 633 by arbitration and six by inquiry. This work proceeds almost unnoticed.

I must be content to mention two other highly important principles — a minimum statutory wage, and insurance against unemployment. Both have been greatly extended. But of greater significance than any of these more or less mechanical institutions is a change of attitude which has set in among employers. They have begun to take a new view of the wage-earners and to accord them a different position. The idea has dawned that they are really partners in a coöperative enterprise. It is not profit-sharing, or even copartnership in the old sense, but a new conception of the true relationship. It has not got very far and is not yet clearly perceived, but I see it emerging. Employers are beginning to take their men systematically into consultation, and to give them an interest in the common enterprise. It takes different forms in different conditions, but the spirit is the main thing.

The scheme proposed by coal-owners, which was accepted before the stoppage and is the basis of the new agreement, illustrates the spirit. Mr. Hodges, the miners' secretary, has called it the most far-reaching proposal made in modern industry. It provides for a standard minimum wage, as the first charge on the industry; then for a standard profit bearing a fixed relation to the aggregate of wages, and after that, for the division of further profits in fixed proportions. It is not so much profit-sharing as product-sharing, which has always seemed to me the true idea; and the ascertainment of the amounts by a joint audit of the books is a recognition of partnership rights.

It is in this direction that the solution of our most difficult industrial problem is to be found — the problem

of output or working efficiency. The worst effect of war-conditions and government control has been to foster and fix the habit of restricted output and slack work. The blame for it rests primarily on employers, and it was bad enough before the war; but it is far worse now, and more responsible for the excessive cost of production, which has ruined our market, than high wage-rates. It is up to employers to cure it by a large-minded — in effect a revolutionary — change of attitude, which will give wage-earners a new status, a new interest, and a new responsibility.

There are serious obstacles. The first is the old evil tradition. A typical discontented but not revolutionary workman said to me lately: 'The employers are changing their attitude, but it is too late.' No, it is not too late, if the old tradition is sincerely, consciously, and purposefully abandoned. Here lies the danger of reactionary employers, who are the second obstacle. They will play into the hands of the theoretical system-mongers, who will seek to undermine and break up good relations and promote strife by every means in their power. These are the third obstacle. But they will have little power, if the enlightened employers are sincere and steadfast, and if they deal firmly with their reactionary colleagues.

This is the way things are moving and will move, because they must. A revolution is in progress, but a peaceful and practical one.

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT COAL?

BY ARTHUR E. SUFFERN

THE controversy between the senators sponsoring legislation affecting the coal-industry and the National Coal Association again calls attention to the imperious nature of this question. If every voter in the United States had at one time or another visited a coal-mine, we should be in a better position to visualize some of the problems in the coal-industry. Such intimate acquaintance with the conditions of the industry would make it easier to obtain a comprehensive treatment of the problem before Congress. However, a knowledge of the technical process of production will not be sufficient. An understanding of the inter-relationships of all the important factors affecting the industry is necessary. Not until we see concretely the technical elements of the problem and the importance of the inter-relationship between mining, transportation, and the consumption of coal, shall we have a sufficient general appreciation of the complications of the coal-industry to formulate an intelligent public policy.

A strike of the miners demanding a 30-hour week and earnings that will enable them to live during the year seems arbitrary and absurd to most people. But they dismiss the matter without inquiring into the conditions that have occasioned such demands. Those who take the trouble to analyze the problem will find that the miners are at-

tempting to control, in a very inadequate way, circumstances that properly belong to the public. In fact, the miners seek to do the same thing we all do, that is, use collective effort to control forces and conditions too strong and adverse for the individual. In this case these forces and conditions are beyond the control of either the miners or the operators, or both combined.

The industry has been idle on the average ninety-three working-days during the year for the last thirty years. This means that owners, miners, and consumers have been paying a heavy bill for waste and inefficiency. We are just beginning to catch a glimpse of the waste through idleness of capital and labor in all industries. The World War demonstrated to modern nations some of their latent possibilities when they attempted to attain full productive power. And this proved important solely in connection with the use of existing equipment. A consideration of full productive power does not stop with existing equipment. It takes into account the fruits of new invention and better organization.

Coal-mining was one of the first of the basic industries to find out what it meant to run to full capacity. It meant glutted markets for coal. This was because the industry was not properly organized, and coördinated with other industries. Since competitive gain was the dominant motive, anybody who owned coal-lands could open a mine and produce coal for the market. The result has been over-investment in periods of prosperity, and a full productive capacity far beyond the needs of the country. This factor, along with seasonal demand and inadequate storage facilities, has made it impossible to maintain continuity of production. No element in the problem is more important than this. But no move (except in the anthracite field) has ever been made to cope with the over-expansion of mining capacity. Various estimates place this at from 19 to 33 per cent during the last five years. A proper balancing of mining capacity with our country's needs is necessary to the conservation of our resources, to any attempt to maintain steady production, to efforts to relieve the railroads of unreasonable demands upon their facilities, and to the encouragement of improvements in technical processes.

The stage of efficiency in technical process in the industry is said by production engineers to be on a par with an attempt to raise wheat by digging the soil with a spade. This is needless, because adequate mechanical equipment can easily be had. But the owners who seek to provide such equipment and operate under different mining methods are immediately faced by the conditions established by the most wasteful competitive exploitation. Such equipment used in conjunction with the 'long-wall' system would force conservatism in opening mines, would involve longer waiting for returns on investment, and would necessitate a coördination between the coal-industry, transportation facilities, factory fuel-needs, and household consumers' demands, which, as yet, is little appreciated.

Much criticism has been directed toward the railroads in recent years, for their failure to furnish sufficient cars to the mines. It may be readily granted that there has been failure to make the best use of car-equipment under all circumstances, both during the government administration and during private control of the railroads. But a more significant matter in relation to the transportation of coal is the legal requirements on the railroads for service. Another factor of equal importance is the physical impossibility of making railroads keep pace with all the vagaries of investment, arbitrary operation of

mines, and the whims of the consuming public.

The railroads are compelled by law to furnish cars to any concern opening a coal-mine which can easily be connected by a switch. The more mines there are to be served, the more difficult the problem of allotting the existing cars and meeting the demands of transportation. Consumers complicate the situation still further by their seasonal demand, and by promiscuous purchasing, which involves much cross-hauling. The Fuel Administration saved 160,000,000 car-miles a year by a zoning system, and enabled the existing car-equipment to make 300,000 additional trips. To force railroad investment in car-equipment to keep pace with the opening of an increasing number of unnecessary mines, is a decidedly wasteful process. It is quite as wasteful for consumers to insist upon a car-equipment to meet unreasonable demands.

If the high prices for coal in the last few years shall make consumers more responsive to measures of relief over which they have control, a very useful purpose will have been served. It is now known that coals most subject to deterioration and spontaneous combustion can be stored successfully on a large scale. Moreover, production engineers say that 10 to 15 cents per ton is a liberal estimate of the cost of putting coal in and taking it out of stock, if the process is well organized and the best equipment is used.

Storage at the point of consumption would immediately affect the continuity of production, relieve railroad congestion, and permit more efficient use of railway equipment. This practice, supplemented by a policy of 'buying early,' would enable the whole process of distribution of local supply to be organized in a way to reduce the expense to the minimum.

To direct the expansion of mining capacity, to change technical processes in production, to distribute and use railway facilities properly, to encourage local storage and better distribution of the supply, will require a form and degree of control over the industry as a whole which, as yet, has not been considered seriously. Mere publicity through investigation, record-keeping, and reports may be designated as the loosest form of control. In so far as it would give an adequate factual foundation for considering conditions in the coal-industry, it would serve a useful purpose. It will undoubtedly be followed by an attempt to deal with waste and inefficiency. The greatest degree of control is put forth by advocates of 'nationalization.' They rest their case on the assumption of the priority of the public welfare over all other interests. Furthermore, they found their programme upon what the best production engineers in many countries say we should do in dealing with the industry according to the best-known science at our command. It remains to be seen whether a form of control in between these extremes can be had, and whether it would enable us to conserve our resources and to reorganize the industry.

Some who are versed in constitutional law are of the opinion that a basis of control could be obtained through a law extending the Federal powers to license businesses. The question may be raised, whether this power would prove effective enough to determine when new mines should be opened, to enforce the exploitation of the thick veins or the thin veins, and the best grades or low grades of coal to suit our needs, to require the recovery of the maximum percentage of coal at the minimum of expense, to control technical processes and the use of equipment, to standardize and enforce accounting, to regulate distribution, to standardize coal according

to quality, to deal with wages and conditions of labor, and to provide for adequate coöperation between managers and workers.

The mere enumeration of these factors forces the attention upon matters with which we shall have to deal. A process of mining that leaves from 20 to 50 per cent of the coal in the ground cannot long be condoned. Shoveling 600,000,000 tons of coal into mine-cars by hand, at a cost of 89 cents per ton, when it can be done by loading machines at a very small expense, is as primitive as digging the soil with a spade. To continue a method of mining by 'rooms' permits of little use of machinery, whereas the 'long-wall' system is favorable to the use of machinery and larger mine-cars, recovers the maximum percentage of coal, and is conducive to safety in the industry.

The investigations of the Federal Trade Commission and the Fuel Administration into costs demonstrates that one of the best things that could happen to the coal-industry would be an introduction to adequate and dependable record-keeping. The existing powers of regulation over transportation could easily be extended to supplement a policy of conservation, and encourage localities to provide storage and regularize their demands. To continue to permit the buying and selling of coal without a classification according to quality is to perpetuate a disadvantage both to the producer and to the consumer. Wherever commodities have been graded and standardized, the producer profits by the sale of a superior article, and the purchaser is protected against misrepresentation.

In the case of coal, as in general with all industries, the last factor in the industry to receive careful consideration is the human one. The production engineers seem to be the only people who have caught the meaning of the vision of bringing three fourths of a million of men out of underground work. Not only would it mean the release of an immense labor-power that could be profitably diverted to other employment, but proper organization and technical equipment would give those remaining in the industry better wages and working conditions. The vista of increasingly harmonious relationships between capital and labor in the industry would be considerably widened by such a development.

One thing is certain: we shall make a choice in connection with the present problem. Either we shall seek adequate powers and procedure for regulation, or we shall permit the waste and inefficiency to continue. But we shall ultimately face conditions in both anthracite and bituminous fields which will compel a policy of regulation. Both wasteful, competitive exploitation and concentration of ownership and monopoly will lead to the same result. Each entails a consequence which will force control in the interest of public welfare. If this is true, all parties concerned — owners, workers, railroads, manufacturers, and household consumers — could do no better than agree upon and work for a plan of industrial control founded upon adequate sovereign powers and enforced through effective organization.

It should be entirely reasonable to suggest that a nation depending increasingly upon power and industries for growth and progress should turn to the use of technical equipment and organization to conserve its resources. Moreover, consumers depending altogether upon coal for power, warmth, and health will ultimately demand an effective basis of control to meet these needs, regardless of the obstacles that may now seem to hinder its attainment.

TAKING FROM THE FEW FOR THE MANY

BY RUSSELL ROBB

It is easy for the public to destroy the value of private property; it is even easy for the public to take property away from the individual; but it seems extremely difficult for the public to take property, or its value, away from individuals, and at the same time increase the public's possessions.

One difficulty seems to be that the mere taking away so upsets confidence, or the equilibrium of social organization, that either the value of the thing taken disappears or some new burden or privation arises which quite offsets the value of the takings. It seems, in other words, to change the conditions that produced the value of the property taken, and also the conditions that produce new value for the public.

In very bald confiscation it is seen that often very little value rests in things by themselves. A thing has value only when there are joined with it the persons who are to enjoy and use it, and also the conditions and opportunities that make enjoyment and use possible.

The loot of the mobs in Russia had great value while the old régime was in power, but the value depended principally upon the old social conditions. When the social condition changed, and the looting was a symptom and a result of the change, many of the articles taken immediately lost their value. It was easy to take the objects, but nothing of value was added to the public possessions. Ball-dresses have value where there are balls, but are of little use otherwise. Statuary, pictures, fine furniture and hangings are valuable if there are fine houses, with owners who want such things; but their value disappears with the disappearance of the conditions that make enjoyment and use of such property possible.

Until the rise of Bolshevism and its sympathizers and apologists, it seemed as if only the most elemental minds could imagine that anything was to be gained by the public through such raw confiscation as has happened in Russia; but attempts have been made even in this country to destroy value or take away property by more indirect methods. Often it has been thought that something could be gained for the many by taking away from the few; but the public benefit seems always to shrink far below the value that is taken from the individual, and usually both lose through the effort.

For a long time, for instance, the public was deluded into thinking that anything that could be taken away from the railroads, street-railroads, lighting companies, and other public-service corporations was pure gain for the public. They succeeded, it is true, in taking enormous value away from the utilities, but the value was not transferred to the public; it was only destroyed. The value that attached to these utilities existed under conditions that induced owners to put new capital into them, extend the use, and maintain the greatest service. When the public attempted to take value away from the owners by loading the properties with burdens and by insisting upon prices that were less than worth and cost, the public

did not add to their own profit, but began to lose conveniences they wished to have, and, in some cases, even ran the risk of losing service, or did lose it altogether, to their own great hardship and cost.

It is curious that property of this kind has been conspicuously selected for attack. It represents a large portion of the country's permanent investment, and the investment has been made to give the public generally the advantages of the great useful agencies that have been the outcome of the last century's scientific discoveries. It is not property carefully sequestered behind a barbed fence, holding to itself technical knowledge devoted to creating benefits and luxury for a favored class. It is for the very purpose of adding to the national life the most widespread use of advantageous service. Of all forms of private property no other approaches so nearly to the ideal of socialized property. It is devoted to the service of the whole public, regulated by bodies chosen by the public and plainly put at their mercy. It is not like land, which the individual owner may build upon or not, may use or not, as he pleases; it is not like buildings, which are too similar in kind to the property of the majority to meddle with; it is not like manufactories, which may be operated wholly, or in part, or not at all, which may be torn down or built up or changed, which may produce goods to be sold at the price that seems best for the good of the property; it is not like mines or timber tracts, whose owner disposes of them or keeps them, like any personal property; it is not like the thousand and one objects of portable property, still the most sacred kind and the best protected because most people have some of it.

We hear very much of the 'common good,' and of the Utopian condition when all property will be for the service of all; when the old rights of ownership will be less inviolable; when control of all property will rest with the common people; and yet the first movement that leads away from purely individualistic control and use is met, not with encouragement, but with suspicion and attack. It seems a pity that so much experience and loss is necessary before the public learns the difficulties in the way of taking value to themselves. The heartening fact is that they do learn it.

With the inauguration of the income tax, with its surtaxes, it seemed as if at last a way had been discovered by which something of value could be taken from the individual by the public, wholly to the relief and profit of the public. It seemed such 'easy money' for all but the few, that there sprang up great support for a philosophy of taxation which holds not that those who dance shall pay, nor yet that all shall pay in proportion to what they have, but that those who have the most shall pay the fiddler.

As in other cases of confiscation, it has been easy for the many to take from the few, but difficult to do it to the advantage of the many. Too bald a taking creates conditions that are more burdensome than they were before. It looked like a profitable scheme to the public, this 'let the rich do it'; but there is usually some reason for the existence of all things, and even the possessors of wealth have their function in the life of the people. The possessor, in order to remain a possessor, must perform the rare and difficult feat of refraining from 'blowing in' his possessions. The self-control that makes this possible has been useful to society, and it has been worth while to keep it alive by a reward in the form of income return. Society is likely to find that it cannot play hot and cold; that it cannot bestow this reward with one hand

and take it away with the other, and still retain the service.

The man with an income of two thousand dollars a year thinks 'refraining' is easy for all those having over two thousand dollars a year. Some economists think it is easy for those having over, say, five thousand dollars a year. They even invent the term 'costless saving,' to apply to the excess income that they think it is easy to refrain from spending. Why it should be easy for the individual in dealing with his own money, when it has proved so difficult for all those in positions of trust in institutions and in government, is not clear. The national government, for instance, is now taking a very large proportion of the large incomes from individuals, so that this generation may promptly pay the war cost; but with the most constant efforts by all those seeking to hold down expenditures, there is great difficulty in preventing government undertakings that would require even greater taxes.

It has seemed wholly good to the public to take large proportions of the large incomes, and there has been strenuous objection to anything that looked like taxing the dancers in proportion to their dancing. Experience, however, is gradually bringing to light the disadvantages to the public, even in this case, of taking from the few for the many. Great amounts that the government takes from individuals would otherwise be devoted to productive industry, would go into houses, would be lent to railroads and other public utilities, would serve generally to make capital less difficult to obtain, and would have substantial effect in lowering the capital charges that the consumer has to pay in rent and in the prices of the goods he consumes. All capital charges that enter into costs are gradually being adjusted to prevailing rates. Nothing can prevent it, and there is something like two hundred and fifty billions of wealth on which capital charges must be paid. As time goes on, there will enter into rents, and into the prices of goods that the public buys, a somewhat larger return on two hundred and fifty billions than there formerly was. Whether the return will be larger by one quarter, one half, or one per cent, is difficult to tell. The increased capital charges that consumers will pay may not be six hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year, or two billion and a half, or any amount between; but comparatively small increases in supply have often a curiously exaggerated effect on prices; and it would require a very slight effect on the rate of capital return to raise costs to the general public by more than all that is taken by the government through the surtaxes.

The result of our system of surtaxes seems to be but another illustration of the difficulty of bettering the public by taking from the few. Justice, after all, is not so much an ideal that shines aloft, unaffected by universal law, as it is a practical reality. It always seems finally to be decided that the 'just' procedure is not what someone has imagined to be immutable, but what experience proves must be, because of natural laws.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MILLINERY MADNESS

A HAT is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence — or so at least one would judge by the tense and concentrated faces reflected in the mirrors of 'Miss Hattie's Hat Shop,' as that specialist's consulting-room is euphemistically called.

The purchase of a hat should never be undertaken alone, any more than one should have one's teeth pulled out without a friendly face to confront one when 'coming out' of gas. And, by the way, what a good idea it would be to have a whiff of some anæsthetic applied to the victim who enters a millinery establishment to have twenty-five dollars painlessly extracted. 'Crown-work' is sometimes a nervous strain to the occupant of the dental chair. It is often an equally trying experience to the visitor in the millinery parlor.

To be sure the sight of a hat that seems designed by Fate — or France — to suit one's own particular contour and coloring frequently acts like a narcotic, and drugs one's conscience into complete subjection to the saleslady's wishes. No practitioners in psycho-analysis or hypnotic suggestion could more successfully subdue the conscious will and gain a mastery over the victim than the plausible Miss Hattie.

This is what happened when I went to look at hats — not to buy them: —

'Oh, no, madam, $29.87 is not at all dear for this little toque,' Miss Hattie protested to me when I faintly murmured at the price.

'What, you say that you don't wear feathers because you belong to the Auburn Society? Why, dear, auburn hair like yours is very fashionable this season, only we call it *henna* now instead of red, and black feathers look real well with it. What, you don't wear birds' feathers? Well now, is n't that a joke! This *is n't* a bird's feather; it's just made out of whalebone! We don't mind killing whales, do we, and yet I suppose it hurts them to be shot more than it does birds, they're so much less fluffy.'

All this time the hat is being deftly pinned to my head. It is only by a supreme effort of will that I can tear it off, most of my hair coming down in the struggle; but I am determined not to be hypnotized into submission so early: it shows such pitiable weakness.

'I'm only looking, not buying, and I don't like that hat,' I insist; 'either *it* is too young or *I* am too old — in fact, I think the shapes are perfectly terrible this year. Now look at that —' And I pointed a finger of derision at what appeared to be a fruit-basket filled with oranges and bananas that was lying on the table beside me.

Suddenly a female more like a Fury than a Shopper bore down upon me with a look that froze my blood.

'You are speaking of *my hat*, madam, and it is *not* for sale,' she announced with bitter scorn. 'Perhaps you did n't know that yellow is all the rage this year.' And she flounced away bearing her agricultural exhibit with her. (*Exit slave, bearing fruit.*)

This experience unnerved me so that I felt a susceptibility to hypnotism stealing over me, of which Miss Hattie was quick to take advantage by producing head-coverings of other shapes and shades.

'How should you like something in the line of Burgundy?' she suggested, awaking pleasant memories of pre-prohibition days; 'or maize is very fashionable this year, as well as pelican. Then there is always bisque, or jade, or even wistaria.'

Where were the blues and reds that did not sail under false colors? Where were the browns of yesteryear? I tried to intimate, from my state of partial hypnosis, that, though I recognized the faces of all the colors she was introducing to me, I had forgotten their names.

'Now you just leave it all to me,' the skillful practitioner purred soothingly; 'I have just the hat for you — something refined, and at the same time snappy.'

She placed upon my fevered brow an austere and uncompromising pyramid, designed on the antediluvian lines of Mrs. Noah's hat, as remembered in my own early Noah's-Arkaic days.

'Say, I'm just tickled to death with the way you look in that hat,' my hypnotizer went on, making a few passes in front of my face, thereby completing her mesmeric success. 'You're just stunning in it — perfectly stunning.' ('Yes, and stunned, too,' I murmured inaudibly.)

'The way the brim comes down and hides your face is just too becoming for words. Now I'm going to put your old hat in a piece of paper, because of course you want to wear the new one and I don't blame you — not one mite.'

Her deft fingers were working as fast as her tongue. She knew that I must not 'come to' while in her parlor.

'Now, here you are, Miss Smithkins. I'm so glad we had just what you wanted, and so cheap, too. Good-morning. — Come again. — I remember the charge address.' And before I knew it I was in the street below.

My first coherent thought was that I had not even asked the price of the hat I was wearing; and I did not entirely shake off my stupor till I saw my reflection in a shop-window and awoke with a scream.

ON OUR STREET

At the risk of being dubbed egotistically mendacious, I set down the fact that Pollyanna would have thrived on our street. The typical pessimist (somehow or other I have n't kept step with the pessimists well enough to know who he may be) would have shriveled up and died.

For on our street (and I set it apart in a paragraph to mark its importance) every woman is in love with her husband and her home, and every man is in love with his wife and his children.

And we are all poor. That is, in a material sense we are poor. We would n't trade places with Rockefeller, though, any of us. He has a bad stomach, you know. And we can eat our own fresh cabbage out of our own backyard gardens, and sleep the night through with never a hoof-beat of the nocturnal mare.

Every man and every woman on our street could participate with full privileges in the home-coming celebrations of several and sundry colleges scattered here and there over the globe. Mr. Witwer, with his Rhodes scholarship, makes this last statement possible. Therefore, the traditional spots may be knocked forever from the theory that college women make poor wives and poorer mothers. They do not. We can prove it on our street.

The age-limit on our street seems to be about thirty-five. The salary-limit, so far, has placed itself at three thousand; *vide* Mr. Witwer. The average is twenty-four hundred. But Mr. Witwer's little girl is crippled, and the difference must be devoted to medical attention for her. Last week the doctor

told us that in another year she may walk. The news made us all as happy as if it had been our own Dorothy or our own Mary. There are a number of little Marys on our street and a corresponding number of little Johns. We have no Gwendolyns or Percys.

On Saturday afternoons our young assistant professors and engineers work on our lawns and our gardens. They all wear khaki when they do it, and haul out their old puttees or boots. For every man on our street spent his allotted time in Uncle Sam's service, and each had a shoulder decoration. Some of the decorations extended to the left pocket-flap before they returned home. We are as proud of these as if the right were ours, individually, to stow them away in our cedar chests. And we are as proud of Mr. Towner in his olive-green-and-red triangle as we are sympathetic of his fading sight that debarred him from more active service.

We share three or four 'by-the-day' women, to help us over the hard places, and, aside from a schoolgirl or two to help with the babies once in a while afternoons, we are servantless. Our husbands operate their own boot-black kits and pressing-boards. They boast about the shine on their boots and the lack of shine on their clothing.

We save our pleasure pennies for the movies, Galli-Curci, football, and Sir Oliver Lodge. We browse about the bookstalls for Einstein and Lansing, Kipling, de Maupassant, 'Opal,' and Peter B. Kyne. We all flivvered down to watch the bulletin-board report of the July bout, and came back with the thought predominant that peace with Germany had been consummated.

Are we some of the 'wild young people' John F. Carter, Jr., wrote about last September? Should n't wonder if we were. Our men were at Armageddon. One or two of our women were there. Most of us have an easy time convincing our parents, when they park their Packard and Peerless plutocracy out in front of our houses and come in to romp with the children, that 'this is the life.' Our particular form of 'wildness' seems to be a reversion to lace-paper valentine days, to old-fashioned gardens, old-fashioned religion, and old-fashioned marriage days.

We're pretty happy on our street.

AN IMPULSIVE ODE TO A PICTURE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ON A BOX OF SUGAR

(*On or about his 215th birthday*)

Great Benjamin! I cheerfully concede
That, to Miss Reed,
As hungry and half-ill
Along the streets of Philadelphia you sped,
A-munching,
A-crunching
That loaf of baker's bread,
You may have seemed
Beauteous and sightly,
And have been deemed
A person rightly
To have a place
— That is, your face —
Upon a sugar-box.

And afterwards in France,
In homespun coat and pants,
With white locks streaming,
And from your countenance
Kindness perspiredly beaming,
You certainly had them clustering
— Those demoiselles —
As with your gracious spells
(Your best French mustering),
You held them all
In thrall.

Benjamin, you were great
In all affairs of state;
Your Almanac's wise pages
Have hurtled down the ages

Its precepts terse and many,
Teaching a spendthrift nation
The art of conservation
And how to save the Penny.
And from that teeming brain
Came forth a streaming train
Of wonderful inventions;
And it was thought a pity
If, in (nearly) every city,
You were not head of each committee
At all conventions.

But You and Sugar! O Good Benjamin,
What juxtaposition does this put you in!
What but the brain of some young profiteer
Would e'er have thought to start on
A scheme to paint the features of a seer
Upon a sugar carton?
When at my daily task in kitchen, cooking,
To sugar-box I go,
Your countenance seems to me severely looking,
As if to say, 'Go slow.'
As in I dip, you seem to be a-calling,
'Go slow — go slow — go slower —
Market reports that sugar 's still a-falling;
Wait till it gets still lower.'
And now when early strawberries are needing sweeting,
And rhubarb clamors for the sugar-box,
Your lips reproachful seem to be entreating,
'Cease sugaring,' and then to be repeating
Your adage, meant the prodigal to move,
'Who dainties love, you know, will beggars prove.'
('Twas writ to touch the conscience of the cook —
The fourteenth page in his 'Poor Richard' book.)

And when it comes to cake and lemon pie
(With all that rich méringue),
Your presence there upon my sugar-box,
Your disapproving scowl — it fairly mocks;
No matter what I try;
I fain would say, 'Go 'lang.'
'T is true, of sugar cooking takes a mint;
Yet with all due respect to Richard's thrift,
I do maintain it is a wondrous gift
To make good stuff to eat
And make it sweet
Yet put no sugar in 't.

I'm glad, Good Benjamin, to gaze on thee
Hanging in state-house and the halls of Art;
Your homely features, lit with charity,
Are of our nation's life a treasured part;
But would you mind it greatly if I say,
I believe it would ensure us
More freedom in a culinary way,
If they would take you off and put on, say —
Say, Epicurus.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Cornelia J. Cannon, wife of the distinguished biologist, Professor Walter B. Cannon, will be remembered as the author of the striking paper, 'Can our Civilization Maintain Itself?' in the *Atlantic* for November, 1920. **E. Barrington** is a British traveler and scholar. That passionate pilgrim, **A. Edward Newton,** sends us a post-card announcing the consummation of his pious journey to Wales, where he has just placed a memorial nosegay on the grave of his 'Light-Blue Stocking,' Mrs. Thrale. **Warren K. Moorehead,** an archæologist of long experience and of recognized authority in his chosen field, and member of the National Board of Indian Commissioners, is Curator of the Department of Archæology at Phillips Academy, Andover.

* * *

Mrs. A. Devereux (Cornelia N.) writes to the editor from Albany that the experiences described in these letters befell her

> on the exact road which is now the Union Pacific R.R. The engineers who were so kind to us were part of the 1st Corps [commanded] by Maj. Gen. Dodge, sent out to survey the ground for the Union Pacific. The date of my husband's going out on 'the Plains,' [she adds] . . . is fixed in my memory, definitely, because he was all ready to put his horses in the wagon . . . on Saturday, when, a last errand taking him to the business part of town, he learned of the death of Abraham Lincoln; and as he was Pastor of the Congregational Church in Council Bluffs at that time, he said he must wait to start on his vacation excursion, reopen the church, and preach a sermon to lead his people in their intense grief.

At ninety-three, she writes as vigorously as if the habit of correspondence were still strong upon her.

* * *

Charles H. Grandgent, for many years Professor of Romance Languages at Harvard, is a Dantean of wide reputation. **Stuart P. Sherman,** critic and philosopher, is Professor of English at the University of Illinois. **Edgar J. Goodspeed** is a professor of Biblical lore in the University of Chicago, who seasons his patristic learning with the love of strictly contemporary life. **Emma Lawrence** (Mrs. John S. Lawrence, of Boston) is a new writer, several of whose stories will appear in the *Atlantic* during the winter. **Amy Lowell,** critic, scholar, and poet, lives in Brookline, Massachusetts. **Joseph Fort Newton** is pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity, in New York City. **Lieutenant-Commander Kenneth Chafee McIntosh, U.S.N.,** is stationed at the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida. **Cary Gamble Lowndes** is a banker of Baltimore, a sportsman, and an adventurer in letters.

* * *

L. J. S. Wood, the Rome correspondent of the well-known British Catholic weekly, the *Tablet*, has lived in Rome for many years, and has devoted serious study to the politics of both the Quirinal and the Vatican. **Dr. A. Shadwell,** the veteran Labor editor of the London *Times*, after practising medicine in his early days, has given himself up to the study of sociological and industrial questions. He has traveled widely and has investigated conditions in Canada and the United States, as well as in Russia, Germany, and England. Any personal characterization of Dr. Shadwell should mention the list of his amusements as he gives them in *Who's Who*. 'Recreations: being taken out by his dogs, fishing, music' — the pastimes of a philosopher. **Arthur E. Suffern,** head of the Department of Economics at Beloit College, is the author of 'Conciliation and Arbitration in the Coal Industry of America,' which took the first prize in the Hart, Schaffner and Marx Economic Essay Contest in 1913. In 1914 he was made Special Investigator of the Coal Industry by the U.S. Commission on Industrial Relations. **Russell Robb** is a member of the famous Boston firm of Stone and Webster.

* * *

Here are answers to questionings perhaps more frequent than any others, regarding the 'new' education.

> Antioch College, Ohio, *July* 15, 1921.
> Dear Atlantic, —
>
> Nothing constitutes me a spokesman for the progressive school movement except, inspired thereto by the communication of M. T. H. in the July Contributors' Column, my insistent desire for expression. If you will humor me so far, I will limit myself to two points.

It is unnecessary to teach a child obedience: that is instinctive. Every parent can testify to the beautiful, implicit obedience that children yield — sometimes. In other words, it is not respect for authority which is needed, for one cannot help respecting it when one meets it. What we need to teach is, how to recognize authority and how to tell the spurious from the genuine. Now, the trouble with the conventional school is too often that the teacher, though but a scribe, as Dallas Lore Sharp points out, attempts to exercise authority. Of course, when the children find it out, — as they do, — they resent it, and thus definitely learn *dis*respect for authority-claimants in general. In the new schools, no one claims the respect due authority, but everyone, teacher and pupil alike, strives to earn it.

Much the same reasoning applies to the discipline in doing what you do not want to do, which is thought so necessary. The only true and useful discipline is that which is self-imposed. And that sort of discipline is abundantly present in the progressive school. Does anyone think that the sometimes elaborate projects get miraculously done without tiresome details and hard work? Can it be imagined that a school which deliberately seeks to keep its pupils under real life-conditions could or would eliminate the 'irksomeness of the steady grind'? Drudgery it does virtually eliminate, for drudgery is a state of mind, due to being compelled to labor without illumination and without understanding and without joy. The pupil in the progressive school knows full well the 'weariness of routine'; has learned what the pupil in the conventional school rarely learns, that 'the world's work must be done somehow' — what has the orthodox curriculum got to do with the 'world's work'? But he learns also why it must be done, and how it may be made a thing of joy because of some underlying purpose. The curse of our age is that so many are asking whether the world's work is worth doing. Is this because so many are more — not better — educated? The aim of education for life is to send the child forth to do the work of the world, even the weary routine (no longer unintelligible drudgery. however) with eager zest, because the adventure of life is worth while. HORACE B. ENGLISH.

* * *

Askalon, too!

So. PASADENA, CAL., *June* 28, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Does the following incident suggest that there is 'culture' in Pasadena like unto Chicago and Boston?

A few days ago I made some purchases in a grocery; the clerk who served me offered to carry my packages to my automobile, and as we walked to it, he waved his hand toward the many automobiles parked along the street and said, 'These more than anything fulfill the words of the prophet.'

'How is that?' I asked.

And he replied: '"The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broadways; they shall seem like torches and they shall run like the lightnings."'

I did not know what prophet said it, and I was so amazed I had not the wit to ask; but on reaching home I found it in the second chapter of Nahum. Could there be a more apt description of of the ways and appearance of the modern chariot? Very truly,

GRACE C. SIMONS.

* * *

There will be cramps in the nation's 'innards' before the last Jew is assimilated. That we have always thought, and here is proof of it.

NEW YORK CITY, *July* 1, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A Jew of Jews, like the undersigned, stands aghast before the present-day flood of articles on the Jewish question. 'T is a veritable pogrom in printer's ink. And inky pogroms are deadlier than bloody ones, and blacker.

As a Super-Jew, I feel at any rate grateful for the sympathetic tone of Paul Scott Mowrer's disquisition on 'The Assimilation of Israel.' But how weak in its argument! The Jew, forsooth, does not assimilate: he refuses to intermarry, and occasionally attends the synagogue. Ergo, his is a double allegiance! And this in the same breath with the statement that the Jew has given evidence during the great war of his loyalty to America. In what way, then, does religious loyalty interfere with political allegiance?

And the solution of the problem? Intermarriage — *Q.E.D.* But this is no solution of the Jewish question; rather, a dissolution of the Jewish people. It means, let the Jew cease to be a Jew, and he will have no trouble.

Mr. Mowrer's article is an illustration of the greatest of all sins — the Sin of Being Different. Life is a monstrous rubber-stamp affair. Liking depends on likeness. The Unlike must be annihilated. The sympathetic ones, like Mr. Mowrer, would kill the Jew with kindness. Euthanasia —

To many a thinking Jew, as to a few thoughtful Gentiles, the remedy seems to be, not in the Jews ceasing to be Jews, but in the Christians becoming Christians.

All this is said with no malice, and with a painful consciousness of the nearness of the waste-basket to the editorial desk. But I feel that there is a great deal of amateurishness in all these discussions of the Jewish problem. The expert has not yet been heard from. The undersigned does not claim to be an expert. But he proudly proclaims himself a Jew of Jews, and a Pharisee. And while everybody has something unbecoming to say about the Pharisee, why should not the Pharisee be given a chance to state his own case?

Respectfully,
JOEL BLAU.
Rabbi, Temple Peni-El, New York City.

* * *

If ever we showed disrespect toward the art of Charlie Chaplin, may we be forgiven! Here's matter worth reading.

ARLINGTON, FLA., *July* 12, 1921.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR, —

The interesting article on the movies in the current number of your magazine omits what seems to me to be a very important feature of the film pictures. People leading the monotonous lives that the largest numbers of our population do — and it is the same all over the world — are patronizing these shows for the hypnotic effect produced. Charlie Chaplin is not merely a great artist, but he is a careful student of psychology, and he has proved that it is the gliding movements of his feet and entire figure which carry the minds of his guests along with the smoothly flowing current of a pleasant dream. He carefully avoids changing the focus of the eyes of the spectators by forcing them to read any inserts, and keeps cleverly devised scenes moving swiftly across the screen. The audiences are lulled into rest and forgetfulness of the incidents of everyday life, and are unconscious of the lapse of time.

The movies take the place of alcoholic stimulants or drugs, and are so much cheaper that they would be used to a much greater extent if the scenarios were only written in the proper way, without any attempt to transpose literature. Old and young, rich and poor, alike enjoy a pleasant dream while harmlessly hypnotized. In my opinion there should not be a line of script; there should not be the slightest attempt to instruct or elevate or degrade — just scenes from life and action. Music can be introduced if the musicians are kept out of sight, and if it is of the same soft and low and sweet kind that comes to us in pleasant dreams. Nothing must be allowed to happen in the theatre to arouse us from our hypnotic state.

There is no telling what pleasure may be given to a world-weary race by the development of this new discovery of a practical method of sending us off into those wonderful regions which Shakespeare alone could describe. If he could only have had this new medium, instead of the crude *genre* of language, we should now be reveling in visions such as we have no conception of in the dull lives we are now leading, amid the confusing noises and ugly surroundings of our so-called civilization. The newest art may easily become the greatest of all, and its development cannot proceed too rapidly if it only moves along the right lines; and so far Charlie Chaplin is the true pioneer who is pointing the way to better days.

Yours very truly,

R. S. HOWLAND.

And, speaking of movies, here is another letter with a different story.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Katharine Fullerton Gerould's discerning and thought-provoking article on 'Movies,' in the July issue, seems to me of not quite the even excellence of most of her papers. In the second and more academic section, on what the movies might be, her analysis is penetrating. In the first section, on what they are, she tends to illustrate her opening remark that there is a lot about movies she does n't know. On any such ignorance, however, she is to be, in some ways, congratulated. Incidentally, there are a number of irresponsible statements or implications: that Aristotle ordained three 'sacred' unities; that an epic need have no unity of action; that movies can be justified if they keep their patrons from something worse; and that the notion that saloons were vicious is a joke.

The assertion that the peril of the moving-picture is sensationalism and cheap sentimentalism, rather than salaciousness, is eminently true. *Life* once had a picture of the front rows of children watching wholesale murder on the screen, with the title, 'Passed by the National Board of Censorship.' Annette Kellerman *sans* everything is wholesomeness itself, compared to such free play of jealousy, hate, and murder.

But I cannot agree that 'motion-picture producers are much more scrupulous than theatrical managers.' The salaciousness which is, to a considerable extent, kept out of films by the censors is worked for all it is worth in uncensored advertisements. The movies have made 'vamp' (a savage euphemism for 'courtesan') a word lightly used by young girls, have familiarized patrons with low dance-halls and dens of crime, and, if 'they have closed up' any 'literary red-light district,' it was only to reopen it under new management.

The one fault, sex-appeal, which has been partly checked in moving-pictures, is, except for an occasional undesirable crook play, about the only *positive* moral charge which can be brought against the regular stage. (Even here the sometimes under-dressed chorus is balanced by the bathing-girls so featured in the movies, and the most undressed revues are often quite free from vulgar lines.) On the other hand, moving-pictures have evil contacts with many more phases of life. They are at their worst when they take themselves seriously, and they do preach incessantly. The movies have taken over the problem-play and are always attacking marriage, divorce, or birth-control — championing some supposed reform which will give them license to portray what may be advertised, and to some extent filmed, pruriently, or in some other sensational manner.

The film *comedies* have this much of palliation, however: they do not insist on being taken seriously. No wonder Mrs. Gerould is not proud of Charlie Chaplin as American Ambassador-at-Large. But this much can be said for the stock characters of slap-stick comedy (those of the old Italian farce, Punchinello, Mutt and Jeff, Charlie Chaplin): the whole point of them is their indestructibility, though they 'die daily,' and their lack of amenability to moral sanctions, — that is, their unreality. It is not Mutt or Charlie (or the characters of the real stage, for that matter) whom romantic youngsters pattern after and so get into trouble — as in the last of the 'Juvenile Court Sketches' in the June *Atlantic;* it is the characters of the movie 'dramas,' for they seem convincing and real.

A last serious charge against the pictures is that they disregard the laws of physical and moral cause and effect, except for a few yards of hasty, hypocritical reconciliation with them at

the end of the film. A man or woman may go the limit; but an easy reformation, feebly motived, the opportune deaths of a few extra wives, husbands, or incriminating witnesses, and other *deus-ex-machina* contrivances, readily clear the way for them to retain, under a semblance of righteousness, their ill-gotten gains or pleasures. Whatsoever a man soweth, he can reap something else with a little manipulation at the studio.

Mrs. Gerould's constructive criticisms of the cinema are admirable; in her destructive criticisms she has praised them with faint damnation.

CLYDE MURLEY.

And, by way of final suggestion, this: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mrs. Gerould's article on the movies is one of the happiest of her many delightful contributions to the *Atlantic*. She pungently phrases what many of us have been soberly feeling about the movies' vulgarity, sensationalism, and sentimentalism. She also feels the big epic and realistic appeal that may be made, and, for that matter, has been accomplished, to a certain extent.

May I make a supplemental suggestion, along the lines of what we want the movie to become — namely, a work of art? The movie is not drama, says Mrs. Gerould. Very true. But it is a picture — not necessarily a realistic or epic picture, at that. All the world loves good pictures. We hang them in galleries and call them art. A moving-picture has all the advantages of a static picture, save one, — color, — and that, we are told, will soon be supplied by a new process of color-photography. Moreover, the movie has an advantage which the painting has not, namely, motion.

Why can't we have the tragedy and comedy of life portrayed by motion? In other words, why should not the art of pantomine be revived? Likewise, the art of dancing. Sculpture, too, might come to life. New phases of art might be tested, — cubist, futurist, what not, — and new theories of stagecraft would inevitably develop. As for suggestions from the past, I can imagine a farcical skit, Molière-like in texture, in which grotesquerie would prove an art; another, a dancing pantomime of lyric love, a veritable spring song; Judith of Bethulia, a pantomime of tragic intensity; and the Book of Ruth, one of solemn beauty.

If only the movie would stop trying to talk, it might act. It could move the world with the poetry of motion.

LEROY ARNOLD.

* * *

How often must we be told that in the wilderness true values appear?

CAMP YALE, DAILY, COL., *July* 6, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is tough, as well as inconvenient, to be poor, but honest, and I am wandering if the opposite life is any better — that is, less inconvenient. I have stopped working, and therefore my income ceases to flow into my coffers, if such an old-fashioned thing still exists in this modern age. I am enjoying a sort of enforced exile up 8000 feet in the air, camping by my lonesome, and I assure you it is great fun.

The dreaded hour has arrived when my subscription to Boston's only magazine has expired, and I must decide between two alternatives: shall I renew my subscription immediately and live for a while on beans, which, though a Bostonian, I dislike, or shall I expend the money on food for the body? Here is where the inconvenience of being poor but honest comes in. I might borrow the magazine from some good Samaritan; but I very much doubt if the ranchers around here ever read the *Atlantic*.

I must confess, *Atlantic*, that I have literary ambitions, which one of my English professors in college seemingly tried to destroy; for he had a very disagreeable habit of selecting my themes and exposing their crudeness to the public gaze. According to him, my sins of ommision and commision were like the sands of the sea. First, he began to howl over my scarcity of commas; and when I tried to satisfy him by scattering them liberally around, he objected very sarcastically. Then, at another time, he read a short story of mine in which the hero's name changed very frequently. I wrote that story in a hurry and could not remember my hero's name. Fortunately, I did not have a heroine. I hope, *Atlantic*, you are not so particular as to commas and the changing of the hero's name.

During the past few months, the *Atlantic* has contained many articles on education, and I think that something is the matter with our educational system, for, in spite of a college education, and some experience in teaching, I am having the deuce of a time to spell some words, and I have no dictionary here. If I have mispelled a few words, please overlook them and blame it not on my ignorance but on the system.

Sincerely yours,

ABRAHAM SEGAL.

P.S. Have decided to live on beans.

* * *

How we came to say it is past understanding, but say it we did. We make tardy amends to our readers by printing these pleasant paragraphs from a friendly reader, Mr. H. W. Yozall.

I am sorry to see in the June *Atlantic* one of your contributors assigning Lewis Carroll to the University of Cambridge. Shades of Wolsey and Henry VIII, the faculty of whose great Ædes Christi Dodgson so originally adorned!

My father once told me of dining at the high table of the House, and listening with eager expectation for the witticisms of Dodgson, who was sitting opposite. But not one word did he speak during the whole meal. They adjourned to the senior common room for nuts and wine, and talk fell on the subject of notes used by famous speakers and various systems of memorizing. The Dean told how Charles Dickens always visualized his lecture as a wheel, with the different divisions as its spokes. After completing each division, he would strike away a spoke with a curious gesture of the right arm. 'And when he came to the last spoke,' said the Dean — 'Then he had spoken,' Dodgson interrupted, and relapsed into silence for the rest of the evening.

Finally, you of course have heard how Queen Victoria, having read *Alice in Wonderland*, wrote to the author commanding him to send her his next book; to which request Dodgson responded by sending his *Symbolic Logic*.

* * *

Many readers to whom Miss Converse's miracle play gave pleasure will care to learn that, besides a great number of performances in many American church communities, the play was given by the International College in Smyrna, under extraordinarily picturesque conditions.

To the Editors of the Atlantic Monthly
Boston, Massachusetts
The Best Country in the World

Dear Atlantic, —

There are a lot of people out here in Smyrna, and in other parts of the Near East, who are very grateful to you for publishing in your March issue that beautiful little play by Florence Converse, 'Thy Kingdom *Come*.'

Each year we hold a student conference here at Smyrna. The conference is held on the campus of the International College at Paradise. (We did not name the place. The Romans called it Paradiso long years ago. We try to make good on the name.) This year there were delegates from the Balkans, Asia Minor, Greece, Syria, and Egypt.

On one evening of the conference, just at sunset, we presented Miss Converse's 'Thy Kingdom Come.' Faculty, students, and faculty children took part. Some three hundred watched the play in reverent silence. The play was given outdoors, in a little natural theatre on a hillside overlooking a valley, where the ruins of old Roman aqueducts added to the impressiveness of the hour. In the background was a hill that might have been Calvary. Natural rocks formed the tomb.

The parts had been studied for weeks, and the costumes were perfect. The speaking and the action were so natural that one forgot for the time that it was but a presentation. It thrilled with present life. Of course the conference helped create an atmosphere almost ideal, and the play was given the week following the Eastern Easter. We left out a little of the doughboy slang, which many of these students would not have understood, and we added one thing. As the angels came over the brow of the hill, to roll the stone away, a chorus of girls, hidden in a cleft of rocks below in the valley, sang, —

'Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Sons of men and angels say,
Alleluia!'

There was truly a thrill as those clear young voices carried the song of triumph through verse after verse. It seemed as if angelic voices had joined the earthly choir.

Cordially yours,
S. Ralph Harlow

Not the lost Atlantis, but the lost *Atlantic*, gives the fine tragic note nowadays. Here is a sequel to the grim story in the June Column.

Dear Atlantic, —

I was more than ordinarily interested in your published account of the man who stole a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Here in Portland, Oregon, I stepped to a newstand at Morrison and Fourth streets, to buy a *Saturday Evening Post* containing an article by H. G. Wells, and had recrossed the street, when two men came running up.

'You got an *Atlantic*,' one of them said.

'No,' I replied, thinking they had brought me a copy they supposed I had bought and left on the counter. 'I got a *Saturday Evening Post*.'

'No, you got an *Atlantic* on the stand across the street.'

I did not yet grasp the situation, and replied that I bought my *Atlantic* some days before.

'But you were seen to take it. You took it from the stand.'

Then I understood what had happened. Someone not myself had stolen a copy from the stand. It appears that out here the *Atlantic* is one of the fundamental needs of the human race; so much so that, lacking the price, one must steal it. The incident you publish seems to prove that human hunger for the *Atlantic* is not confined to the Pacific Coast. M. O. N.

* * *

Now and again brides have written us that they are taking the *Atlantic* with them on their honeymoon. Those were pretty compliments, of course; but here is incense.

Dear Atlantic, —

This is not Boston — far, far from it. Yet the other day, when caring for a young mother (a country girl — Texas-born and bred), I entered her room and found the young mother lying beside her half-hour-old son, happy and comfortable — reading the last *Atlantic*.

Our Texas sunshine seems to produce vigorous bodies and minds. Alice I. B. Massey.

Why drag in Texas sunshine!

* * *

When Miss Dora M. Briggs wrote us the interesting letter regarding her unpleasant experience before a Naturalization Board, which we published in the *Atlantic* for July, she dated her communication from Springfield, Massachusetts. We published the letter with the date-line, and thus passed on to our readers the mistaken impression we ourselves received — that it is upon Springfield that the stigma rests. At the time it seemed extraordinary, for Springfield is famous for its civic sense. We are glad to announce that the responsibility should be placed elsewhere.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

We cleared our editorial throat a month ago for a few remarks about the October publications of the Atlantic Monthly Press. Since that time good luck has thrown in our way a saying of Vauvenargue's, which applies with peculiar aptness to Major Higginson, whose *Life and Letters*, by **Professor Bliss Perry,** is one of the autumn books about which a great deal might be said. 'What makes a fine life,' the saying runs, 'is a great thought of youth realized in maturer years.'

Henry Lee Higginson, studying music abroad in the fifties, had the great thought of providing for the people of his own city and country orchestral music just as beautiful and uplifting as that which he was hearing in Vienna. In his maturer years, after hard work with a definite object in view, he realized this thought through the foundation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which he maintained for nearly forty years. The French moralist could not have found a better embodiment of the truth contained in his generalization.

If Major Higginson's contribution to the cause of music in America had been all that he accomplished, it would have been much. But many other good causes — education, the best citizenship, and human betterment in many forms — were close to his heart, and to all of these he made the contribution of a great personality. Fortunately this was expressed through a steady outpouring of highly characteristic letters, filled with the writer's own generosity, humor, and vigor. His biographer thus found himself provided with a wealth of excellent material that was almost embarrassing.

This was material of a kind which Professor Perry is peculiarly qualified to handle — all the more because he is one of those Bostonians by adoption who can regard the Brahmin annals of New England primarily in their human and broadly American significance. His book is, therefore, addressed to readers in Chicago and San Francisco quite as much as to those in Boston and New York. After all, in life as in fiction, it is only when the local and personal partake a universal quality, that a character commands, or deserves, general attention. Such a character was Major Higginson.

The regular edition of Professor Perry's biography will appear in a single volume. For the benefit of collectors and of friends of Major Higginson who will value a more personal memorial, a small limited, 'large paper' edition, in two volumes, containing illustrations, portraits, and facsimile letters, not appearing in the one-volume edition, will also be printed. On the day before Christmas it will still be possible to buy the book in the so-called 'trade edition.' We should be sorry to believe that this may also be said of the 'limited edition' — and mention this feeling for whatever it may suggest.

* * *

Wild Brother is the title finally chosen for the extraordinary bear story by **William Lyman Underwood,** of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which we mentioned last month. Its sub-title, *Strangest of True Stories from the North Woods*, does not at all overstate the claims of this narrative. If there had been photographers in the days of Romulus and Remus, and if the early narrative of those worthies could have been made a matter of pictured records, fact might have supplanted fable in the story of the founding of Rome. Mr. Underwood is a photographer of uncommon skill, and his story of a Maine woods cub and his human foster-sister, Ursula, is so incontestably documented with pictures covering all the episodes in the strange life of a strange pet that what might well appear as fable is established as fact. Picture and text are joined to remarkable purpose in a story both of human kindness and of animal life under unique conditions. The narrative and the photographs are equally certain to take a distinctive and permanent place in the chronicles of animal lore.

* * *

'The time and the place and the loved one all together,' is a phrase which may be applied without undue strain to a small volume which the Atlantic Monthly Press will issue in October. Its title is *Many Children;* its author, **Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer;** its illustrator, **Florence Wyman Ivins;** its printer, **Mr. D. B. Updike,** of the Merrymount Press. Text and picture and format have not often been combined to better purpose. The verses and the designs are concerned wholly with children; and children with any instinct for beauty are sure to respond to the charm of fancy, of rhythm in word and line, which the little book embodies. The adult book-lover — if he may be likened remotely to the kind uncle who cannot be restrained from escorting small nephews to the circus — will share it with 'the children,' and thoroughly enjoy it himself, especially if he cares for both the outside and the inside of books.

The work of **Mrs. Ivins,** by the way, has recently been honored by a special exhibition in

one of the Class Rooms at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, under the designation of 'The Children's World, in Drawings, Woodcuts and Sketches, by Florence Wyman Ivins.'

It happens that Mrs. Ivins has also provided the colored woodcuts which will decorate the reprint of *A Visit from St. Nicholas*, which **Mr. Bruce Rogers** and **Mr. William Edwin Rudge** are producing for publication by the Atlantic Monthly Press. This is something more than a Christmas card. Indeed, it presents the American Christmas classic in a form which will bespeak the permanence of careful preservation.

* * *

A fire that consumed, in June, one of the buildings of the Rumford Press, at Concord, New Hampshire, where the three magazines issued from this office, besides many of our books, are printed, caused some delay in the delivery of July periodicals, and might well have played havoc with a number of publications in process of manufacture. As a matter of fact, it made only one appreciable change in our publishing programme. This was the postponement of the publication date of *The Little Garden*, by **Mrs. Francis King**, which was to have appeared early in the summer, and now is scheduled for issue with our September books. The silver lining of this particular cloud is found in the fact that many members of the gardening brotherhood — and sisterhood — may find in this latest book by Mrs. King one of those Christmas remembrances (they are none too abundant!) which are equally blessed to receive and to give.

* * *

At the other end of the *Atlantic* a review of *Shackled Youth*, by **Edward Yeomans**, will be found. It cannot be amiss to supplement this notice by some words from the author, though they were written without any thought of publication. In a recent letter he says: 'I am not so much interested in this book's fortunes as a thing in itself, but because it is a part of a general effort, by various people you and I both know, to keep a clear and steady point of view in the terrible turmoil of modern life. This point of view is not a luxury, but a necessity. It is in the general direction of *beauty*, which term can be safely extended to include everything worth while — social justice, discipline, music, religion, anything at all.'

If there are those who believe that Mr. Yeomans is a mere voice crying in the wilderness, let them secure such a document as the report of a convention for the Progressive Education Association, held in Dayton, Ohio, last April, just before *Shackled Youth* made its appearance; or let them take note of such a gathering as the joint meeting, in July, of the Harvard Graduate School of Education and the Progressive Education Association. Through such conferences as these it is made manifest that the very aspirations for the unshackling of youth to which Mr. Yeomans has given so effective a voice are those which are now stirring the organized effort of considerable bodies of men and women in the profession of teaching all over the country. Thus are things wont to go forward. A single book may serve as a light through eastern windows; a 'movement' spreads — and westward, look, the land is bright.

* * *

One of the first substantial reviews of *The Founding of New England*, by **James Truslow Adams**, appeared in the Springfield *Republican*. The reviewer declared that the book, 'so far as contributions to American historical writing are concerned, is the real joy of the tercentenary period,' and especially commended the author for attempting to serve no end but historic truth. This review caused Mr. Adams to address to the *Republican* a letter of appreciation which should really have a wider reading than the columns of any single newspaper can afford. Two paragraphs from it will interest both those who have been reading Mr. Adams's book and the general company of believers in sound historical writing: —

'Although, as the writer notes, I have no New England blood, by chance I am quite as much an American as any of the Mayflower descendants, for my first Adams ancestor came to Maryland in 1659, and on my Spanish side my ancestors have been settled in South America since 1558, or sixty-two years before the celebrated little ship left the shores of England. I have been in all but five states in the Union, have lived in a number of them as well as knocking around other parts of the world, and on the one hand, am conscious of no local prejudice, and, on the other, am devoted to this country and its past. But I believe there are few things more dangerous, nationally and internationally, than falsifying history and misinterpreting the men, movements, and conditions of an earlier time. It not only vitiates the value of history as a guide, but gives a seeming basis for all sorts of false and dangerous movements and prejudices in the present.

'In writing my book, I tried to hold the scales of justice as even as a fallible man can, and I have been extremely interested in seeing how the public would receive it, not because it is my book, but because it is an attempt to tell the truth. One of my friends, perhaps the ablest student of the Revolutionary period among American scholars, told me recently that he found a decided improvement since the war in the openmindedness of the average American toward the truth of that period.'

So, indeed, may it be!

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1921

THE IRON MAN

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

A YEAR ago I sat in a meeting of schoolmen and leading citizens who were wrestling with plans for a new high school and technical college. The leading citizens were manufacturers of motor-cars, because our town's reason for existence is the production of such cars, of which we can be relied upon to deliver upwards of one hundred thousand a year, when the public buys them fast enough to clear the loading-docks. Our leading citizens, consequently, are leaders in their industry as well. For downright public spirit, no more satisfactory group of employers can be found anywhere. They took it for granted that our new high school and technical college was to be keyed to utility. They wanted practical education, or, as one phrased it, 'education for life.' As their programme unfolded, it seemed that their goal was rather education for production. They may have seen new light since the wheels slowed down, but neither then, nor later, did the school-men offer any protest.

As an outsider, a member of neither group, I sat there, dazed, silent, a little dashed and fearful, as one amid new ruins. I knew there was something wrong with the programme of these manufacturers; but what it was I could not say. Now I know, because I have been studying the reactions of automatic machinery upon social relationships.

There is no better place for such a study than this town of ours. It exists for, and accepts the dictation of, industry highly automatized. In brisk times more than twenty thousand men and women work for three corporations, whose plants are full of automatic machinery. When these marvelous tools are busy, the town is prosperous, gains population, spends lavishly, yet saves much withal; when the tools are stilled, the town loses population, develops poverty, and lives on its savings.

In 1900 this was a quiet little manufacturing city of 13,000. In 1904 it produced its first motor-car, and growth from this time was rapid and sustained, draining away the surplus labor of nearby farms and villages. The 1920 census showed 38,550. In the next ten years, the city achieved a population of nearly 100,000, acquiring, among other interesting phenomena, a Little Poland, a Little Hungary, a Little Serbia, other immigrant colonies, and a Cosmopolitan Club financed by the Chamber of

Commerce. We built a Polish church and school, two Russian churches, a Czech church, and presently we shall have a Jewish synagogue. During the war we imported camps of negroes direct from the Black Belt. All these non-natives, about 75,000 in the twenty years, came either to tend automatic machines, to supply the economic and domestic wants of the operatives, or to coöperate in a scheme of production in which the automatic tool was the decisive factor.

Of course, this growth induced the usual and to-be-expected rise in rents and land-values. We built houses as fast as we could find the money; but in spite of enormous profits to constructors and investors, we could not provide housing fast enough to satisfy the industrial leaders. In 1919–20 the corporation controlling our two largest plants built thousands of homes. As a strike ensued, the builders fell back upon the principle which had profited them in automobile manufacture, substituting for skilled labor machinery and unskilled labor.

In 1920, production on automatic machines here and elsewhere having outrun consumption, the wheels slowed down to a fraction of their former speed. Immediately our town began to lose population; thus proving that, with cities as with plants, quick growth means weak roots. Coincidentally rural districts began to gain. While we were losing 15,000 out of our 100,000, a village eighteen miles away added twenty per cent to its 1920 census of 400. Money brought these people into town, and, jobs failing, lack of money took them out again into the fields, woods, and villages. Michigan woods were full, last winter, of men who, a year ago, were tending automatic machines. What back-to-the-land propaganda failed to do in twenty years, economic necessity accomplished in six months.

Of all the states, Michigan shows the greatest percentage of urban growth from 1910 to 1920; also the greatest growth in the use of automatic tools. This is because ours is the automobile state. The automobile, as an economic want, burst into being rather than grew. It was a new means of transportation, not the development of an older means. Its makers faced the markets with open minds and almost empty hands. They had no well-established shop-practice to consider, little or no machinery to junk. Their margins were large enough to ensure that whatever increased production would return profits. Moreover, the nature of the business required large outputs of identical parts, accurately machined, standardized and interchangeable. Hence the automobile industry is to-day the most highly automatized. Hence the reactions of automatic machinery upon human nature and the social order may be observed here in all their vigor.

Those machines which tend to replace the worker or reduce his function to a minimum are described as automatic. They are so designed that the worker need not know the vital steps which the mechanism takes in producing the desired result. The dividing line between these tools and those that merely lengthen or strengthen the arm of man is nowhere definite and precise, but examples will help to point the distinction.

With the power wool-clipper, as with the sheep-shears, the mind of the operator must work with his muscle, to extract from use the increased efficiency of the tool. But with an automatic tool, the attendant is required only to feed the machine and relieve it of its produce from time to time. There are a good many semi-automatic machines; but the tendency is toward their complete automatization. Each year sees semi-automatic machines develop to-

ward automatic perfection; each month sees the scope for skill in industry lessened, particularly in those basic industries which concentrate large numbers of workers in given centres, and so exercise a determining influence upon social relations.

Skill, of course, is still vital; but the need for skill has passed upward. Machine-design, shop-organization, routing of materials, and distribution of produce — these require a concentration of skill and technical knowledge far beyond the similar requirements of non-automatic industry. The rank and file need use only a fraction of their native intelligence and manual dexterity, while the skill-requirement, which formerly spread more or less over the whole shop, is distilled into a relatively small group of engineers and executives.

This shift of vital function from the man to the machine is the key to many problems. It affects all departments of life. We have seen how it broke down the barrier of apprenticeship which had sealed factories more or less against rural labor and brought raw farm-boys into town, leveling farm and factory wages, lifting food prices. We have seen the power of the Iron Man to pull the negro north and the peasants of Europe west. And we have seen something, but not all as yet, of his influence in shifting women from the home to the mill. The clear, unmistakable tendency of automatic machinery is to level labor, as to both supply and wage.

Certain collateral effects are equally impressive. Many automatic machines can be operated as well by a child of twelve as by his parents. In fact, the tender of automatic machines reaches his or her highest economic power early in life, when nerves are steadiest. The strain involved in nursing automatic machinery is a repetition-strain, complicated by clatter. The operative does the same thing over and over, amid rhythmic sounds, in an atmosphere frequently stale with oil or dust. Youth stands this better than age, because youth reacts more quickly. Whereas, in the old days, a man used to come more slowly into earning power, reach his highest pay at thirty-odd, and continue fully competent until age began to slow him down at sixty-odd, his son leaps into high pay as a hobbledehoy, reaches his economic apogee short of twenty-five, and from thirty-five to forty-five slides swiftly downhill. He is a better earner at twenty than his father was; but the chances are that he will be a poorer provider at fifty.

I prefer not to be too dogmatic on this point. Automatic machinery is so new, having been in common use about twenty years and still being in its infancy, that present deductions on economic life-expectancy are founded upon too few instances to be altogether conclusive. Moreover, the swift decline of earning power in middle life may be partly due to causes only indirectly related to industry — poor housing, youthful excesses, and the like. However, present indications point to the correctness of the cycle outlined above.

Now the difficulties of the problem presented to educators by automatic machinery begin to emerge. The majority of youths, male and female, no longer need to be taught how to earn their living. Three days after the law that sets limits on child-labor leaves them free to work at the machines, they will be earning big money — practically as much as they ever will earn. There is little to learn; the mills can teach that better and cheaper than the schools. The labor turn-over cost per man ranges from $25 to $100; this includes the pay of the novice and his instructor, investment, depreciation, and overhead. Since it includes the non-automatic and semi-automatic processes, the cost of training men to serve the automatics

must be considerably less than the average, and will decrease as automatization becomes more intense. The instruction period on automatics varies from half-a-day to a week; it is estimated that seventy per cent of the workers in an automatized plant can be brought to efficient production in three days or less. The schools can never match this record; in addition, the cost to the schools of the equipment for the effort is prohibited.

The pockets of these children are full of money at an age when their fathers earned less than a living wage as apprentices. They are economically independent of home and social control. They have the eternal belief of youth that the preceding generation is fossilized, and the buying power to act upon their belief. They are foot-loose to go wherever automatic machines are turning. They can buy their pleasures, and they do. They can afford to flout age and authority; they do. Their very active minds have no background, and feel the need of none. They have no conception of the cost of civilization; no standard of reference by which to judge social and political questions. They have not even lived long enough to learn the simple truth that common sense and wisdom spring from the same root. With far greater need for early thrift than their elders, because their effective economic life may be shorter, they spurn the homely virtue of economy. They buy pleasures, buy companions, buy glad raiment; they try — desperately — to buy happiness. And fail. Yet they are splendid raw material for citizens. Let a great cause kindle them, and they rise to it like knights and ladies — *noblesse oblige*. They met every war-need more than half-way; fought and fell; sacrificed and saved — during the emergency. Their faults are those of youth plus affluence.

Here is the explanation of our youthful delinquency. Our 'bad men' of this winter are mostly minors. 'My court,' said a Detroit judge, 'is the scene of a procession of beardless boys.' They acquire appetites — expensive appetites; pleasure leads into bad company. A prank gone wrong, an unfortunate slip, a month without a job and nothing laid by — and we have the beginning of what we call the crime wave.

II

Much as this situation complicates the educational problem, the school-system somehow must be adapted to it. Somehow these children must be brought up to a mental and moral level approximating the economic level upon which they set foot immediately after leaving school. This is a grim task. In the public schools, certain things must be taught before the age of sixteen, which now are taught only in college, and to which many college students appear to be immune. The proposal itself would be revolutionary if it did not arise from a new set of industrial conditions, to which society is accommodating itself clumsily, but, in the main, peaceably. As such, the change, though startling, is clearly evolutionary — and inevitable.

What are the positive educational requirements of the machine age? To clear the ground, let us eliminate the non-essentials. The child who is going to tend an automatic machine does not need, in any economic sense, to read more than a shop-poster or direction-sheet. If he can sign his name to a pay check, that is enough. If he is willing to trust the shop to figure out his pay, he need not know his numbers. For the time he stands beside the machine, his earning capacity is not increased by anything he knows. Knowledge may be useful in getting him away from the machine; but that escape is going to be

more difficult as automatization proceeds toward its logical conclusion. Such knowledge as the operative comes by in school possesses for him only a cultural value. It does not help him in the least to earn his living; but it helps him immensely to spend his leisure.

For these children — these prosperous, precocious children — possess leisure, and the means to make the worst of it. They work, most of them at least, no more than eight hours a day. Presently it may be seven, even six. As production becomes more and more automatic, the wants of men can be supplied with less and less labor. Consumption, of course, may expand enormously; yet the demand for goods remains in stiff competition with the universal demand for leisure. 'I've got enough; let's go fishing,' was a state of mind so common in 1919 that it disturbed factory schedules, roused employers, and set tongues wagging about labor-profiteering.

Employers may fight the tendency toward the shorter working day, but theirs is a losing fight. Of late, in our town, we have gone along producing on a five-hour schedule all of our kind of automobiles which the restricted market would absorb. In so doing, we have discovered that with picked men, heightened morale, and with a closer synchronizing of all the elements involved, production per man can be greatly increased. If the present highly effective organizations are slowly enlarged, thus preserving their efficiency, it is difficult to see how the market, under normal conditions, can absorb more than eight hours' produce from day to day.

If this seems to contradict previous observations on the elimination of the personal element through machine use, please note that the improvement is due largely, if not altogether, to the work done by the engineers and executives in more efficiently routing materials to the machines. Under boom conditions, the stream of supply was often interrupted, thus throwing the machines out of production. This has been largely corrected; also, in the meantime, the machines have been tuned up, and new ones added in some cases. The attendant of the automatic machine remains just where he was; but the machine has the chance to do more and better work. Of course, even in a highly automatized plant, there remain a good many jobs that require either no machinery or semi-automatic machines; and in such cases the recent weeding out of the ineffectives does produce beneficial results. If the market will not absorb the products of the longer working day, on the present more efficient per-man per-hour basis, then it seems apparent that, viewing the country as a whole, industry will have to adjust itself to eight hours or fewer, probably fewer. The nation's supply of automatic tools is not going to be decreased simply to lengthen the working day; on the contrary, competition continually forces more and more of such tools into operation.

A shorter working day manifestly means greater leisure for the masses. Now it is everlastingly true that the bulk of human mischief is done in spare time. There is precious little chance for original sin, or any other kind of sin, to work itself out under the strict regimen of a modern factory. While human beings are at work, they are, perforce, reasonably decent: the employer sees to it that the time he buys is not wasted; but no one exercises an equal degree of control and supervision over a man's unbought time, — his leisure, — unless it is the man himself.

In a town dominated by automatic machinery, therefore, the educational problem is to train youth for the right use of leisure. Why waste time teaching city children how to work, when their chief need is to know how to live?

Precisely here is the point of my argument. Education for leisure, under the conditions of automatic production, is education for life. The attendant of automatic tools does not live while he is on the job; he exists, against the time when he can begin to live, which is when he leaves the shop. His task does not call for a fraction of his full powers as a sentient being, or monopolize his interest. If he could buy the same amount of well-financed leisure as easily in any other way, he would shift jobs to-morrow. It is impossible for him to grow mentally through his work. So he comes to his post as a slave to the galley, and leaves it with the gladness of a convict escaping prison. Psychologists say that a large part of industrial arrest is due to the inhibition which automatic tools place upon the expression of personality through labor. Be that as it may, the fact is that the hours given to tending automatic machines are given to buy leisure; and in that leisure the operative lives. He lives in his sports, at the movies, at the prize-fights, at the blind pig, as well as at the theatre, the lecture, the library, the park, and on the front porch of his inamorata.

In general, it has ever been true that leisure is the cream of life. We have tried desperately to build up an immunity to leisure, with our dull gospel of work for work's sake. There is a glory in creative work; but even that becomes pain and weariness if we are kept too long at it. All labor produces, sooner or later, weariness and pain, nature's signal to quit and go a-playing. When does that most stolid of men, the peasant, live most fully — when he plods the endless furrow, or when, at evening, he sings his songs, dances, prays, and courts his maiden? When did the skilled mechanic of another day feel his manhood soar highest above clod and worm — when he was chasing a screw with a cold chisel, or when he was taking the air in his garden, or, perchance, hobnobbing with his mates in the corner saloon? Is the tireless business man better company when he is chasing a golf-ball, or when he is chasing a profit? Is the banker best satisfied with himself when he is figuring interest, or when he is hip-deep in the stream, figuring trout? I think that the men of the best sort reach their farthest north in life, not in the hours they pay for life, but in the hours they spend in living. Certain am I that none but an imbecile could find delight in sharing the daily toil of the urban masses, so mechanized has it become. Consequently, education for leisure is precisely education for life. And education for life comes squarely down to education for culture.

To apply the early Victorian ideal of education to a machine age, to call upon Matthew Arnold to prescribe for a flurried and worried democracy, may seem absurd. But that is what the situation needs; and the necessary is never absurd. That cultural ideal was to fit for leisure those who had leisure — a small minority. With certain reservations in the interests of truth, it may be said to have produced a few first-rate minds and a very considerable number of gentlemen and gentlewomen. Now, because leisure has broadened out to include the majority, we must cultivate gentlemen and gentlewomen *en masse*. What was once a privilege for an arrogant aristocracy has become a necessity for an arrogant democracy. Unless our American gentlemen and gentlewomen appear in due time and in sufficient numbers, civilization will be wrecked by machine-made barbarians, unable — though their machines compass the globe — to replace what they have destroyed.

III

What is the first requirement for the right use of leisure? Self-restraint. Leis-

ure is liberty from an exacting, definite control — that of the boss. In leisure a man is subject only to the state. When the worker leaves the shop, he passes from a positive control to a negative control. Inside, he is required to do certain things; failure to do them results in sure discovery. Outside, he is required not to do certain things, although, if he does them, no penalty may follow. Thus we see that it is immensely more difficult to train human beings for life and leisure than for toil, and that, in America, only odd and unusual persons get very much out of leisure. About all that a retired business man feels equal to is golf and musical comedy. The workers offer more encouragement — Brashear and Henry George showed what laboring men could do in spare time.

Need for self-restraint increases in direct proportion to affluence. I am sure that eight dollars a day at eighteen — and some of our lads earn much more than that — would have corrupted me beyond repair. The wonder is, not that some of these highly paid striplings go wrong, but that all do not do so, considering the opportunity offered them by their cynical and predacious predecessors. More even than wild oats, I am sure that eight dollars a day at eighteen would have insulated me against right relationship with the world of ideas and ideals, past, present, and future, by blasting nascent inquiry and speculation. The establishing of this relationship in youth is, I take it, the end of all true and worth-while education, involving, as it does, the subjugating of the assertive, unbaked Ego to the social well-being, as manifested in the legal, moral, and ethical codes prevalent in one's environment and enforced, more or less, by the power with which common consent invests political institutions. Respect for authority, even that qualified assent involved in the pragmatic view of established institutions, has extreme difficulty in getting a roothold in a generation whose youth is economically self-sufficient.

It follows that knowledge, as the chief restraining influence in the youthful mind, is the substitute that education must establish in place of the set of controls which formerly resulted from the young man's poverty or fear of poverty. Remembering that the rising generation reaches its highest economic utility early in life, and that it soon, relatively speaking, reaches the economic status of old age, I think we must agree that, unless youth is taught thrift, pauperism will lengthen and strengthen from this point in time. A grievous outlook, to be forestalled at any cost.

There is need, therefore, to drill thrift into children; let the experts busy themselves on methods. The whole field of economics must be opened earlier and charted more simply. Is it not odd, in a nation that bows down to economic fact, to find the teaching of that economic theory almost wholly a college monopoly? It ought to be possible to begin the teaching of economics in the kindergarten, and to bring the pupil along so that, before he becomes a part of the economic machine which supplies human wants, he may understand at least its delicate nature. Suppose a child of five were set moving a given number of blocks from this space to that by hand — an hour's work. Then suppose the child were given a basket to ease the job — time, ten minutes. Then suppose, further, that an intelligent teacher explained that the basket was capital, the result of previous thrift, of labor in past time. That lesson would stick. Somehow to get this, and other fundamentals, into the mind when it is plastic, is the supreme educational task of the future.

So with the idea of law. My children know, among other surprising things,

the chief products of every state in the Union; but they have no conception of the legal system which enforces equity and fair play in the exchange of those products. It seems the simplest thing in the world to teach them that laws exist to protect the weak from the strong, the just from the unjust, the person of good intent from the swindler. Once they had mastered that idea, they might see the policeman as a friend rather than as an enemy, and our economic-juridical system as something to be protected instead of destroyed. A generation so reared might insist upon the law doing its primal duty; but it would be evolutionary, not revolutionary, in its demands.

But self-restraint is not, of course, all that a man needs in order to make something out of leisure. A man may be ever so self-restrained, and yet be desperately bored at the prospect of spending an hour in his own company. Self-restraint is merely the brake upon the ego-motor; it will keep the individual from running amok in society, but it will not start anything. Its virtue is negative. What the ego-motor needs in leisure is fuel, something upon which it can travel, progress, journey into new realms of thought. The best fuel for the purpose is compounded of interest in the present, understanding of the past, and sympathy with the future. History, literature, science, art, music — all these give to life meaning, and to leisure, inspiration; a reasonable concern in all that man has done, is doing, or is about to do upon this planet; with such equipment any fool could use leisure aright. To sow that seed is the first duty of educators, now as always, now more than ever.

So much for the background. But backgrounds are always hazy; let us concentrate. Since work is coming to be no longer a primary interest for the child of the masses in civilized lands, it is incumbent upon us to provide, in so far as they can be provided, other primary interests through which the individual can justify his existence; interests which, rising out of and sustained by his background, shall flourish like the green bay tree all the days of his life. Every man, whether he works a turret-lathe or a comptometer, needs a hobby to busy himself with in this age of growing leisure. We hear less of vocational training than we did — for good reason, since its utility is passing. Presently we shall hear more of avocational training, which shall give every youth destined for the mill or office a hobby for the centre of his garden of leisure.

In a machine age the applied sciences are paramount. Let them remain so. There are important posts on the peaks of industry which must be filled. Let us see to it that every mind fit to join the directorate of industry gets its educational opportunity. Machinery is undeniably one of the prime intellectual interests of the American masses; in leisure an informed generation would continue inventing, perhaps invent faster than ever. Therefore let us give youth all it can stomach of the sciences, deepened and broadened to the uttermost. But by no means should we submit to the specialist's obsession, that, with the key to universal knowledge in his hand, he travels down a walled alley, shut off from the humanities, from philosophy, from religion, from life.

I am not competent to provide the synthesis for this analysis, to describe the educational reforms which are necessary, and which I am sure are on the way. That is a task for many and mature minds. But certain key-points emerge out of the haze. We must I think insist upon ten years' schooling for every child, as an irreducible minimum, before plunging into the whirl of automatic production. There should be four school-terms instead of two, with a

brief holiday between; the long summer vacation is an anachronism in a factory town. So also is the Saturday holiday — six days a week in school henceforth. There is so much to be taught, and there are so few years to teach it in, that youth must hurry. At the same time, school should be so much more interesting that the charge of drudgery could not hold. Then, too, there must be more teachers and smaller classes; better equipment; more money spent all round. Finally, there should be a complete system of continuation schools, wherein those who desire to use their labor-bought leisure by securing further instruction could be accommodated on their own time. All graduates presumably will have been so far inoculated with the intellectual virus that they will go on improving their minds at leisure, to some extent, thus demonstrating on a wide scale that education is not a matter of youth, but of life. With such a start, the many will read, discuss, and enjoy the noblest works of man. And some among them, have no fear, will create as well as re-create.

But the programme, after all, may be left safely to the specialists, now that the problem is stated for their attention. They may have been a bit tardy in seeing how the Iron Man is frustrating their efforts, and why; but that is because they have been concentrating upon an even more wonderful mechanism — the human mind. Let them quarrel, as no doubt they will, over the details of the programme; but they can be trusted to accept the statement, — once they square the facts by the rule of reason, — that the welfare of our people and the preservation of our institutions depend upon our educating youth to use reasonably and gloriously the growing leisure which the common use of automatic machinery has in store for humanity.

(*The author's next topic will be 'The Iron Man in International Politics.'*)

FIVE YEARS IN A FAROE ATTIC

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR

EIDE, ÖSTERO, FAROE ISLES.
15 *November*, 1914.

DEAR HELEN, —

When I wrote last, I was digging in the garden of Hans Kristoffer. Now I am in a remote fishing village on the northern end of Östero. Eide, as a winter residence, has but one attraction, the large family of a Danish Captain Kruse, whom I knew in past years. The youngest daughter, Amalya, and her husband, will give me shelter during the winter.

I left the capital, Thorshavn, at early dawn, on an open-decked motor-boat, which was heavily laden with passengers, luggage, freight, the mail, Iceland fishermen's sea-chests, three sheep, a cow, and a large cask of soft soap, which leaked badly and soon spread itself over everything and everybody on board. Later, rain fell, and, mixing with the

soft soap, made a fine lather. We were nine hours on the way, most of the time within the fjords, where heavy mists hid the fjelds and, falling, seemed to bar the way. The air was dank and chill, and when I at last saw Eide in the distance, I thought happily that for seven long months I need go nowhere in a boat.

There were Kruses to meet me on the sea-rocks and help me with the surf, and other Kruses, higher up, to hug me and escort me up the stony path, Kruses running down the little lanes and coming to doors to greet me, and meeting me at Amalya's threshold, and dropping in later to bid me welcome. Other Kruses were out fishing. And so I settled down to keep house in Kvisten, which means the Attic.

You remember, of course, the story of the Three Bears and the Little Girl? Kvisten now resembles the home of the Little Wee Bear. All my life I have been bothered by chairs and tables unsuited to my height, and here was my opportunity. Joen Magnus, who is a carpenter, postman, fisherman, and a trifle of a farmer, has adapted many boxes for me. His charge is six cents an hour. I pay seven, and thus the pleasantest relations are established. There are twenty-two boxes, large and small, in Kvisten's two rooms, though you would never suspect it, and all are suited to the needs of the Little Wee Bear and of me. They are *my* boxes, — mine to me, — and therein lies their charm. *I* own the kettle, the zinc pails, the frying-pan, and the broom. No one has the right to invade Kvisten, and put soda in my tea, and boil it 'to get the goodness out,' or to add sugar and nutmeg to my potatoes. No 'sweet soup' shall cross *my* threshold! I am weary of conforming, through many years, to the ways of other people. Now I propose to have some ways of my own.

This cottage is perched high on a slope above the sea, so close that, as I sit by my packing-case table, I see only sky and water and distant fjelds. In stormy weather, the great surges seem charging on to overwhelm Kvisten. They made me dizzy at first, and to get my bearings, I must rise and look down on the shore rocks and the grass-sod roofs of the Kruse trading-post, and boat-houses that shelter high-prowed fishing-boats, Ornen, Svanen, Hvalen, Famiglien — the Eagle, the Swan, the Whale, the Family.

The village of Eide (pronounced Ida) lies huddled along the fjord, looking south between two islands over nine miles of sea. On the north are gray, storm-bleached grass fields, rocky fjelds on either side, and a pond, which only a long dike of up-tossed boulders separates from the lonely Northern Sea. On the east, a great solemn promontory rears precipitous cliffs two thousand feet above the surf, and seems to be saying, 'Thus far.' I don't think it is my fancy that makes those northern waters seem sterner, more melancholy, than those of the east or west. On summer nights the glory of the sunset and the sunrise both are there; but now, in November, the sun is far away, making its shallow arc in the south.

I have been busy with preparations for winter — salting mutton and herrings, ordering supplies, filling little boxes with soil, and planting or sowing correctives of a too fishy, salty diet: chives and parsley, cress, and that best of all anti-scorbutics, the native 'scurvy-grass.'

Amalya's quarters, called Huset, and mine, Kvisten, are on the most neighborly of terms, and often, starting to go downstairs with a little offering like a turnip or a cup of canned tomato, I met Amalya coming up with a bit of fried fish or a pancake.

I am to have three lambs from an-

other island. The first one came in mid-October, escorted from the landing-place by a score of small boys. It was dismaying to be confronted by a whole lamb, — intact, — but Amalya kindly officiated as mistress of ceremonies. Ole Jakob, a neighbor, was asked to kill and dress it in the cellar, I peering down fearfully from time to time through a trap-door in the kitchen. Ole Jakob had half the tallow, the feet, fifty öre (about fourteen cents), and two cigars, and declared himself more than satisfied, — handsomely paid, in fact, — and sent his thanks. I replied, politely, through Amalya, that the thanks were to *him*.

Amalya's family has whale-meat, salted, to eke out winter supplies. I have eaten fresh whale-meat scores of times and found it very good — almost like beef. But it changes sadly when kept in brine, and has a curiously pervasive odor. The days when Huset has whale for dinner, Kvisten ventilates diligently, loses interest in cooking, and takes gloomy views of the war.

I find that many people think my name is Mistela. Not knowing the meaning of the word Miss, and adding it to my surname, they think it a Christian name, like Marguerite or Malene. I like it as I hear it from a group of children. 'Here comes Mistela,' I hear the older ones say; 'now, bid good-day prettily to Mistela.' And as I pass, they raise half-frightened eyes to me and say in soft chorus, 'Godan dagur, Mistela.'

This is the time of year when we are packed away in heavy, low-lying clouds that turn even midday to twilight. Storms and heavy rain day after day. Green slime growing on the little lanes, rocks, and cottage-walls. Housework is difficult in the uncertain light. There is a feeling like black cobwebs before the eyes. While I wait for the light to brighten, the shadows deepen and the brief day has passed. A lantern is an indispensable part of Kvisten's outfit. When, in late afternoons, a bit of war news is telephoned to the doctor, he writes it on a piece of paper, and puts it in a little frame that hangs on the outer wall of a cottage. Buffeted by the storm, I make a zigzaggy progress up to that cottage, where a group of men are burning their fingers with matches and growling about the doctor's writing. Often I am kept there long, reading by the light of my lantern the message, as others join the group, and feeling very bashful about my queer pronunciation of Danish.

Am I or am I not a *Kalve Kone?* That means a halibut woman, one who possesses mysterious powers that can charm a big halibut to the hook of a fisherman. But the fisherman must have promised her verbally, or in his thoughts at sea, the *beitu* — a choice bit, cut from the fish between the fore-fins. And for this beitu no thanks should ever be given, though pleasure may be *indirectly* expressed. Last week, a man on the fishing-bank promised me the beitu, and a few minutes later he was having a sharp fight with a halibut that weighed almost two hundred pounds. When he came with the beitu, Amalya, who was speaking Faroe-ese for me, explained that, of course, Mistela understood that no *thanks* were to be given for it, but she was *awfully* glad to have it, and considered it handsomely done of him. Two days later, another man promised me the beitu, and caught nothing. So what is one to think?

December 22, 1914.

A British trawler came in this morning to get supplies for the homeward run. I saw the ship's boat nearing land, and knew I would be needed to help with the 'trawler English.' I found Neils already in difficulty about 'grub,' 'bac,' and 'tates,' which the man had demanded. During the next hour I made acquaintance with plug, shag,

and cavendish, helped to make out attestations, and sent a messenger among the cottages to find potatoes. The man's face looked drawn and heavily lined, though he was not yet middle-aged. I understood it when he told me that he had been in the mine-sweepers' brigade. Two of their vessels had disappeared, leaving no trace of crew or wreckage. The man expected to reach port by Christmas, and I asked him about the homeward run — whether he followed all the prescribed routes of the Admiralty. 'Huh!' he exclaimed, with contempt, 'if we did, we'd never get any furrader. Run for it and take yer chances. That's the only way!'

He gave me no thanks for my help, no word of farewell. He gathered up his purchases, paused in the doorway, and looked with weather-wise eyes on land and sea. 'Wind's against us,' he muttered; 'everything's against us' — and so departedly sadly.

Later. I have heard that his ship has been shelled and sunk, but what has become of the sad little man I do not know.

Our letters to England now go first to Copenhagen, then to Aarhus in Denmark, then by a butter-and-bacon freighter back the whole length of the North Sea, north of the Orkney Isles, and down the west coast of England to Manchester or Liverpool. Time, from sixteen to twenty-six days.

Yesterday a little deserter from Germany had tea here. Really he is from Slesvig. He explained earnestly, 'Papa, Danish; mama, Swedish. Born in Germany, but *not* a German!' I was surprised to find how well he speaks Danish, though Germany has done all in its power since 1864 to suppress the language. When he tried to speak English, he mixed it with German. His elder brother had been killed in the first days of the war. His best friend was called to service, but an accident delayed him. Next morning his young wife received the message, 'Two hours late. Shot.' That was too much for the little Slesviger. He would rather be shot as a deserter than fight for Germany. He was a meek, pallid boy, but his eyes fairly blazed as he told of the death of his friend. Many adventures he has had, many narrow escapes, but now he has a British pass, is cook on a fishing vessel, and eventually will go to Denmark.

March 7, 1915.

The winter passes quickly, and it is time to think of garden-plots. Kvisten has lately been deeply involved in potatoes. Food-supplies are uncertain, and the Governor urges all to plant as many potatoes as possible, and new varieties have been sent from Denmark. I think my faulty Danish is responsible for the arrival from Thorshavn of more kinds, in larger numbers, than I had expected. It has been a time of stress, looking each potato sternly in the eye, to see if it means to sprout. I have made a little collection for each family of the Kruse clan, two other friends, and myself. Nine families, and five varieties for each family, and each variety to be kept separate and correctly labeled, and I to cook, eat, work, and sleep in the midst of it all. By bedtime so many potatoes had been imprinted on my retinas that, when I closed my weary eyes, I could distinctly *see* potatoes, brilliantly illuminated, floating in space. And now in the dim light, under my cot-bed, my packing-case table, wherever there is a place, are potatoes in shallow boxes, standing prettily in rows, making sprouts.

July 15, 1915.

I was going to show Eide what's what in the way of little gardens, but this is a bad ice-year in the far North. Those Greenland ice-floes will not go. They drift and pack and drift again, be-

sieging Iceland's northern coasts, and causing ice-fogs that check and blast vegetation in these islands. Those peas and parsnips, cauliflower and oyster-plant seedlings, one by one, went by the board, until only potatoes and turnips were left. Then blight attacked the potatoes, dry rot and horrid white worms the turnips, and a coast-wind tore my rhubarb to bits. I have two pea-plants that are doing well, but they are in a pot in Kvisten. Amalya has seen *dried* peas, and she always thought they were dug from the ground, like potatoes.

We have all felt the need of a peat-fire in the *haugi* — the wild out-fields. There is nothing like it as a restorer of cheerfulness. And on one of our few clear days, we went to a lake among the hills, five hundred feet above the sea. It was the coldest picnic I have ever attended, but with many attractions — kittiwakes taking fresh-water baths in the lake, black-backed gulls barking among the cliffs, and curlew chortling over the grassy slopes. *Omma* (which means grandmother) and I tended the peat-fire and made large quantities of tea to restore the circulation of those who fished for trout, from boats, and we returned home at half-past nine, when the sun was still shining on the fjelds. Not that we wanted to, but we were so *very* cold!

January 30, 1916.

Dear Helen, —

In a letter received from America the writer says she thinks of me as 'dreaming away the peaceful days far from turmoil and agitation.' I will now tell you of one of my 'peaceful days.'

We knew by noon that a storm was brewing, for the sea was restless, the reefs moaning, and the rising wind hooted in a way that meant trouble to come. Darkness closed in early, and by four o'clock we were in the grip of a hurricane from the north. The house shook and groaned and strained like a laboring ship at sea. Torrents of icy rain and masses of sea-water carried horizontally through the air bombarded the house, and on the northern side forced their way through every crevice and joist and crack. Under the eaves, in the sloping closets, Josefine and I crawled on all fours, with lanterns, exhuming the contents, while Omma brought sacks and mops, buckets and tubs. In Kvisten, with its thin roof of zinc, its walls of two layers of planks, the uproar was so great that we had to shout to be heard. Yet above it all sounded that high shrill crying — the *vox humana* of a hurricane.

During the worst gusts there was a curious lifting sensation, as if something had gone wrong with the attraction of gravity. It was singularly disconcerting to lose all sense of weight and stability, and feel that Kvisten might whirl away like a pack of cards. What a night that was, we thinking that the roof would go, the house be carried from its foundations, and then what would Amalya do? For in that time of fear Amalya's little son was born. I had him in my charge, five minutes old, — so blue and cold he was, — and held him close in the skirts of my red wrapper, while the window-frames sucked out and in, and the curtains blew in the icy drafts. Oh, poor little man — to come into the world on such a night!

I make from time to time tentative efforts to secure a passport, but they come to naught. I am in the diplomatic jurisdiction of Copenhagen; but with this troublesome heart the long and very dangerous journey to Denmark is impossible. I would venture the shorter one to Scotland, if I could get a passport. I wrote explaining fully how I was situated, that a 'personal application' could not be made, and giving the best of credentials. Such a trusting, naïve letter it was — so sure that there

would be some accommodation in the law for one of Uncle Sam's family, stranded in a far-away land. A few words, in reply, from a secretary, merely say that passports are issued on '*personal application*.' So I remain in my island attic.

June 15, 1916.

We have had an anxious week. First, a rumor of the great sea-fight off Jutland, and then the death of Lord Kitchener. Faroe folk, before the war, have known little and cared less about the great ones of the outer world. But they knew about Lord Kitchener, and his death seems to them a personal loss, as if one more safeguard between their homes and the enemy had been broken down. And now, in another sense, they are comrades of the sea, for he has died the death that some of them will die. When the news came, I took a Kitchener photograph with me down to the Kruse Store, where there is always a group of fishermen gossiping and smoking. They crowded around me eagerly, to see it, and I saw tears in the eyes of some of the older men. 'A brave man, a good man,' they said softly.

March 18, 1917.

The Thorshavn authorities announce that there is a three-months' supply of grain and flour on hand, but future supplies are uncertain, and we are enjoined to use as little as possible, and to bear our coming troubles 'with calm and dignity.' Now we have used a seven-weeks' portion, and in all that time not one pound of food has come to the islands. I cut down on light, fuel, and food, and could have eaten less and yet carried on as usual. I will not say that I did not *want* to eat more. Queerly enough, I was more hungry in my dreams than in my waking hours. I gave little thought to *bacon* in pre-war days, but now, about once a week, I dream about it. I sit down, with joy, before a large dish of delicately browned curly bacon, when suddenly it vanishes away. Distractedly I search everywhere, mopping away my tears, see it in the distance, pursue it, and it again eludes me. My grief wakes me, and I find that real tears have made me uncomfortably damp.

Next week our rationing will begin, and on Monday there will be a house-to-house inspection. Private supplies must be declared and attestations made. The whole matter is rather complicated, and the Thorshavn powers that be have kindly tried to explain, in technical language, in many columns of the little semi-weekly paper. We get on fairly well in everyday Danish, but these explanations have made trouble. And now I see groups of excited men, waving ragged copies of *Dimmalætting*, and hear such comments, in Faroe speech, as, 'Fool thou! I say thou canst not have sago!' 'Death and torment! You've got it wrong!' ''S death! Oatmeal *is* rationed!' 'Out with thee! Thou'lt have to swear on truth and honor how many potatoes thou hast!' And I know that Eide's men-folk are earnestly striving for comprehension before the ordeal on Monday.

15 *May*, 1917.

Some supplies have come, enough to carry us through the next few weeks. In Thorshavn some employment is given on public works, and throughout the islands land-owning peasants have more food, some milk and fats, and dried mutton. But in poor fishing villages there is much undernourishment. There is an old saying, 'When Eide's fishing-lines are dry, Eide hungers.' Yesterday four 'six-man boats' (boats rowed by six men) were out, and a few small fish were the only returns for the hard day's work of twenty-four men. Many people have only their ration of coarse rye-meal, weak tea and coffee,

and wind-dried codlings. I can tell when a mother has been giving part of her scanty allowance to children or husband. There is a certain over-bright eye, an exalted expression, a strained, white look of the skin over the nose and around the mouth.

A well-to-do friend in Glasgow offered help, and I wrote asking for a little fine barley-meal and patent health-foods for the mothers of new-born babies and for sick children. She wisely sent my letter on to London, with her application for a permit. It showed that I asked only for those in real need.

Eight Faroe cutters have been sunk on the Faroe Banks. The men could not believe that Germany would harm peaceful fishermen of a neutral land, on the grounds where their forbears had fished for a thousand years. This is a hard blow. The cutters soon would have gone to the Iceland summer fishery, and on that the people rely for help through the winter.

June 20, 1917.

After a cold, dark spring and early summer, we have had a week of real sunshine, such as we seldom see, and we have basked in it and become dry and warm and sunburned, and the days have been all too long and too light for one's strength. It is the time of peat-work, and a friend, Olivina, and I have had a private picnic on a promontory where she owns a peat-field. She was to 'set up' peats, and I to sketch and collect plants. So it was supposed, but the truth is, we had saved up flour from our ration, and in all secrecy we took the frying-pan with us and made pancakes on the heights, and the full quota of work was not done that day. After the pancakes — on a day so rare — it seemed advisable to let work go, and climb to the top of the headland. There, twelve hundred feet above the sea, we looked across perhaps twenty miles of shimmering sea-levels, — blue and pink and pearl, — and there was no land between us and the North Pole. Puffins darted to and fro like little shuttles below us. Gulls circled with no perceptible motion of their wings. A long, lean freighter passed, probably bound for Archangel. Then, from the east, came two pretty sister ships, shining in new white paint. They kept close together, and seemed like two little children abroad on some brave adventure. Once they checked, almost stopped, and Olivina clutched my arm. 'Undervands baaden!' she quavered. But no, it was no submarine that had stopped them, only the fierce race, or current, sweeping eastward, and strongest at this phase of the moon.

12 *July*, 1917.

Yesterday I was startled by the sight of seven large trawlers, all armed, swinging in from the open sea. Eide is a lonely place. I had not seen a trawler, except far away, for more than two years. Amalya was calling to me to hurry — that probably torpedoed crews were being brought to land. I found that only a slight accident to machinery had brought them in. But I could help about sending a telephone message, and soon a burly skipper and I were having a chat while awaiting an answer. He looked at me in amazement when he heard I was an American and had been in Eide almost three years. 'Good Lord!' he exclaimed, smiting his thigh in emphasis. 'How have you held out in this hole?'

I replied, with spirit, that it was n't a hole: there were many beautiful places near; I liked the people and was glad to be here. But later, looking about me, I admitted that Eide in the fog was not looking its best that day, all dank and dripping, and the cods' heads and refuse too much in evidence.

Later, I met the young lieutenant in charge of the defenses. So trim and fit and lean he was, with clear, steady

eyes. It was a credit to his discernment that he understood that this shabby old party who appeared out of the fog had a message that he must hear. To trawler captains I could not give it. No censor would pass it in the post. I looked into the eyes of that young man, and constrained him to listen; and as, for the time being, I had much dynamic force in me, he did listen, bless him, murmuring at intervals, 'That is interesting'; 'I did n't know that'; 'I'll remember that'; 'I'll do my best.'

And then they sailed away, and I wandered about in much distress of mind. I was in the grip of nostalgia. The refined, clean-cut speech of the young officer, the first I had heard since April, 1914, brought to mind all I had lost, was losing, in this exile. Out in the world the current of life was sweeping onward, full and strong, and I — what was I doing in this backwater, this futile eddy?

Then the fog lifted from the fields. Between two peaks the moon was rising. No stars are seen on a Faroe summer night. The pale moon casts no shadows. But a silvery radiance mingles with the daylight and the last glow of the sunset colors. Nothing is hidden, nothing obscured. The faint far fjelds show lovely tones of blue and violet. I could see the shining of the little streams as they slipped over the basalt ledges, the vivid green of their mosses, and the rich purples and reds reflected from the cliffs in the sea below.

It was so still that not the least line of white showed along the coast; but, as I looked, the whole surface of the sea rose, swelled upward and forward, and with a muffled roar, a great white surge flung itself along the cliffs' base and over the dark reefs. It swept backward, and all again was still.

So beautiful it was, Helen, so peaceful, that my own troubles seemed of little moment, the way before me easier to follow.

Four out of five salt ships from the Mediterranean, which had permission to come to the Faroes outside the 'danger zone,' have been forced by the cruisers to turn back into it for examination at Kirkwall, and as they came out they were torpedoed. So good ships and men are lost to England, and food that the salt would have cured; and much hardship is brought on the Faroes. For, with no salt to cure the fish, there can be no fishing. The Germans are greatly pleased to have their game hunted in for them. . . . (The Censor suppressed this last paragraph. I thought he would, but I could n't refrain.)

On Sudero is the last port from which ships sail for lands 'down below.' There bands of British trawlers, homeward bound from Iceland, drop anchor, and signal to the port officials, 'We have come in to sleep.' Close together the ships lie, a little flock of hunted creatures, and for seven hours all is quiet on board. Then out they go, no rest for them till they reach a Scottish haven. Much suffering and many lives and ships have been spared to Britain by this little neutral group, in a waste of waters where ships can take shelter, and torpedoed crews and wounded men find help and nursing. Money cannot pay for these things, but the British Government might let us have some petroleum, and allow a ship with supplies from America to be examined at Halifax instead of at Kirkwall, in the danger zone.

15 *August*, 1917.

We think with dread of the coming darkness. No petroleum on sale, of course no gas or electric light, no coal, no candles, and only a scanty supply of peat. America, as well as England, refuses us petroleum. (I wish I could have Mr. Hoover here on a December night, in one of our worst gales!) A new

odor has been added to Eide's general fishiness. House-fathers and mothers are trying out highly unpleasant fish-livers. Small boys are fishing for codlings. The old folks are praying that the Lord will send a flock of driving whales, to give food and light for the coming winter. And the smiths have gathered in all the old cans and every scrap of tin and brass, and are experimenting on little fish-oil lamps. They require a reservoir above the burner, a pressure to force the oil up to the wick.

The truth is, petroleum, postal rights, and other desiderata, are denied us because the British Government is afraid that the Faroes will be used as a supply station for German submarines.

It is surprising what can be done in contriving ways and means. The soles of my felt shoes are quite worn out, and I have re-covered them with a piece of a neighboring fisherman's discarded trousers, giving in return a little flour. Anna has made a fine pair of shoes for her little girl from a fifteen-year-old felt hat. I bartered three envelopes the other day for a lamp-chimney with a broken top, a handkerchief for a small cod, and I have known a large spoonful of soft soap to be 'swapped' for three hairpins.

20 *October*, 1917.

We have a new baby, a frail little creature, unfit to bear the coming winter. She is not six weeks old, an age when the normal child is a little pig, with unawakened intelligence. This dear baby looks from one to another with bright, questioning eyes, earnestly, sadly, and yet with a sweet composure that seems strange in such a helpless mite. We laugh at her, and tell her that she need n't put on such dignified airs, that we *mean* well, even if our manners are not as fine as hers. I suppose she seems older because there is no baby fat to hide the pure oval of her face and the fine lines of neck and shoulders.

We have had heavy rains and a low temperature since the middle of July. Even now, between snow-squalls, haymaking is going on. Many are bearing home the half-dry hay, to spread it out in their little cellars. Wretched food it will be for the poor cows; but there is nothing else to give them.

30 *January*, 1918.

Eide had a 'dry Christmas' (no spirits for sale), and so, for many women and children, a happier Christmas than usual. We made a quite charming little tree from a piece of spar, with sticks inserted here and there for branches, and covered with heather and crowberry. Amalya fished out some decorations from her childhood days; there were some little toys sent in August from a Scottish friend. I made cornucopias with the colored illustrations of a Liberty rug-and-carpet catalogue (and very pretty they were), and from beeswax cast ashore from a torpedoed vessel we had little brown candles, which spluttered briskly as they burned, from the sea-salt in them. We had long been saving from our flour- and sugar-rations, and by an elaborate system of barter and by mutual gifts in the Kruse clan, we managed to have some good Christmas food, and sugar-candies and gingernuts for the tree. It was really something like a Danish Christmas, with the singing of the Christmas songs, 'Still Night, Holy Night,' and 'A Child is born in Bethlehem.'

We are having a terrible winter. Such cold has never before been recorded in the Faroes. This long siege began on December first. I was at the window after dinner, wondering at the strange ashy-red color on the fjelds, when, with a noise like thunder on Kvisten's roof, all was blotted out, as if a gray blanket had been thrown across the window. The gale raged with hurricane force until the next morning.

Seven were killed (two on this island) and many injured.

Then followed week after week of gales from the North. No fjelds, no sea, no sky, all milled up in a whirling fog of hard-cutting snow. The light in Kvisten was dim and gray, so thick was the ice on the window. I shared my wardrobe with my potatoes, yet they were frozen. The water-supply gave out long ago. There is too little peat to melt much snow. The only water we have must be brought some distance, from a brackish pool near the sea. The salt water makes a sticky glaze on the skin without cleaning it. There is practically no soap in the village, no soda or other cleansing stuffs. The fish-oil lamps diffuse a universal oiliness. But there is one advantage in the common plight: no one can look with disdain on his fellow man and say, '*I* am clean.'

The pride of the family, Melrose by name, a large, half-Cheviot ram, blew away in that opening gale. His carcass was fished up three days later from the sea. This is not a time for undue fastidiousness, and Amalya has salted most of the meat, and the rest we ate with a properly thankful spirit. Only I wished that Amalya would speak of the dear departed as *mutton*, instead of saying, 'Nella' (our boy's name for me), 'will you have another piece of *Melrose?*'

The baby, Elizabeth, fails from day to day. The doctor went to Denmark last year, and no one will come to take his place while the war lasts. But no doctor could help her. She needs warmth and sunshine, and Amalya should have a generous and varied diet.

The people miss the little visits of happier days between the cottages, the gossip over a cup of tea and coffee, and perhaps little cakes brought out to honor a guest. Now the food-rations do not admit of hospitality. I admire the kindly fibbing that goes on when a neighbor comes on some necessary errand. 'Now don't get anything for me. I've just had breakfast, and could n't eat a bite more.' Often I am asked wistfully, 'Has the Fróken any news of the Amerika ship — with coffee?' as if, being an American, I must possess special knowledge. But not a word have we heard.

23 *April*, 1918.

The baby, Elizabeth, died on Easter Day. The world is too hard a place now for little babies. Our boy, Oli, grieves for her; and knowing that many things are ordered from Thorshavn, he begs Amalya to write for another little sister just like Elizabeth, to be sent on at once.

30 *May*, 1918.

The American schooner has come to Thorshavn, *nine months* from port. She must have feared she was fated to be another Flying Dutchman. Month after month of contrary gales crippled her at last, so she drifted into the danger zone and had to seek a Shetland haven for repairs. Part of the cargo is damaged, but the coffee is saved. The news passed swiftly over Eide, called by happy voices from house to house. I saw tears of joy on one wrinkled old face, and heard a quavering voice singing the gay 'Coffee Song' — a dance-ballad that the singer had danced more than a half century before.

And now our only postal communication with the outer world is by one old hooker, which brings salt and some restricted wares from a British port, and takes back salt fish and fish-liver oil. To name it is forbidden, but seamen call it 'The Lucky Ship.' Nor can we ask when it will come or go. During more than two years the valiant old skipper, now aged seventy-four, has gone back and forth across the danger zone, having adventures that cannot be told. There is one young gunner on board, but all the crew and officers range from fifty-five to seventy years.

15 *December*, 1918.

All was quiet when the few-worded message came of the signing of the Armistice. Of course, in a little neutral land there would be no official celebration. A crowd gathered quickly when the few-worded bulletin was put up, and some asked me, 'Can it be true?' And some said, 'God give it be truth!' and some wiped their eyes. And I said 'Gud ske Lov' (God be praised), and went away where I could see from afar that northern shore, where now I need not dread to look, fearing what I might find there. For the seas are to be clean once more! And then I went back to Kvisten and did my housework, and that was all.

15 *January*, 1919.

In December, for the first time since July, 1916, a real steamer entered Eide fjord. A shabby black old hooker, to be sure, but it was the 'Lucky Ship.' And now I can tell its name, the Cromwell, and the brave old skipper's name is Captain Gibb, of Aberdeen, and the ship belongs to the Iceland Shipping Co., Leith, Scotland. I wanted to go on board, but we are quarantined against the Spanish influenza and no one is allowed on deck. Only by going to windward can bags of salt be delivered to the freight rowboats, and oils and fish transferred to the steamer.

THORSHAVN, 2 *August*, 1919.

The breaking up of my life in Kvisten was a hard time. I was really ill with a 'near-pneumonia' cold. Storms and heavy surf swept the village-front, making the launching of a boat impossible. Could I get to Thorshavn in time to go on the Chaldur? Would she go to Scotland on her way to Denmark? Was my promised passage assured, when scores of passengers on the spot were clamoring to go? I dared not let myself think of the parting from those who had become so dear to me. Silence seemed the only way of getting through with it. Once I said shakily, 'Amalya, you know what is in my heart?'—'Yes, Nella, I know.' Then, just in time, the storm subsided.

Our boy at the last would not say good-bye. 'Nella was bad. Nella should not go to England. Nella should stay in Kvisten always.'

It was a small party that set forth in the tiny fishing motor-boat. Our housefather at the helm, a brother-in-law at the engine, two neighbors as assistants, Fru Kruse and I the passengers. The box-like pit where whelks for bait are kept had been cleaned out, and Fru Kruse and I sat down there, with our heads peering out above the rim. A piece of canvas stretched overhead kept out the rain. And so we chug-chugged southward, hour after hour, in the gently falling rain, toward Thorshavn, where I was to see a pony and a tree for the first time in five years. Part of the time we were between the islands, then on the open sea, past treacherous reefs and sucking whirlpools off the Stromö coast, where many a boat has 'gone away.' Then, as we rounded a point of land, we saw on the far southern horizon a faint smudge of smoke. That was our Chaldur, and she will take me south to Scotland.

ON BEING A SPORT

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

'BETWEEN the bridge and the river there is time for an act of perfect contrition,' my pious French playmates used to tell me. I knew very little about 'acts' in the ecclesiastical sense, and the phrase puzzled me; but it stuck. It stuck like that other formula we were all brought up on, about remembering the whole of your past life as you rise for the third time before definitely drowning. I cannot, of course, verify the first, and verifications of the second are chancy. But there is no doubt that a deal of subconscious philosophy can be formulated in a few seconds, if the seconds are sufficiently uncomfortable. There is something about a brief sharp instant of fear, especially when there are no steps that can be taken, that makes one know a lot of things. The shock pieces together your hitherto random inferences, and you behold, with apocalyptic suddenness, a mental pattern. For example: —

The other evening I attended a carnival. The phrase, I know, is absurd; but in our village the only thing you can do with a carnival is to attend it — precisely as if it were a Chautauqua. We are not very riotous, and our vacant lots are very small. 'Carnival' is rather the name of our intention than of our achievement. The American Legion chose to call it a carnival, — having got used, in France, to a grand scale of doing things, — and we rather liked the term ourselves. We are too small for circuses, or band-concerts, or the legitimate drama. Rummage sales for charity are about our size. So when we take over an empty lot and officially place a carnival upon it, — as if we were Paris or New Orleans or Honolulu, — we grow a little excited, especially if there are children in the family, whose natural bedtime is eight o'clock (daylight-saving).

We set out: two parents, a son, and a godfather. Of course, it was only the vacant lot opposite the old athletic field, but who knew what the Legion might have done to it? Both the male parent and the godfather belong to the Legion, but they had no idea. Son knew that there was a merry-go-round and a Ferris wheel. The grown gentlemen of the party were rather cynical: they were going, 'to take the boy.' But I have found that the greatest moral advantage of living in a small academic town is to give one back some of the illusions of youth. You break your neck getting to see things that you would not turn your head for in New York or (I suppose, since the new census, one must say) Detroit.

The most exciting moment of the great war was not August, 1914, or April, 1917, or November, 1918. It was about 10.30 P.M. of that hot Sunday in July, 1918, when the Crown Prince, with all his staff and three hundred thousand German soldiers, had surrendered to the Allies. They had not surrendered in Europe, unfortunately, — only in Princeton, — but I assure you

neither fake nor real armistice could compare with it. So I confess that the music of the merry-go-round, unmistakable wherever heard, and the illumined outline of the Ferris wheel (quite the smallest and youngest of the Ferris family) stirred the blood. They would have been almost inaudible and invisible elsewhere; but they were a portent in the Princeton twilight — even as the Handley-Pages or the Capronis that buzz gigantically over our garden, carrying the mail from capital to metropolis, give one no sensation comparable with that evoked by the quick rise of a 'flivver' of an air-plane off the little fair-ground at Prattsville, New York — hard by the jellies, the sweet-grass baskets, the crocheted bedspreads, and the prize ox.

'Sweetheart, the dream is not yet ended,' as the ominous words run in the fairy-tale.

We eschewed the merry-go-round for ourselves, but watched the boy sitting very straight on his more than mortal steed. A steed that goes up and down vertically while he also goes round and round in a circle is not exactly mortal — especially when he is a lion or a zebra or a rooster. We tried our luck at the gambling booths — you can hardly call them anything else, those wheels and bagatelle-boards and rifle-galleries. To others the sofa pillows and red-glass vases, the boxes of candy and the wicker tea-sets: our skill brought us nothing but chewing-gum. You cannot take chewing-gum away from a child who has won it himself; so in the interest of public morals we followed the crowd.

There the serried bunches of children warred with members of the Legion as to who should be let through the gate next. When they sneaked in at the side, the Legion shoved them back, in impeccable good-humor, but with military finality. The wheel sprang a leak, and youths ran back and forth saggingly, with buckets of gasoline for the defrauded engine. The crowd grew: half of Naples and two thirds of the black belt, with an aggressive sprinkling from Jewry, surged waist-high about the demobilized guardians of the gate. But finally the lath-like mechanism was pronounced in order, and boy and godfather climbed into the last empty car. We stood and watched their revolutions, eyes fixed, it seemed, on the zenith, while Naples prodded and Lithuania kicked our ankles. Atlantic City would not have known there was a wheel there; but to me it took on the matured shape of Adventure. My husband was as gallant as on the verge of Molokai or Halemaumau; he did not prophesy, he did not warn, he did not frown. 'All right, if you want to' — and as son and godfather got off, we leaped into the empty car.

And this is what I was coming to, in all these weary paragraphs: my bit of bridge-and-river, third-time-rising-and-sinking philosophy. We rose, we attained the height, we swung on in the downward loop — once and once only. I do not know how many revolutions they give you for your money; but I knew that one was all I could bear. I said, 'Do you think they would stop and let us off?' — and left the rest to G. I knew that he would get me off if possible, and that he would not say, 'I told you so.' These are good things to be able to count on. After one unnatural glimpse of the dim New Jersey plain beneath us, I had shut my eyes — I who like heights. I was not sick, I was not giddy, I was physically quite comfortable; but I found myself hesitant to intrude upon the stars at their own front doors. I like to lie on a rock ten thousand feet in air and feel that, if I blew hard, I could blow a planet clean out of place, or disarrange Orion's belt. I am always hoping to double the ten thousand; then, for one instant, I shall

have the illusion of a supreme decision: whether or not to lift my hand and grope for the lost Pleiad. It is not the nearness of the stars I mind; simply, I like a back to my chair when I greet them. I would rather pull them down than have them pull me up. I wanted to get off the Ferris wheel — and did.

What I had possessed for fifteen cents was one priceless moment of fear. It is not often, in one's padded life, that one is stark afraid, primitively, for one's own skin. Under the revealing shock of it, I did a lot of emotional algebra, finding with astonishing speed what x equals. The equation slid through its paces to the solution. In the mere instant of eye-closing I compared myself, on my modest wheel, with those who brave the ether. Yes: but they are fastened in; if I were fastened in, I should not mind; in fact, what I mind most is this fearful detachment from anything like solidity. Think how many people go round on far bigger wheels than this. Yes, but the heart knoweth its own wheel. Besides, the bones of the baby are flimsier than those of the grown-up. This thing is made of string and *papier-mâché*, and even at Coney Island they have horrid accidents. All these contraptions are unsafe. We know it when we are on the ground, and are very wise over the accidents, in headlines, once a season. But see the children swarming; and did n't your own boy actually squirm about to look behind him, in mid-air? Ah, children are fearless through ignorance. But grown-ups like it, too: remember that at all pleasure-resorts you find the most uncomfortable and dangerous devices the most popular. They like to walk through rolling barrels, they like to shiver along the heights of the roller-coaster, they like to stand on the slippery whirling cone and be flung off irresistibly into a padded precinct. They like looping the loops, and bumping the bumps. *They like it.*

II

Ah, my dear defensive Interlocutor, — Spirit of the Wheel, or what not, — you touch one of the most pathetic and vital facts of human nature. To each of us it is natural to crave danger, since a dash of danger is necessary to make, out of an act, an adventure. To prepare yourself for that danger, in the right way, to meet it when prepared, in the right spirit, is to be a good sport. To be a good sport, it is not quite enough to face the danger bravely when it comes: you must, to some extent, welcome it. Yet, to welcome danger, to go to look for it — is not that being merely rash, or foolhardy?

There are distinctions, my child (so spoke the Interlocutor). It is all a matter of the *quid pro quo*. Nothing for nothing, in this world. The danger pays for something else — knowledge, or a new sensation. Is the knowledge worth it? Is the new sensation worth it? You must decide.

But that is not being a sport, I protested. A sport takes his chances.

Exactly, replied the Spirit of the Wheel. And a good sport must also be a good appraiser of *quid pro quo*. Ninety times out of a hundred he must make a good guess at whether or not the adventure is going to be worth the risk. Otherwise men write him down, if over-hesitant, a coward; if over-willing, a rash idiot.

Is it worth my while, I asked, to open my eyes, to be afraid for several revolutions more, to repeat the horrid sensation I have just been having at the very top of our career — *is it worth while?* Am I failing to be a sport if I ask, in a few seconds more, to be allowed to get off? This has become a purely moral matter, good Wheel.

Of course it is a moral matter, the Spirit of the Wheel replied. Show me anything that is n't. It is even a moral

matter that wheels of my sort are so flimsy. Those who make them count heavily, and not in vain, on the desperate desire, in drab lives, for adventure. Drab lives must take adventure where they can find it. A new sensation for a dime — and any man is lifted from the crowd, is gloriously individual, while he is experiencing a new sensation. He stands on a peak in Darien. If there is danger added, he is not only a discoverer, but, for his instant, a hero. Perhaps the folk who make these things so badly as to increase the danger are really benefactors — are really acting morally; since, if you incur no risk at all, you have no chance of being a sport. I should be interested to know what you think. Nothing is so comforting to the soul as the memory of past perils well met and lived through. Does a man ever get over narrating a hair's-breadth escape? You talk about being tied in. But if you were tied in, you would not be afraid. Where would be the glory? It is time, by the way, if you want to get off, to say so. Your car will presently be at the bottom. Then we are really off. We shall go faster next time.

I had only one instant left, under the empire of this my fear, to decide. As I have said before, I decided to alight. But I knew that I was deciding much more than that, and that I had been very near the wavering line which divides good sports from bad. 'Only let me get off this thing,' I said to myself, 'and I promise to be a normal creature again, able to smile and split hairs with jest. Give me ground under my feet, and I reënter my personality. Since it is not necessary that I should be again thus hideously lifted up, I cannot bear it. If it were inevitable — but that is a whole other problem, and I refuse to consider it.' So I got off, careless of comparisons between myself and the desirous ones who rushed to fill our places.

In mid-flight, I had come near to solving my own problem: x is what you get in payment for the discomfort you endure, the risk you run, the fear you feel. You must always determine x. Algebra is the most human of abstract sciences, since life is perpetually put to you in the form of a quadratic equation. The adventurer must be, above all, a half-way decent mathematician. He cannot afford to make mistakes as to the value of x. The whole point, I had said to myself, — or the Spirit of the Wheel had said to me, — is whether it is worth it. I shall hate going round and round, faster and faster; I shall be afraid, and 'fear is more pain than is the pain it fears.' What shall I get out of it that will preponderate over that terror? Indeed, will not my fear inhibit any æsthetic sense that might operate? The part of straight common sense is to end this adventure here and now. On this I acted. But not without knowledge that some temperaments would have seen it through none the less, equation or no equation. Were those the real sports, and I no sport at all? Perhaps. And yet — there was nothing at stake: neither pleasure, nor knowledge, nor reputation. I should hate it; it would teach me nothing; no one had dared or challenged me to the act. Common sense certainly told me to do as I did, as much as to come in out of the rain if I had no umbrella and no business out of doors.

But is there not something beyond common sense, very necessary to the world? something that is indifferent to the value of x, and says, 'I don't care to solve it beforehand, thank you'? Common sense has a deal of caution in it; and do we not, somewhere in the world, need rashness? If your adventures are to be many, or successful, you must bring your algebra into play. We still pity the person who did not at first glimpse see, from the mere look of the

problem on the page, that x was going to be a negligible amount. Yet what should we do without the people who disdain algebra — who try the strange new thing for the mere sake of trying it, a little careless of what it is going to bring them? What should we do without the people who love danger for itself — not as seasoning, but for the whole dish? Generally speaking, those people are used up early; and we are rather apt to deem them fools. I am not sure that the sum of them is not folly; that they are not, so to speak, all salt. A pity to be all salt; yet how could we get on without salt itself?

To be a good sport, — I think the Spirit of the Wheel was right, — one needs to calculate, and pay cheerfully, to the last exhausted nerve, if x looks good. I still do not feel sure that I was a bad sport, since there was nothing at stake. I sampled a thing which was to bring me at best nothing but pleasure. There was no pleasure in it — x was obviously zero — and I threw it away early.

My own conduct does not matter, except to me. I knew that in mid-air. What struck me, even as I trembled aloft, was that this is a vital question to us all. For deciding this question, the instinct of the race is the best test, I fancy. When does the mass feel a quick sympathy, and when does it shrug its shoulders? I leave out all rash acts of an altruistic nature; for when a thing is done for another's sake, no matter how mad the act, x looms large. Do we, or do we not, admire, instinctively, the Human Fly? Have we, that is, a moral sympathy with him? Skill, again, is another matter: it is not the man who crosses Niagara on a tight rope that is the test case; it is the man who shoots Niagara in a barrel. Skill, however employed, arouses an admiration purely intellectual. Thus or thus a man has trained his eyes or his toes or his muscles, and either he is well-enough trained to overcome difficulties or he is not. But there is little room in that barrel for skill.

Most of us, I think, do not admire him, though many of us would run to see. We cannot believe that x equals enough to justify him. For instinctively we do all on such an occasion rush to our algebra and roughly solve the equation. But 'the dream is not yet ended'; and here is the rub.

True it is, as the Spirit of the Wheel remarked, that one must do each time that little sum. But no man can quite solve it for another. Half the time x is an imponderable, a gain which none can estimate or realize but the gainer.

'We were dreamers, dreaming greatly in the man-stifled town.' X is the dream.

'In the faith of little children we lay down and died.' But still x is the dream. For the chance of wealth, for the chance of beauty, for the chance of fame, or the chance of power, a man will risk his comfort and his life; and if the chance is clear enough, other men, even if they do not emulate him, will understand. It is when there is nothing for success to bring him that they turn away. We have come to believe so entirely that no man throws away his life except in the hope of possessing something he values more, that we have, I think, little natural sympathy for the man who throws his life away for the mere sake of throwing it away. Half the time, in such a case, the man sees something that no one else sees: the value of x is his secret. But sometimes, surely, the sole act is its sole end. And there we stop. We never think of calling that man a 'sport.' We call him a fool. Yet the man in the street would not like to live his life through without the spectacle of that folly.

Life has, for the good of the race, become, in public opinion, a precious

thing to have and a seemly thing to keep. Otherwise life is not worth the complex cost of reproduction. Fundamentally speaking, we fear death. It is the negation of everything we spend our breath and strength upon, the *reductio ad absurdum* of all our activity, the very contrary of all our attempts. Religion and philosophy have decked it out and given it an honorable place in the scheme of things. But the race saves its life if, according to its own code of decency, it can. Dying is something the race prefers not to do. 'I would rather die than' is, in the common speech of the world, the *ne plus ultra* of aversion. All this is instinctive. When we develop inhibitions and complexities, there are many things in life to which death would be preferable. But if you listen only to the deepest voice within you, you fear death as spontaneously as you blink your eye to avoid the mote that seeks it. The man who throws his life away for nothing is a fool; but — let us be absolutely honest: he is in some sort a pleasant incident. He has expressed an extraordinary and tonic scorn.

All subject peoples have been gladdened by the fool who defied the tyrant. To anyone who tells us that death is cheaper than life, we listen incredulously, but with joy. The person who has demonstrated that doing something totally unimportant is more fun than keeping alive makes the man in the street draw, for an instant, a freer breath. It makes him feel that death is only Mumbo-Jumbo, after all. To be sure, the man in the street will always say that the person who has done this for him is insane. But at the back of beyond — in his secret, savage heart — he will have liked it. He will not admit that he has liked it; for after that one blink, he becomes a citizen again. We judge so quickly, trained by the ages, that the sudden pleasure is gone almost before we have enjoyed it. But the fact remains that, for a half-instant, the sensation has been pleasurable.

We like death to be insulted, though we have been taught to be very polite to him. Our rules and codes must of necessity be made up more out of our knowledge than out of our instincts. Yet into most of our conventions, including that of 'being a sport,' instinct must to some extent enter. Finding out x is education; to feel delightfulness in danger is instinct. Primitive man knows that Nature is a brute. He will propitiate her, — he must, — but if he can make an impudent gesture at her behind her back, he will surely do it. If he can defy the elements, he will defy them. If he can contrive a mechanism that flouts the law of gravity, he will patronize that mechanism in thousands. Romance — his only ally against Nature — will steady his soul while he does it. In most cases, x is what you win from Nature when you have bluffed successfully. To be a sport in the finest sense, perhaps you must have the poker face.

Man's implacable resentment against the conditions of life lies at the heart of all this business. We become rational by canny observation of the bonds that restrain us. To be irrational is to pretend to ignore them. Real freedom does not lie that way, because our limitations bring us up very short. Real freedom is free will operating in a deterministic universe. Our philosophy professors used to explain it to us in college. Within the prison walls it is better to confine one's self to the hundred-yard dash. Surely you are happiest when you curb your desires within the bounds of possibility. No man but a fool enters for a Marathon race when the barbed wire is going to stop him so soon. But when we see him start as for his Marathon, we forget the barbed wire for an instant — until he crashes into it, that

is, and we can all ask, why attempt the obviously impossible? Why defy common sense? Why pretend to forget the barbed wire? Yet Coney Island will teach you, any day, how deep in human nature lies the ache to be the master, not the servant, of natural laws — yes, from Icarus down to the man who, since I began this page, shattered himself to pieces in the Niagara rapids.

Being a sport is, I suppose, going as far as there is any reasonable chance of your being allowed to go. That reasonable chance is sometimes a very difficult quantity to determine. But if the chance were not sometimes less than reasonable, there would be no thrill in being a sport. It is the dare-devil almost touching him — just over the line — that makes the good sport an exciting person. The good sport must calculate x — I think the Wheel was right. But if x were not sometimes incalculable, or *nil*, we should not bother about it, and good sports would be few. It is the hint of the madman in him that enthralls us. It is not enough, as I said, to face the inevitable danger gallantly: there must be the crook of an inviting finger toward the risk. The good sport must be a good guesser, yes; but if he is absolutely infallible, you suspect him of having looked up the answer in the key. A grade of a hundred per cent is very suspicious.

I do not know whether, between the bridge and the river, there is indeed time for an act of perfect contrition; but I do know that before the Ferris wheel can come full circle there is time for a lot of algebra. The pages written bear witness.

THE JURY

BY EMMA LAWRENCE

'So what did you do about the woman?' Mrs. Alison asked.

And Tina Metcalfe answered: 'I kept her. I had a talk with the other servants first, and they were quite willing to give her another chance. I must say, they've been nice about it, never throwing her trouble up to her but just trying to help —'

'I wonder if people in our class could be so decent to each other,' Mildred Peryn broke in. 'I've never known whether we were more hard-hearted or whether we feel responsible for the moral code and don't dare make exceptions.'

Esther Davis leaned across to their hostess and whispered to her. 'Tina, won't you tell them, now, about that summer at Sevenoaks?'

Mrs. Metcalfe lighted a cigarette, the match illuminating a rather worried countenance; but she answered, 'Yes, I will tell about it. Something has happened which makes me want to talk to you about Violet Osborne.'

'Violet Osborne!' Four of the six women in the room sat breathlessly erect.

They were dining together, — these six women, — as they had done two or three times a year since they had mar-

ried and settled in the same city. It happened that they were all intimate friends, and, when their husbands left them for club dinners at their old university, the women put on tea-gowns and sallied forth for a genial evening. To-night, Tina Metcalfe had given them a delicious dinner, and they had made themselves comfortable in her beautiful great library, a bridge table waiting for some enthusiasts in the corner, with fresh packs and shaded light in readiness.

But apparently the hostess had some story worth waiting for. They were all women in early middle life, though one would not have thought of them in connection with any definite number of years, so alert, so *soignées*, so powerful they seemed in their splendid confidence — not, to be sure, the joyous confidence of youth, strong because it is untested, but the solid self-assurance of satisfactory accomplishment.

Mrs. Metcalfe threw away her cigarette and clasped her lovely, slender hands about her knee, leaning forward that she might look into the fire and avoid the curious faces of her guests.

'I'll have to go way back,' she said, 'to the fall directly after it happened. I had taken out my Christmas list and was going over it. You know the way it's arranged — Jim's family, my family, children, personal friends, and so forth — and the very first name under "friends" was Violet Osborne. I've often wondered what it was about her that made hers the first name on any list; but I am sure, with all of us, the first person we thought of for a big dinner or a tête-à-tête lunch or a Christmas present was Violet.

'Well, anyway, I was checking the list, and almost involuntarily I started to cross off her name. Then it occurred to me what a ghastly thing it was to do — as if she were dead; and she was not dead, and her name where it was showed what she had meant to me. It started me thinking about it for the first time all alone like that. Of course, I 'd talked it over and talked it over with all of you and with Jim, and we'd always come back to the same point — if only there'd been some excuse! If only Harry Osborne had been a brute, cruel or unfaithful to her, or even awfully unattractive or horribly poor — anything would have done, so that we could honestly have said, "Poor Violet!" But there was n't any. She was young, she was beautiful, she was adored; furthermore, Harry Osborne was rich and worshiped her.

'Then suddenly I realized that all that was the very excuse for Violet. If Harry has been a beast, it would have been her job to stick it out for his sake and the children's — after all, if she had been unhappy, she would have renounced very little. But this — this giving up of everything that she valued so tremendously, must be something more than mere passion. We speak of dying for a person we love — it's practically what Violet did for Cyril when she went away with him, not away from a brutal husband and sordid home, but away from the most congenial atmosphere that ever surrounded a gay and fascinating woman. As for leaving Harry and the children, it was of course horrible, but she left them to the pity and affection of countless friends and each other — for herself, outer darkness and Cyril Stanton.

'I hope you understand what I'm trying to say. At the time the lack of any circumstances which would have made the world more charitable toward what Violet had done suddenly glorified her act to me, and she stood out in my mind, superhuman, capable of so much more than we who judge. It seems rather an anticlimax to add that I did n't scratch her name off the list. Instead, I sent her a little lacquer match-

box, and months later I had a funny little scrawl from her, from somewhere in Spain. Apparently it had pleased her.'

No one spoke for the few moments Mrs. Metcalfe remained silent. Each of the women conjured visions of themselves busily erasing the name of Violet Osborne off their various lists, and each of them realized why Tina Metcalfe meant more to them than any of the others. Her low, pleasant voice continued: —

'The second part of my story takes us to when we were caught in Europe after the war broke out. We were lucky in getting to England, where Jim found he could be of service to our Embassy, so we stayed on. Thanks to a succession of foreign governesses in my faraway childhood and a natural linguistic ability, I was able to be of some use, too; but the excitement and one harrowing story after another rather did me up, and Jim insisted I take a week off or else give up entirely. We compromised on my going to Sevenoaks for a weekend. I had spent a summer there once, when I was a little girl and my family were on the continent. I remembered the Crown Hotel, and that there was a lovely garden behind it, and Knoll House with a great park full of browsing deer. I thought it would be rather fun to renew associations after so many years — at least it would be restful, after London and my work there.

'Jim motored me down from town on Saturday afternoon; but as he had to hurry back to the Embassy, he left me feeling frightfully lonely and depressed, and I felt for a few moments that Jim was right, and that I was indeed "all in." That made me want to cry; but after a bit I got hold of myself, and I asked one of the waiters if I could n't have a sort of tea-supper in the garden, as I did n't feel fit enough to stay up for the late dinner.

'He was most sympathetic and arranged everything beautifully, and I was beginning to feel much less forlorn, when I suddenly looked up. There, silhouetted against the dark square of the open door, stood Violet Osborne. She did n't see me. I had a succession of the queerest feelings sitting there looking up at her. The first was curiosity, pure and simple — what did she look like? But the answer was obvious — lovelier than ever; and then a funny feeling, almost anger, came over me. I thought of myself and all of you, and how we, who had honored our marriage-vows and the many responsibilities of our complicated lives, had grown into middle-age, careful of our figures and skin and hair, while Violet, who had shirked everything, remained the embodiment of Youth. She was leaning against the casement of the door, talking to someone in the room inside; and when she smiled and her face lit up in that glorious way it used to, something in me melted, and I wanted nothing so much as one of those smiles for myself.

'But I was shy about approaching, — shy as if I had been the social outcast, — and something warned me, as I looked at her, that, unless I could make the spirit in which I went to her intelligible to her, she would have none of me. One hint of patronage, of curiosity, and she would be up in arms. So I waited, and finally it seemed that her companion was no longer in the room, for she talked no more. Soon she stepped out on to the path and came slowly toward me. My heart contracted with each step, but she never looked my way and soon she was next my little table. So then I said the most inane thing that ever came into a human head; but I was delighted to hear my voice sound quite natural. "I double two no trumps," I said.

'Of course she turned, and in a minute we were in each other 's arms, laugh-

ing, crying, talking in a ridiculous, hysterical way.

'Finally, she gasped, "You darling, you always did double me."

'And I said, "But you did play such rotten bridge, Vi. It must have been very expensive for you."

She nodded solemnly and adorably. "It was, frightfully," she said, "but you would all play, and I had to be with you all."

'This from the woman who had left us all, you understand, fully realizing what it would mean. She sat with me a while, and I explained why I was at Sevenoaks, and about my tea-supper; and she told me that she had taken a small house near-by, and that, owing to some hitch in her household, they were short of Sunday provisions and she had driven in to town, preferring to wait at the Crown while the stable boy collected packages.

'"I try to get away for a little, every day," she said. And then she told me how very ill Cyril had become. That was the first time she had mentioned him and her face seemed transfigured. "Tina," she said, "he suffers most awfully, and yet he never complains. I feel it must be a relief to him to have me away, so he can give in for a little while."

'It was time then for her to go back; and as she stood up, I marveled, but quite without anger, at her beauty and virility. I asked if I might see her and Cyril, and it was settled I should lunch with them the following day.'

Mrs. Metcalfe paused again. She was trying to create an effect upon her hearers, and she doubted if she was succeeding. Also, from now on, her story was more difficult and less dramatic. She relinquished her position before the fire and leaned back in her chair, smoking again, and giving an occasional spasmodic kick with her crossed foot, which betrayed her nervousness. She would have given much for some sign of sympathy or appreciation from some one of her audience; but except for Esther Davis, she had no idea how her story was being received. They were interested, she knew, and she had no fear that they would criticize her own actions; but whether or not she was arousing their old affection for Violet Osborne she could not tell.

'I drove out to their place on Sunday,' she continued. 'It was very much what you'd expect: shabby, picturesque, and inconvenient, with Violet's taste everywhere, — in the chintz, the ornaments, the flowers, — but nothing in the least luxurious. Violet herself was in wonderful spirits, and she amused Cyril and myself all through lunch, so that our laughter removed any possible embarrassment. After lunch she sent him to lie down on a long chair in the sun, and she and I started out for a walk. And at once her gayety fell away from her, leaving something terribly tragic and earnest beneath. She asked me how Cyril seemed to me.

'"He's thin," I said, "but otherwise in excellent form. Surely you're not seriously worried, Vi."

'"The doctors think he may live a year," she said, quite simply and with so little emotion in her voice that it sounded flat and harsh. I started to speak but she interrupted me. "Don't please talk about it, Tina, darling — except for this one thing that I've got to say. I want you to know always that in what I did the question of right or wrong does n't enter — it was the only thing possible. I'm sorry about hurting Harry and the children; but I have n't had time to be sorry very much. I'll have all the rest of my life for that; but while I've got Cyril, I'm glad every minute, and I can't wish anything different that might affect the wonder of the present. And I want you to know that I'd rather have had these few

crimson months than all the long, gray years that make up some lives which people call respectable and successful. And yet I'm not even so awfully sorry it's going to end like this," she said very gently; "when a man's old he wants his friends and his children and his clubs and all his comforts, and Cyril would n't have any of those, poor darling; but when he goes away, he'll still be quite young, and he'll never have wanted anything very much — but me."

'We were very silent until just before I left, when she asked me about the children — hardly trusting herself for the first question, and then her eagerness was tragic: how often did I see them? how did they look? what did they wear? — her hungry eyes straining to see the visions my answers conjured for her. But when Cyril appeared to bid me good-bye, she was quite serene; not gay, as at lunch, but deeply content to be in his dear presence once more. I think she was almost glad when I left them alone, though then, of course, she could not guess how short their time together was to be.'

Again the speaker paused. Everyone in the room knew the immediate sequel to the story: the Metcalfes had come home very unexpectedly, and a few weeks later Cyril Stanton had died. One of the women, the soft-hearted Esther Davis, wept a little; but from the others there was no sound; no one commented on the story, no one seemed inclined to gossip over its details. Mrs. Metcalfe spoke again, but this time not in the low, sympathetic voice she had used formerly; she had suddenly felt very tired and old and depressed, and her voice sounded harsh and quick.

'Needless to say, I have not told you all this to-night without a purpose. Cyril Stanton died a year ago, and since then Violet has been nursing typhus in Serbia. Now, it seems, she's pretty well done up and Harry Osborne wants to take her back.'

Five women stiffened. This was news, even to Esther Davis.

'As you know, he never divorced her; Cyril Stanton was a Catholic, so she never could have married him anyway, and, in spite of everything, Harry has always been in love with her. She's willing to come back on one condition — if *you* want her. She does n't want you to accept her out of charity or pity; she confesses no sin, is unrepentant of her act, but she realizes that we six women can more or less reinstate her. It sounds a worldly, snobbish thing to say, but it's true — if we take her back, she's back more or less where she started from; though, mind you, we could n't do it without Harry any more than Harry could do it without us. And without us she won't come, knowing as she does that it's social damnation for her girls.'

Mrs. Metcalfe stood up and walked across the room — at the door she paused.

'Your answer must be unanimous,' she said, 'and I must cable her your decision at once.'

AFRICAN FOLK

A FURTHER CONSIDERATION

BY HANS COUDENHOVE

I

It is often said about the negro that, unlike the Red Indian, he is apt rapidly to forget both a kindness and an injury. As to the latter, I have my doubts. I have known cases when natives nursed their resentment for many years, apparently quite oblivious of the injury inflicted; and then, when the opportunity and the probability of impunity offered themselves, struck with a vengeance. As regards the reproach of habitual ingratitude, it must be said that natives do not always look on treatment experienced from Europeans as the latter themselves do, and often take as their due, or as a condescension on their own part, what the latter fondly imagine to have been an act of kindness, condescension, or generosity. It has repeatedly occurred in the interior, to me as well as to others, that natives, after they had been successfully treated for some ill, came and claimed their reward.

Another circumstance that helps to explain the negro's indifference regarding kindness received is that all native races, without exception, look upon the white man as a usurper, who has robbed them of their country; although the common people — not, of course, the chiefs — admit, as far, but only as far, as the British are concerned, that they are better protected now than they were before. Still, they all feel that a grievance exists, and many of them look upon anything for their relief or comfort that Europeans do, only as a small part-payment of a debt.

But manifestations of gratitude do occasionally occur, mostly on the part of children, who are probably instigated to them by their mothers. Many years ago, a little Swahili boy in the hospital in Zanzibar, to whom an orange was brought, handed it back and begged that it should be given to the kind lady who had put medicine on his sore eyes. In British East Africa I once, without the slightest danger to myself, rescued a little boy from drowning. A month afterward he appeared in my camp with a dozen eggs, for which he refused to be paid. He must have collected them one by one, for they were all rotten!

Negroes do not feel as we do, or, if they do, they show their feelings in a different way. I once had a Kikuyu servant, an excellent fellow, named Tairara. We were camped for some time in the Mweli hills, in the Sayidie Province of British East Africa, and the village, a market-place, was periodically visited by Waduruma and Wanyika, who came from a considerable distance, to get, by barter, what articles they required. Tairara had already spoken to me about one of his sisters, who, years before, had been kidnaped from her native country and taken to the coast.

And one day, sure enough, just as in a story-book, the two met in the principal street of Mideli. The emotion of Tairara was genuine and violent and, I must say, most affecting. He sat on the ground, holding with one hand the hand of his sister, who was standing near him, while, with the open palm of his other hand, he kept beating the ground; and, all the time, tears were streaming from his eyes. The sister showed much less emotion. She looked, if anything, rather embarrassed.

Well, I left them in this position. What followed, however, was the curious part of it. From that day onward they took no more notice of one another than if they had been strangers! I saw them pass each other a week or so later without exchanging even a word; and when I asked Tairara how that was, his reply was to the effect that they had now met, and that the incident was closed.

No native, I think, would hesitate to indorse the opinion of Bernard Shaw's charming heroine, Miss Lydia Carew, when she coldly remarks that 'grief of two years' duration is only a bad habit.' To the native, there is a time for grief and a time for pleasure, which may alternate without transition. Also, natives are, I believe, able to produce emotion at will; at least, the women are. At the wakes after the death of a relative or acquaintance, their wails are accompanied by genuine tears; yet both before and after, they are absolutely unconcerned, as if nothing had happened.

Ties of affection are strongest between mother and child, setting aside the transitory attachments of paramours. They are deep and lasting, and, in some tribes, manifest themselves in a touching way. Among the Wabuanji and Wakissi, for instance, the son, even when he is grown up, when he encounters his mother, steps aside and kneels down, and in this attitude waits until she has passed. I remember how once, when I was walking in Buanji with a great chief, he suddenly left my side and knelt down near the path, until his old mother, who was coming our way, and who might have stood for a portrait of 'She' after her second baptism of fire, had passed without taking the slightest notice of him or me.

What a difference between this beautiful custom and that ruling among those dreadful Sakalavas of Madagascar! There every woman, as soon as she has reached the great climacteric, is degraded to the state of village idiot, becomes the butt of children's practical jokes, is forbidden the entrance of the house, fed on refuse, and never spoken to except in rough accents, even by her own children; whereas the old men receive every attention.

I once ventured to remonstrate on that subject with a beautiful young mulatto woman, much courted by Europeans, whose white-haired old grandmother was even then living in that miserable status. 'In my country,' I said, 'old women are treated with particular respect and consideration by all people alike, men and women and children. The older a woman is, the more respect we consider her to be entitled to.'

To which this heartless young lady replied pertly: 'Well, that is the custom in your country — and the custom in our country is different, you see.'

But that was twenty years ago, and, perhaps, since then, the innumerable missions scattered along the Mozambique channel may have succeeded in changing this disgusting state of affairs.

On the whole, I am inclined to believe that the feelings of East and Central African natives are deeper than we think. Cases of the most passionate and romantic love occur, sometimes with a tragic ending. Some years ago, I brought down with me into the Shire

Highlands, a Ngoma from the north of the lake, whose name was Barbarossa. The Wangoma are notorious for their intelligence, their pride, their cunning, and the violence of their character; and Barbarossa was no exception. He left behind him a wife and two little children — a circumstance that did not prevent him from soon forming a new tie in the Shire.

The object of his attachment was a lady of ample charms, a widow, with two little children and some means. She had obviously lived much among Europeans, dressed Swahili fashion, and was, in her way, quite a swell. I fancy it was this that took so strong a hold of Barbarossa's imagination; he had been a naked savage when he first came to me.

I did not encourage this liaison, as I wanted him to go back to his family; and I looked upon it as a passing flirtation only, until, one day, I happened to speak to him about his return home, when he emphatically declared that he would never again leave the Shire Highlands and his new love.

I remonstrated, reminding him of his poor wife and children.

His reply was: 'But don't you know that with us, when a man leaves his country, his brother takes over his family? My wife and my children are now living with my brother.'

I believed that this infatuation would cool down in time, and, in the meanwhile, I discouraged as much as possible the visits to his mistress, who lived about four miles away, in the village of a chief who was supposed to be her brother. In time she became pregnant, and then followed the catastrophe. She died in child-bed, and that beast of a chief did not send a messenger to inform Barbarossa of her death until after she had been buried.

For two days the poor fellow looked absolutely crushed, and then recovered so rapidly from his grief, to all appearances, chatting and laughing just as before, that I thought that here was another example of native shallowness of feeling. I was mistaken. Three days later, during a heavy downpour of rain which deadened all sounds, he hanged himself in his hut, which stood not a hundred yards from my own.

I decided that he must be buried alongside the woman whom he had loved so much, and dispatched a messenger to the chief to inform him that I would send up the body for burial as soon as I should have got the eight carriers required, whom I was expecting. But before they had arrived, my messenger came back in breathless haste, to say that the chief and the villagers refused to allow Barbarossa to be buried in their burial-ground, because he did not belong to the same tribe. I sent back word to say that I should use force if they persisted in their refusal, and at last they gave way and the two now lie side by side.

I intended to adopt the baby, who was then still alive; but it followed its parents into the grave a few weeks later, because, so I was told, its foster-mother's milk did not agree with it.

II

The refusal on the part of the chief to let Barbarossa be buried alongside his mistress, because he did not belong to the same tribe, is significant of the native clannishness, which cannot have been exceeded by the particularism of the small German principalities before 1870. Although it undoubtedly has its disadvantages, both for the administrator and the missionary, the fact that in it lies the chief European safeguard for the future is so obvious, that all attempts to 'educate' the native out of it ought to be made punishable by law.

In East and Central Africa, the ex-

change of children for food in periods of dearth is a common transaction; and, heartless though this kind of bargain appears to be, it must be admitted that it is one by which both sides profit. Besides, in my own experience, the children, after years have passed since the famine, frequently return to their old home of their own accord.

In Ukinga, until a few years ago, not always under the stress of hunger, children were sold to lake-shore dwellers for a basket of fish each, but the distance from the range to the lake is in reality so small, that the sale really only amounted to sending the child to the lake to be taught to fish and row, and accepting a basket of fish in celebration of the occasion.

It was, of course, quite different in the old days of slavery, when children thus sold had to follow their new masters to the coast. Mr. Giraud, a French naval officer, who visited the lake region in the early eighties, relates how disgusted he was with a mother who, after she had sold her little girl to a trader from the coast, turned round, without the least sign of emotion, and went her way without once looking back. He says that he intended to buy back the child and return it to its mother; but that the latter's callousness deterred him from doing so. I am not certain that the poor woman did not feel a great deal more than Mr. Giraud gives her credit for. He expresses equal disgust with the child, because it was soon laughing and playing with another child. Perhaps the tears came at night.

Although natives are capable of forming strong ties of affection or love, it is quite impossible to deny, on the other hand, the truth of the assertion that they are, like the man in Christmas carols who had lost his heart, utterly incapable of feeling pity for suffering fellow creatures, man or beast. They never volunteer to lend a hand for the necessary functions around a sick-bed. Many a time, sick people, even children, could not be brought to my camp from ever so short a distance, because there was not one among the idle adults who surrounded them who would consent to bring them; and the same thing happened when a sick man's hut had to be cleaned, or an ointment applied. Among the Wayao, the most grasping of all the tribes with which I am acquainted, a traveler, surprised by a heavy shower of rain, and seeking shelter, not inside, but under the overhanging roof of a hut, unless the owner happens to be a relation, is mercilessly chased away unless he agrees to pay as much, sometimes, as sixpence.

The death of a European master, even if they appear to be attached to him, does not seem to affect negroes in the least. As a rule, they avoid, when they can, being present at the death-bed of a master, — particularly when within reach of an authority, — because they are afraid of inquiries. I myself, when down with fever, have twice been deserted by 'boys,' who thought that my last moment had come.

But they do not go far when a harvest is expected. The late H. Hyde Baker, that 'great hunter,' a nephew of Sir Samuel Baker, told me that once, when he was lying ill with fever and apparently unconscious in his tent in the wilds, he heard his devoted servants, who were squatting just outside his tent, settle how they would divide among themselves their master's spoils as soon as he died, the one to get the watch, another this, another that. And yet, although strict, Baker was a generous master.

But the master, to the negro, is only the source of food, and nothing beyond that. I remember how once, in the Pare mountains, when I was walking along a steep incline, followed by one of my servants, I happened to slip. He uttered

an exclamation of anxiety. I looked back, gratified about his concern for my person, and the faithful creature said: 'Who will feed me if you fall down there?' This child of Nature was nothing if not frank. Once he commented upon a golden tooth I am afflicted with. 'Aha!' I said, 'you would like to cut my head off while I sleep, and run away with that tooth!'

'Oh! Master,' he replied, 'who could do such a thing now, with so many Police-Askaris about!'

But it must be said, in justice to them, that natives do not look upon death in the same light that we do. I have heard men who were suspected of having sleeping sickness discuss the eventuality eagerly and with a great show of interest, entirely as if they had been talking, not about themselves, but about strangers.

Natives, as is well known, are admirable mimics and, during the war, imitations of people dying and being killed were a great feature, and, I regret to say, a great source of amusement, in the villages. On one occasion I witnessed the representation, to an audience made up of all the people in my camp, of the bayoneting of a man. The actor was an invalided Askari, who had entered my service a short time before. First, one cut downward from the left, then another in the same direction from the right, then one upward, from the left, and then a terribly realistic imitation of the death-rattle. The audience was delighted; my cook, the brute, laughed so much that he had to lie on the ground.

III

It is not to be expected that people who are so indifferent to the sufferings of man should be actuated by softer feelings in their attitude toward the animal kingdom. In general, they do not go out of their way in order to inflict pain, but they are completely indifferent to the sufferings of animals, and they all delight in killing. It really does appear as if the witnessing of the transition from life to death in another creature gave the savage a peculiarly gratifying sensation. Where they commit acts of cruelty, they are generally meant as reprisals of a wholly irrational and wanton kind; as for instance, when they cut off the beaks of birds which they have caught feeding on their fields; or when they pull out the tongue of a live chameleon, for no other reason than because chameleons frighten them; or when they hang dogs which have committed a larceny. Negro children, I think, are not naturally as cruel as the children of Europeans, although they, too, enjoy walking about with a miserable little bird fluttering on a string fastened to its leg, as does the son of Rubens in his father's famous picture.

Unfortunately, the generality of Europeans do not find it worth their while to try to teach the native to exercise a little kindness toward his dumb brethren, and sometimes, alas, they are themselves the very pioneers of cruelty toward animals. Years ago, when I was living in a part of British East Africa where settlers were still conspicuous by their absence, and the aborigines still almost untouched by civilization, there appeared a taxidermist who collected small mammals for a great museum, and the parasites of small mammals for a private gentleman — a happy combination.

Up to then, in that locality, I had not seen a single act of cruelty to animals committed by young or old, although, or possibly because, the inhabitants were fearless hunters of wild beasts. But this state of affairs was now changed, almost at a moment's notice. All the little boys and some adults were called, rewards were lavishly promised, and the chase began. Whoever has

read records of naturalists in both hemispheres, knows how difficult it is to persuade natives to abstain from wounding or maiming specimens which they bring in. For one intact animal they injure a dozen. There was no exception to this rule in this instance, and, worst of all, animals not needed, or past repair, were simply refused.

I remember one particularly odious occurrence. Some boys had brought a quantity of live bats, fastened, for convenience of transport, to a string, like the beads of a necklace, the string passing through a hole which had been made in each bat's wings! But the taxidermist had no more use for bats, and refused to take them; and so the lot was simply thrown away by the side of the road, alive and, of course, not untied; for where is the negro who would take the trouble to untie a knot, unless compelled to do so by necessity?

This will, to some people, appear a small thing only; but who can doubt that that taxidermist has sown a seed which will, in the future, cause much suffering to an incalculable number of living creatures? As he was a peripatetic taxidermist, the place where I met him was only one in a hundred.

To the lover of animals it must also be a matter of great regret that the different commissions on tropical diseases have to use native help when they experiment on animals; for, given the negro's passion for imitation, and his passion for 'showing off' before other natives, one shudders at the thought of what these helpers may be doing after they have returned to their homes.

Although natives love to see animals die, especially mammals, they often omit to take the trouble to finish small wounded animals and birds, and will carry the latter, fluttering and struggling, for miles and miles, to their place of destination. It is pitiful to know, in this connection, that both settlers and officials, who are collecting, either for themselves or to supply museums, in the hope of perpetuating a name, otherwise doomed to oblivion, by having it affixed to a new species of animal, are in the habit of sending out fully equipped natives on collecting expeditions, which sometimes last for months at a time. It is all done for the promotion of science, we are told, when we dare to utter a mild word of remonstrance. Many a poor bird, or small mammal, which has been carried for half a day, alive and suffering unspeakable torment, if it had the gift of speech, might conceivably, before dying, utter a variant of Madame Roland's famous exclamation at the foot of the scaffold.

IV

One cannot mention the negro's attitude toward the animal kingdom without speaking about his relations with the 'friend of man.' It is only after making acquaintance with the pariah dogs of native villages that one fully understands why Moses branded the dog, forever, as an unclean beast. Except in those regions where he is still used for hunting, when scanty remains of a devoured animal sometimes fall to his lot, he feeds only on nameless offal, and is expected to do so. Among some tribes the licking clean of human ulcers is, as in the Old Testament, a recognized and admitted part of a dog's duties. The most startling of the various uses to which he is put, however, exists among the Wangoni, where he has to replace, with his tongue, the baby's morning tub! This is done quite as a matter of course, the mother, sometimes helped by the father, holding the baby, while the dog conscientiously accomplishes his duty. The babies do not seem to mind it much, and struggle mildly, as babies will do when they object to being washed. Expressions of

disgust and indignation on my part, when I first witnessed this performance, were met with undisguised astonishment on the part of the parents.

And those unfortunate creatures breed like rabbits! It is a pitiful sight to see a poor native bitch, reduced to skin and bones, trying to satisfy the ravenous hunger of half a dozen half-grown young gluttons. In many places these curs, hunting either in packs by themselves or with their masters, have entirely extirpated whole species of small mammals. In Buanji, where they were formerly numerous, all the mongooses have been destroyed by the joint voracity of man and dog; and, surely, anyone who has had the good fortune to make the personal acquaintance of a mongoose, not to mention the famous Ricky-ticky, will admit that one mongoose is worth a hundred native dogs.

Thanks to the greediness of certain Europeans, who do not scruple to sell to chiefs — who will pay almost any price for them — the pups of large European breeds, these nuisances constantly increase in number, size, and strength. The Wahehe, in what was formerly German East Africa, keep their dogs, not only to hunt with, but also as food; and those destined for that fate are prevented from moving about too much by having one of their legs broken!

Natives train their dogs for the hunt with great skill and cruelty. Once, in the Livingstone Range, not many hundred yards from my tent, and before I could interfere, a native from Buanji, who, with others, had been chasing a reed-buck, cudgeled his dog to death because he considered that he had been slack in the performance of his duty.

One wonders why administrators do not introduce a native dog-tax. It would affect only the well-to-do, and an unmitigated evil would gradually disappear. There would be no necessity for drastic measures, like the marooning of the dogs of Constantinople.

Among the hunting tribes, the men are incredibly swift of foot. I have known them to run down a buffalo, and get it, too. This was in Ubena, which is a hilly country, and the buffalo must have been old, as I have tasted of its meat, which was extremely tough. In a flat country, I think, such a feat would have been almost impossible, although I have been told by natives in the great plains of British East Africa, that men exist who will run antelopes down.

The pivot around which all native conceptions of life turn is food — *chakula!* To eat as much as he possibly can at one sitting is looked upon by every native as a sacred duty; and, like those dung-beetles described by Henri Fabre, he never, never stops, so long as there is anything to eat before him. An American divine, as well known for his beautiful preaching as for his successes with the rifle in East Africa, has told us how a native with whom he remonstrated for gorging himself with the meat of butchered zebras, excused himself by saying that he might be dead by the morning, and then, what an opportunity would have been lost! If you ask a native why he goes and gets married, he never replies: 'Because I love the girl'; but invariably by the question: 'Who is to prepare my food?'

It is quite useless to try to give natives extras. I often started, but always gave it up again, quite disheartened. The more sugar and tea you give them, the quicker they finish it. They have no conception of husbanding provisions, and are never satisfied or grateful. There are, besides, always a lot of hangers-on; and the servants and porters, who fear retaliation in a moment of penury, simply dare not refuse to share. As one said to me once: 'If a man sees that I have got something that he has not got, and if I refuse to give him some

of it, perhaps some day, when I am very hungry and without food, and he has plenty of it, he will also refuse to share.'

That the native custom to share all food with everybody present is not, as some may imagine, the outcome of altruism, is amply proved by the heartless attitude toward the diseased and the disabled, where a reversal of the position appears an eventuality too remote to be worth being considered. Although all natives know how to cook, roast, fry, to a certain point, their palate is absolutely devoid of taste. The great majority will, like Mark Twain's Goshoot Indians, eat anything that the raven and the hyena — which latter, in Africa, stands for coyote — eat — or leave.

The variety of the native bill of fare is enormous, and, roughly speaking, implies, besides vegetable food, everything that breathes. Not all tribes, however, are so catholic in their taste. Some will look with disgust on what others consider a delicacy, and *vice versa;* and Mohammedans will, although they are not by any means strict as regards the ritual, abstain from certain things as long as they have to fear the censure of public opinion. Unfortunately all natives, including Mohammedans, eat all birds, with the exception, in some cases, of birds of prey, or of birds which are fetish, like the ground hornbill. Not even the smallest birds, like nectarines or waxbills, are safe from pursuit — a state of affairs which clamors for legislative interference.

Rats and moles are in great demand among many tribes; some, like the Wahehe, eat dogs; the Wangoni eat cats; the Wangulu, snakes and lizards. Several kinds of caterpillars, both smooth and hairy, are collected in baskets and eaten as a relish or *kitoveo;* locusts and white ants replace in native cuisine our oysters and turtles; and some people are particularly fond of a large, strong-smelling tree-bug.

But if the white man stands aghast before the native articles of diet, the native reciprocates as far as many of our food-stuffs are concerned. Tinned food, especially since the war brought enormous quantities of it into the country, is a source of incessant interest and inquiries. Natives have often expressed to me their wonder at the great variety of things which Europeans eat. One of them could not be persuaded that what he had seen in a tin was not chameleon!

A settler whom I knew in Uhehe once poisoned some wild dogs with strychnine and then buried them. On the following day several men came to him and asked permission to unearth the carrion, in order to eat it. The settler refused, explaining that the dogs had been poisoned; but they came back in the night, dug the dogs out, and took them away.

Once, in the Transvaal, I opened a tin of *mortadella di Bologna,* and, finding it entirely spoiled, threw it away. A European who was staying with me presently saw my headboy pick up the tin, and, before he could interfere, swallow the contents. We both expected the fellow to die of ptomaine poisoning, but nothing happened; he seemed, if anything, rather more cheerful after, than before, his meal.

I remember that once, when I was camped on the shore of Lake Nyasa, a very large dead fish floated slowly past, poisoning the atmosphere with its effluvium. Suddenly I noticed that several of my men rushed to the landing-place and jumped into a dugout; and when I asked them what they were up to, the reply was, that they wanted to haul the fish ashore. 'What for?' I asked, horrified. 'Because we want to eat it!' I screamed a peremptory warning and was grudgingly and wonderingly obeyed.

Up to fifteen years ago, in the so-called Kaffir eating-houses on the Rand, native mining boys used to buy, by pref-

erence, meat full of grubs. They said it was richer. It really would appear, from these and other instances, as if the digestive organs of wild people were constructed on a model different from ours.

The quantity of food that a single native is able to absorb at one sitting is phenomenal. About twelve years ago, in Tavita, in British East Africa, I once shot a large rhino at a distance of about ten miles from the old disused house of the Church Missionary Society, where I was living at the time. When I walked back, my gun-bearer ran ahead and called my immediate neighbors, mostly Masai and Wachagga belonging to the Mission. I met these people —eight including the gun-bearer — going out to the kill, as I was reaching home. After I had bathed and changed, I sent one of my boys into the next village of the Wataweta, a mile farther back in the forest, to inform them also of my chase, so that they, too, might go and fetch meat for themselves and their families; soon afterward I saw them trooping out, past my house. They passed it again toward evening, returning home, and I noticed that they were not carrying anything except a few pieces of hide. I asked them if they had eaten plenty, and received the despondent reply: 'There was nothing left when we arrived.' I do not, of course, mean to imply that the first lot of eight natives had eaten the whole rhino in a few hours. But what happened was probably this: they ate, each as much as he could carry inside, and then took away on their shoulders as much as they could carry outside, having first cached the balance. My gun-bearer, a few days later, fell ill with an intestinal disease, from which he died within a month.

Natives do not look upon the appropriating of foodstuffs from Europeans as theft. When caught in the act, they indignantly repudiate the charge of theft. They look upon the food as their due. It is a tribute. Because no one of their race would refuse them part of *his* provisions if they were staying with him, they think they are entitled to part of the provisions of the white man; and if he does not give it willingly, they *take* it. Bernard Shaw's assertion, that 'what an Englishman wants, he takes,' might much more appropriately be applied to the negro. This thieving is an institution with which every European has to reckon — a fact to be accepted.

V

It is a mistake to believe that a native servant in whom you show confidence will try to live up to it. On the contrary, he will, as a general rule, consider your confidence as an invaluable asset in the occasions of pilfering that it will give him. And the women are much greater thieves than the men. They know practically no restraint, and even rob each other incessantly, even of the smallest trifles, or of medicines, bandages, and the like. I have known several cases where natives parted from their wives because they could not keep the latter from stealing.

It is interesting to remember, in this connection, that Sir Harry Johnston mentions the incessant pilferings perpetrated by the Askari women as one of the causes of the Soudanese rebellion in the early nineties. England was then engaged in one of her small wars in Equatorial Africa, and the women who had followed the black soldiers committed such depredations among the friendly tribes, that they had to be sent back to Uganda. This their husbands resented, and it was, if not the only, at least the principal cause of the ensuing revolt.

I mentioned that the articles coveted by the women are often mere trifles; but this applies to the men also. It is

certainly a fact that nothing is too soiled, too torn, or too insignificant, to find a collector; which does not, however, mean, that natives have not a very keen sense of the value of things. But they are very clever in turning even what has been discarded as totally valueless, to some sort of use. I once gave a native, a carver in wood and ivory by trade, an old disused sweater, not thinking that he would be able to turn it to any account. A few days later he appeared in my camp with a rakish white cap, culminating in a red *cocarde* made out of a strip of flannel. This cap was the torn-off collar of the sweater, which had been sewn together on one side, and then decorated with the cocarde. Shortly afterward the owner told me that he had found a purchaser for his novel head-gear.

If, as some people pretend, the secret of making poverty endurable — of reconciling champagne tastes with a lager-beer income — lies in abstaining from necessaries and indulging in luxuries instead, the negro undoubtedly has adopted this method. He buys unnecessary trifles — old watches past repair, matchboxes of metal, pencil-cases, whistles, motor-goggles — at ridiculous prices, while repudiating almost with indignation the suggestion to buy remedies for his own or his own people's use, or a plate or a tumbler for his household. The latter particularity, by the way, presents the greatest obstacle to giving a native any medicine to take home with him. How can one expect a member of a numerous household, in which the only drinking vessel consists of an old condensed-milk tin, to take, every two or three hours a certain number of drops of, say, chlorodyne, diluted in water? — quite apart from the fact that every inhabitant of the village would insist on tasting the stuff! In this respect, as in some others, the Latin axiom, *Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt*, would seem to apply to the Ethiopian in the same degree as to the European. Has not Booker T. Washington told us how, in a negro household in Virginia, which could boast of a single cup only, he found a piano? This happy-go-luckiness is, perhaps, a manifestation of the artistic temperament. Everybody has seen reproductions of the celebrated drawings of the Kalshari bushmen, but it would be a mistake to imagine that this gift is their monopoly. Often, in countries hundreds of miles apart, I have bought little clay figures of animals, made by children in play, and have always been struck by the astounding accuracy with which the creatures' main characteristics had been caught, however disproportionate the measurements. Among the grown-up people one often finds real artists who represent human beings and animals with equal skill. As an avocation, carving usually runs in families, descending from father to son, several brothers being sometimes employed in the same trade; and the self-manufactured implements which they use are almost as great a subject of surprise as the result produced.

At one time I saw a great deal of one of these carvers in wood and ivory. He was a Yao, called Beeboo — quite a remarkable creature, who might have posed as a sample of the artistic temperament quite as well as any Quartier Latin art student pictured in Mürger's *La Vie de Bohême*. His likenesses of animals were extraordinarily lifelike, if occasionally somewhat out of symmetry; but he also gave free scope to his active imagination by inventing animals with new and grotesque shapes. When trade was brisk, as was the case during the war, he lived on the product of his knife and saw only, and walked about, a haughty and independent swell. When times were bad, he used to work for his

livelihood on some plantation or farm, watering flowers or cropping the lawn. It was during one of these periods of penury, when I had given him a job, that I caught him helping himself to my provisions. I dismissed him immediately; but we remained on cordial terms all the same, and he often came into my camp afterward, either to offer me pieces of art for sale or to borrow a shilling.

I once entered his hut, where he was living alone at the time, having just been deserted by his wife — a usual occurrence with him. There was no furniture except his stretcher; but everywhere on the ground stood old oil tins and clay pots filled with decorative plants, flowers, ferns, and low shrubs with berries.

I cannot help thinking that Beeboo, if he had been born in Paris, might have developed into another Rodin, or a male Rosa Bonheur. Born in the Middle Ages, in a cathedral town, he would surely have been a famous gargoyle-sculptor. But he, too, was not free of those aberrations in taste to which I have alluded before. One day he shaved the lower part of his head all round in a circle, and then let the hair on the upper part grow to an enormous length, so that he looked as if he wore a huge helmet of fur, like one of Napoleon's grenadiers. He looked fearful, and I told him so, to his intense delight.

MOUNTAINEERING IN AMERICA

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

By America I mean the United States without Alaska and the overseas appanages, and by mountaineering I mean much besides scaling high peaks. One cannot put all the qualifications into a title.

There is altogether too little told and written about the mountains of our country, — the high mountains, higher than the Alps, — and about the joys and adventures of climbing them. Because they are not snow- and ice-clad, — a few are, — with *névés*, *crevasses*, and ice *couloirs* to tell about, and because one does not climb them in a roped-together chain-gang, led and followed by professional guides in picturesque costumes, along well-known paths often staircased and balustraded, the mountains of California and Colorado seem to have few attractions for Americans who have a fancy for climbing.

But actually they demand as strenuous and careful work, and offer as much adventure, as the more favored and familiar European mountains. You can climb as high, fall as far, and land with as much disaster, in the Sierra Nevada or Rockies as in the Swiss or Tyrolean Alps. And there goes with the climbing itself in America a lot of fine things that do not go with the Swiss climbing — the camping, the pack-train, the trout-

fishing in almost virgin waters, the great forests, the aloneness, the real escape and change from that world which is too much with us — all these are pleasant surplusage in American mountaineering, added to the actual climbing, which latter, by the way, you do — as climbing should really be done, to get from it its finest flavor — on your own, unguided and unroped.

It seems an odd thing that the high peaks of the Sierra Nevada and the Colorado Rockies are all of about the same height. Take the highest twenty in each of the two mountain-systems, and not only will their average be very close to 14,000 feet in the case of each group, but the range of height in the whole forty will come within 500 feet above or below the fourteen-thousand-foot average. The high points of both Sierras and Rockies seem to have been cut off in their aspiring at fourteen thousand feet or a few hundred feet above or below that level — although there is little indication on many of these summits of any cutting off, the tip-tops of some, indeed, making two men standing close together on them seem badly crowded. But some, on the other hand, have a really truncated top, often surprisingly broad and level.

This is true, for example, of Long's Peak, one of the highest and best of the Colorado peaks — meaning by 'best,' most interesting, and possibly adventurous, to climb. One could lay out a very decent little farm on its summit, if the soil were a little further on in course of making — so far it is only in its first, or rock, stage. But in getting up to this broad, flat top, you have to work carefully almost completely around the great cliffy cap of the mountain, with a dizzying narrow ledge on one face, to test your head; a long steep trough, with snow and loose rock in it, at one corner, to try out your heart, lungs, and climbing luck; and a steeper, mostly smooth wall-face, to swarm up on the last stretch.

Long's Peak is much beset by wind and sudden sleet-storms, and its really safe climbing season is unusually short, although it is often climbed before and after this safer period. One such attempt at a late climb, however, cost an adventurous woman her life; and a headboard, fixed among the harsh rocks of the great Boulder Field just beyond which the real climbing begins, commemorated, as long as it stood, her death on the mountain from fall and exposure in storm. The inscription reads, —

Here CARRIE J. W——
Lay to rest, and died alone,

with the date, which I have forgotten.

She died alone because the local mountaineer who, after much protest, went up with her when she declared that, if he would not accompany her, she would go anyway by herself, and who found her helpless on his hands in a sleet-storm on the summit, had, after carrying her down the more dangerous part of the mountain, through hours of struggle in blinding snow and cutting ice-sleet, until he was almost as exhausted as she, left her at nightfall in the comparative shelter of the great rocks of the Boulder Field, himself to stumble on down the mountain in the dark, for help.

He had a difficult decision to make. Should he stay there with her, and both almost certainly perish before dawn, or should he take the chance of leaving her and possibly get help up to her during the night, and thus save both? He took what he believed the only chance of saving her. Alone, he could not possibly get her farther. Staying with her, he could have done nothing but, in all probability, die with her. He got down the mountain to his father's cabin. The rescuers started back at once. But it took long hours to get to her. They

found her dead. She had, in panic or delirium, left her shelter among the rocks, and, stumbling about, had fallen near-by, striking her head against the merciful granite. It has been always a haunting question with that man as to whether he had done what a brave man should do under such circumstances. Knowing the mountain and the man, I believe he decided as a brave and experienced mountaineer should have decided.

I know of another fatal accident on Long's Peak. There may have been still others. This one came about through a man's inexperience and foolishness. He carried a loaded revolver in his hip-pocket on his climb. He fell in a bad place, and the cartridge under the hammer was exploded, the bullet shattering his hip. His one companion did what he could to drag him along the narrow ledge on which he lay; but little progress was possible, and, after hours of suffering, the wounded man died. The companion was a prematurely old man when he finally got down the mountain and found helpers to go up for the body.

I have always maintained that there should be three men together on mountain climbs, one to get hurt, one to stand by, and one to go for help. But most men hunt mountain-tops in pairs; some like to go alone. I knew one such, — besides John Muir, who, with his bit of bread and pinch of tea, almost always went alone, — who did much climbing in the Sierra Nevada and took many chances. He used to carry a rope and, in difficult places, where he could not reach high enough for hand-grips, he would tie a big knot in one end of his rope and throw it up until it caught firmly above him. Then he would drag himself up, without regard to the fact that he probably could not get down more than the uppermost one of these places by using his rope. He trusted to finding a different and easier way down — and always did. He climbed Mount King — a very pinnacly peak in the King-Goddard divide, which juts out westward from the main Sierran crest near Kearsarge Pass — in this way, by one of its seemingly impossible faces. Although at best it is a difficult mountain, it has at least one fairly negotiable face. He came down that way.

II

American mountain-climbing, at all events as I am limiting it, is rock-climbing. There can be a good deal of snow on the symmetrical cones of the old volcanoes, like Rainier, Baker, Hood, and the others that are the high mountains of Oregon and Washington; and there are elsewhere occasional snow-patches and a few scattered, insignificant, persisting remnants of the once mighty local glaciers that did so much in the old days to give the Sierras and Rockies their present configuration. But these are rarely in the way of the climber; in fact, the ice-remnants have to be sought out to be seen, and are among the special goals of the mountaineers. Two or three in the Front Range of the Rockies, near Estes Park, now included in the Rocky Mountain National Park, are among the most accessible.

Climbing the American mountains, then, demands no special knowledge of the characteristics and habits and dangers of deeply crevassed glaciers, with their thin snow-bridges, or of the behavior of snow when it inclines, under proper weather conditions, to cornice-breaking and avalanche-making. But it does require, for safety's sake, a considerable knowledge of the character and habits of various kinds of rock in various states of firmness and brittleness, as met variously on cliff-faces or in narrow chimneys. It also requires some judgment as to the critical angle at

which loose rock may lie for the time quietly, yet may not be stepped on with careless confidence. It does not require ropes and ice-axes, but it requires hands as well as feet, and a steady head. Narrow ledges, hand-hold crevices on steep faces, knife-edges, both firm and badly weathered, and long steep troughs of mixed snow, loose stones, and easily excited granite-dust make earnest call on the American mountaineer's nerve and confidence and expert judgment of the possibilities.

It is not always the highest mountain, of course, that is the hardest, even in its demand on endurance, to say nothing of skill. Our highest point south of the Canadian border is Mount Whitney, yet it is but a tiresome steep walk to its summit, after one has made the long, beautiful, and inspiring forest- and cañon-trail trip to its western foot. Its eastern foot stands in a desert. A few miles north of Whitney is the slightly lower peak of Williamson, one of three closely grouped splendid Sierran notabilities (Williamson, Tyndall, Barnard). But Williamson offers everything to the climber which Whitney, except for its height and position, does not.

I had the privilege of spending a few weeks again last summer in the Sierras, after an absence of years. Our small party was composed of members of the Sierra Club, that organization which has done so much to make the California mountains known and accessible to mountain-lovers; and one of our group was intent on attempting to get up a certain peak which has long resisted the attacks of climbers — not that it has been so often tried, but that the few tries have been made by climbers well known for their success with difficult mountains.

We, therefore, pushed our pack-animals up a great side cañon tributary to the greater cañon of the Kern, until we could make camp in a last little group of tamarack pines practically at timber-line (about 10,500 feet here), and directly under a high northwest spur of this unclimbed mountain, which connected with its main peak by a long, rough knife-edge. From careful study of the mountain from various points, it had been decided that the most likely approach to the peak-summit seemed to be this northwest spur and knife-edge. In our previous movements we had nearly encircled the great group of which the unclimbed peak was one, and members of the party had climbed another mountain, not far away, mainly for the sake of an orienting examination of the upper reaches of the resistant peak.

The actual vertical height of the peak above our timber-line camp was only a little more than three thousand feet, as the Geological Survey maps attribute an altitude of 13,752 feet to it. But three thousand feet can be much more difficult than five or six thousand. However, if the summit could be reached at all, it could probably be done in a day from our high camp. So the climbers — properly three — made a five-o'clock start, aiming directly for the summit of the spur. The going, though steep, was fairly good and entirely safe, and the top of the spur was reached in a few hours. But the knife-edge, bad enough where it was continuous, revealed itself so deeply notched at several points, that it proved wholly impassable. It was necessary to try a different way. The north face of the knife-edged spur was as impossible as the knife-edge itself. But the south face is gashed by a number of narrow steep troughs leading almost up to the main peak, any one of which might prove itself, on trial, to be possible, but any one, or all, of which might be unfeasible because of interrupting cliffs not visible from the climbers' point of

view. To select and try one was, however, the only chance.

After a careful study, one was chosen that revealed indications of a trickle of water coming from some upper snow-bank, and seemed to be more winding in its course than the others; hence, would offer more protection than these from rolling stones. The climbers, therefore, worked their way from the knife-edge down, and laboriously across several other troughs until, finally reaching the selected one, they turned their faces upward again. There was much loose rock in the trough, and some small, but troublesome, cliffs running across it; but by skillful work it was successfully followed to a point where a short acrobatic scramble gave them the very summit. By half-past two the three men stood, or rather crouched, closely together on the dizzying point of the highest pinnacle of the mountain — and the Black Kaweah was no longer the unconquered peak it had so long remained. The near-by Red and Gray Kaweahs had surrendered in earlier years. So the Sierra Club has no more scalps to bring home from that fine mountain group. But there are still other peaks, both in the main Sierran crest and in some of the great lateral spurs, or 'divides,' that run out west from it, which offer pressing invitation to climbers who like to be the first to scale untrodden summits.

III

I referred at the beginning of this paper to the surplusage of pleasant experience that the American mountaineer may enjoy in the high mountains of California and Colorado, — one really ought not to slight Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Wyoming in speaking of American mountaineering, — in addition to that of the actual climbing. This experience is that of the trail and camp.

For example, while the three more venturesome members of our party were capturing the Black Kaweah, — when one is soft from five or six years of being kept away from high altitudes, and has had only a few days to accustom heart and muscles to severe work in them, one must not be among the more venturesome, — I busied myself with providing one of the courses of a proper dinner that should be ready for the returned climbers. Right past our camp ran the clear, cold water of a stream that had its sources only a mile or two farther up the cañon, in the snow-fed lakes of a great glacial basin, or *cirque*, of successively higher levels under the Kaweah summits. Nine Lake Basin contains even more clear little green lakes than its name indicates, and their overflow makes a stream that has helped materially to deepen the great glacial gorge that extends from the upper *cirques* down to the Grand Cañon of the Kern. In this stream swarm hard-fighting, firm-fleshed rainbow trout, not too sophisticated, or yet too inexperienced. A Royal Coachman and a Black Gnat made a good killing combination, and I soon had a sufficient number to furnish the second course of the camp dinner.

And then there was time for some rambling and scrambling over the granite faces and great rough blocks of the upper *cirques*, and even over a low divide that separates the Kern from the Kaweah watershed; to look down the precipitous gorge of trivially named Deer Creek, — what a confusing host of Deer and Sheep and Bear Creeks there are in the mountains! — which finds its swift and tumultuous westward way into the Middle Fork of the Kaweah, or 'crow water,' as the Indian name translates itself. Along the upper stretches of this magnificent gorge — or cañon, to give its character its proper due — are some vertical cliffs and

sky-scraping pinnacles and smooth-surfaced, onion-skinned granite domes, which are yet to have their fame in chronicles of Sierran scenery.

The trout-fishing in the higher Sierras and Rockies is a kind of fishing apart from other kinds, even from other fishing for trout. To get to it is an adventure; to live a few weeks, or even days, where it may be had is an exalting experience. It is so much more than fishing. It is realizing how the primitive granite core of the earth, and ice and water and time have combined to make great mountains, great basins, great moraines, great cañons. It is learning to know the giant trees and dwarfed alpine flowers. It is seeing close at hand the realities of the bitter struggle of life with boreal nature. 'Timber-line' is one of the strange and revealing places of earth, with its misshapen, scarred, fighting pines and fir and juniper, and swiftly growing fragrant flowers, which expand their brilliant colors in the short season of warm sun and melting snow, to attract the few hardy butterflies and bees that flit away their brief lives amid surroundings that awe and humble the greater animals and even man. Shrill-barking marmots and curious little squeaking guinea-pig-like conies perch on great granite blocks, to stare and challenge the human intruder in these upper levels of earth, and dive out of sight in the dark crevices as he turns to stare back at them.

But the trout themselves are reassuring. They may even be of the very sort you know in the meandering brooks of New England meadows. For many of the Sierran lakes and streams have been stocked with trout varieties foreign to their geography. One meets speckled Eastern Brook and brown Loch Leven in some of these waters. Most famous and most wonderful to see are the bizarre Golden trout, originally of Volcano Creek, which flows into the Kern from the foot of Mount Whitney. These trout were originally isolated in that part of the stream which is above the high falls, not far from the stream-mouth; but they have been transplanted into numerous streams and lakes of the Kern and Kings watersheds. They have a brilliant scarlet belly, roseate lateral rainbow line, and general yellowish-red tinge over the whole body. They do not seem to grow very large, but are curiously long and slender for their weight. They are reputed to be unusually vigorous fighters; but the few that I caught in the single stocked lake of Five Lake Basin above the Big Arroyo were tame compared with the native Rainbows of the Arroyo itself.

Besides trout, the Sierran and Rocky Mountain streams are the home of a few other interesting animals. There used to be many beaver, especially in the reaches where the Colorado streams flowed through the more level glacial parks, which are characteristic of the Rockies just as the narrow, flat-floored, vertical-walled cañons like the Yosemite, Hetch-Hetchy, Tehipite, and the Grand Cañons of the Kings and Kern are characteristic of the Sierra Nevada.

And there are the fascinating water-braving ouzels, that teeter, half-submerged, on the lips of little falls, as they seek out the larvæ of the water-insects. Among these insects are stone-flies and may-flies and, especially, many kinds of caddice-flies, which make their protecting cases out of tiny pebbles or granite grains, and sometimes out of glittering golden bits of iron pyrites and half-transparent mica — houses of gold and glass and shining jewels.

Finally, there are the curious net-winged midges, known unfortunately only to professional entomologists, and to too few of them, whose few species are scattered all over the world where swift, clear, and cold mountain streams

are. The small, slug-like larvæ of these delicate flies cling by ventral suckers to the smooth surfaces of the stream-bed over which shallow water is running swiftly. They cannot tolerate sluggish or soiled water. Their food is chiefly minute fresh-water diatoms, which often grow in felt-like masses on their own backs. The slender-legged, thin-winged flies may be seen occasionally flitting about in the overhanging foliage of the stream-side, or among the great boulders that half block the streams where they break through terminal moraines.

But besides the streams that help give the mountain regions beauty and interest and life, and provide the purest, softest water for the mountaineer's drink and bath, there are the great forests — forests great in extent and made of great trees. These forests are of special magnificence in the Sierra Nevada, but the lower pines and upper spruces of the Rocky Mountains form fine forests, the spruce, particularly, often running along the range-flanks in a miles-long unbroken zone, at an altitude of (roughly) from nine to eleven thousand feet and even higher. The trees are not large, as large trees go, but are nearly uniform in size, and the forest is almost clear of undergrowth, and is soft and dark and still.

Of birds there are few, but some of them are of special interest. Among these are the noiseless, ghostly camp-robbers, or moose birds, which suddenly appear from nowhere in your forest camp, boldly flying down to your very food-bags or camp-fire to beg or steal a free meal. Less quiet are their cousins, the Clark crows, or jays. But most beautiful of voice are the Western hermit thrushes, which fling out their rippling liquid notes at early dawn and twilight, to echo through the long forest aisles.

I remember one special adventure in the Great Spruce Forest on the flanks of Flat Top and Hallet's Peak in the Front Range of the Rockies, near Long's Peak, in which the hermit thrushes played a part. A college companion, Fred Funston, — later the hero of the capture of Aguinaldo and one of the best-known major-generals of the American army, — and I had gone up into the forest, with a single burro as pack-animal, from our summer camp on the Big Thompson in Willow Park, to try to get a deer, in order to vary our long-continued camp diet of bacon and trout. We were rank tyros as hunters, and probably could not have injured any deer with even the best of opportunities; but we had no chance to prove or disprove this, as we saw no venison despite all care and pains.

We did see, however, an animal we had not come to see. This was a big mountain lion. We had made a hasty camp in the upper reaches of the forest in the later afternoon of our arriving, and had turned Billy, the burro, loose, to nibble at anything he considered edible in the camp neighborhood. Then we had hurried out with our guns, each by himself, to post himself at what he should think a vantage-point to see such deer as should come conveniently wandering through the forest. I had lain doggo for some time near an old trail, and dusk had come on so rapidly, and the forest had become so unnecessarily still, that I had decided to get back to the cheering companionship and comfort of the camp-fire, when I was suddenly frozen into immobility by the sight of a great mountain lion silently padding along the old trail only a few rods from me. What with long lean body and long lifted tail, that lion took an amazingly long time in passing a given point. And just as it was by, and out of my sight, it carelessly let slip from its throat a blood-curdling cry, half-bestial, half-human. That

completed my demoralization. As soon as the apparition had passed from my sight and the echoes of that howl from my ears, I got my numb muscles into action and speedily made for camp — not by way of the old trail.

As I came near it, I was further startled to see a great, roaring fire, and found my companion, later the reckless hero of many a dangerous, self-chosen venture in war, piling ever more fuel on the camp-fire. I asked him the reason for the conflagration, and he blurted out, without interrupting his good work, 'I have just seen the biggest cougar in Colorado.' Evidently both of us had had the same good fortune.

In the safety of the fire-zone we made a peaceful supper, without venison; and after a final heaping-on of logs, rolled up in our blankets by the fire. In the middle of the night I was awakened by a blow on the chest. I promptly sat up, with the conviction that I was being mauled by the lion. The fire had gone down, and it was very dark. But Funston, who had punched me into wakefulness, whispered hoarsely, 'That cat is prowling around the camp. I have heard it several times. We must build up the fire.'

I strongly agreed, and we soon had another reassuring pyrotechnic effect. Again we turned in, and I was soon uneasily asleep again, only to be wakened by another blow. This time Funston was really excited. 'He's still around,' he said. 'There, you can hear him now.'

I listened intently. I certainly heard something moving off somewhere beyond the piled-up pack-saddle and kyaks on the other side of the smouldering fire. I stared hard in that direction. It was the first gray of a welcome morning. As quickly as the light had faded out of the forest the evening before, it now invaded it. Even as we stared through the cold gray, it became light enough for us to see — our faithful burro browsing on a bit of brush a couple of rods from our bed!

It was a great relief, and we rolled over for a real nap, when from far down the mountain-side came the clear rippling call of a hermit thrush. And then another, higher up, answered, and then another, almost over our heads, and, finally, still another from farther up the mountain-flank. It was the most beautiful, most thrilling bird-song I have ever heard. We lay entranced. And then Funston, sitting up in his blankets to glance around the echoing forest, stretched out again with a grunt of comfort, and murmuring, 'Say, it's damn religious up here,' drew his blankets up to his eyes for the needed nap.

We were boys in those days, and we thought more of new peaks to be won, possible elk and bighorn and bear and deer to be shot at, and trout to be caught, cooked, and eaten, with wild red raspberries for dessert, than of the religion of Nature expressed in her greatness and beauty. But some of this religion did reach us occasionally, and once ours, it has never been lost. I have loitered in the incense-dimmed aisles of many a great cathedral and listened to the rolling of the organs and hypnotic chanting of the priests; but each time I have been reminded of the longer, more fragrant forest aisles and the low repeated rumblings of thunder among the great peaks of the mountain regions I know; and it has been those memories that have given me the greater hope in something still above cathedral towers and mountain summits.

IV

Funston and I had another boys' adventure in the Rockies — this time with a third college mate, now a wise college professor — that I am minded to tell. The three of us, with our long-suffering burro, had started on a rather

longer excursion than usual from headquarters camp, which was to carry us some twenty or twenty-five miles northwest toward the Wyoming line, to an old crater called Specimen Mountain. This crater rose just above a high pass that divided the headwaters of the Cache-de-la-Poudre, which flow first into the Platte, and then into the Missouri, and finally, by way of the Mississippi, into the Gulf of Mexico, from those of the Grand, which, after joining with the Green from Wyoming to make the Colorado, and enjoying much experience of cañon and desert, reach the Gulf of California. In fact, on this pass, which is but a few hundred feet below timber-line, there are two tiny lakes hardly a stone's throw apart, which send their overflow to the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, respectively.

Our way carried us to the bottom and up and out of a long, weird, fire-swept cañon, known as Windy Gulch, with its sides bristling with the stark, gray skeletons of burned trees, and its top leading out on to the broad low summit of the Range, stretching away for a dozen miles or more above timber-line to the pass I have spoken of.

On this trip we had our guns, as we always had in those earlier days before the protection of the law had been thrown around the disappearing elk and bighorn. Near the top of Windy Gulch we saw a bear — a rather small bear — lumbering its way toward the summit. We immediately gave chase. The bear turned toward a rock-ridge not far away, and disappeared. But on reaching the ridge we made out what seemed the only hole or cave it could have gone into, and there expectantly awaited the coming-out of the bear.

But it did not come out, and Funston finally made the rather startling proposal that he should crawl into the hole and stir up the bear, which, he argued, would undoubtedly chase him out. We other two were to stand by the hole with cocked rifles, and were to shoot, not at the first thing that came out, which Funston fondly hoped would be himself, but at the second, which would presumably be an irate bear.

After careful consideration of this proposition, entirely generous on Funston's part, as one must admit, Franklin and I finally declined it, on the ground that in our excitement we should be almost certain to shoot at the first creature that appeared from the hole, and if this were Funston, — as it probably would be if he came out at all, — and we should hit him, we should have to answer to his parents. As his father was a Congressman, these parents seemed formidable. Also, if Funston, by any rub of the green, did not come out at all, we should have to help the burro carry Funston's pack back to camp. The final vote, therefore, was two to one against the proposal of the future general.

This Specimen Mountain was a famous place for bighorn; I hope it still is. The wild sheep used to come to the old crater from many miles away, to lick at its beds of green and yellowish deposits; and we rarely failed to find a band of from six to thirty of the wary animals in the crater's depths. In our later trips to the mountain, after the game-protection laws of Colorado were in force, we used to hunt the sheep with cameras instead of guns. The rim of the crater was sharp, and we could crawl up to it from the mountain-flanks and peer over into it, all unperceived. The inner slopes were covered with volcanic ash and broken lava, and great plutonic breccia crags or 'castles' lifted their bulk from various points. By getting one of these castles between us and the sheep, we could work our way carefully down into the crater and fairly near the animals, without startling them.

However, not all the adventures and joys of mountaineering are on or even near the summits. Camp and trail must often be at lower levels, although still truly in the mountains. The trails must lead from wild pasture to pasture — 'meadows,' the mountaineer always calls them; for the pack-animals and riding ones must have good feed each night, to enable them to meet the demands made on them each day. The camps must be made near good water, — a dry camp is a sad thing, — but where there is mountain meadow there is water: there would not be meadow without it. Many of these meadows lie on the successive levels reached in moving up or down the glacial gorges. In the upper *cirques* and gorge-reaches these successive levels carry lakes — wonderful green-blue sheets of cold water set on the wildest and bleakest of rock scenery; lower down there are wet meadows and still lower dryer ones, or bits of forest, but different from the great continuous forest of the mountain-flanks. These meadows are often riotous color-patches, flecked and splashed with a score of kinds of mountain flowers. A stream wanders through them, or, if they are not too level, hurries along with much music. Of course, one can camp in smaller areas, in cañon-bottom, or even on fairly steep mountainsides. One can usually find a few little level spots for the sleeping-bags and fire-irons, or, if necessary, a little terracing work with the spade will make the needed flatness. For you must lie fairly level if you are to sleep at all. Fir branches, old pine-needles, or heaps of bracken help to soften the bed-spots; but you soon get used to the uncovered ground. You manage to fit yourself to its unevennesses.

Besides meadow and water and a bit of level ground, a good outlook is necessary for the best kind of mountain camp. Long views down great cañons, or across them to high peaks, or just straight up along the towering body of wonderful trees, are worth attending to, even for one-night camps. The trees of the Sierras are, of course, alone worth going into the mountains to see. The huge, dinosaur-like bulk of the true 'big trees,' — the sequoias, — and the straight towering sugar-pines, incense cedar, yellow pine, and red fir, make the Sierran forests incomparable. How John Muir loved these trees and lived companion-wise with them! Mountain sculpture, the work of ice, and the great straight trees, were his first interests in the Sierra Nevada.

There is something so different, so remindful of older earth days, when fauna and flora were strange, in the sequoias, those relics of forests that are gone, that they impress me uncomfortably. They do not seem to belong to this time. They can have no companionship with the pines and firs and cedars, which live so congenially together. Their day is past; they must feel sad to linger on.

The trails seem to run most deviously, but mostly they run wisely. They must avoid too bad places and too much steepness; but they must get on, and if the objective is high, they must sometimes climb even steeply, zigzagging up, and they must not go too far around, even if they have to take to rough places or skirt dangerously along cliff-faces. They are most delightful when traversing the forests, for then they are cool and springy underfoot. They are most impressive when they run along the sides of great cañons or on cliffy mountain-flanks. They seem to accomplish most when they carry you over high passes. The way up may be very steep and rough, and the way down long and hard on the knees, but the actual crossing of the pass is a triumph. You see both ways down into

great watersheds; one may have a very different aspect from the other. You see innumerable near and distant peaks. At your feet are wonderful little green glacial lakes, cupped in the great *cirques*.

The surpassing trail-triumph is to put yourself and pack-animals over a 'new' high pass, that is, to be the first to cross it with pack-train.

We did this last summer in trying to get out of the Kings River watershed into that of the Kern by a shorter way than the usual ones. Some Sierra Club men, making knapsack trips around the headwaters of Roaring River on one side of the Great Western Divide, and the Kern-Kaweah on the other, had suggested in the Sierra Club *Bulletin* that it might be possible to cross the Divide with animals through a notch in it about 12,000 feet high, a short distance south of Milestone Peak. Sheep men with their flocks had undoubtedly occasionally used this pass, for there were indications of sheep-trails leading up to it on both sides. But sheep are more agile than mules and horses carrying packs of a hundred pounds and more. However, we had a sturdy lot of animals, with two packers in charge, willing and even anxious to make a venture. So we worked up without a trail, and with considerable difficulty, out of Cloudy Cañon, to a high level camp (10,500 feet) by the side of a beautiful glacial lake not indicated on the Geological Survey maps, and hence unnamed and officially unknown.

Part of one day was given to spying out a possible way up to the pass, and 'making trail' to the extent of indicating by stone ducks the most feasible way to be followed, and throwing some stones out of the way, and strengthening loose and bad places by piling up rocks by their sides. The next day, with one man in front to guide and the others scattered among the pack-animals to lead and urge, we started up slowly, and, with much care and many stoppings to work further at dangerous bits of trail, we won our way to the summit. We were rightfully very proud, and left a record of the winning of the pass in a stone cairn at the top. What needs now to be done is for Forest Service men, or National Park men (if the proposed lines of the new Roosevelt National Park are finally adopted), to make that a really available pass. Then Kern Cañon can be reached from Kings Cañon — or *vice versa* — in two days less time, and by a much more interesting trail, than now.

It is remarkable how effectively even the unexercised human body responds to the call of the trail to cover miles and make altitude. A distance that would be an exhausting walk on a smooth roadway becomes only a fraction of a day's inspiriting jaunt up and down over steep mountain trails. Lungs and heart and muscles seem to meet the need on call. You wonder at yourself as you count up in the evening, after dinner, how far you have come and how high you have climbed. I can't explain it; it is one of the pleasant secrets of the mountains.

But this paper, like the mountain trail, must reach its end. Its objective is simply one of suggestion. If you are surfeited with swift motor-riding; or tired of endless golf; or impatient with having the world too much with you, take a dose of American mountaineering. Go where the highest mountains are, the greatest cañons, the biggest trees. Get a camp cook, — though you will want to be trying your own hand at his game all the time, — an experienced packer, and a train of mountain-wise pack-animals, sleeping-bag, camp-supplies, and a sheaf of U.S. Geological Survey contour maps, — 'quadrangles,' they call them, — and take to the trail. Once out, you will not come back until you have to. And you will go again.

LYRICS

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

She was the little wind that falls
Before the falling of the rain;
She was the one and early star
We lose and see and lose again.

She was the pang of the caress
That is too brief for our delight;
She was the torch another bore
And passed us in the night.

II

If you should say,
'Who goes there?'
Then I would say,
'You go there —
It's your hand at the door
And your foot on the stair
Of my heart every day
And everywhere.'

Then you would say,
'It is long since I passed.'
And I would say,
'It is year before last
Since you went on your way,
But I still hear you there
In my heart every day
And everywhere.'

III

THE SNOWY NIGHT

Let us be happy to-night —
It snows.
See where the hemlocks glimmer white
In the dusk and the snow and the half moonlight;
They never stir as their burden grows.

And you — O lovely and pale and near —
Loosen the bond of your maiden will;
Fall on my heart like the falling snows,
And I will be still as the trees are still.

IV

Suddenly, up through the forest gloaming,
A partridge rose, and that urgent whirring
Startled our breath and checked our roaming;
We stood and were still where the leaves were stirring.

So from the place of my deepest grieving
Memory starts on a wing so thrilling,
I stand in the dusk of my self-deceiving,
Struck to the heart with a pang that is killing.

V

In the street where you went away,
In the air that is still and gray,
Like golden fish in a stream
The leaves of the maple gleam;

And down in a place apart,
In the dark and the deep of my heart,
You shine in the pool of my grief
Like a fallen golden leaf.

VI

I saw you as you passed
A hundred times before;
O come you in at last
And close the open door.

O close the door and mark
How deep a night is this;
And light our common dark
With the candle of your kiss.

THE EDUCATED PERSON

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

I

BECAUSE you believe in a good cause, said Dr. Johnson, is no reason why you should feel called upon to defend it, for by your manner of defense you may do your cause much harm. This, however, is a case where, in *multitude* of counsel, there may be some wisdom. Some kind of answer may evolve from the discussion of the above topic, which will be better than a pontifical statement from a person who has no doubt at all about his qualification to give an irrefutable opinion, like the old Doctor himself.

And if nothing does emerge; if there is no precipitate which you can filter out from the cubic contents of words, and *weigh;* and if that precipitate is not some kind of yeast which, added to the present educational dough, will help it to rise, then let us admit that something *ex cathedra* is needed.

This contributor pretends to no experience as a practitioner in the schools. He has been engaged in the workshop and market-place and, like any man so employed, has gone about on all kinds of errands and has met all kinds of people, in the cities and in the country and in small towns—magnates, business people, professional people, teachers, skilled and unskilled workmen, and children.

The public schools and the parochial schools are engaged in pouring out millions,—and have been for years,—and the private schools and colleges and technical schools, thousands; and any man going his way in and out among the inhabitants of the earth meets them, talks to them, dines with them, employs them; and in all sorts of ways gets the taste of them, and a good many cross-sections for careful examination. He sees them in offices, in shops, in

schools, in clubs, in churches, on trains and on street-cars and on street corners, and in their homes — city, suburban, and country.

Each one registers. They 'punch your time-clock,' so to speak, and on the dial there is an impression. It is a dial you have fixed up for yourself — an old one, with the old marks on it pasted over with new ones; and there are two main divisions, one marked 'satisfactory,' and the other, 'unsatisfactory.'

Some people have the words 'useful' and 'not useful' (to them); and some have the words 'interesting' and 'uninteresting'; and, perhaps, some, 'educated' and 'uneducated'; and a few may go so far as to divide their dial into 'good' and 'bad.' But that is about the limit of presumption.

But if you have 'satisfactory' and 'unsatisfactory,' that means, of course, *to you*.

And when, therefore, you say that you find that 90 per cent of the product of schools and colleges whom you meet have registered under 'unsatisfactory,' it does not follow at all that they would register that way on any other dial — which is only a very roundabout way of saying that you disclaim any superiority for your 'time-clock.' You found it nailed to the wall of your vestibule when you were old enough to look about at the furniture which had been bequeathed you, and which you have been dusting up and patching up ever since. You are entitled to use this clock, and you get a great deal of exhilaration in using it; but that you should insist on anybody but yourself believing in its records would be not only foolish but exceedingly cruel, though not unusual.

If you want something to believe, said old Samuel Butler, I will tell you where to find it. It is in the thirteenth chapter of Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians. At any rate, don't believe *me*.

II

The most comprehensive sentence in H. G. Wells's *Outline of History* — the sentence which 'pulls the whole picture together,' as the painters say — is this: 'It has always been a race between education and catastrophe.'

This is biologically, ethnologically, and nationally proved. And it can be individually proved, if, by education, you mean something fundamental, something intrinsic, something almost instinctive, and do not mean something external, something decorative, something pinned on.

And if this is true, then what constitutes an 'educated person' to-day is an exceedingly important question, both for the individual and for his nation.

If an educated person is just any kind of a person, — say a person with a reasonably well-built exterior, and that exterior decorated with mosaics in patterns, and pictures classical, scientific, historical, grammatical, or linguistic; but the interior more or less unventilated and unlighted, with the dampness of prejudice and provincialism, hereditary or acquired, making the walls clammy, and the creeping things of *essential* meanness and self-interest and conceit going and coming through the foundation cracks, — then that person is marked for destruction. If you had looked closely enough at the spiritual and intellectual house in which each of those eighty German professors lived who signed that statement of their faith at the beginning of the war, you would have found the words marked on it: 'Delenda est.' The man who lives in a house marked for catastrophe does not know it. From his youth up he has kept the rules, passed the examinations, received the degrees, secured the offices and the emoluments and the privileges.

But he is an offense — and catastrophe is his portion, and the portion

also of the man by whom the offense cometh, who taught him that exteriors were as important as interiors, that decorations were more useful than good homespun, that meat was more than the life, and raiment than the body. Which things were not directly taught, — oh, no, — but were too much implied; were the by-products of his total experience at home, in school, and in college.

I say, 'at home,' and I ought to say, 'particularly at home.' You and I know enough about homes to know that it is asking of schools and colleges a very great deal to ask them to correct the *implications* of the home atmosphere — with which their pupils are necessarily saturated.

If these implications are second-rate, are low-grade, — if the instinct of the family is for property as against humanity, for instance; for 'closeness' as against generosity; for self-interest as against disinterestedness, in social and political things, — then those are the latent instincts of the children.

But schools and colleges can be asked to begin, not to teach these moralities, but to make it perfectly clear that they are invariable corollaries of all that is taught, and that a boy or girl who has not distilled this by-product from his books and his teachers is, up to that time, uneducated, however high his marks may be. He may know English speech and other speech, modern and classical literature, engineering, law, or medicine, and remain uneducated, unawakened, because the only valuable qualities in him have been left interred there, like Lazarus, — 'bound hand and foot with grave clothes,' — no irresistible voice, to stir those emotions which alone make life worth continuing, having reached them.

III

I am taking my cue, in answering the query of the editor, from his own comment in his letter inviting me to the 'party,' as he called it. He said, 'How can you decide what is the best way of educating a boy until you know *what kind of man* you want?'

I am the more ready to do this because it has, for a long time, seemed to me that the kind of man produced by our educational machinery is mostly a poor kind; that therefore this machine, with its highly complicated gyrations, with many curious and intricate gears, eccentrics, clutches, adjustments, accelerators and retarders, lubricators and frictions, is a good deal like the great modern printing press, with a folding and addressing attachment on the end; and when — as a gentleman I met the other day remarked — you unfold the product, so neatly and accurately wrapped in a diploma and delivered at your door after graduation day, you find that you have something very much like the Sunday Supplement.

That I considered an aspersion, and I believe he admitted that it was; but he said it was due to his having listened too much lately to the conversation in university clubs. But even if the product is more like the daily paper, it is still true that a very beautiful piece of mechanism and a very expensive plant have been used to turn out something that ought to have been very much better and more worthy of the time and investment and craftsmanship involved.

The man *talks* well, — indeed, almost too well, — and he knows what 's going on, and makes a decidedly distinguished effect in the smoking-room of Pullman cars and elsewhere. You may recall such a man, perhaps, to whom Faithful came on his pilgrimage.

'"Well, then," said Faithful, "what is that one thing that we shall at this time found our discourse upon?"

'*Talkative.* What you will. I will talk of things Heavenly or things Earthly; things moral or things evangelical;

things sacred or things profane; things past or things to come; things more essential or things circumstantial; provided all be done to our profit.

'Now did Faithful begin to wonder; and stepping up to Christian (for he walked all this while by himself), he said to him (but softly), —

'"What a brave companion have we got! Surely this man will make a very excellent pilgrim."

'At this Christian modestly smiled and said, "This man, with whom you are so taken, will beguile with this tongue of his twenty of them that know him not."'

The man *does* well, too, because he has a good working knowledge of the thing he is working at — the thing that makes what he calls his career and his reputation, and gives him his standing. He can build good buildings, or good machinery, is diabolically clever on 'Change, in administration of business, in court, in the operating-room, and effective in the pulpit.

His college takes much pride in his success — and even invites him to talk to the boys on the rules for success. He is a trustee, and helps her to turn out more men something like himself, thinking that the more of that kind of men there are in the world, the better for it.

But what the man actually is — how ignorant in those great spaces *between* his stellar abilities where he should be wise; how cynical where he should have faith; how timid where he should adventure; how indifferent where he should be passionate; how critical where he should be devoted — have n't we seen this sort of thing very close-up recently? have n't we seen too many 'educated men' of America failing completely in discrimination and even in decent courtesy, not even respecting the burden of the bent and broken workman? Who or what is responsible for this vacuity, this elemental hollowness? And as time goes on, must we expect this to continue, that so large a proportion of men from universities shall fall so unfavorably under Emerson's exclamation, 'With what you *are* thundering in [our] ears, how can [we] hear what you *say?*'

IV

And who are 'we'? We are the people who are paying the bills. 'We' are the folks who are working while you are having 'time off' in which to be educated.

We have a big stake in your education, because we actually have to pay for it; and we are entitled to say that we want a different kind of person to come out of universities. We want men who have regard for hands as well as for heads, — an *equal regard*, — for people as well as for profits. Having put the oil in your lamp, — as Graham Taylor said the other day, — we want light, and a much better light than we are getting.

And let no university call its men educated until they understand that we — the men and women who pour into factories every morning and out every night; who ride back and forth in the reeking trolleys, and live in the obscure parts of cities; who follow ploughs and harrows in the country and stoke boilers at sea; whose labor makes the buildings, the books, and the salaries of the professors possible — that we must be the beneficiaries of your training, and not, to so large an extent as now, its victims; and must, more and more, be taken into your confidence, and into your esteem — and even into your brotherhood.

If the war has not taught this simple thing, then, among all the dead losses which can be inventoried, here is the deadest.

V

When you take the liberty of criticizing a thing, you can properly be asked to specify something constructive, too, and to quit working exclusively with the hatchet.

The worst thing you can do, however, is to follow the advice of the Mayor of Chicago and 'get a horn.' That is what he has got, and there is ample evidence that he has even two.

Therefore I take the liberty of marching quite by myself, perhaps, in the procession of disputants who shall consider this question at the suggestion of the editor — with a transparency, having on it certain words.

Maybe you think from what you have heard already that one of those words is 'Excelsior'; but you are mistaken, for the 'lifeless but beautiful' rôle is not congenial to this writer at all.

The first thing, then, that I might fondly hope would catch the piercing eyes of such educators as may be standing on the curb as we shuffle past, is the word 'Relationships' — relationships with the inorganic as well as the organic world.

Is n't it fair to ask that a man living on this planet shall have more regard for it, and for the processes which, from the condensation of a swirling nebula into planets and a sun, and by the cooling of one of the smallest of these, at last found its most profound expression in a living cell? For, by that means, and that only, could all this dramatic prodigality of time, space, and causality arrive at an adequate conclusion. Looking back upon the way it has come, this cell, arrived at *homo sapiens*, arrived at articulate speech, and reason and memory and dexterity of every sort, mental and manual — looking back upon the magnificence of the process that from the nebula evolved Christ, this cell must, in the minute allowed it above the surface, express something that shall illustrate its sense of obligation, 'of wonder, love, and praise.' In other words, the man must be essentially religious — not theologically religious, but intellectually and emotionally religious. And he must in some way *prove* his kinship with big things and permanent things and beautiful things.

Now, maybe this is something large enough to fill in some of the space which educational institutions leave *between* the subjects of their curricula; that a man must be more consciously and voluntarily related to those very calm and contemplative things, and less a prey, therefore, to the fevers and infections of his particular day and generation, — his political party, his social ritual, and his religious creed, — and relate himself to cosmic processes spiritually, before he has been physically returned to them, suddenly and ostentatiously, in the cemetery.

And the other word is 'Discriminations.' There is no educational process worth our admiration which does not produce people who are on the way to appraise life fairly, who will know the difference between first class and second class — which does not, in other words, establish a scale of values that will stand some scrutiny. This is where our education breaks down most deplorably. We cannot choose intelligently between fine ideas and purposes and mediocre ideas and purposes — between what is worth doing and what is not, considering the shortness of life; between Beauty and the pretense of Beauty, or the total lack of it.

This sort of thing has to begin, perhaps, with grandfathers, or, at any rate, in elementary schools, and carry on very actively in preparatory schools, and arrive at some fruition, or promise of it, in colleges. If neither the elementary school, nor the preparatory school helps the college in that direction any more

than they are doing now, we cannot blame the college too much. But, on the other hand, the college makes it difficult for the lower schools to get any of these 'value scales' going, because it confuses the issues terribly with its 'examination' matters. It sets up a hurdle at its gate, and almost all the time of the lower schools must be employed in training to jump it. Great numbers do learn to jump it; and is it any wonder that the colleges find in their pasture too large a proportion of good jumpers who keep right on jumping examination after examination, until they finally jump out, with a certificate for jumping? But this is not just the kind of man they want, is it? Why, then, do they paralyze education in the lower schools with the Board Examination? Why don't they indicate that what they want is a certain quality — a certain heliotropic instinct — upon which they can base what they have to give, with some assurance that their time will not be as much wasted as it is now? I don't know the answer to that question except on one hypothesis, and that is, that these boys are to be more or less creatures of privilege anyhow, and somewhat immune from the laws of gravitation. They are to be 'little Jack Horners,' and in their various corners, among other 'big boys,' pull out plums from the pie.

How strangely unconscious these boys seem to be that this great dining-room of ours, called the United States, is becoming more and more crowded every year, and that a very large majority of the crowd, having done the work in the kitchen and made the pies, are looking on with an increasing sense of the disparity involved.

These bakers and boilers and scullery-folk somewhat impudently push up and and peer in, with their sweaty faces and greasy garments, and go back to the kitchen muttering — very naturally, don't you think?

On the whole far too many voyages are started from colleges without a compass that points north. The metal around it has deflected it; and on a voyage among the boisterous winds blowing off our huge industrial continent, — with newspapers for lighthouses, — what assurance can you give that you will not become a mere menace to navigation?

I submit one of the oldest and best exhibits in this connection. It is a picture of a man, the greatest master of the art of discrimination the world has ever seen; a rough man, not at all like the sentimental pictures, who lived all his life, probably, in a little one-story mud-house; who worked with his hands and walked much alone along the solitary ways of a remote and silent country under the tropic sun and stars. On this occasion you see him handing back a penny to some very crafty gentlemen surrounding him and pressing upon him the ancient and modern question of allegiance, and, in his penetrating, and very final way, requiring them to decide for themselves where payments to Cæsar stopped. There is the crux of all debates on education. Until the 'educated' man knows the answer to that question, whether he goes by it or not, he is uneducated, and, in the history of man, he is marked Zero.

SOUTH SEA MOONSHINE

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

I

THE late Mr. William Churchill remarked, in the opening chapter of one of his distinguished works on Polynesian philology: 'About the islands of the central tract of ocean, romance has cast its charm; its power remains even in these later days. Sensitive natures have counted the world well lost for the enjoyment of its delights; ignorant men have yielded to the same compulsion and have found a dingy pleasure in settling down as beach-combers. . . . The people have won those who came to seek them; they have been treated as gentlefolk.'

Even in the days of Spanish exploration, Europeans recognized the tranquil charm of these islands; and now — after six years of war, economic crisis, and social upheaval — a great many people are finding relief from gloomy and alarming thoughts in dreaming of the South Seas. Late in the eighteenth century, fashionable France rhapsodized over the beauty of a life freed from restraint, in Bougainville's *Nouvelle Cythère;* one hundred and fifty years later, the sudden recognition of Gauguin's genius caused a ripple which has crossed two great oceans and is breaking gently, at last, on a score of lonely coral reefs.

Every mail-boat arriving at Tahiti nowadays brings its quota of an extraordinary pilgrimage — painters and literary men in search of atmosphere; scholars in search of folk-lore; weary men of affairs in search of forgetfulness; refugees from the arid portion of North America in search of wassail; steerage passengers in search of a land where food and work are not akin. To watch them come ashore at the quay is at once ludicrous and pathetic — a study in the childishness of grown-up humanity. Some bristle with weapons to repel the attacks of cannibals; others, when their luggage is opened at the custom-house, display assortments of beads and mirrors for barter with the savages. One almost envies them, for the radiance of the first landfall has not yet faded from their eyes, still dazzled with a vision the pilgrims have traveled far to seek.

I have often speculated on the motives actuating these men and women — most of them of a class neither adventurous nor imaginative. Why have they left home at all, and why have their wanderings led to a place so insignificant and remote? In some cases, of course, the motives are not complex. I remember a middle-aged Californian, who did not hesitate to be frank. We were sitting on the hotel verandah, wasting an afternoon in idle talk.

'Why did I come to Tahiti?' he said; 'that's simple — I wanted to live in a place where I could have a drink without breaking the law. I reckon I'm a good American, but I like to be let alone. The French are great fellows to mind their own business; I found that out during the war. Yes, I was there — over age, but I got into the National

Guard at the start. When I got home, I took a look around and then made my partner a proposition to buy me out. We had a nice little business; my share of it, turned into bonds, brings in about three thousand a year. When the deal was fixed, I got a map and hunted up the nearest French colony — I reckoned it would be quieter there than in France. I guess I'll leave my bones on Tahiti. My house will be finished in another month; it's close to the water, with a big shady verandah where you can sit and look out across the lagoon to Moorea. I don't want any women, or servants, or newspapers, or plantations, or business of any kind — I just want to be let alone; but any man who does n't talk politics will be welcome to drop in for a drink.'

Here was one accounted for. A few moments later, on the same verandah, another man told his story in eight words, pregnant as they were brief. There was an Englishman with us — a traveler, who was stopping over a steamer in the course of an eastward tour around the world. He had been in India, and was showing us his collection of photographs of that land. While the pictures were passed about, I noticed an elderly American, of morose and corpulent mien, sitting at some distance from the rest of the company and taking no part in the conversation, though he uttered from time to time a series of nasal sounds vaguely suggestive of French and correctly interpreted by the native girl to mean: 'One rum-punch.' In time we came to the inevitable picture of the Taj Mahal; and while we gazed at it, marveling anew, the tourist spoke of the vast expense of raising such a monument. When he had finished, the man who wanted to be let alone was the first to speak.

'Just think of that guy,' he remarked, 'spending ten million dollars to bury his wife!'

Musing on the ancient and costly bit of sentiment, we sat for a moment in silence — a silence broken by a sepulchral voice.

'I'd give more than that to bury mine!'

It was the orderer of rum-punches who spoke, addressing the company for the first and last time. He said it without a shadow of humor — so earnestly, so convincingly, that several seconds elapsed before any of us smiled. He had placed himself. Curiosity regarding him was at an end; if he chose to spend the rest of his days in the South Seas, gossip would pass him by, to whisper of others less communicative — the ever-present rumored murderer or defaulting financier. For all we knew, the morose gentleman might have been quite capable of building a second Taj Mahal.

One quiet and pleasant Englishman, who might have passed for an elderly clerk, spending the savings of a lifetime on his first real holiday, gave the gossips of Papeete a shock when he appeared at the bank to draw money on a letter of credit for a million dollars. Another man came here not long ago, traveling to his former home in the States — an old trader who has put in forty years in the Western islands, and carries with him two heavy cedar chests in which the tales of eye-witnesses vouch for the presence of four hundred thousand dollars in American gold.

By far the greater number of adventurers, unfortunately, reach the South Seas without worldly goods of any kind — victims of a delusion, fostered by nearly everything printed about this part of the world, that in these blissful isles one need not work in order to enjoy the customary three square meals. There are said to be islands, far off and inaccessible, in the Paumotu group, where the good-natured brown man will not let a stray white starve; but, as

a rule, the islands of the Pacific are unhappy places in which to find one's self destitute. It is true that a rapid depopulation should make living easy for the survivors; but the land is closely held, and the surplus, which once supported far greater numbers, is now devoted to the articles of luxury for which a century of intercourse with Europeans has created a demand. Every steamer unloads one or more enthusiasts whose purses have been emptied to buy passage south, and whose heads are filled with dreams of slumberous ease in a palm-thatched hut, where the traditional dusky maidens, of surpassing amiability and charm, ply the fan or prepare savory repasts of the food that nature provides in superfluity. And the fact that such dreams are not entirely baseless makes them all the more deceptive.

Only last year, a boat's crew from a shipwrecked vessel managed to reach Rapa Iti, a lonely southern outlier of Polynesia, visited by a chance schooner at intervals of a year or two. The men of Rapa, brought up from infancy to the ways of the sea, are in demand as sailors, and the result is that on the island the females outnumber the males in a proportion said to be seven to one. When, after many months, a vessel arrived at Rapa to rescue the stranded mariners, the work of rescue had to be carried on almost violently; for the least popular member of the boat's crew was provided with half-a-dozen brown ladies, who hovered about anxiously, not even permitting their lord so simple a task as raising the food to his own lips. The parting was a melancholy one; the girls stood weeping on the beach, while the sailors protested that they had no desire whatsoever to leave the island — far from it, they asked nothing better than to be left undisturbed in the enjoyment of a life they found full of charm. But Rapa Iti is one island out of many score, and he who seeks to eat of the lotus in that distant sea will be reminded of the Kingdom of Heaven, the Camel, and the Needle's Eye.

There is a Frenchman at present on Tahiti, — a retired shoemaker with a comfortable balance at the bank, — who has been trying for nearly a year to get to Rapa. He is a quaint and agreeable fellow, with a streak of eccentricity which renders interesting an otherwise commonplace man. Long ago, in the Norman village of his birth, a seafaring friend told him of the lonely island south of the Austral group; and since that day Rapa has been the object of his life — to be dreamed of as he stitched and pegged through the monotonous day, or in the evening, while he sipped a *chopine* of cider at the inn. Last year he sold his property, closed his shop, bade his relatives farewell, and started on the voyage which was to take him half-way around the world. But schooners for Rapa are rare, and the French authorities, made wise by past experience, do not encourage white settlers to establish themselves on the more remote islands. As things go, the cobbling dreamer, with his tools and seeds and store of clothing, may end his days on Tahiti — his quest unfulfilled to the last.

Unlike the majority of white strays, he would probably make a harmless and contented settler. He is practical, knows what he wants, and indulges in no absurd visions of becoming a savage; a generation among savages works little change in such a man.

II

The thought of him brings to mind another, almost at the opposite extreme of the human scale, whose experiment in solitude is already proving a success.

This one is an American of thirty-

five — cultivated, thoughtful, and well-born; a graduate of a great university, and knowing intimately the people and capitals of many lands. When the war was over, he found himself out of touch with a life that seemed feverish and over-complex, and set out to seek a place where he might pass the remainder of his days in tranquillity. He had visited Tahiti before, and far out on the eastern extremity of the island his travels came to an end. There, close to the lagoon, in a thatched house, stocked with books and good furniture and porcelain, he may be found to-day, a cheerful and serene recluse. Possessed of enough to live in modest comfort, he seems to have found the environment best suited to his quality of mind. When he asked me to spend a few days with him, I went with some curiosity to observe how my friend's venture was working out.

I found him settled to a quiet routine, in a place beautiful enough to excite the envy of an emperor. The view from his verandah — a panorama of mountains, forest, river, and bright-blue sea — would warrant a journey of a thousand leagues. During the year of his residence, he has learned to speak Tahitian with surprising fluency, and without any effort toward authority, has become a sort of village patriarch and counselor in native affairs. There is neither white doctor nor brown *tahua* nearer than fifty miles; perceiving this fact, my friend sent home for elementary medical books and a stock of simple remedies. Now he administers iodine and castor oil to such a multitude that he has been obliged to set aside certain hours for consultation.

His good-nature is rewarded at times. On the day of my arrival he performed — quite unintentionally — a cure which placed him in a class with the famous healers of the island. Early in the morning, a child led an old blind woman to the door, asking treatment for a badly infected cut on her ankle. The cut was washed with soap and water, rinsed with alcohol, painted with iodine, and sealed with adhesive plaster. I arrived an hour or two later; and as we sat down to lunch, a group of men and women approached at a rapid gait and stopped before the house, talking excitedly among themselves.

The manner in which a caller approaches the house of his friend is worthy of remark, for it throws a curious side-light on Tahitian ideas of propriety. Since heathen days, the grounds surrounding the dwelling of every man of importance have been enclosed by a fence or hedge. The caller halts outside this barrier and waits, with an air of humility, until the cry of welcome is given by someone within.

'Haere mai,' called my host; and next moment the dining-room was full of people. They had come to tell him — all at once — of the wonderful results of his medicine on old Teura. Remedies given at daybreak had been known to cure before dark, but this one had done its work in a matter of four hours — effecting a cure without parallel in the memory of the village. The patient was eager to thank her benefactor in person, but her family thought it best, for the present, to keep her out of the sunlight. For five years she had been blind, and now — dimly, but more clearly every hour — she could *see!*

The doctor took his cue with just the right degree of casual professional interest — neither claiming nor disclaiming credit for the achievement. So much the better, if they chose to believe him capable of miracles; in future his simple admonishments would be heard with more respect. It was the moment to drive home a strong impression; he seldom gave rum to the natives, but now glasses were filled and we drank to the restored vision of Teura.

When they had gone and we had finished lunch, the conversation turned to native medicine. I told him of an experience of my own, when I was down with an attack of old malaria — a souvenir of Vera Cruz. (The Anopheles mosquito, by the way, which carries the germs of malaria, does not thrive in the islands of the eastern Pacific, though his cousin Stegomia trails ominous striped legs under one's nose at all hours of the day, and makes one shudder at the thought of a carrier of yellow fever arriving by chance in Polynesia.) At the height of my illness, actuated by curiosity more than anything else, I called in a Tahitian doctor of the half-baked modern school. Perhaps I do the old lady an injustice — for my doctor was elderly and feminine; at any rate, I recovered, and can vouch for the potency of her *raau*, which may or may not have had a beneficial effect.

Ushered in reverently by an attendant, she squatted on the verandah beside where I lay, and regarded me for a time with shrewd black eyes, set in a face of wrinkled brown. Perhaps she was merely shy; perhaps she doubted the sincerity of a white man willing to pin his faith on native medicine. At last she seemed satisfied and asked me rapidly — and rather competently, I thought — a list of diagnostic questions. It did not take her long to decide on the needful febrifuge; within five minutes she had summoned three girls of the household and dispatched them in search of her primitive drugs. One was to gather a coarse grass found along the edge of the lagoon; another was ordered to grate the meat and express the cream of half-a-dozen cocoanuts; the third set out for the reef in a canoe, to search for a variety of sea-urchin called *fetue*. All this sounded ominous enough to me; I began to regret the curiosity which leads one into scrapes, but it was too late to think of retreat. Before the tahua took her leave, she suggested the frequent drinking of an infusion of orange leaves, and informed me that the real cure could not begin for another day, as the brewing of my medicine required twenty-four hours.

I awoke next morning with the vague premonitory depression familiar to all of us — an overflow from the subconscious, independent of positive memory. What was it that made disagreeable the prospect of the coming day. — Ah, yes, the sea-urchins! Toward nine o'clock the doctor appeared. The cure began with a bath from head to heels in a dark tincture of the grass gathered the day before; and after the bath my sore bones were treated to an hour of massage. In this branch of their art, at least, I can affirm the competence of the native doctors. The bath and massage were calculated to pave the way for the final *coup-de-grâce* — almost as deadly as the poniard-thrust between the joints of a mediæval gorget. It came in the form of a half-pint tumbler, filled with a viscous whitish liquid. I do not know all its ingredients, or how they were compounded, but the boiled-down power of strange substances was in it, and it tasted worse than it looked.

'Some people,' remarked my doctor, gazing admiringly at her handiwork in the glass held out to me, 'cannot take this medicine — it is too strong. But it will cure your fever!'

This was no time to hesitate — I seized the glass and gulped down its evil contents. An hour later I began to understand why some people could not take it, and decided that I must be one of them. The tahua had not exaggerated when she said that it was strong. Keats might have had its effects in mind when he wrote: —

> My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains
> My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk

As the day dragged on, it became

increasingly evident that I had been indiscreet. I thought again of the doctor's words, and I recalled — not without uneasiness — a passage in an old missionary chronicle of life in these same islands: 'Many of their applications, however, were powerful. . . . A preparation, in which milk from the pulp of the cocoanut formed a principal ingredient, was sometimes followed by almost instant death. Mr. Barff once took this preparation, at the earnest recommendation of the people; but it nearly cost him his life, although he had not drunk more than half the quantity prepared.'

A sinister thought, especially since I had swallowed the whole dose, one half of which had nearly caused the death of the acquiescent Mr. Barff! Toward evening, when I was long past the stage of being able to smile at my predicament, I fell asleep — if sinking unpleasantly into a loss of consciousness may be described in words so peaceful. I awoke at dawn, weak and giddy, but better than I had been for several days. Perhaps the raau cured me. I only know that my curiosity is satisfied — I shall never dabble in native remedies again.

'You are probably right,' remarked my friend, smiling at the announcement of this decision; 'the last of the old-fashioned native doctors — who really knew something — is dead. His name was Tiurai; I met him when I visited Tahiti before the war, and one cannot doubt that he did, at times, accomplish remarkable results. There is so much humbug involved in all native medicine that it is difficult to distinguish genuine skill from quackery; but while old Tiurai used all the frills of his art, he certainly possessed a considerable knowledge of anatomy and an acquaintance with the virtues of many kinds of herbs. He never took a fee. During the last decade of his life he was too busy to travel about; people came to him from all parts of Tahiti, from Moorea and the Leeward group, and even from distant islands of the Paumotu. Some of his cures were too absurdly simple to seem real. I ran across an Englishman, when I was here before, who had suffered for months from an abscess of the leg — one of those hateful things which seem to heal from time to time, only to break out again, deeper and more malignant than before. When the sufferer had reached the point of arranging a trip to New Zealand, someone persuaded him to let Tiurai have a go at it. Skeptical, but ready to try anything in his extremity, the Englishman drove out to the district where the native doctor lived. A dozen carts were drawn up before the house, and groups of people, with the solemn air of mourners at a death-bed, sat under the trees awaiting their interviews. When the abscess was shown to Tiurai, he gave it only a casual glance and said that he would send medicine the next day.

'In the morning a boy appeared with the remedy: a small bottle of what seemed to be ordinary *monoi* — cocoanut-oil, scented with the blossoms of the Tahitian gardenia. The patient was instructed to obtain the scarlet tail-feather of a tropic bird, dip it in the oil, and draw a circle around the abscess — at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset. This sounds ridiculous enough, but for some reason the bad leg began to improve at once and was healed within a few days.

'Over certain organs of the body — notably the heart and kidneys — the remedies of Tiurai possessed a remarkable control; it is a pity that some European doctor did not gain the old man's confidence and persuade him to impart the more important of his secrets. He died in the epidemic of 1918 — the last of a long line of tahuas. His loss was a heavy one to the island; as an obstetrician alone he was of immense value,

with his curious system of massage, which seemed to rob child-birth of nearly all its suffering. The fact that no others sprang up to take his place proves that Tiurai possessed unusual powers. There is a doctor practising at Paea and another at Haapape, but the natives have little confidence in them and consult them only in trifling cases. This does not apply, of course, to the professional exorcists, who form a distinct class. You will find them in nearly every village — the trusted exponents of an ancient art.'

III

The modern exorcists, to whom my host alluded, are descendants of the heathen *Faatere*, employed in the old days by friends of the demon-ridden, to drive out the evil spirit invoked by a sorcerer. European witnesses of the agony and death of those upon whom the destroying spirits preyed were forced to confess that powers beyond their comprehension were at work. Even the hard-headed missionaries admitted this. One of the most distinguished of them, writing of Tahiti nearly a century ago, observed: 'It is not necessary now to inquire whether satanic agency affects the bodies of men. We know this was the fact at the time our Saviour appeared on earth. Many of the natives of these islands are firmly persuaded that, while they were idolaters, their bodies were subject to most excruciating sufferings from the direct operation of satanic power . . . and . . . some of the early missionaries are disposed to think this was the fact.'

There are still on Tahiti one or two old men considered capable of dire necromancy, but the belief is dying fast, and nowadays it is the spirit of an ancestor — naturally malicious, or offended by some misdeed — which harries the human victim. I saw a case of this sort only a few weeks ago. In the house where I was stopping there was a young girl who did the family washing and ironing — a gentle, good-natured youngster of sixteen. I was reading on the verandah, one evening after dinner, and noticed this girl near-by, gazing out over the sea in the detached and dreamy manner of her race. Suddenly I heard her give a low cry, and, glancing up from my book, I saw that she was cowering with an air of fear, arms raised and bent as if to ward off invisible blows. When I reached her, a moment later, she had collapsed in a faint; I remember the awkwardness of carrying her limp body to a couch. I felt her pulse, and it seemed to me that her heart was barely stirring. Then, screaming terribly, and with a suddenness that was uncanny, she sat up. I had noticed that she was a rather pretty girl, with tender lips and soft dark eyes; now her lips were distorted in a snarl and flecked with a light froth, while her eyes, fixed and open to the fullest extent, shone with a dull red glare. She sprang to her feet with an air of horrid desperation. The next moment three of us seized her. While we took good care to do her no harm, she was not in the least afraid of hurting us, and flung us about as if we were children; it seemed to me that there was something monstrous in the strength and ferocity of her struggles.

In the midst of the scuffle, an elderly man appeared on the verandah — a spirit-doctor of some local reputation, who took in the situation at a glance.

'Tell me quickly,' he said, 'where I can find a bottle of perfume — strong perfume.'

I told him there was cologne on the dressing-table in my room, and in an instant he had a towel soaked in the stuff, waving it about the frantic girl's head. Perhaps the fit had run its course; for she ceased at once to struggle, and sank down on the floor, quiet and limp.

Someone had run to fetch the European doctor, and when he arrived the girl had recovered consciousness. He sat down beside her, to ask questions in a low voice. By the troubled look in her eyes I could see that she understood; but though she seemed to make an effort to speak, no sound came from her lips. Presently he rose. 'It is a sort of epilepsy,' he informed us; 'though from what you say the attack must have been more than usually violent. *Pauvre enfant* — there is no cure.'

When he had gone the girl spoke. Her story may have been pure imagination, or the memory of a singular and vivid dream; in the eyes of the natives, of course, it was terrifying, but neither incredible nor strange.

'I was resting after my work,' she said, 'watching the little clouds above the sea. All at once I saw an old woman standing before me. She carried a staff of black wood in her hand; her gray hair hung tangled about her shoulders; she gazed at me without smiling, and I was greatly afraid. I knew her at once for my grandmother, who died when I was a child. Then she raised her staff and began to beat me, and I put up my arms to ward off the blows. After that, I felt myself dying. When I awoke on the couch, she was standing beside me, and as I opened my eyes I saw her raise her club. Of the rest I know nothing, except that, when the doctor questioned me, I could not answer, for the hand of that woman was on my lips.'

'The *tupapau*,' remarked Mahine, the spirit-doctor, when the girl had been put to bed, 'cannot abide perfume; it will drive off the most dangerous of them. But though she pretends innocence, I know that girl has done an ill thing, to incur the anger of her grandmother.'

In justice to the spirit-world, I must add that Mahine was not mistaken. It was discovered afterward that the girl had acquired a lover and was concealing from her family the fact of an impending motherhood.

There is a good deal of misapprehension in regard to the native code of morality, which most white men dismiss with the statement that no such thing exists. In reality, the discovery that this child was involved in an intrigue was something of a shock to the native mind, for she was supposedly one of the chaste girls of whom every village possesses a few — carefully guarded, and objects of considerable local pride. Chastity is, I believe, and always has been, in Polynesia, a virtue as highly prized as it is rare, though we are apt to lose sight of the fact, because the woman who cannot boast of it is neither shunned nor scorned.

Native morals — or rather the lack of them — are responsible for the advent of a regrettably large proportion of visitors to the islands. This is simple truth. The credulous and shoddy voluptuary — in England, America, or France — chances on one of the South Sea books in vogue, to feast his mind on a text spiced with innuendo, and his eyes on portraits of brown ladies whose charms are trammeled only by the sketchiest of attire. After that, if circumstances permit, he is not unlikely to board a steamer for the islands; but a month or two later you will find him even more eager to return, for the reality of his tawdry dream does not exist — the women within his reach are, if possible, less interesting than their sisters of Leicester Square, or Sixth Avenue, or the *Butte*.

In general the white men of the islands are there for one of four reasons: work, drink, women, or a murky past. But generalities are proverbially deceptive, and a man like my friend the American recluse, who chooses to live on Tahiti — decently and wholesomely as he would live at home, — because

he likes the island and its people, is a perpetual aggravation to gossip. And he minds his own business — here, as elsewhere, an unpardonable sin.

Gossip — the occupation of the provincial and the dull — makes no allowance for variations from type; yet one must remember that the European who does not run to type is the only one fitted to make a success of life in the islands — far out of the white man's natural range. Consider again, for a moment, the case of my friend. He has an income, and his doctoring gives him an occupation; the first is a help, the second an indispensable accessory to content. He has eyes for the beautiful and imagination for the strange; in order to live as he chooses, he is willing to sacrifice what most of us would never in the world give up. Like the cobbler in quest of happiness on Rapa Iti, he is one of the very rare men who possess resources within themselves, who are able to get enjoyment from their own minds, and are not dependent on others for diversion from dull and paltry thoughts. The only white man in a remote native community, he lives with the Polynesian on such terms of intimacy as few Europeans could endure. Their confidence is his reward; and because they are always welcome at his house, where there is a phonograph and an inexhaustible supply of cigarettes, the natives do many things for him — favors he accepts as gracefully as they are tendered. Breadfruit, bananas, and taro are brought to his door in greater quantities than he can use; when the men of the village return from the reef, to divide their fish, his portion is not forgotten. The fame of his idyllic life has spread abroad, and I wonder sometimes if, in the end, he will not be forced to seek tranquillity in places even more remote.

On one occasion a little band of wanderers, elderly and unattached white women from the basin of the Mississippi, — devout readers of Gauguin and *White Shadows in the South Seas*, — journeyed happily to his retreat and gave him an anxious week. 'Poor fellow,' they said, 'living out there all alone; he must be nice — everyone says he is so kind to the dear natives. We can just as well stop there as in Papeete, and the sight of a white face will do him good.'

They were counting apparently, on a visit of indefinite duration, and he put in some agonizing days before his good-nature gave way at last.

'If you will reflect,' he suggested to his uninvited guests, 'it will become evident that I did not leave New York because I felt lonely there. As for white faces, I can always go to Papeete if I want to gaze at them — a need I have not felt so far.'

To most of us, in the same circumstances, the sight of white faces would be welcome — even the forbiddingly earnest countenances of æsthetic females: thin-lipped, leathery, and garnished with black-rimmed goggles. We do not vary from the type — and the type is better off at home. A good many men and women who come from the lands of the white man to seek an elusive *dolce far niente* in Polynesia are discovering this profound truth for themselves.

The South Seas are no less blue than when the ships of Cook traversed them, and the people of the islands, though dying fast, are perhaps not greatly changed. The palms still rustle soothingly as in the days of Melville's enchanted vision; the same trade-wind blows, and lonely lagoons still ripple under the stars. But the islands are not for people of our race — I say it, though I set at naught an old illusion. They may be places to visit once; but these are lands in which few white men linger, and to which fewer still return.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS

BY ANNIE W. NOEL

'Mrs. Scott is dead.'

Mrs. Anderson was shocked. She laid down her garden-shears and looked at Mrs. Hoxie, who was telling her.

For Mrs. Anderson had been planning to call; and she turned involuntarily toward Mrs. Scott's house just in back of her. Mrs. Scott had bought that house just six years ago. She had planted the most wonderful red peonies — they were blooming now — if she was dead —

Mrs. Anderson turned rather indignantly on Mrs. Hoxie. How should she know? She lived a whole block away —

'Mrs. Wilson saw the hearse at the door.'

A hearse!

Mrs. Anderson gazed at the silent house just behind. She had been planning to call.

'Mrs. Wilson was shocked,' Mrs. Hoxie went on. 'She said she felt she ought to have known it before the hearse came, living only four houses away. A hearse is a shock, of course. Mrs. Wilson is a lovely woman.'

That certainly was no way to speak of the dead. Mrs. Anderson looked after Mrs. Hoxie with resentment. Then her own remorse deepened. She had been planning to call, and the red peonies blooming so heartlessly in Mrs. Scott's own yard disturbed her. It was not right to let them stand that way if Mrs. Scott was dead. With a deep pang she wished she had called.

She went into Mrs. Lewis's next door, to see if Mrs. Lewis knew.

Mrs. Lewis knew. She had just read it in the New York *Tribune*. The New York *Tribune* still lay on the floor where it had fallen.

Tears were in Mrs. Lewis's eyes. It seemed so wrong, now, that they had lived so long almost back to back and had never spoken. 'I have met her on the street too,' said Mrs. Lewis, with profound regret.

Going back to her garden, Mrs. Anderson looked at Mrs. Scott's sightless windows. She had often wondered if Mrs. Scott was looking. Now she knew there was no one behind those windows. It was dreadful certainty.

She wished she had called.

She saw Mrs. Allen, next door on the other side, and wondered if she knew. She stepped to the hedge, irresistibly impelled.

'I don't believe it,' replied Mrs. Allen, with the utmost firmness.

Mrs. Anderson was aroused. Why a tone like that? Toward the dead? But she replied gently. The hearse had been seen at the door. And Mrs. Lewis had read it in the *Tribune*.

'Oh!' replied Mrs. Allen, unrelenting; 'the *Tribune*.'

She had n't known her personally, Mrs. Allen went on, seeming to think some explanation was due. All she knew of her was that, the day after they had moved in, a voice had called Mr. Allen on the 'phone, and asked if they were sure they had a building-permit to put up exactly that type of ready-cut garage.

Mrs. Anderson's eyes drooped as she looked at the garage. And again she

wondered, passionately, why she had n't called on Mrs. Scott.

Young Mrs. Baker was just passing, with little Marjorie.

'She's the only other woman in the block with just one child,' meditated young Mrs. Baker. '*Is* she dead?' asked young Mrs. Baker with energy.

The hearse had been seen at the door, And it was in the *Tribune*.

'Just before I left the house, not ten minutes ago,' continued young Mrs. Baker, only growing firmer, 'the Board of Health called up to say they had been asked to instruct me to keep Marjorie on her own premises until she got over her cough. A neighbor. With one child. They are not allowed to give names.'

Together they gazed at the silent house.

A colored woman came out and began to pick the peonies.

'I suppose she would know,' said Mrs. Anderson, with a catch in her voice.

She wished she had called.

The colored woman picked all the peonies.

The house stared at them.

'I was planning to call,' said Mrs. Anderson.

Mrs. Anderson went in to get her market-basket. She felt as if she must get away for a little while. But even the ma. ket-basket was on a shelf by the window, and through the window she saw Mrs. Scott's house.

'Oh!' cried Mrs. Anderson to herself, 'I wish I had called.'

At a turn of the road she stooped to help a small child with his rebellious sandal; and on lifting her head, looked straight at Mrs. Scott, pausing, interested.

'Oh!' Mrs. Anderson caught herself in time.

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Scott amused, tactful. 'So many did. It was Mr. Scott's mother. She had been visiting us.'

Swept on by the current of her relief, Mrs. Anderson felt a great need of saying something. She had been so profoundly moved. She had experienced so much in the last hour. It did not seem possible to have things return to their former basis. She had always felt that she would have liked Mrs. Scott. She had felt that Mrs. Scott was not quite understood by some. And to have died — actually died, without anyone's knowing it, when she lived just back —

But, no, she had not.

Mrs. Anderson felt justified in the feeling she had always thought she would have had for Mrs. Scott.

She had felt that Mrs. Scott would not.

'I have been intending to call,' she said warmly, trying to crowd all the passionate remorse of the last hour into a few words.

'Yes, do,' replied Mrs. Scott, with answering cordiality, as she passed on. 'Some time.'

PREACHING IN LONDON. III

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

(No sooner had the Armistice been signed, than there followed, not simply a rebound, but a collapse, which no one who lived through it will ever forget. Swiftly, tragically, the high mood of sacrifice yielded to a ruthless selfishness, and the solidarity won by the war was lost, together with most of the idealism that had stood the stress and terror of it. The moral demobilization was terrifying; the disillusionment appalling. Men had lived a generation in five years; and instead of a new world of which they had dreamed, they found themselves in a world embittered, confused, cynical, gray with grief, if not cracked to its foundations — all the old envies working their malign intent. Such a chaos offered free play to every vile and slimy influence, making the earth an auditorium for every hoarse and bitter voice that could make itself heard. It was a time of social irritation, moral reaction, and spiritual fatigue, almost more trying than the war itself, the only joy being that the killing of boys had stopped.

Old jealousies and new envies began to make themselves felt — among them a very emphatic anti-American feeling; a reminiscence, in part, of the impatience at our delay in entering the war, joined with suspicion of our wealth and power. The same was true in America, in its feeling toward England and the other Allies. Mrs. A. Burnett-Smith — 'Annie S. Swan' — in her admirable book, *America at Home*, tells how fine and warm the feeling in America was before the Armistice, and how quickly it changed: 'There was a reaction, of which was born a coolness, a new, subtle hostility, which one could sense everywhere.' Her book, I may add, is one of the few of its kind that never fails of that fineness of feeling which should always exist between kindred peoples. Her observations are interesting, her comments frank but kindly, and the whole book is informed with a charming and sympathetic personality. As Mr. W. L. George has said, if the war did not make us love our enemies, it at least taught us to hate our allies.)

November 20, 1918. — For one who has set great store by the coöperation of English-speaking peoples, the new anti-American propaganda is like a personal bereavement. The feeling in England with regard to America is certainly, as the Scotch would say, 'on the north side of friendly,' and manifests itself in many petty, nagging ways. To read the London papers now, one would think that America, and not Germany, had been the enemy of England in the war. Every kind of gibe, slur, and sneer is used to poison the public mind against America. My mail at the City Temple has become almost unreadable. It takes the familiar forms — among the upper classes an insufferably patronizing and contemptuous attitude toward America and all things American; among the lower classes an ignorant ill-will. The middle classes are not much influenced by it, perhaps because, as Emerson said, America is a 'middle-class country' — whereof we ought to be both grateful and proud. This feeling against America is confined, for the most part, to England, — it hardly exists in Scotland or in Wales, — and, like the anti-British feeling in America, it is a fruitful field for the venal press and the stupid demagogue. Naturally, a journal like *John Bull* — leader of the gutter-press — is in its glory; but even in the better class of papers one reads nasty flings at

America and its President. As for the *Morning Post*, no one expects anything other than its usual pose of supercilious condescension and savage satire, and it is at its brilliant worst. Six weeks ago we were regarded as friends; to-day our country is the target of ridicule as clever as it is brutal. No doubt it is mostly nerves — a part of the inevitable reaction — and will pass away; but it is none the less a tragedy.

November 22. — It is nothing short of a calamity that in this ugly hour of reaction and revenge there is to be a national election. There is no need for an election, no demand for it. But to those who can see beneath the surface, there is a deeper meaning. Three months ago Arthur Henderson said: 'If we have a national election in Britain, you will not get a Wilson peace.' I did not realize at the time what he meant; but I can now say to him, 'Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet.' There is to be a khaki election, such as Chamberlain had following the Boer War, the better to coin into political capital all the anger, suspicion, resentment, and disillusionment burning in the public mind. In other words, it is a deliberate scheme of the Prime Minister — or a group of strong men who use him as a tool — to mobilize the least admirable elements of England, — not the great, noble England, but a reactionary, imperialistic England, — and have them in solid phalanx behind the Peace Conference. And in the mood of the hour the scheme will work, with consequences both for England and for the world which no one can predict. Reaction in England will mean reaction elsewhere, if not everywhere.

November 24. — Nothing was left hazy after the speech of the Premier in Westminster Hall, launching his Coalition campaign. It was a skillful speech, intimating that even the Throne may be in danger, and playing upon the fears and hates of men. He wants a Parliament, he said, in which there shall be no opposition, — no criticism, no discussion, — and this proposal to prostitute Parliament was greeted with applause. There is protest in the Liberal press; but men in the street and tram give each other the knowing look and the approving nod, praising 'the Little Welsh Wizard.' It is called a 'Coupon Election,' since each Coalition candidate must have the indorsement of the Prime Minister, and the food-coupon is the most detestable thing in the public mind. Sir George Younger — master brewer of the kingdom — is the organizer and wire-puller of the campaign.

As for the Prime Minister, he is both the author and the hero of the most remarkable blood-and-thunder moving-picture show in political history; what the papers call 'The Victory Film, or How I Won the War.' He goes to and fro, shrieking two slogans. First, hang the Kaiser! Second, twenty-five thousand million pounds indemnity! What sublime statesmanship! Behind this smoke-screen of rhetoric and revenge the most sinister forces are busy; and the trick will work. Liberals and Laborites are unable to unite. Even if they should unite, they could not stem the tide. Two things are as plain as if they were written upon the wall. First, the President is defeated before he sails; and second, if the war is won, the peace is lost.

November 26. — Once again opinion is sharply divided as to the motives and purposes of the Prime Minister. By some he is held to be a messiah, by others a light-minded mountebank. Still others think he is only a political chameleon, taking color from the last strong man, or group of men, he meets. Obviously he is none of these things, but merely an opportunist, without any principle or policy, — except to retain power, — feeling his way to get all he

can. The story is that, walking in the House of Parliament with a friend the other day, he suddenly stopped, tapped his breast, and said: 'I sometimes wonder if this is Lloyd George.' His wonder is shared by millions of people. Certainly it is not the Lloyd George we used to know, who had the light of morning in his eyes. Limehouse is far in the distance. The fiery champion of justice for the Boers is a pathetic memory. The man who defied the vested interests of England in behalf of the poor, the aged, the disinherited, is a ghost. There is another Lloyd George, so new and strange that he does not know himself. With his personality, his power of speech, his political acumen, which almost amounts to inspiration, he could lead England anywhere; but he has turned back. It is one of the greatest failures of leadership in our time.

November 28. — Often one is tempted to think that the Labor Movement is the most Christian thing on this island. In its leadership, at least, it is spiritually minded; its leaders, as I have come to know them, being sincere, earnest, honest men who have worked their way up from the bottom, or else have been drawn into the Movement by the opportunity for service. Not all of them are so minded, but the outstanding leaders and spokesmen of the Movement — who, unfortunately, are in advance of the rank and file — are men of a type unknown, or nearly so, in American labor. Henderson, Thomas, Snowden, Webb, MacDonald, Clynes, and the rest, make a goodly group. Henderson is a lay preacher; so is Thomas. As for Robert Smillie, I do not know what his religious affiliations, if any, may be, except that he is a disciple of Keir Hardie, and that his relentless idealism is matched by the nobility of his character. Tall, gaunt, stooped, his face reveals the harsh attrition of earlier years; but his smile is kindly, and his eyes have in them the light of an unconquerable will. He helps one to know what Lincoln must have been like.

In this campaign the leaders of Labor are almost the only keepers of the nobler idealism of England, and their programme is essentially Christian. Alas, they have a heavy weight of inertia to carry, and one wonders if they can fire the apathetic mass, fatalistically submissive to its lot, and suspicious of anyone who tries to alter it.

November 29. — Anyway, I am having the time of my life, going to every sort of political meeting and listening to every sort of speech. It is a big show and a continuous performance. The best address I have heard, so far, was delivered by a Methodist preacher at a Labor meeting in Kingsway Hall. His sentences cracked like rifle-shots, and they hit the mark. The campaign makes me first sick, and then homesick; it is so like our way of doing it. That is, all except the hecklers. They are so quick and keen of retort. Also, the English can beat us at mud-slinging. It is humiliating to admit it, but it is so. We are amateurs in abusing the government; but we are young yet, and longer practice will no doubt give us greater skill. How like our elections is the hubbub and hysteria of it all. Mr. Asquith told me how he made a speech on world-affairs, and one of his audience said: 'What we want to know is, are we going to get a pier for our boats!' Always the local grievance clouds the larger issue. How familiar it is, as if a man went out, and encountered in the street what he thought for the moment was himself. Men, otherwise sane, seem to lose their senses in a political campaign. Statesmen talk drivel, promising what no mortal can perform, challenging the scorn of man and the judgment of heaven. O Democracy!

(As soon as it was known that the President was to attend the Peace Conference in person, the Tory papers in London began subtly and skillfully to paint a caricature of him in the public mind. He was described as a kind of Hamlet, living aloof in the cloisters of the White House; a visionary companioned by abstractions; a thinking-machine so cold that one could skate all round him, having 'as good a heart as can be made out of brains,' — 'not a man at all, but a bundle of formulæ,' — and, finally, by the *Morning Post*, as 'a political Moody and Sankey' coming to convert Europe to his gospel of 'internationalism,' which it described as a 'disease.' Such was the reactionary attitude toward the man who made the only constructive suggestion seeking to prevent the 'collective suicide' of war. But only a small part of the British press was guilty of such a violation of good form and good feeling. The *Times* — by virtue, no doubt, of its position, not only as a journal, but as an institution — secured from the President a memorable interview, in which he was shown to be actually and attractively human; and, further, that he had no intention of demanding the sinking of the British Fleet.

The President arrived in London the day after Christmas, and the greeting accorded him by the English people was astonishingly hearty and enthusiastic. Their curiosity to see the man whose words had rung in their ears, expressing what so many hoped but so few were able to say, joined with their desire to pay homage to the first President of our Republic who had set foot on English soil. His visit was taken to be a gesture of good-will, and I have never seen anything like the way in which he captured the English people. He swept them off their feet. For a brief time his marvelous personality, his 'magic of the necessary word,' his tact, his charm, seemed to change the climate of the island. No man in our history could have represented us more brilliantly. In Buckingham Palace as the guest of the King, in the old Guildhall as a guest of the City, at the luncheon in the Mansion House, his words were not a mere formal, diplomatic response, but real in their unaffected simplicity, and as appropriate as they were eloquent. On the Sabbath, instead of going with the King to worship at St. Paul's, he went to the little Nonconformist Chapel at Carlisle, where his mother had been a girl, and his grandfather the minister. His brief talk in the old pulpit was a gem, and it touched the people deeply. At the Mansion House luncheon we heard the news of the election returns — the result having been delayed in order to get the report of the soldier vote.)

December 28. — So the President has come and gone, and the Prime Minister has learned what was in his Christmas stocking. It is a blank check, and he may now fill it in with such stakes as he can win at the Peace Table. He divined aright the bitter mood and temper of the hour. It is a Tory victory by a trick, the Liberal Party having been asphyxiated, if not destroyed; and it remains to be seen whether it can be resuscitated. Mr. Asquith was defeated; Mr. Bottomley was elected! In America that would be equal to the defeat of Elihu Root and the election of Hearst, and would be deemed a disaster. So the Prime Minister gets what he wanted — a Parliament tied, hamstrung, without moral mandate, three quarters of its members having accepted the coupon; and of the remainder, the largest party consists of seventy Sinn Feiners who are either in prison or pledged not to sit in the House. It is a Parliament in which there will be no effective opposition, the Labor Party being insignificant and badly led. The Prime Minister gets what he wants, but at the sacrifice of the noblest tradition in British history. Labor is sullen, bitter, angry. I predict a rapid development of the dogma of Direct Action; and, if it is so, the Prime Minister will have no one to blame but himself. Such is the effect of a trick election, the tragedy of which grows as its meaning is revealed.

(The reference to Mr. Bottomley implies no ill-will to him personally, though I hate the things for which he stands. When it was

announced that I had accepted the invitation to the City Temple, I received a long cablegram from Mr. Bottomley, suggesting that I write for his paper, *John Bull*, and telling of his admiration for Dr. Parker. Unfortunately, as I did not choose to be introduced to England through such a medium, I could not accept his invitation. Often — especially after my protest against the increase of brewery supplies — he wrote cruel things about me. It did not matter; I should have been much more unhappy if he had written in my praise. He is the captain of the most dangerous and disintegrating elements in Britain, — the mob as distinct from democracy, — the crowded public-house, the cheap music-hall, and the nether side of the sporting world. With facile and copious emotions, he champions the cause of the poor, with ready tears for ruined girls — preferably if the story of their ruin will smack a little smuttily in his paper. Since the Armistice, his office has been the poison-factory and centre of anti-American propaganda, and in playing upon the fears and hates and prejudices of people, he is a master. Alas, we are only too familiar with his type on this side of the sea.)

January 4, 1919. — Joined a group to-day noon, to discuss the problem of Christian union, by which they seemed to mean Church union — a very different thing. But it was only talk. Men are not ready for it, and the time is not ripe. Nor can it be hastened, as my friend the Bishop of Manchester thought when he proposed some spectacular dramatization of the Will to Fellowship during the war. Still less will it come by erasing all historical loyalties in one indistinguishable blue of ambiguity. If it is artificial, it will be superficial. It must come spiritually and spontaneously, else it will be a union, not of the Church, but of the churchyard. Dicker and deal suggest a horse-trade. No, our fathers parted in passion; in passion we must come together. It must be a union, not of compromise, but of comprehension. If all the churches were made one to-day, what difference would it make? Little, if any. Something deeper and more drastic is needed. As the Elizabethan Renaissance was moralized by the advent of Puritanism, and the reaction from the French Revolution was followed by the Evangelical Revival, so, by a like rhythm, the new age into which we are entering will be quickened, in some unpredictable way, by a renewal of religion. Then, perhaps, on a tide of new life, we may be drawn together in some form of union. In this country no union is possible with a State Church, unless the Free Churches are willing to turn the faces of their leaders to the wall. So far from being a national church, the Anglican communion is only a tiny sect on one end of the island. Its claim to a monopoly of apostolicity is not amenable to the law of gravitation — since it rests upon nothing, no one can knock away its foundations. Just now we are importuned to accept the 'historic episcopacy' for the sake of regularity, as if regularity were more important than reality. Even the Free Churches have failed to federate, and one is not sorry to have it so, remembering the lines of an old Wiltshire love-song which I heard the other day:—

> If all the world were of one religion
> Many a living thing should die.

January 12. — Alas! affairs on the lovely but unhappy island of Ireland seem to go from bad to worse, adding another irritation to a shell-shocked world. From a distance the Irish issue is simple enough, but near at hand it is a sad tangle, complicated by immemorial racial and religious rancors, and, what is sadder still, by a seemingly hopeless incompatibility of temperament between the peoples of these two islands. They do not, and apparently cannot, understand each other. It looks like the old problem of what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object. Besides, the friction is not only

between Ireland and England, but between two Irelands — different in race, religion, and economic organization. If Ireland could be divided, as Lincoln divided Virginia, the riddle would be solved. But no Irishman will agree.

The English people, as I talk with them about Ireland, are as much bewildered by it as anybody else. They do feel hurt at the attitude of South Ireland during the war, and I confess I cannot chide them for it. Ireland was exempted from conscription, from rationing, from nearly all the hardships of a war which, had it been lost, would have meant the enslavement of Ireland, as well as the rest of the world. A distinguished journalist told me that his own Yorkshire relatives were forced into Irish regiments by politicians, to make it appear that Ireland was fighting. The Irish seaboard, except in Ulster, was hostile seaboard. It required seventy-five thousand men to keep order in Ireland, and that, too, at a time when every man was needed at the front. Ulster, in the meantime, did magnificently in the war, and it would be a base treachery to coerce it to leave the United Kingdom. Ulster may be dour and relentless, but it has rights which must be respected. Yet, if England does not find a way out of the Irish muddle, she may imperil the peace of the world. So the matter stands, like the Mark Twain story in which he got the hero and heroine into so intricate a tangle that he gave it up, and ended by offering a prize to anyone who could get them out of it.

January 14. — To-day a distinguished London minister told me a story about the President, for which he vouches. He had it from the late Sylvester Horne, — Member of Parliament and minister of Whitefield's Chapel, — who had known the President for years before he was elevated to his high office. Horne happened to be in America — where he was always a welcome guest — before the war, shortly after the President was inaugurated, and he called at the White House to pay his respects. In the course of the talk, he expressed satisfaction that the relations between England and America would be in safe hands while the President was in office. The President said nothing, and Horne wondered at it. Finally he forced the issue, putting it as a question point-blank. The President said, addressing him in the familiar language of religious fellowship: 'Brother Horne, one of the greatest calamities that has befallen mankind will come during my term of office. It will come from Germany. Go home and settle the Irish question, and there will be no doubt as to where America will stand.'

How strange, how tragic, if, having kept America out of the war for more than two years, — since nearly all Irishmen are in the party of the President, — Ireland should also keep America out of the peace, and defeat, or at least indefinitely postpone, the organization of an effective league of nations! Yet such may be the price we must pay for the wrongs of olden time, by virtue of the law whereby the sins of the fathers are visited upon generation after generation. Naturally the English people do not understand our urgent interest in the problem of Ireland, not knowing how it meddles in our affairs, poisoning the springs of good-will, and thwarting the coöperation between English-speaking peoples upon which so much depends.

January 16. — At the London Poetry Society — which has made me one of its vice-presidents — one meets many interesting artists, as well as those who are trying to sing the Everlasting Song in these discordant days — Masefield, Noyes, Newbolt, Yeats, Mackereth, to name but a few, with an occasional glimpse of Hardy. Nor do I forget May

Doney, a little daughter of St. Francis, walking *The Way of Wonder*. A reading of poetry by Sir Forbes Robertson is always an event, as much for his golden voice as for his interpretative insight. The plea of Mackereth, some time ago, for poetry as a spiritual teacher and social healer, was memorable, appealing to the Spirit of Song to bring back to hearts grown bitter and dark the warmth and guidance of vision. The first time I heard of Mackereth was from a British officer as we stood ankle-deep in soppy mud in a Flanders trench. If only we could have a League of Poets there would be hope of a gentler, better world, and they surely could not make a worse mess of it than the 'practical' men have made. If the image in the minds of the poets of to-day is a prophecy of to-morrow, we may yet hope for a world where pity and joy walk the old, worn human road, and 'Beauty passes with the sun on her wings.'

January 19. — The Peace Conference opened with imposing ceremony at Versailles yesterday, and now we shall see what we shall see. An idealist, a materialist, and an opportunist are to put the world to rights. Just why a pessimist was not included is hard to know, but no doubt there will be pessimists a-plenty before the job is done. Clemenceau is a man of action, Lloyd George a man of transaction, and what kind of a man the President is, in negotiations of this nature, remains to be revealed. The atmosphere is unfavorable to calm deliberation and just appraisement. The reshaping of the world out-of-hand, to the quieting of all causes of discord, is humanly impossible. Together Britain and America would be irresistible if they were agreed, and if they were ready for a brave, large gesture of world-service — but they are not ready. America had only enough of the war to make it mad and not enough to subdue it; Britain had enough to make it bitter. As a penalty of having no axe to grind, America will have to bear the odium of insisting upon sound principles and telling unpalatable truths, and so may not come off well. We shall see whether there is any honor among nations, whether the terms of the Armistice will be made a 'scrap of paper,' and whether there is to be a league of peace or a new balance of power — a new imperialism for the old. Meanwhile, all ears will be glued to the keyhole, straining to hear even a whisper of 'open covenants, openly arrived at.'

January 30. — On my way back from Scotland I broke my journey at Leicester, to preach in the church of Robert Hall — the Pork-Pie Church, as they call it, because of its circular shape. In the evening I lectured on Lincoln. Leicester, I remembered, had been the home of William Carey, and I went to see his little Harvey Lane Church, where he dreamed his great dream and struggled with drunken deacons. Just across the narrow street is the red-brick cottage where he lived, teaching a few pupils and working at his cobbler's bench to eke out a living. It is now a Missionary Museum, preserved as nearly as possible in its original form and furniture, its ceiling so low that I could hardly stand erect. There, in his little back-shop, — with its bench and tools, like those Carey used, — a great man worked. Pegging away, he nevertheless kept a map of the world on the opposite wall of his shop, dreaming the while of world-conquest for Christ. There, too, he thought out that mighty sermon which took its text from Isaiah 54: 2, 3, and had two points: Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God.

No other sermon of that period — 1792 — had only two points, and none ever had a finer challenge to the faith of Christian men. We need the vision of

Carey in this broken world to-day, that so, however humble our lot, we may learn to think in world-terms — in terms, that is, of one humanity and one Christianity. I felt myself standing at the fountain-head of that river of God which will yet make this war-ridden earth blossom as a rose.

April 8. — The City Temple mail-bag entails an enormous amount of labor, bringing almost a hundred letters a week; but it is endlessly interesting. There are letters of all kinds — a series from Manchester proving that the world is hollow and that we live on the inside — and from everywhere: China, India, France, America, and all over Britain. If an American says a naughty thing about Britain, a copy of it is sent to me, underlined. If it is the other way round, I am not allowed to forget it. There are letters from ministers whose faith has been shaken, and from others who want to go to America; pitiful letters from shell-shocked boys in hospitals; letters from bereaved parents and widowed girls — heroic, appealing, heart-breaking, like that from an old woman in the north of England whose life of sorrow was crowned by the loss of her two grandsons in the war. In closing she said: 'Me youth is gone, me hope is dead, me heart is heavy; but I neglect no duty.' To which I could only reply that, though God had taken everything else, in leaving her a love of righteousness He had left her the best gift He had.

As nearly all the City Temple sermons and prayers are published, both hearers and readers write to agree or disagree, or, more often, to relate difficulties of faith or duty. The mail-bag is thus an index to the varying moods of the time in respect to matters of faith, and I learn more from it than I am able to teach others. Every time a sermon has to do with Christ, it is sure to be followed by a shower of letters, asking that the subject be carried further. In spite of the agitations of the world, — perhaps because of them, — What think ye of Christ? remains the most absorbing and fascinating of all questions.

Somehow, in spite of my practice for the last ten years, I have always had a shrinking feeling about writing and printing prayers. Yet, when I receive letters telling how perplexed and weary folk are helped by them, I relent. Public prayer, of course, is different from private devotion; it is individual, indeed, but representative and symbolic, too. One speaks for many, some of whom are dumb of soul, and if one can help others to pray, it is worth while. Yesterday, in the Authors' Club, a man took me aside and told me this story. He was an officer invalided out of the service, having been wounded and smitten with fever in the Mesopotamian campaign. He took from his pocket a tiny book, — it looked like a notebook, — saying that it contained the bread, the meat, the milk, all that had kept his soul alive on the long marches and the weary waits in the hospitals. I thought it was, perhaps, a copy of the New Testament, or the *Imitation of Christ;* but, on opening it, I found ten of my little prayers cut from the paper and pasted in the book. Such things help me to go on, even against a shrinking I cannot define.

April 16. — The hearings of the British Coal Commission, in the King's Robing-Room, some of which I have attended, look and sound like a social judgment-day. Never, I dare say, has England seen such pitiless publicity on the lives of the workers, the fabulous profits of the owners, — running up as high as 147 per cent, — and the 'rigging' of the public. It is like a searchlight suddenly turned on. No wonder the country stands aghast. Nothing could surpass the patience, the cour-

age, the relentless politeness of Robert Smillie, who conducts the case for the miners. He has had all England on dress-parade — lords, dukes, and nobles — while he examined them as to the titles to their holdings. They were swift and often witty in their replies, but it means much that they had to come when summoned by a miner. They were bored and surly, but they humbly obeyed. Truly, we are in a new England; and though their lordships may have a brief success in the King's Robing-Room, they are in fact already defeated — and they know it. They win a skirmish, but they lose a battle.

May 10. — What the Free Catholicism may turn out to be remains to be disclosed; so far, it is more clever and critical than constructive. W. E. Orchard is its Bernard Shaw, and W. G. Peck its Chesterton. At first, it was thought to be only a protest against the ungracious barrenness of Nonconformist worship, in behalf of rhythm, color, and symbolism. But it is more than that. It seeks to unite personal religious experience with its corporate and symbolical expression, thus blending two things too often held apart. As between Anglicans and Nonconformists, it discovers the higher unity of things which do not differ, seeking the largeness of Christ in whose radiance there is room for every type of experience and expression. It lays emphasis on fellowship, since no one can find the truth for another, and no one can find it alone. Also, by reinterpreting and extending the sacramental principle, and at the same time disinfecting it of magic, the Free Catholicism may give new impetus to all creative social endeavor. For years it has been observed that many ultra-high Churchmen — for example, Bishop Gore, who is one of the noblest characters in modern Christianity — have been leaders in the social interpretation of Christianity. Perhaps, at last, we shall learn that it was not the Church, but Humanity, with which Jesus identified Himself when He said: 'This is my body broken for you.' The great thing about Christianity is that no one can tell what it will do next.

June 2. — Have been down in Wales for a day or two, lecturing on Lincoln, and also feeling the pulse of the public sentiment. I found it beating quick and hot. Indeed, not only in Wales, but all over the north of England, there is white-hot indignation — all due to that wretched election last autumn. One hears revolutionary talk on all sides, and only a spark is needed to make an explosion. When I see the hovels in which the miners live, — squalid huts, more like pig-pens than human homes, — I do not wonder at the unrest of the people, but at their infinite patience. Physical and moral decay are inevitable, and the spiritual life is like a fourth dimension. I asked a Labor leader what it is that is holding things together, and he replied: 'All that holds now is the fact that these men went to Sunday School in the churches and chapels of Wales years ago; nothing else restrains them.' Thus a religious sense of the common good, of communal obligation, holds, when all other ties give way. But the churches and chapels are empty today, and in the new generation what will avert the 'emancipated, atheistic, international democracy,' so long predicted? Religion must do something more than restrain and conserve: it must create and construct. If ever we find the secret of creative social evolution, it will be in a deeper insight into the nature and meaning of religion as a social reality, as well as a private mysticism. This at least is plain: the individual and the social gospel belong together, and neither will long survive the shipwreck of the other. Never, this side of heaven, do I expect to hear such singing as I heard in Wales!

June 16. — Henry James said that three marks distinguish London — her size, her parks, and her 'magnificent mystification.' To know the mystification one needs to spend a night — cool, moonless, and windy — on top of St. Paul's Cathedral. After climbing as many steps as there are days in the year, and a journey through devious diagonals, we emerge by a tiny door leading to the Golden Gallery, three hundred feet above the sleeping city. Sounds as they ascend are isolated and identifiable, even when softened by distance or teased by the wind. Fleet Street, westward, is a ravine of yellow glamour. Cheapside looks like a fissure in the side of a volcano, where blackness swallows up everything else. The bridges play at criss-cross with lamp-reflections in the river. The clock-tower of Westminster, like a moon and a half, shines dimly, and the railway signals at Cannon Street Station look like stars of the under-world — crimson, emerald, amber. By half-past three a sky, mottled with heavy clouds, begins to sift them into planes and fills the breaks with the sort of light that is 'rather darkness visible.' Slowly the pall over the city, half mist and half smoke, — the same 'presumptuous smoake' of Evelyn's day, — begins to drift sullenly with the wind, like a gas-attack. An hour ago the lamplights made everything seem ghostly; now the ghostliness is theirs. Presently, out of a sea of slate, Wren's steeples rise like gaunt spectres, with an air compounded of amazement and composure. The last thing to take shape is the Cathedral itself; first the gilt Cross shines palely, then the Lantern grows to unearthly whiteness, but the Dome still broods in darkness. As we watch, the campaniles and the statues below turn from alabaster to ivory. Squadrons of clouds float in an atmosphere that is turning from gray to pearl, and from pearl to gold, like the rosy *amorini* in a Venetian altar-piece. The river is astir with barges, and early trams sprinkle grains of humanity about the thoroughfares. Camden Town crawls back under its pall of industrial smoke. At last the city, in all its infinitude of detail, is revealed, and the mystification of the night gives way to the day with 'sovran eye.' A flashing glimpse of the Cathedral from within, in the glow of the eastern windows, makes one wonder why we do not offer our worship, as they do in the East, at dawn.

July 25. — With appalling clarity we are beginning to see how little we gained by the war, and how much we lost. Instead of a world worthy of the generosity and idealism of the dead, we have moral collapse, revolutionary influenza, industrial chaos, and an orgy of extravagance. In politics, in business, in social life, things are done which would have excited horror and disgust in 1914. One recalls the lines of Chesterton written after the landslide election of 1906: —

> The evil Power, that stood for Privilege
> And went with Women and Champagne and Bridge,
> Ceased: and Democracy assumed its reign,
> Which went with Bridge and Women and Champagne.

Nothing is more terrible than the moral let-down all about us, unless it is the ease and haste with which a wild and forgetful world has proved false to the vows it swore in its hour of terror. Yesterday a London magistrate said that half the crime in the kingdom is bigamy. Reticences and modesties seem to have been thrown overboard to an accompaniment of the jazz dance, which has become a symbol of the mood of the hour. Often it has been said that man is the modest sex, but I never believed it until now. Young girls between fifteen and twenty-two are unmanageable, and imitate the manners of courte-

sans. Working for good wages, they are independent of their parents, demanding latchkeys, to come and go at all hours; and at the slightest restraint they leave home. In broad daylight the public parks are scenes of such unspeakable vulgarity that one is grateful for the protection of garden walls. Who can estimate the injury done by this loosening of the moral bonds, this letting down of the bars to the brute? Those who speak of war as a purifier of morals are masters of a Satanic satire!

September 12. — These are days when anything may happen. Having lived for five years in an atmosphere of violence, men are irritable, and riots break out on the slightest pretext. Many fear that the history of a century ago, when Peterloo followed Waterloo, may repeat itself. Nobody is satisfied with the result of the Peace Conference — sorriest of sequels to a victory won by solidarity and sacrifice. Some think the treaty too hard, some too soft, and all wonder how it can be enforced without sowing the seeds of other wars. The Covenant of the League is criticized as keenly here as in America, but with nothing like the poisonous partisan and personal venom displayed at home. It is felt that, if the nations hold together, the Covenant can be amended and the treaty revised and made workable as need requires; but if they pull apart, the case is hopeless.

What is happening in America is hard to make out, except that, under cover of a poison-gas attack on the President, all the elements that opposed the war — including the whole hyphenated contingent — have formed a coalition of hatreds to destroy him. At the Peace Conference he was the victim of a vendetta by men of his own country who, for partisan purposes, tried to stab their own President in the back at the very moment when he was negotiating a treaty of peace in a foreign land! Not unnaturally the attitude of the Senate is interpreted on this side as a repudiation of the war by America. 'You came late and go early; having helped to put out the fire, you leave us to clean up the mess,' my English friends say. No wonder they feel bitter, and this feeling is fanned by the anti-American fanatics, whose organized propaganda — something new in England — has been so active since the Armistice. No doubt it is provoked in part by the stupid anti-British propaganda in America, with other elements added, the while sinister forces are busy in behalf of estrangement between two peoples who should be, not only friends, but fellow workers for the common good.

(An unhappy example of this feeling, which marred the closing weeks of my ministry, was an alleged 'interview' which appeared in the *Daily News*, purporting to come from me. It made me use words remote from my thought, in a spirit foreign to my nature; and the result was an impression so alien to my spirit, and so untrue to the facts, as to be grotesque. Such words as these were put into my mouth: 'I have come reluctantly to the opinion that an American minister cannot really succeed in England. There is something in the English character or point of view — I cannot define it — that seems to prevent complete agreement and sympathy between the two. There exists a body of opinion amongst the middle men in the ministry and the churches that objects to the permanent settlement of American preachers in this country.' All of which was manufactured so far as I was concerned, however true it may be to English opinion. When the man who did it was asked for his reason, he said that he wished 'to keep American ministers from coming to England.' Of course, it will take more than that to keep us from going to England, — though I dare say it will be many a day before an American accepts an English pastorate, — but the incident illustrates the state of mind almost a year after the Armistice. Unfortunately that feeling still exists, and it makes an exchange of pulpits difficult for Americans who have any national self-respect.

However, by patience and mutual regard this irritation may be overcome in the morning of a fairer, clearer day.)

October 9. — Sir Oliver Lodge lectured in the City Temple to-night. The Temple was full, with many standing in the aisles. His subject was 'The Structure of the Atom,' and he spoke for more than an hour, holding his audience in breathless interest Even the children present heard and understood, as if it had been a fairy-story. Indeed, it was more fascinating than a fairy-story — his illustrations were so simple, so vivid. As a work of art, the lecture was a rare feat. If only the men of the pulpit could deal with the great themes of faith — surely not more abstract than the structure of the atom — with the same simplicity and lucidity, how different it would be! Tall, well-formed, his dome-like head reminding one of the pictures of Tennyson, the lecturer was good to look at, good to hear; and the total impression of his lecture was an overwhelming sense of the reality of the Unseen. He made only one reference to psychical studies, and that was to warn people to go slow, not to leap beyond the facts, and, above all, — since spiritualism is not spirituality, — not to make such matters a religion. This advice came with the greater weight from the man who more than all others, perhaps, has lifted such investigations to the dignity of a new science.

October 12. — Mr. Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Clynes, and Premier Venizelos of Greece, all on the same platform, speaking in behalf of the League of Nations! Such was the bill of fare at the Mansion House, to which was added — for me — a spicy little chat with Mrs. Asquith, most baffling of women. She is lightning and fragrance all mixed up with a smile, and the lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Mr. Asquith read his address — as he has been wont to do since he first became Prime Minister — in a style as lucid as sunlight and as colorless: a deliberate and weighty address, more like a judicial opinion than an oration, yet with an occasional flash of hidden fire. Clynes also read his address, which was a handicap, for he is a very effective speaker when he lets himself go. Lord Robert — tall, stooped, with centuries of British culture written in his face — was never more eloquent in his wisdom and earnestness; and one heard in his grave and simple words the finer mind of England. If only he were more militant, as he would be but for too keen a sense of humor. He has the spiritual quality which one misses so much in the statesmanship of our day — I shall never be happy until he is Prime Minister! Venizelos was winning, graceful, impressive; and in a brief talk that I had with him afterward, he spoke with warm appreciation of the nobility and high-mindedness of the President. He has the brightest eyes I have seen since William James went away. Without the moral greatness of Masaryk, or the Christian vision of Smuts, he is one of the most interesting personalities of our time and one of its ablest men.

October 20. — The President is stricken at a time when he is most needed! It is appalling! Without him reaction will run riot. Though wounded in a terrifying manner, he still holds the front-line trench of the moral idealism of the world! Whatever his faults at home, — his errors of judgment or his limitations of temperament, — in his world-vision he saw straight; and he made the only proposal looking toward a common mind organized in the service of the common good. Nothing can rob him of that honor. If our people at home had only known the sinister agencies with which he had to contend, — how all the militarists of Europe were mobilized against him at Paris, — they would see that his achievement, while falling below his

ideal, as all mortal achievements do, was nothing short of stupendous. Those who know the scene from this side have an honorable pride in the President; and though his fight should cost him his life, when the story is finally told he will stand alongside another who went 'the way of dominion in pitiful, high-hearted fashion' to his martyrdom. He falls where a brave man should fall, at the front, as much a casualty of the war as any soldier who fell in Flanders or the Argonne.

November 11. — Sunday evening, the 9th, was my last service as the Minister of the City Temple, and the sermon had for its text Revelation 3: 14 — 'These things saith the Amen.' It was an effort to interpret that old, familiar, haunting word, — the Amen of God to the aspiration of man, and the Amen of man to the way and will of God, — seeking to make vivid that vision which sees through the shadows, and affirms, not that all is well, nor yet that all is ill, but that all shall be well when 'God hath made the pile complete.' Its message was that, when humanity sees what has been the Eternal Purpose from the beginning, and the 'far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves,' the last word of history will be a grand Amen — a shout of praise, the final note of the great world-song. To-day, at noon, all over the Empire, everything paused for two minutes, in memory of the dead. The City Temple was open and many people gathered for that moment of silent, high remembrance; and that hushed moment was my farewell to the great white pulpit, and to a ministry wrought in the name of Jesus in behalf of good-will — speaking with stammering voice those truths which will still be eloquent when all the noises of to-day have followed the feet that made them, into Silence.

November 12. — To-night the National Council of the Brotherhood Movement, which gave me so warm a welcome in 1916, tendered me a parting dinner — an hour which I can neither describe nor forget. Dr. Clifford — a veteran soldier in the wars of God — presided, and his presence was a benediction. Looking back over my three years and a half in London, I can truly say that, though I did not want to come, and would not have come at all but for the war, I do not regret that I did come — save for the scenes of horror and suffering, which I pray God to be able to forget. Nor do I regret leaving, though my ministry has been a triumph from the beginning, in spite of many errors of my own added to the terrible conditions under which it was wrought. As long as I live I shall carry in my heart the faces of my dear friends in England, and especially the love and loyalty of the people of the City Temple — the memory of their kindness is like sacramental wine in the Cup of Everlasting Things. Perhaps, on the other side of the sea, because I now know the spirit and point of view of both peoples, I may be able to help forward the great friendship.

November 14. — Hung in my memory are many pictures of the beauty-spots of this Blessed Island: glens in the Highlands of Scotland; the 'banks and braes o' bonny Doon'; stately old cathedrals, — strong, piteous, eloquent, — sheltering the holy things of life; the towers and domes of Oxford; Stoke Poges on a still summer day; the roses of Westcliff; the downs of Wiltshire, where Walton went a-fishing and Herbert preached the gospel — and practised it, too; Rottingdean-on-the-Sea; scenes of the Shakespeare country — the church, the theatre, the winding Avon; the old Quaker Meeting-house in Buckinghamshire, where Penn and Pennington sleep; the mountains of North Wales; great, gray London, in

all its myriad moods: London in the fog, the mist, the rain; London by moonlight; the old, rambling city whose charm gathers and grows, weaving a spell which one can neither define nor escape; London from Primrose Hill on a clear, frosty day; London from the dome of St. Paul's; London from the Savoy in October, seen through a lattice of falling leaves, while a soft haze hangs over the River of Years. It is said that, if one lives in London five years, he will never be quite happy anywhere else — and I am leaving it just in time!

WORDS

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Words with the freesia's wounded scent I know,
And those that suck the slow irresolute gold
Out of the daffodil's heart; cool words that hold
The crushed gray light of rain, or liquidly blow
The wild bee droning home across the glow
Of rippled wind-silver; or, uncontrolled,
Toss the bruised aroma of pine; and words as cold
As water torturing through frozen snow.

And there are words that strain like April hedges
Upward; lonely words with tears on them;
And syllables whose haunting crimson edges
Bleed: 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!'
And that long star-drift of bright agony:
'Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!'

RELIGIOUS CONTRASTS

LETTERS OF A PANTHEIST AND A CHURCHMAN

[If the pantheistic philosophy of life, which has been with honest conviction developed and expounded by John Burroughs, has been unsettling to the peace and the beliefs of many good persons, which I much fear is the case, it is comfortable to feel — as I do after a study of it made since, about eighteen months ago, this brief correspondence was exchanged with him — that it is a wholesome unsettlement! Because we are not going to stop with it.

If mankind, whether now of Christian, of Mohammedan, of Buddhist, of Agnostic, or of other persuasion, knowing too well the incongruities of practice in all of those persuasions, shall in time take to heart the Burroughs philosophy against superstition and sham, against miracles and mysticism, it assuredly can, without material halt in its progress to the light, consider with him whether 'we create a Creator, we rule a Ruler, we invent a Heaven and a Hell.' For that is but a step. And the next step must be a realization of the absurdity of the concept that impersonal, unreasoning, blind Nature, which Burroughs finds merciless and cruel as well as good, and finds to be all he can conceive of God, can be itself the author of the marvelous and inexorable laws by which it is confessedly driven.

No; I have an abiding faith that we shall march forward, away beyond him, first clearing the path of doubts such as he raises, that hold back our thinkers, and of pearly gates and immaculate conceptions that hold back our unthinking; and shall know that out of an unreasoning and impersonal Nature cannot have been developed blindly a highly reasoning, dominating, if sinful, race of beings. And if our God is not unreasoning and impersonal, then it is fair to believe Him reasoning and personal. — Herbert D. Miles.]

(*From Herbert D. Miles*)

Asheville, N.C., *October* 27, 1919.

Since reading your recent article, I have desired, and have several times resisted an impulse, to write you; I have hesitated, believing that you may have been annoyed by many a thoughtless critic or disputant. I am an ordinary, average American business man, with such a man's inferior powers of analysis when compared with your own. Had the statements made by you in the article in question been made in something written by the late Robert Ingersoll, for example, they would have disturbed me not a whit, as my conception of him, rightly or wrongly, has always been upon a different plane from my respect for you. But since reading your statements it has seemed, unhappily, as if the Anchor to all that makes for hope beyond this life had suddenly been cut away.

It may well be that I have not comprehended the full meaning and intent of your article. The impression it gave me was, that you feel that it is rather childish in humankind to pray; to look to a sort of all-wise Father; to believe that any Power, higher than we are,

cares for us individually; that in doing this, we are setting up a sort of Golden Calf for ourselves; and that there is but a slight and refined difference between 'Church bells and good Sunday raiment' and the ceremonies of the heathen; that Jesus Christ, and all that he has meant, is merely the product of an Oriental imagination and idealism, written, some generations after, into the presumably established fact of his life and crucifixion.

If it is not asking too much, will you let me know whether my interpretation of you, as above expressed, is substantially true?

(*From John Burroughs*)

RIVERBY, N.Y., *October* 30, 1919.

I suppose my paper, to which you refer, is capable of the interpretation you place upon it. I have enough such essays to make a volume. Did you see one called 'Shall we accept the Universe?' In all these papers I attempt to justify the ways of God to man on natural grounds. If you attempt to do it on theological grounds you get hopelessly mired. I am a Pantheist. The only God I know is the one I see daily and hourly all about me. I do not and cannot separate Nature and God. If you make two of them, then who made and rules Nature? My God is no better and no worse than Nature.

Of the hereafter I have no conception. This life is enough for me. The Christianity you believe in is a whining, simpering, sentimental religion. The religion of the old Greeks was much more brave and manly. Christianity turns its back on Nature and relegates it to the Devil. I am done with the religion of Kings and Despots. We must have a religion of democracy, and find the divine in the common, the universal, the near-at-hand. Such is the religion of Science. The Christian myths have had their day. Only the moral and ethical part of Christianity, which harmonizes with Science, will endure. Its legend must perish.

(*From Herbert D. Miles*)

ASHEVILLE, N.C., *November* 6, 1919.

Thank you for your very clear letter of the 30th October. It answers my inquiry perfectly, and I am sure that you do not wish from me any attempt to dissuade you from your position, even should I have the temerity to attempt such a thing. But I do feel that I possibly have a more or less fortunate detachment, in that I have not read any of your former papers pertaining to religion, nor on the other hand have I indulged in the reading of any books, higher criticisms, or papers of a controversial nature defending either broad or narrow views of Christianity. So I believe it possible that we might find a common ground and even concede each other something — which might do each of us good.

I wonder if you have ever asked yourself whether our civilization would get us anywhere if we were *all* Pantheists, like you? It seems to me that, as we cannot all be distinguished naturalists, and cannot all have your firmness of character, those of us who are merely average men would be apt to be wholly without an 'Anchor' save human law; and as we make human law, that would easily become changed. We should have a feeling of 'after us, the deluge'; and license, rather than self-control, of the majority, would rule.

And I wonder if you state more than a half-truth when you say that the Christian religion is a simpering, sentimental thing, and that the religion of the ancient Greeks was much more brave and manly? I know professing teachers of our Christian religion to-day who are as brave and manly as any Greek who ever lived; I have no doubt there were simpering sentimentalists in

ancient Athens. Indeed, as you know, Socrates encountered some. I would as soon admire the religion of a tiger, if it comes to that; the tiger is as brave as, and less sensual than, the old Greek.

If I knew you better, I might make fun of your saying that you are done with the religion of Kings and Despots. Plenty of these in history, you will recall upon reflection, were essentially Pantheists. I know you are thinking of the recent war — after quoting the Greeks, who were never at peace! I agree with you that the Christian myths have had their day.

You say you cannot separate Nature and God; if we make two of them, you ask, then who made and rules Nature? The obvious answer is, 'God.' Surely you, of all persons, respect Nature too much to believe it capable of making itself? And are you not, indeed, unfair, when you say that 'Christianity turns its back on Nature and relegates it to the Devil'? How does that look to you, in quotation marks? Is the teaching of Christ's brotherhood turning our back upon Nature? Or are you in this referring merely to Christian myths, or failures? Did Roosevelt turn his back upon Nature — and was he a Pantheist?

Before I heard from you, I kept turning over in my mind, 'What have I left, as an "Anchor," after stripping all myth and sentiment and unanalytic belief from Christian theory and practice?' As a result, I wrote for myself the enclosed, entitled 'My Anchor.' I hope you can agree with it, and that it may even modify some of your preconceived conclusions; you are, I know, too big a man to receive it with other than an open mind and heart.

MY ANCHOR

I MUST HAVE AN ANCHOR. In the midst of cold storms of skepticism and realism, my little ship of life must be stripped to the bare mast of indisputable Fact; my good old sails of childlike faith and inspiring tradition must be furled, if I am not to drift upon the shoals of Doubt. I must have an anchor to my belief in God and in Immortality, that shall make it unassailable by Atheist or Agnostic, unshakable by Dogmatist or Pharisee, understandable by Child or Hottentot; that will encourage me to pray.

I *know* that the Seed is the child of the Flower, as much as the Flower is the child of the Seed: in each is life; in each is death. I know that power is given the Sun to transmit its light and heat; to the Moon to draw our great oceans; to Man to think and to dominate; to the Bird to sing and to fly; to the infinitesimal Pneumococcus to destroy our bodies; it is unthinkable that all of this can be self-made.

I *know* then, that a Higher Power does reign, stronger than its own creations; indestructible by them, and so immortal. I *know* that this Higher Power operates only through Law; that — though it seem cruel — law, being higher, takes precedence over life; as sacrifice, being higher, takes precedence over self-preservation.

I *know* that the Man of Sorrows, whether divine or human, was not a myth; that his doctrine of brotherhood has gone farther and deeper than that of any other teacher, and is truer. I *know* that our Bible, whether or not more than an imperfect, Oriental, man-made exposition of the law and history, is for the most part an inspiring and a beautiful thing. Each must take that as does him most good, but must not make doubts of it, or of the common sense of some of its devout acceptors, an excuse for pride, or for abstinence from worship or from prayer.

I *believe*, through deduction from what I *know*, that the Higher Power, called God, — and dreamed of in all lands, among all races, at all times, in some form plural or singular, — does assume to us, as pledged for him by the Man of Sorrows, a relation of Fatherhood. I cannot know how he qualifies this to the very young, the savage, or the misguided. It does not matter. I believe that this gift makes natural and logical both prayer and a hope of a share in his love and immortality.

THIS IS MY ANCHOR.

(*From John Burroughs*)

WEST PARK, N.Y., *November* 25, 1919.

The arranging of a trip to California for the winter has imposed so many new tasks upon me that my correspondence has been neglected. I have received many letters of approval concerning this article and others of similar import, and very few of disapproval. I am no more moved by one than the other. Some former articles of mine you might find interesting. 'Shall we accept the Universe?' — 'Is there Design in Nature?' and so on. The aim of them all is to justify the ways of God to man on natural grounds. The theological grounds do not make any impression upon me. I am much less interested in what is called God's word, than in God's deeds. All bibles are man-made; but we know the stars are not man-made, and if they are on our side, why bother about anything else? Pantheism, as Emerson says, does not make God less, but makes him more. If you look into the matter, you will find that we are all Pantheists. If I were to ask you what and where God is, you would say he is a Spirit and that he is everywhere. The good church people would be compelled to say that, too. Is not that Pantheism? A *person* cannot be everywhere. Personality is finite.

Our civilization is not founded upon Christianity — would that it were in many ways! The three great evils of our age, of most ages, — war, greed, intemperance, — would then be eradicated. How much of the real essence of Christianity — love — the heathen Chinese could teach us in such matters! There is vastly more of the essence of Christianity in Chinese civilization than in ours. We live by the head, the Chinese by the heart.

Our material civilization is the result of our conquests over Nature, or of the discovery and application of natural law, or Science. Christianity as a system has lost its moral force. Our scheme of salvation rests upon the dogma of the fall of man. But man's fall has been upward. Evolution gives the key to his rise, and not theology. It is a wonder to me that man has survived his creeds — Calvinism, Buddhism, Roman Catholicism, and all the other *isms*. If science failed him, his creeds would not save him. Do you not suppose that such a man as Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, or Darwin would be a safe man to administer our human affairs? And these men were Agnostics or Pantheists. Yet do they not uphold our ethical system? The truth alone — moral and scientific truth — can make us free and safe.

I can subscribe to most of the articles in your creed, or 'Anchor,' if I put them in the language of naturalism.

As soon as I try to think of the universe in the terms of our experience, I am in trouble. The universe never was made, in the sense that my house was made. It is eternal — without beginning and without end; or, say, self-made, if you prefer. It is the God in which we live and move and have our being. You and I are only a drop in this ocean of being.

I believe the Man of Sorrows was an historical fact, and that I would have loved him had I known him; but he is no more to me now than Socrates is. All his alleged miracles are childish fables. If he really died on the Cross, he never rose from the dead. Natural law, which is the law of God, cannot be trifled with in that way.

I do not cherish the dream of immortality. If there is no immortality, we shall not know it. We shall not lie awake o' nights in our graves lamenting that there is no immortality. If there is such a thing, we shall have to accept it, though the thought of living forever makes me tired, and the thought of life, without my body as the base for my

mind's activities, is unthinkable. What begins must end. The flame of the candle goes out, though not one of its elements is lost. My consciousness, which is the flame of my body, ends at death, as a psychical process ceases. But whatever of energy was involved in it goes on forever. The sum of energy of the universe is constant.

I think as highly of the Bible as you do. It is the Book of Books, yet it is only a book — man-made. I fail to find any anchorage in any creed, or book, or system, but only in Nature as revealed to my own consciousness. I shall have a paper in the *Atlantic Monthly* by-and-by, in which I combat what Professor Osborn calls a biological dogma, namely that Chance rules in the world of life as in the world of dead matter. I cannot escape the all-embracing mind or spirit that pervades all living things. I have no purpose to convert you to my views of these great problems. Every man must solve the problems of life and death for himself. He cannot accept those of another.

(*From Herbert D. Miles*)

ASHEVILLE, N.C., *December* 1, 1919.

Thank you for your letter of 25th November. I had thought merely to write you an acknowledgment and wish you a happy journey to California. However, as you are open-minded, and Truth alone is what you crave, you will not mind my including some reflections upon your letter, without any expectation upon my part that you will care to continue the correspondence. I shall try to find your former articles to which you refer, and shall certainly read your coming one, in the *Atlantic*. I take it, however, that you have expressed to me the fundamentals of your beliefs or want of beliefs, and that all you have said, or shall say, must be merely elaborations.

May I say that I believe you are really a pretty good Christian? as you are, of course, a better citizen than most 'professing Christians' — not excepting myself. I can subscribe to, or pass as unimportant, your ideas as to the Universe being without beginning or end; that the Miracles are fables; that Man has 'fallen upward,' rather than as dogma has it; and, of course, that God is a Spirit.

But you jump from extolling the ancient Greeks to extolling the Chinese. You are not constructive. Perhaps you are not even fair to your own generation and people! Do not be merely destructive, I beg of you. Your views are good as far as they go, but are necessarily depressing. Do either create a *better* church, for unified work of its tremendously far-reaching kind, in 'anchoring' Society; create a better comfort than prayer; create a better instinctive hope than immortality; or encourage the Church, encourage our rising generation to stand back of it, encourage prayer, and encourage spiritual hopes and ideals! I wonder if you know what the Church is as a 'stabilizer,' in spite of its shortcomings; in spite of the slanders of it, often from lazy or misguided persons? What its real accomplishment is, in this country, and the sum of it?

What a responsibility, to print articles that may affect the rising generation against it, and to give nothing constructive in its place!

I want you to think again, as to your statement that civilization is not founded upon Christianity. I know you mean partly that Christianity is too good to recognize such a bad child; but, thinly watered as our practice of the Golden Rule is, civilization *is* founded upon Christianity. I do not think you believe that, if the chief part of the Aryan Race had originally drifted from Heathenism to Confucianism or Buddhism, — yes, or Pantheism, — instead

of to the new Christianity, it would still have achieved, as now, the world-leadership in the arts and sciences which we call civilization. Perhaps you, and some other leaders in the sciences, do not know your own debt to Christianity.

Your letter which I am reviewing gives one an impression of a very good man striving to reconcile certain preconceived and rooted ideas, partly Agnostic, partly Christian, with life and history; trying to forget that the things material are the really temporal, and that there are things spiritual which, in the nature of what *could* constitute immortality, must be the things immortal.

I take it that you do not seriously consider things spiritual. You say the thought of life, without your body as the base for your mind's activities, is unthinkable. Of course, that merely proves a personal limitation, and a regrettable one. I wonder if you give serious place to the world's best Poets — who are unscientific, naturally — but spiritual? John Butler Yeats has recently written: 'Poetry is the champion and the voice of the inner man. Had we not this champion to speak for us, externality would swamp the world, and nothing would be heard but the noise of its machinery.' If the thought of living forever makes you tired, as you say, then perhaps the noise of the machinery, — very pleasant machinery, much of it, — being all you have listened to, has worn you out!

Pardon me if I say that I do not think your articles are 'stabilizers'; or that they bring hope, or comfort, or happiness; or replace the want of these with anything more than 'the noise of the machinery.' I would not take seriously, if I were you, the approval you cite from the majority of your correspondents. If you will reflect, you will agree, I am sure, that after a speech upon, say, Tariffs, Temperance, or what not, — things upon which the world is divided into two or more camps, — those who rush up to grasp the speaker's hand are those who *always did* agree with him, or those who wished uneasy doubts, or unstable convictions, bolstered up.

I am sincerely glad that you can subscribe to 'most of the articles in my creed, or "Anchor." ' But please do not call my Anchor a creed. Creeds, as you know, are *not* based upon 'indisputable fact.' That in my church was made in the third century; we have learned something since. They *should* be anchors. In mine are Church, Prayer, Immortality. I fear you leave these out. You apparently refuse to contemplate a world made up of Pantheists, which could, and would, say, and act, 'After us, the deluge.'

No, I do not think that Darwin, Huxley, *et al.* would have been safe men to administer our human affairs, since you ask. Roosevelt, of a later civilization, knew all that they did and much more; he was a Christian and an administrator for you. Emerson may have praised Pantheists at one period of his life; hardly when he was at his best.

Well, a happy winter to you in California. I see that I am trying to tie you to all of my Anchor, believing that, in the winter of your years, you are still pliable. If you are, you are a wonder! But do consider the 'inner man' spoken of by Yeats; and the effect of your articles, if not constructive.

(*From John Burroughs*)

La Jolla, California, *December* 29, 1919.

I with my son and four friends, have been here a week, and we are very happy. The world here is all sun, sky, and sea, never a cloud in sight, and the Pacific breaking its long roll upon the rocks one hundred yards below us. In February we go to Pasadena until spring.

Referring to our correspondence of a few weeks ago, and your statement that you did not think Huxley, Spencer, *et al.* would be safe men to administer our human affairs, and that our civilization is based upon Christianity — I wonder if you remember that the founders of our government, Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, did not accept Christianity? They were Deists. Both Franklin and Jefferson spoke very disrespectfully, not to say contemptuously, of the Christian scheme of salvation; and Washington said in so many words in a message to Congress, 'The government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion.' The founders of the Republic were free-thinkers. Washington entertained the infidel Volney at the White House, and had the works of Voltaire in his library. He gave Volney a letter of recommendation to the American people, in which he said that, if men are good workmen, 'they may be Jews or Christians, or they may be Atheists.' Jefferson quotes Gouverneur Morris as saying that 'General Washington believed no more in that system [Christianity] than I do.'

You confound our ethical system, which we all accept, with Christianity. Our ethical system is the growth of ages. What is true in Christianity is not new, and what is new is not true. Our civilization is founded upon reason and science. I have said in one of my printed articles that 'a man is saved, not by the truth of what he believes, but by the truth of his belief.' His creed may be perfectly absurd, like that of the Christian Scientists, but if it affords him an 'anchorage,' if he can fit it into his scheme of life, that is enough. The religion of the Greeks and Romans was not ours; but see what nerves, what poets, what philosophers, developed under it!

The religion of ancestral worship of the Japs and Chinese saves them. The mass of our own people believe in Christianity on Sundays (or used to before the automobile came in); but how few of them practise it in their daily lives. They practise the square deal, because it is good policy; it pays best in the long run.

(*From Herbert D. Miles*)

ASHEVILLE, N.C., *January* 12, 1920.

My pleasure in having your letter of a few days ago was not unmixed with a certain feeling of guilt, in view of the possibility of our questions being too complicated, and your strength too limited, to attempt adequate discussion in writing — a view that is held I am sure by Dr. Barrus, from whom I have recently heard. It is charming, as you say, at La Jolla, with 'never a cloud in sight.' I am a little prejudiced, even in this January season, in favor of my home country here in Asheville; the clouds over the great old Blue Ridge mountains, which are falling back tier upon tier in the distance to the west, from my windows, are ever-changing visions of beauty, and fall upon real trees, in their shadows, — something that you have few of in California, except in spots, where you have the greatest in the world, — and our occasional rough and cold day serves to make even more delightful our usual bright and lovely days, of the temperature of the northern May.

Without prolonging what we shall not allow to degenerate into an argument which would convince neither of us, allow me merely to comment upon your new remarks. I have a feeling that you constantly miss something vital, in your line of thought and your conclusions; that may be characteristic of the Pantheist! You say, apparently in contradiction of my insistence that civilization is based upon Christianity, that Washington, Jefferson, and others

did not accept Christianity; and you go on to quote Washington as to the government of the United States. Without going into any dispute as to all this, are we to assume that you consider civilization to have begun with the establishment of the United States? I would say rather that these gentlemen of history, without doubt virtuous and great, made the same error that John Burroughs — also without doubt virtuous and great — is making: that they wholly failed in realizing the debt they were under to that slowly developing, but none the less potent and true thing — Christianity! How many practise Christianity in their daily lives is beside the mark. Would you condemn a great physician because (as is usually the case) he fails to practise what he preaches? That is, would you damn his science? You say that civilization is founded upon 'reason and science.' Well, does that damn Christianity? You say that our ethical system is the growth of the ages. What of it? Do Christians claim that we would have no ethical system without Christ and the Christian principles? By no means. But we would have Athens and the Roman Empire over again — and the Hun.

In a nutshell, my dear Mr. Burroughs, — to put it in that perfectly frank manner at which neither of us has taken offense, — your writings upon religion have pleased you, and, as with anything you write, they have been received with respect; but they have shown us a God, near in the sense of his being in a spadeful of dirt, but billions of miles away and terribly nebulous, when it comes to having a Father to whom to pray. You may like that, but it is bad for the rest of us; you have, therefore, done much harm and disturbed much fairly earned peace of mind — innocent though you undoubtedly have been of any such intention. You have missed the bull's-eye. This is: 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, and with all thy heart, and with all thy soul; and love thy neighbor as thyself.' I do not mean to imply that you have not personally, in your life, done all of that; I mean that the teaching of Pantheism puts God, as I have stated, billions of miles away, — a nebulous thing, — regardless of the theory of his being in all Nature; a theory which Christianity embraces, for that matter. We cannot love, in that manner so completely pictured in the above quotation, a Pantheistic God — which is why I hold that you miss the bull's-eye.

REBECCA

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

I

'WHY should n't I, if I want to?'

The reins fell on Billy's rough back with an emphatic slap, but met with no response. The shaggy hoofs continued to pound the frozen road with the stolid indifference to stimuli born of the conviction that in the long run a steady gait was the part of wisdom.

The road covered two miles for the arrow's one, with that contempt for grade and distance which characterized the early settler, who first chose his dwelling-place and compelled the road to follow. Between the low stone walls, whose boulders were continually evincing a desire to return to their earlier resting-places, down the rocky pitch to the creaking bridge in the meadow, and up again through the moaning forest, it wound its way, mysterious, unending.

Another slap.

'I *can* — if I want to.'

Approving this sentiment, Billy, halfway up the hill, stopped and, pulling the reins through the saddle rings, reached for a tuft of withered grass, which all summer long had escaped hoof and wheel, to perish in the winter.

'I might — if I was n't fifty.'

At fifty, when it was too late, past prudence seemed a mockery — a gate to happiness locked by prudery. Rebecca sighed. If she could stand at that gate again!

'Indeed I would!'

The reins tightened with a jerk, haunches flattened instantly, and legs strained to the load.

But *was* it happiness? Of course it was. Everything beyond the gate *must* be.

Nearing the top of the hill, the white finger of the spire rose slowly above the sky-line, then the roof, other roofs, straggling fences, the schoolhouse — duty! On the whitewashed wall behind the teacher's desk, Rebecca saw the motto, — her own handiwork, —

Be Good and You will be Happy.

Had n't she been good? When would she be happy?

In village parlance Rebecca 'ran' the farm — one of those hilly rock-strewn farms demanding constant prodding to prevent it from 'running out.' Down by the brook in the birch woods were pleasant places — pools of dark silent water, where the brook brooded before deciding to take the leap to the next one, to pause again, out of breath; shallows where it sang to Rebecca, who never sang except at seven-day intervals in the church choir. The brook was always singing, even in winter, cheerily, to the shivering birches.

But pleasant places *produced* nothing. Pleasant places never did. Alluring, they bred idleness, all that brood of prohibited pleasures generically grouped by the minister under the word 'sin.' The bare upland pasture where the cows grazed, the shed where they were milked, the barn-cellar where the pigs wallowed, the chicken-yard bereft of grass, the vegetable patch, with its tat-

tered scarecrow rocking in the wind — *these* counted. No food or raiment came from that wanton, running without thought of the future, purpose, or conscience, through meadow and wood to the sea.

Sometimes — not now, in winter, but when the crocuses came — Rebecca wrestled spiritually with the brook — a thing without roots or attachments, a mere gadabout, scornful of duty, of everything behind it, in its eagerness to get on. Life was real, life was earnest. As for the goal beyond the grave, she wished that it might come occasionally at the end of the day, instead of at the end of living, like Billy's grain and blanket. Even at fifty the grave was a long way off.

Strictly speaking, Rebecca was forty-eight, a fact she strictly adhered to in public. In the privacy of her own thoughts, when grim and vindictive, she was fifty; down among the birches, forty; and, in crocus-time, even thirty. 'Steady, capable woman — no nonsense about Rebecca!' was the village verdict, knowing little of what it could not see or touch.

Billy's wants attended to, Rebecca went into the house. Her mother, sitting by the window, had been watching for her return.

'You've been gone a long time.'

For an ailing old woman, watching day after day at the window of a hilltop farm, every hour was 'a long time.' But the querulous voice passed over Rebecca's soul without leaving a trace. After forty years of duty, its surface, like Billy's hide, had ceased to be supersensitive. Rebecca possessed what the minister called 'a healthy spirit.'

'Yes, mother,' she said, warming her hands at the range; 'Billy is n't as spry as he used to be.'

'Did you see the Squire?'

'Yes, mother.'

'Is it true?'

'Yes, mother, it's true.'

And the truth shall make you free! The sentence from the minister's sermon came from nowhere, like a bird alighting on a twig — ridiculously inapposite. That impertinent busybody, the irresponsible mind, was one of Rebecca's trials.

Then, for a long time, there was silence, their thoughts going their separate ways. Much hard and solitary thinking preceded 'getting together' for these two.

Rebecca hung her squirrel coat in the closet and turned to the door.

'Where are you going now, Rebecca?'

'To the office, mother.'

The 'office' was a low one-story building, with a single door and room, where her father used to consult his clients — even hilltop villages requiring lawyers as well as ministers and doctors.

That, however, was long ago, and the office had descended to Rebecca, with its legend in gilt letters still on the panel of its door. Here she kept the farm-accounts, her books, and her dreams. Whenever she spoke of 'going home,' it was the office she had in mind.

It boasted a desk, above which Washington was perpetually delivering his farewell address; a horsehair sofa, whose billowy surface was reminiscent of former clients; a bookcase with diamond panes, — the law books had been relegated to the upper shelves, — and a redeeming fireplace, open, hospitable, framed in a white mantelpiece, with Ionic columns and garlands of roses in plaster, on which, under the clock, stood a group of two grotesque porcelain figures in bright colors: a woman, holding high a tambourine, and a man with a guitar. The child Rebecca had given these gay figures ecstatic adoration, as representing a wonderful world inhabited by fairies, gypsies, and other mythical persons — to which

they evidently belonged. That also was long ago. If Rebecca's glance rested on them now, it was only the glance of mingled scorn and pity appropriate to misguided creatures doomed, like the butterflies fluttering in autumn sunshine, to an untimely end. Yet there they remained enthroned, with the sofa and the sign on the door and the clock which never ran down — relics of the past, which would not let go.

It was four o'clock, growing dark already. Rebecca wound the clock, — it was Saturday night, — threw a fresh log on the smouldering coals, and sat down in the rocker before the hearth, watching the little flames, hissing, and beginning to curl up over their prey. Shadows danced on the walls and ceiling, and red lights on the polished balls of the andirons.

It had all been like a dream, only, unlike a dream, it had not vanished. It was *true* — and Christopher was coming Monday morning.

The beat of Rebecca's heart quickened. It had been as steady in the Squire's office as the Squire's clock, even when he said, 'You're a rich woman, Rebecca.' 'Am I?' Rebecca had said to herself. 'What's more,' the Squire went on, 'and what ain't common, your Uncle Caleb's set it down fair and square in the will,' — the Squire's spectacles dropped from his forehead to his nose, — "To my niece, Rebecca, in recognition of her sterling qualities." '

Rebecca's lip softened, then straightened. Uncle Caleb had bided his time.

'I've a telegram here somewhere from Christopher.' — It was then Rebecca's heart gave its first jump. — 'He's coming up from York.' The Squire's fingers fumbled among his papers. 'He's executor. He says, "Tell Rebecca I'll see her Monday." '

Recalling this announcement, Rebecca's heart jumped again. She had slid from the rocker to the rug; but at the crunch of heavy boots on the snow, sprang to her desk. It would never do to have Hansen find her dreaming like a silly girl on the rug before the fire.

Hansen was the overseer. He came in, his red beard dripping with moisture, and they went over the milk receipts together. It was disconcertingly evident that Hansen had something on his mind.

'Is that all, Hansen?'

'Of course, Miss Rebecca,' — Hansen began every sentence with 'of course,' — 'if what's being said in the village is true, you'll be wanting to get that wire up from the mill. We could save — '

'Yes, Hansen.' Hansen was always trying to squeeze something more out of the land by putting something more in. 'We will go into that Monday.'

Faithful man was Hansen, — looking after the farm as if it were his own, — her right hand.

When he had gone, Rebecca went back to the rug. On the wall over the mantel the clock ticked on, solemnly, intent on duty, indifferent to the time it recorded.

II

Christopher and Rebecca had played together once in the pleasant places by the brook. Christopher was a wonderful playmate. He knew every bird by its note, where it hid its nest, — in tree, in hedge, or meadow, — how many eggs the nest should hold, and of what color. He knew the bait each fish loved best, and could catch the wariest with a bent pin. No colt ever foaled on the hill had unseated him, though he had to cling desperately, bare-back, to the mane. Even the brown Durham bull looked askance at Christopher. As for the dogs, they ran to meet him at the mere sight of the stocky little figure, bare-headed, hands in ragged trousers, sure of adventure.

Where Christopher got his chief possession — imagination — is a secret untold. It did not grow on hilltop farms, and he was never seen with a book out of school. What tales he could tell! The little flaxen-haired girl listened to them for hours, open-mouthed, eyes bulging with wonder. He confided to her what he was going to do when he was a man. Among other things he was going to find the North Pole. He spoke of the North Pole as if it were a marble in his pocket. Wonderful hours those were, among the buttercups by the brook and, on rainy days, in the haymow! No real person walking the village street was half as real as the phantoms that trod Christopher's stage. Wonderful hours! spiced with the sense of stolen joys — for motherless Christopher was the son of the village ne'er-do-weel, without favor outside of the animal kingdom.

And then, gradually, almost insensibly, Christopher drew away, like a young sapling from its fellows of slower growth, and Rebecca was left behind, alone, clinging to childish toys, dreamland, and all the creations of Christopher's riotous imagination, outgrown and spurned now for the solid things beckoning to manlier ambition. And then, suddenly, leaping out of the dark, came one by one those events over which there is no control — Christopher's disappearance, her father's death, her mother's failing health, closing in on her like the walls of a narrowing room, walking roughshod over the dreams, hardening her hands, putting that fixed, determined look in her eyes; till one by one the actors on Christopher's stage died, its lights went out, and of those splendid hours nothing was left but a few rebellious tears shed in the 'office,' when accounts were done and the fire was very low.

After all, Christopher had run true to life. It was in the natural order of things that he should disappear, as natural and inevitable as that the sheep should get the foot disease — predestined and foreordained, like blight and frost and potato bugs.

It was quite otherwise with Uncle Caleb. *He* was a surprise.

Uncle Caleb owned the mills, only four miles away, though it might as well have been a hundred. Once in a while, to be sure, he drove out to the hilltop, and Rebecca was conscious of approving glances in his shrewd gray eyes. They talked a little of the crops. Then he went away. And now he had brought Christopher back — Christopher and money at forty-eight! All the fat worms wiggling to the surface when the ground thawed out for a day could not bring the birds back in winter. Uncle Caleb was only a winter sun, waking to momentary life what would better be left to sleep.

The clock struck five. It was getting near supper-time. She covered the fire, put her desk to rights, and went out, locking the door. The key she kept in her pocket, as if there were secrets in the office to guard.

Her mother looked up as she came in.

'Rebecca, I've been thinking — '

'We can talk of that to-morrow, mother. I am tired to-night.'

'But, Rebecca, to-morrow's the Sabbath.'

'I know it,' said Rebecca grimly.

But just before going to bed, as if the word 'Christopher' was not a bombshell loaded with potentialities, in her most casual manner she let drop the sentence: 'Christopher's coming Monday, Mother.'

'Dear me! how time flies.'

A gleam of humor twinkled in Rebecca's eyes.

'I wonder if he found the North Pole.'

'The what?'

'Nothing. Good-night, mother.'

III

Rebecca had conquered the major devils on the ride home from the Squire's. They had all slunk away, cowed by that ominous word 'fifty' — except one. This latter she slew before going down to breakfast Monday morning. Heroines in the books on the lower shelves behind the diamond panes invariably glanced in their mirrors before facing important interviews. Like Israel of old, Rebecca hardened her heart. Nothing on her bureau-cover would make the slightest difference, had she desired any. There would be only what she had seen hundreds of times — a woman almost forty-eight, not quite; slim; an oval face, tanned by wind and sun; grayish eyes quick to show certain indescribable danger-signals; the flaxen hair deepened to brown; a mouth, firm, but ready to soften; and a nose — nothing the matter with it, only she did not like it. She had no interest in these things. So she went downstairs, ignoring the mirror, thereby missing what had not been seen in it since —

But her mother saw, when Rebecca brought the breakfast-tray — and wondered.

Then, without warning, while pouring the coffee, a horse neighed in the yard, and there, at the hitching-post, was Christopher, the Christopher of the brook, only bigger, with the same quick confident gesture, the same compelling voice calling to her in the doorway: —

'Hullo, little girl!'

Formality dropped from her like a cloak.

'Hullo, Christopher! Come in.'

Christopher had falsified hill prophecy. Persistent rumor had forced the admission that, instead of going to the bad, he had, as Uncle Caleb predicted, made good. Uncle Caleb was a shrewd old fellow, saying little beyond an occasional 'I told you so.' Moreover, success had not spoiled Christopher. It was impossible to spoil him. 'Sound as a winter apple,' Uncle Caleb had said to the Squire, when making his will. And here he was, sitting opposite Rebecca, clean-shaven, talking about Ceylon and India and London and Cairo, as familiarly as he used to talk about fairies and giants and the North Pole.

Rebecca listened as the little flaxen-haired girl had listened, her eyes growing brighter, her mouth softer, her heart lighter — till suddenly, lighting a cigar and looking straight in her eyes, he said: —

'Look here, Rebecca, we have business to talk over. Where shall we go?'

Except for the maid clearing the table, there was no particular reason for going anywhere; but just here the little fox, which had slipped his leash and laid the fire in the office early in the morning before anyone was up, spoke.

'We might go to the office. It's nearer than the brook — and warmer.'

'Just the place!' said Christopher. 'So the brook's still there.'

'Yes, it's still running away, Christopher.'

Not a word had he said about what she had refused to see in the mirror; but now, sitting in the rocker, the pine cones blazing and stars coming and going in the soot of the chimney-brick, —

'You're looking fine, Rebecca.'

'Am I? I've got the farm in fine shape.' She parried the amused smile in his blue eyes with 'Tell me about yourself, Christopher.'

He began without a moment's hesitation, just as he did in the hay-mow when she said, 'I'm ready — now begin.' Perhaps, in the hay-mow, neither of them wholly believed the things he said; but they both believed in Christopher. That was his glory and charm, his intrepid, nonchalant self-confidence, his faith in himself, serene, without a

trace of vanity. 'Why, it's easy as water running down hill,' he used to say. Listening again, Rebecca could think of nothing but the juggler she had once seen with Uncle Caleb, tossing the balls in dazzling arcs till her eyes blinked. Only *now* the juggler's balls were realities. Christopher had really killed a real tiger in a real jungle. The gold at the foot of the rainbow was in his pocket. He had actually made the journeys they had taken together on the magical carpet. And, little by little, her spirit kindling at the touch of his, getting the farm in fine shape dwindled to utter insignificance, the cares that worried her and the triumphs that elated her appeared miserable, petty trifles.

'I suppose I could, if I wanted to,' she murmured.

'Rebecca, you *must*.'

'Must what?' said Rebecca.

'*Live!* It's easy as rolling off a log. You're a rich woman, Rebecca — *rich*.' She liked the sound of her name amazingly. 'Sell the farm, rent it, give it away. Do you want to spend the rest of your life — '

'No, I don't,' she interjected, seeing visions; 'but there's mother.'

'That's easy. Put the breath of life in her too. Take her with you.'

'Where?' said Rebecca, breathless herself.

Christopher smiled his radiant smile.

'Practical little woman! Don't I remember how you used to save the crumbs for the chickens! You have n't got to bother with crumbs now. Leave it to me. I'll manage the whole thing for you — mother and all.'

It was dazzling, the old spell was sweeping her along with him. But on the horizon hung one black cloud, in the back of her mind one awful question. She summoned all her courage, desperately.

'I suppose you are married, Christopher?'

'Bless you, no!' laughed Christopher.

She hurried over the thin ice, wildly, strangely happy.

'Nor found the North Pole, I reckon.'

He laughed again.

'The North Pole's all right for a maypole, Rebecca, but you and I are getting along to — well, say August. Nothing grows there, no more than in your cow-pasture — though you *have* got a lot of stones out of it.'

'Yes, I have,' said Rebecca dreamily.

'Don't talk it over with your mother. Just do it. That's my motto. Do it and it's done. I have my eye on a house for you in 73d Street already.'

The color print of Washington, the clock, the bookcase, and the horsehair sofa were all fading away; the farm itself, substantial, century-old, rooted in the granite hills, dissolving in a rosy mist. She was treading air, drinking at fountains sealed for years. How could she ever have been contented to —

'Where do *you* live, Christopher?'

He was standing now beside her, his hand patting her shoulder.

'You don't have to think of me, little woman. *I*'m looking after *you*. Say, Rebecca, could you put me up for the night? I'd really like to go over the old place.'

Rebecca had never in her life been looked after.

'Of course, Christopher.'

IV

Christopher came back for supper just as hungry as the ragged boy for whom Rebecca saved her 'piece of pie,' remarking cheerfully that he had had the worth of his dinner. She knew now what he had meant: exactly what he said — 'To go over the old place.' He had done it thoroughly. It was natural enough, not having gone to the bad, that he should pay off old scores by calling on the minister, returning good for

evil with a check toward lifting the mortgage. Natural, too, was the consultation at the quarry for a monument to mark the resting-place of the ne'er-do-weel — a pyramid overtopping humbler headstones. There was a certain propriety in these retributive proceedings which appealed to Rebecca's sense of justice — and humor. Above all, his invasion of the schoolhouse, scandalizing demure Miss Robbins and delighting the children by a vivid recital of former misdemeanors.

All this was exactly like Christopher; but when, after supper, her mother having gone to bed, he proposed a second adjournment to the office, she said: 'There's no fire there, Christopher.'

'Well, who always built the fires in the birches, I'd like to know!'

What was the use! There was no withstanding Christopher.

So Christopher built the fire and sat in the rocker, and Rebecca sat at her desk, and the clock stared solemnly at the vacant sofa.

'It may be a wrench at first, Rebecca; the week after I went away, I was miserable for the smell of the fern, and the wild strawberries — you remember, don't you? in the wood-lot. But it will be different with you. You'll get over that in no time.'

Oh, yes! Rebecca remembered. But somehow, rolling off a log did not seem quite so easy as it did to Christopher.

'Why not run down with me to-morrow?'

It was like a pistol-shot, and instantly she told the first lie of her life.

'I can't. The inspector's coming to-morrow, to look over the herd.'

'Put him off. Leave it to Hansen.'

Nothing ever daunted Christopher.

'I can't,' she repeated helplessly.

She was looking Truth in the face, bravely, ready for any number of lies if necessary. What would happen to her immortal soul was of no consequence.

Christopher took out his notebook and plunged into figures. Rebecca was familiar with figures. They had plagued her all her life. He drew his chair beside hers and reached for her pencil, checking off the items of Uncle Caleb's inventory with comments — 'solid — good as gold — nothing better' — while Rebecca's world, as the solid total mounted, melted steadily, ruthlessly away.

'You see, Rebecca,' said Christopher when she gave him his candle at the foot of the stairs, 'you have n't got to worry about the farm. It cuts no ice anyway. Think it over.'

'I have.'

'That's right. And say, Rebecca, don't bother about me. I'm going to catch the early train.' His blue eyes twinkled. 'Just leave a piece of pie on the table. I have n't forgotten. Good-night, little woman. You'll see straight by morning. There's nothing like a good night's sleep to clear away the fog.'

'No,' said Rebecca. 'Good-bye, Christopher.'

Alone in her room, Rebecca went to the mirror. She was not afraid of it now. The little foxes were as dead as the major devils.

She sat down by her window. A white mist hung over the brook. The tops of the birches were still, like floating islands. But there was no fog in her heart. It was clear as daylight. It *was* daylight, and sleighbells were jingling in the yard.

In the office Hansen was fumbling his cap. 'I thought, Miss Rebecca, seeing as how Mr. Christopher talked about selling — well — maybe I might like to buy it myself.'

Rebecca did not move a muscle.

'I have n't the least idea of selling. You can see those people to-day about running the wire up from the mill.'

IS THERE ANYTHING IN PRAYER?

BY J. EDGAR PARK

One of the earliest discoveries made by the adventurer who dares to penetrate into the land of Common Sense is that in that land mere wishing does not accomplish very much. Sundered lovers wished their hearts away for centuries, longing for the sound of the other's voice through the intervening miles of space. But all was of no avail until to that wishing was added the minute knowledge of electro-magnetism, which resulted in the invention of the telephone.

The longest road in the world is the road that lies between feeling and fact. The road can be made passable only by knowledge. Wishing is just the initial motive force designed to drive one to seek the knowledge of the way. Processions of longing, beseeching human beings through plague-stricken cities, imploring the removal of the curse, effected nothing until their desires were converted into patient investigation of the causes and cure of plague. The processions were valuable in so far as they incited and stung the lethargic scientific mind into investigation and discovery. Wishing, looked upon as an end in itself, is barren, but it is the initial stage of all progress.

Desire, when it can be transmuted into action, is the joy of life. Desire, when it cannot immediately be transmuted into action, is the basic problem of literature, art, philosophy, and religion. What is to be done with it?

Prayer is the organization of unsatisfied desire. Unless it is organized in some way it leads to ruinous consequences. Worry, nervous disorders, depression, temptation, morbid mental conditions — these are the names of some of the results of unorganized, unsatisfied desires. A mother returns home on a sudden call, to find her child sick unto death. She immediately gets the best doctors and the best nurses, and does all she can for his cure. At last she has done all she is able to do. Can she then put the matter from her mind and go to the movies? No, there remains, after she has done everything possible for her child, a mass of desire for that child's recovery which she has not been able to work off into action. What is she to do with it? She may either go into another room and worry herself to death over the child, and thus make herself a prophet of death to the child and the whole household, or she may pray. Prayer is the control of the overflow of desire above that which can be immediately transmuted into action.

What then is her mental attitude in prayer? It has been largely represented as that of a slave asking for a favor before the throne of an oriental potentate. 'I have done many favors for Thee in the past. I have contributed to thy church, and attended thy services, and kept thy laws. Now I humbly ask, as a return for these offerings, the life of this child!'

Or it has been supposed that here is the one exception to the otherwise inexorable principle that mere wishing does not accomplish anything. She is simply to wish and ask, as a child would wish and ask a parent for, something desired.

Prayer in both these cases is looked upon as a triangle. The mother and the child are at the base angles; God is at the apex. The mother sends up a prayer to God, which God considers, and, if it seems good to Him, sends down the answer to the child. The conditions of effective prayer under these conditions are, as set forth in a recent hand-book on prayer, faith, humility, and submission.

There has been, however, a growing school of religious thinkers who have felt that the use of terms and figures like these must not blind us to the fact that the realm of prayer is no exception to the general rule; that it is necessary, not only to wish, but to know how to wish; that there are laws governing the organization of unsatisfied desires, which must be observed. Prayer for them is not so much a triangle as a straight line. Prayer is the organization of one's unsatisfied desires so that God may work through them for the end desired. The mother's unsatisfied desire for the life of the child may be so organized as to be the channel through which the healing power of God may reach the child. Prayer is not, then, that passive acquiescence of the Irishman, who hung the Lord's Prayer over his bed and, every night, before he jumped in, jerked his thumb in the direction of the petitions and ejaculated, 'Them's my sentiments!' Prayer is an activity of will and mind and feeling, which makes us the natural channel through which good effects flow to those for whom we pray. Psychology studies the conditions of that activity. Religion asserts that these good effects are the result, not merely of a personal, but also of a cosmic wish.

What is the condition of mind of such a mother, which most conduces to the cure of the child? If it is true, as we have surmised, that prayer is not simply wishing, but organized and directed wishing, then it is evident that, as in any other art, power in prayer will come with practice. It is necessary, as in any other art, to begin with little things and gain skill and power from the small to the great. Prayer is the personal influence, which we recognize so well in social intercourse, at its highest point of efficiency. We all recognize that personal influence is a hard attainment; power in prayer is equally open to all, but requires great effort to attain. Much as we may dislike the word, there is a technique of prayer which can be mastered. The mother must have learned to pray, in order to be of much help to her child at such a crisis. To be a healing personality is a high achievement. But let us suppose that she has been practising prayer for years. She has gained her power in the attainment of lesser ends than this very life of her child. It is, in general, almost impossible to generate in the face of a sudden emergency a hitherto unused power. Prayer ought to start with trifles — the sublimation of petty personal desires, the gaining of a rational spiritual attitude toward minor social problems in the home and school. Prayer does not generally emerge into the consciousness as a desire for the evangelization of the world in this generation; it rather begins with a desire for a new doll or the winning of a game.

Some years previously, this mother has found that her child was not getting on well at school. He began to bring home bad report-cards, he did not like the teachers, he hated the studies. The mother finds herself beginning to anticipate more trouble. She expects another bad report, more tales of being disliked by the teachers, more inability to do the work prescribed. Her very face as she meets the child at the door tells what she anticipates. Suddenly she realizes that the whole atmosphere of the home is melancholy with the

sense of impending failure. Her personal influence, through the black background of her consciousness, is, in spite of anything she may say, foreboding. Then she endeavors to 'get hold of herself'; to prevent this thwarted desire for her child's happiness and success from turning sour and becoming a fixed, if almost unconscious, conviction that the child will not get on well at school.

She begins to pray. She invokes another conviction, that the good Spirit of the universe has no such intention for her child. She recalls some of the great passages of religious inspiration, the words of the saints who have been sure of a power outside ourselves, as well as in ourselves, making for righteousness. Thus gaining the prayer-mood, she then reminds herself that she must be the channel for bringing this good-will into the life of her child. She replaces the picture of failure, which threatens to become fixed in her mind, with a more vivid and living picture of success. With all the love and sympathy and imaginative fire she possesses, she pictures to herself her petition being granted — the new attitude on the part of her child, his awakened interest in his studies, his liking for his teachers, his expectation of success. She prays intensely, with all her desire, through and in this mental picture.

This act is exceedingly difficult; but, if done, it changes the whole atmosphere of the home. The very face of the mother as she meets the child is magnetic of success for the child instead of being prophetic of failure. In the thousand ways, known and unknown, in which the mother's mind touches the mind of the child, encouragement, expectation of achievement, faith in his powers now flow in upon the will of the child. In petitions of this nature, the whole personality is stirred; desire, intellect, and imagination are at their highest point of efficiency, that she may become a conductor of God's good-will. She concludes her prayer with thanksgiving to God that the prayer has been granted, a supreme act of faith.

There is all the difference in the world between the man who says, 'I am going to give up my bad habit,' and the man who says, 'I have given up my bad habit.' So there is between feeling that God may answer the prayer and that God *has* answered it. The latter is the act of faith that the answer will be hindered only by the defect of the channel. The answer *is* granted; the flood of happiness and success is forcing its way through the narrow and obstructed channel of the mother's personal influence upon the child. Prayer has substituted such an influence for the previous, almost unconscious, suggestions of failure. There is no dogmatism in such prayer as to the method of the answer — that is left to the infinite possibilities of actual experience. The claim is simply made on the universe for the happiness of the child, and in the making of the claim the psychological machinery is set in motion for its being honored by the universe. And this effort to organize unsatisfied desire not only has its influence upon those for whom we pray, but tends to purify and enlighten the desire itself, so that, when the petition is granted, it may be on a much higher plane than when it was first offered. Yet it is the same prayer. The desire is always satisfied. But it often is sublimated in the process of satisfaction.

In the face of the impending death of her child, a mother who has so practised prayer on lesser matters has great powers. Her very face in the sick-room, as the child dimly sees it, is on the side of health and life. And who can tell in what numberless ways the minds of those who love touch one another, all unseen even by the argus eyes of science? Miracles occur, and the tide of life returns into sluggish veins, when the de-

sire of life is kindled through the touch of kindred minds.

Many objections will occur to one who reads for the first time this theory of prayer. Does not this explanation of prayer, it will be asked, run counter to the practice of One who said in his prayer, 'Not My will but Thine be done'? This phrase has been greatly misused. It has been misused so as almost to justify the Irishman's type of prayer, before mentioned. Rousseau best expressed a prevailing interpretation of it thus: 'I bless God, but I pray not. Why should I ask of Him that He would change for me the course of things, do miracles in my favor? I, who ought to love, above all, the order established by his wisdom and maintained by his providence— shall I wish that order to be dissolved on my account? As little do I ask of Him the power to do well. Why ask what He has already given?'

But God's highest will is carried out only through human wills working at white heat. Prayer is not asking God to change the course of things,but asking Him to help me to be a part of that course of things. I become so, not in spite of my will, but through my will. The Master used this phrase, not before He had exerted his own will, but after the great drops of the sweat of desire were falling from his brow to the ground. The phrase is no idle excuse for listless praying; in it we see the sublimation of desire taking place. Idle prayers, which place this phrase, misused, in the forefront, will ever excuse injustice and sickness and unhappiness as the will of God. Justice, happiness, health, surely these are the will of God for all; as to the detailed method of their coming, our desires in prayer are ever being enlarged and enlightened by the inflow upon us of the cosmic desires of God.

Again, it will be asked if this theory will not lend itself to the idea that, if you want a purse of money, you must imagine it very vividly lying on the pavement outside your house, and then go out and find it. A father heard his little girl praying for the red doll in the window of the corner store, and told her she ought not to pray for things like that; she ought to pray to be a good girl, or for the heathen. The fact was that she did not want specially to be a good girl in the father's meaning of that phrase, and she did not care about the heathen, but she did want the red doll. Why make a hypocrite of her at the start? So it is with money. If that is what you really want, pray for it. If you pray sincerely, you will receive an answer which will satisfy you. Possibly not the pocket-book, but an ability to get up earlier in the morning, or to keep awake between meals, or to reduce your expenditures. The answer always comes and abundantly satisfies anyone who dares persistently to carry out the art of praying. But prayer always initiates effort.

Prayer is a hard task without the mystic sense of the personality of God. In all the lesser problems of life it is easy enough to look upon it as the simple demonstration of a natural law. But when the storms are out and the floods let loose, when one has done all one can by action and has done all one can by prayer, then life is hard and cruel, indeed, unless one can feel, behind all the laws and beneath all the principles, in higher reaches of spiritual communion, a love that understands and forgives.

ARE WE GIVING JAPAN A SQUARE DEAL?

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

I

THE most important country in the world to Americans to-day is Japan. Before you question this assertion, think it over for a moment. Japan is the only nation whose commercial and territorial ambitions, whose naval and emigration policies are in direct conflict with our own. Japan is our only serious competitor for the trade of China. She is the key that can lock the Open Door. Japan is the only country whose interests in the Pacific clash with ours. She is the only power, save England, which is in a position to challenge our naval supremacy — and the British navy, as we are perfectly aware, can never conceivably be directed against ourselves. With the temporary eclipse of Germany as a world-power, Japan is the only potential enemy on our horizon; she is the only nation that we have reason to fear. The problem that demands the most serious consideration of the American people and the highest quality of American statesmanship is the Japanese Question. On its correct and early solution hangs the peace of the world.

It is to the great mass of reasoning and fair-minded people in both countries, who, I believe, wish to know the unvarnished truth, no matter how unflattering it may be to their national pride, how controversive of their preconceptions, how disillusionizing, that I address myself. In writing this article I have discarded euphemisms. At the risk of being accused of sensationalism, I propose to rip away the diplomatic subterfuge and political camouflage which have so long concealed or distorted the facts of the situation. But, before I proceed, let me make it amply clear that I am not anti-Japanese. Neither do I hold a brief for Japan. I am an American and, because I wish to see my country morally in the right, I deplore the tactless and blundering manner in which we are handling the Japanese question. I am a friend of Japan and, because I wish her well, I view with grave misgivings the aggressive imperialism which appears to be dominating her foreign policy. I am absolutely convinced that, unless the two peoples can be jolted into a realization of whither they are drifting as a result of their mutual suspicions and the policies of their respective governments, the present irritation, constantly inflamed in both countries by pernicious propaganda, will shortly break into an open sore. Notwithstanding the soft pedal put upon frank discussion of the question by the diplomatists in Tokyo and Washington, despite the shocked and vehement denials of the gentlemen of the Japan Society, nothing is more certain than that the two nations are daily drawing nearer to *war*.

The cause of the existing bitterness between the two countries is double-barreled. We have halted Japanese immigration into the Far West, and would like to halt Japanese expansion in the Far East. The Japanese, for their

part, consider themselves affronted and humiliated by the discriminatory legislation which has been directed against their nationals in certain of our Western states, and they resent as meddlesome our objections to the policies which they are pursuing in those Far Eastern regions which they have come to regard as being within their own sphere of influence. We have erected a 'No Trespass' sign on the American continent by our adhesion to the doctrine of James Monroe. To that the Japanese make no objection; they admit that it is our own concern. Over the Eastern part of the Asiatic continent the Japanese have themselves erected a 'Keep Off' sign, basing their policy on a doctrine not dissimilar to our own. We insist on a recognition of our claim of 'America for the Americans,' while at the same time denying Japan's claim of 'Asia for the Asiatics.' There you have the two basic causes — immigration and imperialism — of the friction between Japan and the United States. Everything else — Shantung, Siberia, Korea, Yap — is subsidiary.

The near-hostility that characterizes the relations of the two great nations that face each other across the Pacific is due, I am convinced, not to any inherent ill-will on the part of either people for the other, but to a mutual lack of knowledge and sympathetic understanding. In other words, both Americans and Japanese have shown themselves unable, or unwilling, to think the other's mind. It is not enough for groups of representative Americans and Japanese to gather about banquet tables and indulge in sonorous protestations of mutual friendship and international good-will, or to cable each other greetings couched in terms of fulsome praise. What is needed at the present juncture is an earnest endeavor on the part of each people to gain a better understanding of the temperament, traditions, ambitions, problems, and limitations of the other, and to make corresponding allowances for them — in short, to cultivate a charitable attitude of mind. The possibilities of cordial relationship and of harmonious coöperation between the two nations are so tremendous, the interests at stake are so vast and far-reaching, the consequences of an armed conflict would be so catastrophic and overwhelming, that it is unthinkable that the two peoples should be permitted to drift into war through a lack of knowledge and appreciation of each other.

The Japanese Question is an extremely complicated one. Its ramifications extend into politics, industry, commerce, and finance. It stretches across one hundred and fifty degrees of longitude. It affects the lives and destinies of six hundred millions of people. Its roots are to be found as far apart as a Japanese military outpost in Siberia and the headquarters of a labor-union in Sacramento; as the office of a banking firm in Wall Street and the palace of the President of China in the Forbidden City.

To understand algebra, you must have a knowledge of arithmetic. To understand the Japanese Question, you must have at least a rudimentary knowledge of the various factors that have combined to produce it. It has grown to its present menacing dimensions so silently, so stealthily, that the average well-informed American has only a vague and usually inaccurate idea of what it is all about. He has read in the newspapers of the anti-Japanese agitation in California, of the Gentlemen's Agreement, of 'picture brides,' of mysterious Japanese troop-movements in Siberia, of Japanese oppression in Korea, of the Open Door, of the quarrel over Shantung, of the dispute over Yap; but to him these isolated episodes have about as much significance as so many

fragments of a complicated jig-saw puzzle. So, at the risk of repeating facts with some of which you are doubtless already familiar, I shall endeavor to piece the puzzle together, so that you may see the picture in its entirety and judge of its merits and faults for yourself.

II

Some truths, more half-truths, many untruths have been said and written in each country about the other. The clear waters of our old-time friendship have been roiled by prejudice and propaganda. Much of our appalling ignorance of Japanese character, aims, and ideals is traceable to our national propensity for generalization — always an inexact and dangerous method of estimating another people, and doubly dangerous in the case of a people as complex as the Japanese. Let us not forget that we were accustomed to think of the French as a volatile, excitable, easy-going, pleasure-obsessed, decadent people until the Marne and Verdun taught us the truth. Such a misconception was deplorable in the case of a people from whom we had nothing to fear; it is inexcusable, and might well prove disastrous, in the case of the Japanese. I have heard Americans who pride themselves on being well-informed, men whose opinions are listened to with respect, betray an ignorance of Japan and the Japanese which would be ludicrous under other conditions.

And the ignorance of many intelligent Japanese in regard to ourselves is no less disheartening. Their way of thinking is not our way of thinking; many of their institutions and ideas and ideals are diametrically different from ours. Believe it or not, as you choose — the great majority of intelligent Japanese are utterly unable to understand our thinly veiled distrust and dislike of them. That many of our people distrust and dislike the Japanese, there can be no gainsaying. Yet the average American usually finds some difficulty in giving a definite and cogent reason for his attitude toward the Japanese.

Underlying all the misunderstandings between the two nations is race-prejudice. Our racial antipathy for the Japanese is instinctive. It has its source in the white race's attitude of arrogant superiority toward all non-white peoples. We inherited it, along with our Caucasian blood, from our Aryan ancestors. It is as old as the breed. The Japanese do not realize that they are meeting in this an old problem; that the American attitude is not an attempt to place a stigma of inferiority on them, but merely the application to them of the Caucasian's historic attitude toward all peoples with tinted skins. If the Japanese question this, let them observe the attitude of the English toward the brown-skinned peoples of Egypt and India. But this racial prejudice is by no means one-sided. The Japanese consider themselves as superior to us as we consider ourselves superior to them. Make no mistake about that. The Japanese are by no means free from that racial dislike for Occidentals which lies near to the hearts of all Orientals; but they have the good sense, good manners, and tact to repress it. That is where they differ from Americans.

Another reason for American dislike of the Japanese is the latter's assertion of equality. We don't call it that, of course. We call it conceit — cockiness. The reason that we get along with another yellow race, the Chinese, is because they, by their abject abasement and submissiveness, flatter our sense of racial superiority. Our pride thus catered to, we give them a condescending pat of approval, just as we would give a negro who always 'knows his place,'

and holds his hat in his hand when he addresses a white person, and says 'sir' and 'ma'am,' and does not resent ill-treatment or injustice. The Japanese, on the contrary, stands up for his rights; he is not at all humble or submissive or in the least awed by threats; and if an irate American attempts to 'put him in his place,' as he is accustomed to do with a Chinese or a Filipino or a negro, he is more likely than not to find himself on the way to jail in the grasp of a small but extremely efficient and unsympathetic policeman.

I asked an American whom I met in Yokohama if he had enjoyed his stay in Japan.

'Not particularly,' he answered. 'I don't care for the Japs; give me the Chinese every time.'

'Why?' I queried.

He pondered my question for a moment.

'I'll sum it up for you like this,' he replied. 'The Chinese treat you as a superior; the Japanese treat you as an equal.'

Until Commodore Perry opened Japan to Western civilization and commerce, we held all Mongolians in contempt, being pleased to consider them as inferior peoples. But in the case of the Japanese this contempt changed in a few years to a patronizing condescension, such as a grown person might have for a precocious and amusing child. We congratulated ourselves on having discovered in the Japanese a sort of infant prodigy; we took in them a proprietary interest. We watched their rapid rise in the world with an almost paternal gratification. And the Japanese flattered our self-esteem by their open admiration and imitation of our methods.

I think that our national antipathy for the Japanese had its beginnings in their victory over the Russians. Up to that time we had looked on the Japanese as a brilliant and ambitious little people, whom we had brought to the notice of the world, and for whose amazing progress we were largely responsible. But when Japan administered a trouncing to the Russians, who are, after all, fellow Caucasians, American sentiment performed a *volte-face* almost overnight. We were as pro-Russian at Portsmouth as we had been pro-Japanese at Chemulpo. This sudden change in our attitude toward them has always mystified the Japanese. Yet there is really nothing mystifying about it. We were merely answering the call of the blood. As long as we believed Japan to be the under dog, we were for her; but when she became the upper dog, the old racial prejudice manifested itself. A yellow people had humbled and humiliated a Caucasian people, and we, as Caucasians, resented it. It was a blow to our pride of race. (A somewhat similar manifestation of racial prejudice was observable when the negro pugilist, Jack Johnson, defeated Jim Jeffries.) That a yellow race had proved its ability to defeat a white race shocked and alarmed us. We abruptly ceased to think of the Japanese as an obscure nation of polite and harmless little yellow men. They became the Yellow Peril.

Though the Japanese are of Asia, they cannot be treated as we are accustomed to treat other Asiatics. To attempt to belittle or patronize a nation that can put five million men in the field and send to sea a battle-fleet scarcely inferior to our own would be as ridiculous as it would be short-sighted. Japan is a striking example to other colored races of the value of the Big Stick. She has never been subjugated by the foreigner. In spite of, rather than with the assistance of, the white man, she has become one of the Great Powers, and at Versailles helped to shape the destinies of the world. Yet when she claims racial equality we

deny and resent it. Our refusal to treat the Japanese as equals, while at the same time showing a wholesome respect for their power, reminds me of an American reserve lieutenant, a Southerner, on duty at a cantonment where there was a division of colored troops, who refused to salute a negro captain. He was called before the commanding officer, who gave him his choice between saluting the negro or being tried by court-martial.

'I suppose I'll have to salute the uniform,' he muttered rebelliously; 'but I'll be damned if I'll salute the nigger inside it.'

III

I have already said that racial prejudice is at the bottom of our misunderstandings with the Japanese. Immediately overlying it is our fear of Japanese industrial competition, a fear which is whetted by our disapproval of Japanese commercial methods. If you will look into it, you will find that there has hardly ever been a conflict between nations into which some economic question has not entered as the final and essential factor. This fear of Japanese competition is not confined to residents of the Pacific Coast. It animates every American manufacturer and merchant who does business in the Orient. This competition would be serious enough if the Japanese played the game as we play it; but, unfortunately, they all too frequently disregard the rules of the game. To put it bluntly, we do not approve of Japanese business ethics; we have found to our cost that their standards of business honor are all too often not the same as ours. As one American importer put it: —

'The Japanese business man has two great faults — conceit and deceit. He is overbearing and undeveloped. He seems incapable of ordinary commercial foresight. In order to make an immediate profit, he will lose a lifelong and profitable customer. He will accept an order for anything, whether he can deliver it or not. He would accept an order for the Brooklyn Bridge, f.o.b next Thursday, Kyoto — hoping that something might turn up in the meantime that would enable him to get it.'

Though it frequently happens that a Japanese merchant does not understand what the American buyer is talking about, his vanity will not permit him to admit his ignorance; instead, he will accept the order and then fill it unsatisfactorily. An American importer, who has made semi-annual visits to Japan for a quarter of a century, and who frankly likes the Japanese, told me regretfully that, of all the firms with whom he did business, those whom he could rely upon to send him goods of the same quality as their samples could be numbered on the fingers of a single hand. As another foreigner — an Englishman — doing business in Japan expressed it: 'The Japanese business man has his nerve only on a rising market. As soon as the market shows signs of falling, he hesitates at nothing to get from under. When the silk market rose, hundreds of Japanese firms defaulted on orders which they had already accepted from foreign importers, as they would have lost money at the old prices. When, on the other hand, there was a slump in the money market in the spring of 1920, the customs warehouses at Yokohama and Kobe were piled high with goods ordered from abroad which the consignees refused to accept.'

A trademark, copyright, or patent does not, as a rule, prevent the Japanese manufacturer from appropriating any idea of which he can make use; though I am glad to say that recent legislation has done much to protect the foreigner from such abuses. For example, Bentley's Code, which sells in the United States for thirty dollars,

and which is fully protected by copyright, has been copied by a Japanese publishing house, which sells it for ten dollars. A famous brand of safety razor, which sells in the United States for five dollars, is copied by the Japanese in everything save quality, and is marketed by them, under the originator's name and in a facsimile of the original package, for a fifth of the price charged for the genuine article. The same is true of widely advertised brands of soap, tooth-paste, talcum powder, perfume, and other toilet preparations. An imitation of Pond's Extract, for instance, is sold in a bottle exactly like that of the American-made article except that a faint line, scarcely discernible, turns the P into an R. This infringement was fought in the courts, however, the American manufacturer winning his case. A particularly unpleasant specimen of Japanese commercial methods came to light last spring at Tien-Tsin, when the American Consul-General entered an official protest against the action of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce of that city, which had distributed thousands of hand-bills, wrapped in daily newspapers, intimating that a certain American trading company was on the verge of insolvency — a statement which was without foundation in fact. The Japanese Chamber of Commerce refused to retract its allegations, and the American house, which had been a powerful competitor of the local Japanese firms, was nearly ruined.

These are only a few examples of Japanese business methods. I heard similar stories from every American business man whom I met in Japan. Indeed, I cannot recall having talked with a single foreigner doing business with the Japanese who did not complain of their practice of imitating patented or copyrighted articles, of substituting inferior goods, and of not keeping their contracts when it suits them to break them.

The amazing commercial success of the Japanese has not been achieved by these methods, but in spite of them. It has been brought about largely as the result of artificial and temporary conditions. At a period when the rest of the world was engaged in a life-and-death struggle, Japan, far from the battlefields, was free to engage in commerce, and she possessed, moreover, certain articles which other nations must have and for which they had to pay any price she demanded. Nor could the Japanese merchant, any more than the American, realize that this was a purely temporary condition and could not continue indefinitely.

The commercial unscrupulousness of the Japanese has worked great injury to the friendly relations of Japan and the United States. The distrust and dislike which such methods have engendered in American business men was strikingly illustrated one evening in the smoking-room of a transpacific liner. In chatting with a group of returning American business men I casually mentioned the case of a fellow countryman who had recently brought American commercial methods into disrepute in Japan by giving 'exclusive' agencies for certain widely advertised articles to several firms in the same city. Instead of deploring such trickery, my auditors applauded it to a man. 'Fine!' they exclaimed. 'Good work! Glad to hear of a Yankee who can beat the Japs at their own game!' They were as jubilant over that dishonest American's success in turning the tables on the Japanese as was the American public when it learned that we had perfected a poison-gas more horrible in its effects than that introduced by the Germans.

Now, mind you, I do not wish to be understood as suggesting that com-

mercial trickery is characteristic of all Japanese business men. There are business houses in Japan — many of them — that meet their obligations as punctiliously, that maintain as high a standard of commercial honor, as the most reputable firms in the United States. But, unfortunately, these form only a small minority. It seems a thousand pities that the honest and far-sighted business men of Japan, and the Japanese chambers of commerce and similar business organizations do not take energetic steps to discourage dishonesty in dealings with foreigners, if for no other reason than the effect that it would have on American public opinion. The series of conferences held last year in Tokyo, between a self-constituted delegation of American bankers and business men and a number of representative Japanese, offered a splendid opportunity for a candid discussion of this delicate and irritating question. If the Americans, instead of confining themselves to patriotic platitudes and hands-across-the-sea sentiments, had had the courage to tell the high-minded Japanese who were their hosts how objectionable such methods are to Americans, and what incalculable harm they are causing to Japanese-American relations, it would have worked wonders in promoting a better mutual understanding.

Now, in spite of what I have said about the methods of a large section of the Japanese commercial class, I am convinced that the Japanese are, as a race, honest. Though pocket-picking is said to be on the increase in Japan, burglary and highway robbery are extremely rare, while the murders, shooting affrays, daylight robberies, and hold-ups which have become commonplaces in American cities are virtually unknown. I should feel as safe at midnight in the meanest street of a Japanese city as I should on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston — considerably safer, indeed, than I should on certain New York thoroughfares after nightfall. I asked an American woman who has lived for many years in Japan if she considered the Japanese dishonest. 'In Yokohama,' she replied, 'I never think of locking the doors or windows of my house, yet I have never had anything stolen. But when I was staying last winter at a fashionable hotel in New York, I was robbed of money, jewels, and clothing the night of my arrival.'

Nor could I discover any substantiation of the oft-repeated assertion that positions of trust in Japanese banks are held by Chinese. Certainly this is not true of Japanese-controlled institutions, such as the Yokohama Specie Bank, the Bank of Japan, and the Dai Ichi Ginko, as I can attest from personal observation. It is true that Chinese are employed in considerable numbers in fiduciary positions in the Japanese branches of foreign banks, such as the Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corporation and the Bank of India, Australia & New Zealand; but these have generally come over from China with the banks' European officials, their employment denoting no lack of faith in Japanese integrity. Yet such stories, spread broadcast by superficial and usually prejudiced observers, have helped to give Americans a totally erroneous impression of the Japanese.

My personal opinion is that commercial dishonesty in Japan is directly traceable to the contempt in which merchants were long held in that country. Until quite recent years the position of the merchant in Japan was analogous to that of the Jew in the Europe of the Middle Ages. He was at the bottom of the social scale. At the top was the noble; then came the *samurai*, or professional fighting man; followed in turn the farmer and the

artisan; and last of all came the merchant. The farmer and the artisan have always held a higher place than the merchant because they are producers, whereas the merchant has been looked upon as a huckster, a haggler, a bargainer, who made his living by his wits. The Japanese merchant, moreover, has had barely half a century in which to learn the game of business as it is played in the West. Coming from a despised and down-trodden class, is it any wonder that in that brief span he has not wholly eradicated his ancient methods, that he has not yet acquired all our Western virtues and ideals? Let us be fair in judging him. The Jew has been under the influence of the West for two thousand years, yet his business ethics are not always beyond reproach.

There is yet another reason for the doubtful business methods practised by many Japanese merchants. And that reason, curiously enough, was provided by ourselves. It was Kei Hara, Prime Minister of Japan, — himself a business man and the first commoner to hold the position of premier, — who brought this to my attention.

'You should not forget that my people learned what they know of modern business methods from you Americans,' he reminded me. 'It was your Commodore Perry who, in the face of Japanese opposition, opened Japan to American commerce. It was from the American traders who followed him that the Japanese received their first lessons in the business ethics of the West. The early American traders, in the methods they practised, provided the Japanese with anything but a laudable example. If they could cheat a Japanese, they considered it highly creditable; they took advantage of his ignorance by giving him inferior goods and by driving sharp bargains; they constantly bamboozled him. Is it any wonder, then, that the Japanese merchant, patterning his methods on those pursued by the Americans, adopted American commercial trickery along with other things? But, mind you,' he added, 'I am not condoning commercial trickery among my people. I am only explaining it.'

IV

We now come to a consideration of the political factor in Japanese-American relations. In order to estimate this factor at its true importance, it is necessary to envisage the trying political situation in which Japan finds herself. Since their victory over the Russians in 1904 the Japanese have seen themselves gradually encircled by a ring of unsympathetic and suspicious, if not openly hostile peoples. Overshadowing the Island Empire on the north is the great bulk of Bolshevist Russia, still smarting from the memories of the Yalu River and Port Arthur, and bitterly resentful of Japan's military occupation of Eastern Siberia and Northern Sakhalin. Every patriotic Russian feels that Japan, in occupying these territories, has taken unfair advantage of Russia's temporary helplessness; he listens cynically to the protestations of the Japanese Government that it has occupied them merely in order to keep at arm's length the menace of Bolshevism, and that it will withdraw its troops as soon as a stable and friendly government is established in Russia.

To the west, the Koreans, though now officially Japanese subjects, are in a state of incipient revolt, to which they have been driven by the excesses of the Japanese military and the harshness of Japanese rule. To the southeast, China, huge and inert, loathes and fears her island neighbor, their common hatred of Japan being the one tie which binds the diverse elements of the Republic together. As a protest against

Japanese aggression in Manchuria and Shantung, the Chinese have instituted a boycott of Japanese goods, which is gravely affecting Japanese commerce throughout the Farther East. In regions as remote from the seat of the controversy as the Celebes and Borneo and Java and Siam, I found Japanese merchants being forced out of business because the Chinese refused to trade with them or to have business relations with anyone else who traded with them. In Formosa, taken from China as spoils of war in 1895, the head-hunting savages who inhabit the mountains of the interior remain unsubjugated, only the Guard Line, a series of armed blockhouses connected by electrically charged entanglements, standing between the Japanese settlers and massacre.

In the Philippines, there is always present the bogey of Japanese imperialism, both the Filipinos and the American residents being convinced that Japan is looking forward to the day when she can add these rich and tempting islands to her possessions. In far-distant Australia and New Zealand the Japanese are distrusted and disliked, stringent legislative measures having recently been adopted to prevent further Japanese immigration into those commonwealths. On the Pacific coast of the United States and Canada a violent anti-Japanese agitation is in full swing, new and severer legislation being constantly directed against them. In Hawaii the Japanese already outnumber all the other elements of the population put together.

Influenced by the attitude of her great overseas dominions, and fearful of its effect on her relations with the United States, England is gravely considering the advisability of renewing her alliance with Japan when it terminates next year. Holland, having ever in the front of her mind her great, rich colonies in the East Indies, looks with a suspicious eye on Japan's steady territorial expansion and on the significant increase in the strength of her military and naval establishments. France, ever seeking new markets, views with alarm Japan's attempt to dominate China commercially. And Germany is not likely either to forget or to forgive the taking of Tsing-Tau and her former insular possessions in the Pacific. To-day Japan is as completely isolated, as universally distrusted, as was Germany at the beginning of 1914. Not only has she aroused the suspicions of the peoples of the West, but she has alienated her neighbors in the East.

The Japanese have been hurt and bewildered by this almost universal distrust of them. Yet, instead of attempting to win back the good-will of the West, which was theirs until little more than a dozen years ago, by giving convincing proofs of their peaceable intentions; instead of making an effort to regain the confidence of half a billion Chinese and Russians by a prompt withdrawal from their soil, the Japanese have made the psychological mistake of adopting an attitude of stubbornness and defiance. They have replied to criticisms by embarking on a military programme which will make them the greatest military power on earth; their naval programme calls for a neck-and-neck shipbuilding race with the United States; in Siberia they have strengthened their occupational forces instead of showing a disposition to withdraw them. They seem utterly incapable of realizing that the world has the very best of reasons for being suspicious of imperialistic nations; that it is in no mood to tolerate anything savoring of militarism. The peoples of the earth had hoped that those policies had passed with the Hohenzollerns.

(*To be continued*)

NOTES ON ECONOMY AND DISARMAMENT

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL

THERE is probably nothing related to government that is advocated more and practised less than economy. It is a theme that lends itself easily to discourse which rarely, if ever, materializes in action. The party that is out is always bewailing the extravagance and criminal wastefulness of the party that is in. And when the people show themselves credulous enough to entrust the critics with power, the only difference likely to be seen is in an increased extravagance and waste. The fervor of the promise is usually found to be in inverse ratio to the amount of performance that is vouchsafed.

There has never at any period been a greater demand, or a more alluring opportunity, for economy in government than in that period which began when the World War came to an end, November 11, 1918. Expenditure had never attained a higher peak. Our great wealth and the tremendous stake involved, which was nothing less than the freedom of nations and the continuance of civilization, had justified an expenditure colossal beyond all precedent.

It was not merely that all money that might be needed should be expended, but all money that might seem to be needed, even if in the end it should appear that it was wasted. A prudent government could take no chances of losing the war by spending too little, if any of the money that was saved might do good. Subject to the imperative demand for honesty, the resources of the country were all to be employed, if only they might be of use, even if, like so many shells that were fairly fired at the enemy and did not reach him, much of what was expended did not appear to have any influence upon the result.

The need of such vast expenditure came abruptly to an end on the day of the Armistice. It became then at once necessary that all the energy previously employed in spending should be devoted to saving. And when Congress was in session the following spring, and our soldiers had returned to this country and been disbanded; when our munition factories had ceased their operation, and employment was dwindling, and the mass of our people was beginning to feel the first keen pinches of excessive taxation, it became the paramount duty of Congress ruthlessly to cut expenditure to the bone. But to pass over the debatable transition period when deficiencies were to be met, and to make no exalted demand upon the first Congress after the war, surely 'normalcy' in expenditure must be indeed a coy creature if she cannot be prevailed upon to show herself by the Congress that emerged from the throes of the last presidential campaign, and convened nearly two years and a half after fighting had ceased. The expenditure of the present fiscal year should be little greater than the normal expenditure of the government, with the exceptions to which I shall hereafter refer. Not to show results at this time would be wholly without justification, and those results should not be

expressed in a few coppers saved here and there, — a paltry reward for so much eloquence about extravagance, — but should reach into billions.

At the end of the Civil War the South was impoverished and was an unfruitful field for the tax-gatherer. A fifth of the present population of the country was at the moment staggering under a burden of expenditure as great, when the difference in wealth is considered, as that which rested upon us after the World War. And yet the statesmen of that period resolutely cut down expenditure and taxation, attacked our enormous debt, and put it in process of extinction. We should do well now to imitate the spirit they then displayed.

At the beginning of the World War the operation of all the machinery of our government cost, in a round sum, a billion dollars. That this amount was not generally regarded as representing an economical basis may be inferred from what the leaders of each party said about the other when each party had in turn expended substantially a like sum. But as against this billion, we are told that, for the fiscal year which runs through the winter and well into the summer of the fourth year after the Armistice, four and a half billions are needed. There would appear to be little need of our having more government now than before the war; but granting that fifty per cent more government is necessary, an additional five hundred million dollars would be required, which is more than the total annual cost of the government under Cleveland. We should add to that the billion dollars necessary to pay the interest upon the war-debt; and then, to be generous, if not, indeed, extravagant, five hundred millions more may be added, to cover contingencies. We should then have a cool three billions, or three times the amount required just before we entered the war. What need — or, indeed, excuse — is there for spending more than three billion dollars during the present fiscal year? But when four and a half billions are demanded, one may fairly ask whether the resources of statesmanship have been seriously employed, much less, exhausted.

Useless expenditure will attempt to fasten itself upon the treasury, and the life of the emergencies which make it necessary will be protracted by every art. But if it is attacked with resolution, it will yield.

An instance of this is shown in the reduction of our army. It was proposed to cut the army to 150,000 men, and a variety of objections was urged against the proposal. The one seeming to have the most merit was that contracts of enlistment had already been made, and the government would need to repudiate many of its contracts with its soldiers in order to make the reduction. But Congress, to its credit, insisted upon cutting down the army; and, almost before the bill had passed, the reduction was effected. The men were very willing to be released from their contracts.

To cut off a billion and a half of expenditure more than is now proposed would go far toward emancipating the productive energies of the country, and toward that revival of industry which is so necessary to the restoration of prosperity, and especially to the reëmployment of labor.

There is an intimate relation between the expenditure of government and what is called disarmament, in which Mr. Borah has so nobly led. A great saving of public money would undoubtedly result from putting in force an international agreement making a radical reduction in armaments; and no harm could come to any nation if the reduction were made proportional and world-wide. Very great items in mili-

tary expenditure, grouped under the title of the 'cost of past wars,' would of course be untouched. The interest upon war-debts, and the pension rolls would still remain.

Disarmament also would have a distinct bearing upon the future peace of the world. Sometimes the possession of powerful armaments might tempt nations to use them. It would be a very great thing to do away wholly, by general agreement, with many of those terrible engines which have been devised simply for the destruction of man. If in mythical times, as I have at another time said, a single one of our modern dreadnaughts or submarines had been seen upon the ocean, whoever should have destroyed such an enemy of mankind would have received the general applause of the world, as did the hero who slew the fabled Hydra. How immeasurably greater then would be the fame of him who should to-day make free our oceans, swarming with these monsters, and send them all to the bottom.

But there is extremely little likelihood of such a result. The portents of modern war have ceased to spread terror among a race which sets no limit upon its daring. If the old Hydra should come back in our time, and should appear to be more horrible than the other engines of destruction, it is likely that our munition-makers would at once take it up and attempt to reproduce great numbers of the monster, and our appropriation bills would doubtless supply suitable sums for their purchase. To carry out a sweeping disarmament would imply a radical change of view with regard to war, which would be very wholesome.

But we must guard against any illusions regarding the effect of a reduction of armament, extreme or otherwise, upon the likelihood of war. Such a policy would not go to the root of the peace-problem. Neither reduction of armaments nor complete disarmament would furnish a sufficient solution.

Our country declared war in 1812, when it had practically no army at all. Cleveland sent his warlike Venezuelan message to Congress in 1894, when we were defenseless against England. France declared war against Germany in 1870, with hardly half the military strength that her adversary possessed. Time and again nations with relatively weak armaments have embarked upon war. For very many years the laws of England recognized only the militia, whose training was limited to fourteen days a year; and Macaulay, in his lively fashion, wrote of the concern of patriots at staking the independence of their country upon the result of a contest between ploughmen officered by justices of the peace and veteran warriors led by marshals of France. And yet England and her kings more than once took the chances and went to war. Nations will still have their differences, and under the present system they are likely to go to war to settle them, or to attain their ambitions, even if they all have weak armies and navies, or none at all.

War has become a matter largely of chemistry, and a nation might rely upon its superior laboratories in order quickly to blow up or poison its adversary. It might rely upon its superior proficiency in the art of flying, and its flocks of commercial air-planes would be at once available for warlike use. It requires no argument to prove that the military microbe, which has infected the blood of man for uncounted centuries, still persists. Unless nations shall provide some way to settle their controversies peaceably, they can be relied upon now and then to settle them by force. Thus, while a material reduction of armaments will

bring about a welcome saving, it will leave the general question of peace far from a final settlement.

It is indispensable that there should be an arrangement among nations to resort to some peaceful method of settling differences before taking up arms, and scarcely less necessary if they have no armaments at all than if they possess them.

The plan with which Mr. Wilson associated his name may have been far from perfect in all its details, but it was the noblest attempt at practical idealism that has ever been made by any statesman. It was evident that there must be some general and central agreement to outlaw war, and that the nations must band themselves together for that purpose, or that wars would happen in the future just as they had happened in the past. It was just as evident, also, that another general war, with the methods of warfare that have come in, as barbarous as they are destructive, might mean the obliteration of civilization, if not the extinction of the race.

It is objected that such an arrangement would infringe upon the sovereignty of nations. Precisely the same objection might be made against an agreement for the reduction of armaments. What more sovereign power is there in a nation, and what one is more necessary to its preservation than the power to arm? If by agreement it consents to put a limitation upon this power, it could as well be argued that it was limiting its sovereignty. But the right of a nation to shoot up the world and to endanger civilization should be limited, just as the right of an individual to shoot up the community in which he lives is limited.

Any treaty obligation is, in the sense in which the argument has been advanced, a limitation upon sovereignty, that is, a limitation upon the power of a nation to do anything it may choose. In order to meet the requirement of such a claim, we should have international anarchy, when each nation would be subject to no law of nations, but only to its own will and to such self-imposed notions of righteousness as it might see fit to recognize and put in force. So long as the area of law is circumscribed within the boundaries of states, and separate aggregations of men do not come within its sway, we shall have a lawless universe. The right of collective bodies of men to murder, pillage, and commit piracy against their neighbors is no greater than that of the individual, and the assertion of such a right involves a brutal and barbarous conception of a nation, which should at once be brought to an end.

But we are told that the thing has all been settled by the last election; and Mr. Harvey, having referred to the little glory, at his own appraisal, with which we emerged from the war, declares that we are to have no part in the League. That, he tells us, was decreed by America by 7,000,000 majority. It must be conceded that, if we are to accept any part of the League, we are proceeding in that direction with impressive deliberation. Perhaps we are to come to it by way of the Pacific. But as to the significance of the sweeping majority, a distinguished and influential group of Republicans, headed by Mr. Taft, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Root, told us before the election that the only way to enter the League was to have a Republican victory. Then, too, we must not overlook the fact that great race-groups were functioning and voting with reference to their fatherlands. No one can tell just what was decreed by the voters — whether the amended League of Messrs. Hughes and Root, or the no league of Messrs. Johnson and Harvey.

After one of the tremendous tides sometimes following a heavy storm at sea, the waters reach heights before almost unknown, and it seems doubtful whether the old landmarks will ever again appear. But on the next day, perhaps, when the sun shines and the waters have gone back to the old level, the only result one can see of the far-thundering upheaval is that there are scattered upon the sand some strange little creatures such as were never seen before, which have been thrown up from the nether realms and will disappear with the next tide. Even the familiar bones of some old wreck are still there, and, as if more widely to proclaim their uselessness, are even pushed up higher upon the sands.

In the same way, great results in politics are not apt to come to pass from what are called 'tidal waves.' Grandiloquent majorities sometimes indicate that the political atmosphere is seeking its equilibrium by a tempest, and that the settled current of popular opinion may ultimately blow in the opposite direction. The sweeping victory of Pierce, in 1852, for example, settled nothing, and a reaction set in which nullified his victory. Only the most commonplace results followed upon the triumphant election of the first Harrison. But Lincoln, chosen by a mere plurality, with the majority of all votes cast for other candidates, and Wilson, another plurality president, creeping in between Taft and Roosevelt, were linked with things that shaped destiny and shook the world. To borrow an instance from across the sea — the Kaiser has not yet been hanged, notwithstanding the astonishing victory of Mr. Lloyd George, with that among his assortment of issues, three years ago. Generally, anything has been settled by tidal waves except the thing about which the politicians have most fiercely declaimed.

If nothing is to be done by our country upon the peace-problem except a cutting down of armaments, the work of garnering the supreme result of the war will remain undone. When the fighting was ended, the almost universal opinion of the country would have found expression in the phrase so pathetically reiterated by President Harding on the return to the country of thousands of our fallen heroes: 'It must not be again.'

If, upon the day of the Armistice, President Wilson had declared that, in the treaty which he was to negotiate, he would not consent to our entering into any combination of nations to outlaw war, it is impossible to believe that, in that moment of victory, his declaration would not have been received with general execration. Of one thing we may be sure — as a result of such a reversal, peace would have had champions new and strange, and there would have been a radically different cast appearing afterward in the rôles of the morning stars singing together for joy. But the issue was adjourned, and the pressing duty of the hour was put off. It seemed to become stale. Eternal debate took the place of action. Our memories became blunted, as year after year the grass sprang up anew on the French battlefields.

But the course to be taken is as clear before us to-day as it was two years or more ago. There is already formed a union of nations, of which, with scarcely an exception, all the nations of the Western Hemisphere are members except our own. Germany, it is understood, is willing to join when the right to do so shall be given her. Russia is at this time too dismembered and chaotic to speak with the voice of national authority upon any subject. In effect, America is the only part of the organized world that stands aloof. Let us make clear the conditions upon which we will

join hands with the civilized nations. The choice is clearly before us. We can show ourselves willing that the world should go on, as it has gone, exposed to the danger that some maniac may throw the brand that will wrap the universe in flames, and then we may marshal and consume our wealth, and drag our boys from their mothers, and with pæans of patriotism send them to destruction; or we may play the part of reasonable creatures and unite with the rest of the world to make the thing measurably impossible by extending the reign of law over nations. Not to choose the latter course would be basely to array ourselves with the forces at war with civilization.

WORLD-EQUILIBRIUM

BY S. C. VESTAL

I

THE world has long been seeking to solve the great problem of the maintenance of peace. War is as old as man; and he who wishes to limit its ravages may learn its most useful lessons from some rather old books — Thucydides, Demosthenes, Grotius, and our own *Federalist*. To the neglect of these lessons we may lay the carnage of the last seven years and the futile efforts to form a league of nations. If we would put aside our prepossessions, and study a few books that may be found in any good library, we might easily learn what may and may not be done to eliminate war. In the matter of preventing war, nothing is so absurd that it has not been advanced by some writer. What is most needed is a statement of the problem. We may safely assume, for the purpose of this study, that human nature is unchanging, — though it varies greatly in different races, — and that morality is stationary.

A sharp distinction must be carefully kept in mind between domestic and international peace, and between civil and international wars. Much of the confusion and incoherence of thought about peace and war is due to our failure to make this distinction.

International war and civil or domestic war are separate and distinct phenomena. An international war is a contest between nations or states; a civil or domestic war is a contest between parts of the same nation or state. The character of the military operations is very much alike in both cases; but the political problems involved are as far apart as the poles. Nevertheless, we continually meet people in search of a formula that would have prevented the American Revolution and the Boer War, which were civil wars within the British Empire, and the great international war of 1914. No one with sufficient logic to distinguish these cases expects to find a specific for civil wars. There is none, except good government; but it is not infallible. We shall first consider civil wars.

It is a fundamental doctrine of free government, as stated by Mr. Lincoln, that any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, has the right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits it better. This right is not confined to cases where the whole people may choose to exercise it, but extends to a majority of any portion of a people. Such a majority is justified, and never hesitates, in putting down a minority intermingled with it, as were the Tories in our own Revolution and the loyal Union men in the Southern Confederacy during the Civil War.

On the other hand, if parts of a state were permitted to secede without let or hindrance, it would soon be dismembered; and, if the rule prevailed generally, the world would be delivered to private war and chaos, as was Europe in the ninth and tenth centuries of the Christian era. The shades of night would descend upon the world. It is necessary to the existence of civilization that every state resist rebels with all its might rather than let itself be dissolved into innumerable small communities. War against rebels is justified by the great law of self-preservation. No one can gainsay the right of sovereignty to deny the right to revolt. 'We do not want to dissolve the Union,' said Mr. Lincoln on the eve of a great crisis in our national history; 'you shall not.'

In every epoch of human existence, civil wars have caused far greater loss of life than international wars. More lives were sacrificed in the Taiping rebellion in China, than in all the international wars in the period between Napoleon's victory at Marengo, June 14, 1800, and the Armistice of November 11, 1918. The greater number of the states of the world are prompted by domestic considerations in determining the strength of their armed forces, although this fact, in regard to any particular state, is rarely recognized by statesmen in their public utterances. For obvious reasons the danger of foreign invasion is always alleged as the reason for appropriations for armed forces. Internal conditions in every European state make necessary a formidable army to preserve domestic tranquillity; and the armaments in North and South America are, with a few exceptions, determined by similar needs. In 1914 the armaments of about fifteen states exceeded domestic requirements by reason of armament competition.

Prior to the World War the strength of our army was fixed almost wholly by the requirements of domestic peace, and our military expenditures were largely caused by civil strife. The American Union was not saved by oratory. It was saved by the blood which dyed the slopes of Gettysburg; it was saved by the determination of the bravest of its people. The first generations of Americans after the Revolution pushed the right of revolution to the utmost limits; the generation after the Civil War appreciated the right of governments to exert their full strength to put down rebellion.

A majority of existing governments would be overthrown immediately by rebels if their armed forces were disbanded or seriously reduced, and all the newly established governments would face the same predicament. It is worthy of note that the strength of the British army has been determined in time of peace mainly by the necessity of keeping order in the dominions under the British flag; and that no government of France would face the possibility of a second Commune or a new French Revolution without the ready and loyal support of at least three hundred thousand men.

It is the duty of a state to maintain

peace within its borders, and every state must, for purely domestic reasons, have power to raise and support armies and maintain a navy. This power must exist without limitation, because it is impossible to foresee or to define the extent and variety of the national emergencies. No shackles, therefore, can wisely be placed upon the authorities to whom the maintenance of domestic peace is committed. Competitions in armaments do not arise from the presence in the world of the armed forces necessary to maintain domestic peace.

The test of a country's fitness for self-government is its ability to maintain domestic peace. The power that protects a country from outside interference is bound, by the law of nations and its duty to foreign nations, to preserve order within the protected area. To expect England, for instance, to withdraw from India, renouncing all responsibility for the domestic peace of the land, but continuing to protect it from invasion, as so many demand, is an absurdity in thought, which recalls the petition of the Filipino municipality for Philippine independence and an increase in the local garrison of United States soldiers. Self-government is of the nature of a faculty; it should be the privilege of those who are able to develop the faculty.

Any scheme of disarmament which reduces the armed forces of a state below the requirements for domestic tranquillity must provide for intervention of armed forces from abroad — an intolerable contingency for any people possessing the faculty of self-government. The problem of maintaining domestic peace confronts every government on the planet, and it would confront, in an aggravated form, any world-state that might be erected to eliminate international war — a subject which now claims our attention.

II

Periodically some bandit nation runs wild and strikes a league with the Turks, the professional revolutionists, the discontented, and the ignorant of all nations, and seeks to impose its rule upon the world in the name of liberty and the freedom of the seas. We cannot get rid of these peoples and we cannot get rid of their will to rule us and reform us by violent means; nor can we induce them to subside into inactivity, without the use of force of some kind.

In coming to the rescue of the Allies who were resisting the efforts of Germany, the latest of these bandits, to impose her despotic rule upon the world, the United States was obeying the Law of Mutual Aid,[1] which has impelled threatened nations, throughout recorded history, to aid one another against aggressive powers that menaced their liberties. It is the law that impelled the nations to unite against Cyrus, Darius, Philip of Macedon, Alexander, Republican Rome, England under the Plantagenets, Charles V, Philip II, Ferdinand II, Louis XIV, the French Republic, Napoleon, and, finally, Imperial Germany. It is a law of nature, which persists unaffected by the wrecks of republics and empires and the change of creeds, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It is beyond the power of fate, and no intellectual revolution can suppress or alter it.

[1] I have taken this term from a suggestion in Vattel, in order to avoid the expression 'Balance of Power,' which signifies the same thing, but is misunderstood and misapplied by nearly all recent popular writers. In common parlance the Balance of Power means the balancing of one power or state against another, or of coalitions of powers against each other. Article X of the League of Nations is an excellent definition of the Balance of Power, or Law of Mutual Aid; but its advocates exclaim loudly against the Balance of Power, and say there must be no more of it. Does this come from ignorance or a willful abuse of language? — THE AUTHOR.

France, in accordance with the principle, recently came to the rescue of Poland when she was apparently in her last agonies. This universal law has been scoffed at by the demagogues of all nations, living and extinct, who have appealed to the opposite principle of neutrality; but when the occasion has come, they have followed the law without knowing it. This law is embodied in our Constitution in the clause which requires that the 'United States . . . shall protect each of them [the states] against invasion,' not only from abroad but from each other, as the seceding Confederate States learned at Antietam and Gettysburg; it is embodied in its most gracious and pleasing form in the Monroe Doctrine, whereby the United States virtually guarantees every American nation, regardless of its form of government, against invasion by any non-American state.

Germany began the war in 1914, in the belief that the Law of Mutual Aid did not exist, or, as the German Chancellor expressed it in his speech of December 2, 1914, that the 'balance of power . . . had become out of date and was no longer practicable.' She believed that the passionate attachment of the nations to the doctrine of neutrality would enable her to isolate and attack her immediate neighbors without the danger of intervention of other countries. She found to her sorrow that the law did exist, and that nation after nation joined the forces arrayed against her, until she became an outlaw among nations. If the Germans had realized the inevitable fate that awaited them, when they began their war of aggression in 1914; if Prince Bismarck, who thoroughly understood the law and carefully kept Germany from becoming its victim, had been at the helm, they would not have begun it; nor would they have piled up great armaments in preparation for a great war of aggression.

But how, we may ask, are the statesmen to be enlightened, who are usually at the head of the two or three aggressive nations of the world? The answer to this question will solve the armament competition question therapeutically, armaments being merely a symptom of a disease.

The answer is as old as Demosthenes, and may be found in nearly every one of his orations. Mr. Wilson recognized the malady, diagnosed it correctly, and sought to treat it therapeutically. A correct diagnosis is not always followed by correct treatment, and those who agree least with Mr. Wilson's remedy would do well to examine his diagnosis with care. It was a bold and remarkable confession of error, that the man who appealed to Americans at the beginning of the World War to be neutral in thought and action, publicly stated, when his eyes were opened, that neutrality in such a war is intolerable, and finally signed a treaty designed to abolish neutrality in war, and even sought to deprive his successors in office of the discretionary power which he himself had exercised in the tragic months of July and August, 1914.

The civilized world is a community of free commonwealths. The forcible absorption of any one of these by another is contrary to the interests of the rest, as the state thus aggrandized becomes a menace to its neighbors. The Law of Mutual Aid, founded purely upon self-interest, prompts nations to come to the aid of states threatened with absorption, in whole or in part, by powerful neighbors; the doctrine of neutrality, one of the fundamental bases of modern international law, which is largely designed to favor conquest, bids nations, so long as they are not actually attacked, to sit idly by, neutral in thought and deed, while neighboring states are being crushed by superior might.

Mr. Wilson put his finger upon the disease; neutrality is not the way to peace between free commonwealths; it is the way to the peace which exists under despotism. The world will adopt peaceful habits only when the ambitious aggressor among nations is as certain to encounter overwhelming force as would be the aggressor among the states of the American Union.

How may this certainty be secured? It is not enough that a state should merely avoid aggression. To preserve peace and independence, something further is needed. While it is impossible to rely upon the self-restraint of nations, it is possible to limit their aggressions. A country that aspires to conquest is the most vicious of wild beasts. We cannot exempt ourselves from its attacks by resolving to avoid them. The negative policy of curbing one's own ambition must therefore be supplemented by a positive programme.

Does the Law of Mutual Aid lead to a new Holy Alliance? No, since the Holy Alliance aimed only at preventing revolutions arising within national boundaries, and had nothing in common with the measures designed to prevent one state from attacking another. It is well, of course, to remember that radical revolutionary governments tear up previous treaties. No treaty with the Tsar's government binds the Bolsheviki. Revolutionary governments are invariably aggressive toward other nations. The French Republic, in a single campaign, gained greater successes than all previous monarchs of France. Toward revolutionary governments it is wise to pursue a policy of non-intervention, but nations must be prepared to meet their aggressions.

III

Before we consider what may be done to facilitate the natural operation of the Law of Mutual Aid, it is well to point out the ways that must be avoided.

A super-state, a government over governments, such as the League of Nations, is, from its nature, doomed to failure. It is a confederation, as opposed to a federation, which is a government over individual human beings. The United States is a federation, and, as a government, is efficient, because it legislates for individuals, has power to tax them and to command their services, and can compel obedience by the process of a court.

A confederation legislates for governments, lives by doles from governments which collect from individuals, and can compel the obedience of the subordinate states only by acts of war. In a confederation every breach of law involves a state of war. When a confederation is under the control of a strong coercing state, as were the Roman Republic and the Assyrian Empire, its history is marked by civil wars. It was such a form of government that Germany intended to give to the world. A confederation which is not under such control — such as the United States under the Articles of Confederation and the League of Nations — is a mere semblance of government, the shadow without the substance, built of wrong materials, and resting upon no foundations whatsoever.

It is futile to think of forming a super-state by conferring upon it the power to make peace and war, without giving it the power of unlimited taxation directly upon the men and women of the world. Whoever controls the purse controls the sword. This fact is recognized in the rule of unanimity required for important acts in every confederation of the soft-core type. Such a rule is a sure indication of a government based upon unsound principles.

A belief in the efficacy of arbitration as a bloodless substitute for interna-

tional war has become a part of the habitual thought of the world; but sensible men must be on their guard against this cup of enchantments. Nations do not go to war over things that can be arbitrated, and arbitration treaties serve only as caustic irritants of the relations between states. The fallacy in arbitration lies in the fact that the causes of war, being political in their nature, can be settled only by political agencies, never by courts of justice. The pretexts upon which nations declare war are a mere covering brought forward to conceal the real political cause, which is invariably the desire for conquest. To arbitrate the pretext is like treating the symptoms in medical practice. International arbitration, as a means of applying the principles of justice to the causes which lead to war, is a farce.

In no known instance could arbitration treaties have averted war. In every case the aggressor began hostilities for the purpose of making conquest. He had made up his mind to break treaties, and an arbitration treaty is as easily broken as any other. Moreover, nations are unwilling to impawn their future being and action by binding themselves to abide by the irrevocable decisions of judges who base their opinions upon what they decide is the law; nor are they willing to confer legislative power upon judges by authorizing them to say what shall be the law.

Nations cannot afford to enter into an agreement that will permit other nations to hale them into court, to answer for political acts which may or may not lead to war. To do so is to resign their governments into the hands of the court. Those who advocate such action take no heed of the fixed unwillingness of men to settle political matters, either domestic or international, by judicial means.

In regard to proposals to postpone actual hostilities until there can be an investigation as to the merits of a controversy, it may be said at once that there are never any merits in the 'controversy.' The quarrels of nations that are not bent upon conquest begin and end in words, and no elaborate machinery for making investigations is necessary in such cases. The aggressions of the international bandit aiming at the conquest of weaker nations can be stayed only by the known readiness of nations to aid each other in case of attack. Nations that seek protection in treaties of investigation and arbitration are foolish.

IV

We shall now consider the positive measures that may be taken to avert international war.

The nations have been able to preserve their independence against bandit states only by long and bloody wars. How may they preserve their liberty without the necessity of waging these wars? Surely in no other way than by making it unmistakably evident that inevitable defeat awaits the ambitious aggressor. Positive measures for the maintenance of international peace must be based upon the Law of Mutual Aid, and must recognize the fact that the control of the sword cannot be taken from the hands of the great legislative assemblies which now control, and which seem destined to control for all time, the nations' purse-strings.

Two methods, both of which are tried and approved deterrents of war, meet these requirements.

1. The first method is by defensive alliance treaties, of which the treaty long subsisting between England and Portugal is a good example. The objection to such treaties is that one or more of the parties may begin a war of aggression and claim assistance, as when the aggressive French Republic claimed

the assistance of the United States during Washington's administration, and Germany and Austria claimed the assistance of Italy in their war of aggression in 1914. It should be observed that the state whose assistance is claimed under such a treaty is judge of the occasion — a right which the United States and Italy asserted and made good. A general defensive alliance treaty, in which, to copy the language of our Constitution, the United States 'shall protect each of them against invasion,' has much to recommend it. After the treaty of alliance with France lapsed and was declared at an end, the United States did not renew it, and she has carefully avoided such treaties. She has refused upon more than one occasion to embody the principles of the Monroe Doctrine into a defensive alliance treaty with the nations of the American continent. It is therefore idle for us to discuss this phase of the subject.

2. The second method is by legislative declarations of policy, such as that contained in the preamble of the Annual Mutiny Act prior to 1867, which stated that one of the purposes of the British army was 'the preservation of the balance of power in Europe'; or by executive declarations of policy similar to that enunciated by Mr. Monroe, in which the nation, through its executive, announces that the invasion of one state by another will be regarded as an unfriendly act by the state making the declaration. The Monroe Doctrine is, in effect, a spontaneous offer of assistance, on the part of a nation which refuses to enter into defensive alliances, to all the states of the New World against any non-American state that may attack any of them. It leaves the nation free to adopt such measures as it may see fit to pursue, and makes it judge of the time and the occasion. It is stronger than any treaty, and has been a most potent deterrent of war and conquest. However unfriendly an American republic might be, our aid would come to it as promptly as to any other. The Monroe Doctrine is not based upon sentimentality, but upon the more stable and respectable basis of self-interest, which demands that we avoid the close neighborhood of strong aggressive powers. It is maintained by the United States for purely defensive purposes; but it has been of infinite advantage to the Latin-American states.

The great merit of the Monroe Doctrine is that it has caused the nation to think along correct lines and see its duty clearly; it has given guiding principles that have removed all doubt and hesitation in troublous times; and it has served as a warning to possible trespassers. The maintenance of peace is a problem of education. The Monroe Doctrine has preserved peace by educating our people, our statesmen, and our potential adversaries.

What oceans of blood would have been saved if the nations and their rulers had been educated in their duties in the strenuous days that preceded the German attack on Liége in 1914! Want of education, want of a correct policy, have cost the United States $26,000,000,000, and the nations a world war. Our defect, so far as want of declaration of policy is concerned, has been remedied by Mr. Harding in his Inaugural Address, by the following words, which, let us hope, will be quoted in after times, as are the words of Mr. Monroe: —

> Our eyes never will be blind to a developing menace, our ears never deaf to the call of civilization. . . . In expressing aspirations, in seeking practical plans, in translating humanity's new concept of righteousness, justice, and its hatred of war into recommended action, we are ready most heartily to unite; but every commitment

must be made in the exercise of our national sovereignty. . . . We have come to a new realization of our place in the world and a new appraisal of our nation by the world. The unselfishness of these United States is a thing proved, our devotion to peace for ourselves and for the world is well established, our concern for preserved civilization has had its impassioned and heroic expression. There was no American failure to resist the attempted reversion of civilization; there will be no failure to-day or to-morrow.

Paraphrasing the language of Mr. Lincoln, I should say: Let this duty of the nation be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles in her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, in spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

The writer believes that the Harding Doctrine will do for the world at large what the Monroe Doctrine has done for the American continents. It will not prevent civil wars or small international wars; but it is an announcement to the world that we stand ready to join in crushing any bandit nation that attempts world-conquest. If taken by us at its full import, it will prevent a repetition of the World War, and it will lead to a large measure of disarmament. It will be what we make of it.

The nations need no additional machinery of government to preserve international peace. The world had sufficient organization to have averted war in 1914. What it needed then, and what it needs now, is enlightened policy, based upon a careful and searching study of war and politics. Organization without spirit is an empty shell. When the spirit is right, organization adjusts itself to the needs of the hour.

V

There are certain axiomatic principles in 'world-politics' that are of fundamental importance in the practical application of the Law of Mutual Aid. Several of these principles will now be considered.

Competition in land armaments between adjacent continental nations is not a mutual affair, as it is assumed to be in all discussions on disarmament: it is a one-sided phenomenon. A powerful nation, like Germany, arms to conquer a weaker neighbor, which, in turn, arms for defense. There is a vast difference between arming for offense and arming for defense, as every thoughtful reader of the daily press must have realized in the month of August, 1914. The defensive armaments of the weaker nation are not a menace to the stronger nation, which needs no great preponderance to assure itself against the attack of its weaker neighbor. War comes, not from armies and navies, but from the belligerent intentions of nations. The aggressors, the beginners of wars, the leaders in the so-called armament competitions, are the strong nations, not the weak. Excessive armaments in time of peace are a phenomenon of quite recent times, due to the ambition of Germany and one or two other states that have followed her example. Convince these states that the Law of Mutual Aid will be applied against them, that the fate of Germany awaits them if they attack their neighbors, and land armaments will automatically decline to the scale required in each state to maintain domestic peace, beyond which it is not desirable that they be reduced.

Competition in naval armaments is

one of the effects of excessive land armaments. There is never any naval competition between countries that maintain small armies, however great their naval forces may be. This is a fact of supreme importance at the present time. Nations like Great Britain and the United States, which maintain strong navies, but comparatively weak skeleton armies raised by voluntary enlistment in time of peace, measure their naval strength, not by each other's naval strength, but by that of countries which have powerful conscript armies backed by trained reserves ready for instant mobilization.

Recent propaganda does not disprove the foregoing statement. For more than four centuries England has gauged her building programme by that of the most powerful navy of those European powers which maintained large armies. She will, beyond all doubt, continue the same policy for a period of time that can be measured only in centuries. If we are wise, we shall follow a somewhat similar policy, taking into account Asiatic as well as European neighbors, which maintain powerful conscript armies.

England has never considered the strength of the American navy in determining her two-power standard, not because blood is thicker than water, as some would have us believe, but because she has known full well that she has nothing to fear from the aggression of a country whose army does not greatly exceed the needs of domestic peace. And we have been indifferent about her navy for the same reason. Nations that depend upon naval power for defense never enter upon a war that can in any way be avoided. The English, like the Romans, have generally had wars thrust upon them, and, like the Romans, have generally begun their wars with disasters. As England and America have each a tremendous interest in the peace of the civilized world, which can be threatened only by countries having large armies, each is vitally interested that the other shall not neglect its naval forces. Their navies are the mainstay of the peace forces of the world.

A strong naval power, which maintains a comparatively small army, is not a menace to any strong military power, unless the military power, by its aggressions, unites the world in a coalition against itself; in other words, England, which relied upon her navy as her first line of defense, would never have begun a war of aggression against Germany; and the United States, with its small army, will never begin a war of aggression against Japan, which keeps up a large and efficient army.

No nation ever attempts to gain a preponderance of armaments upon both land and sea unless it is actuated by aggressive purposes. The nation which, like Germany, attempts to gain such preponderance, brands itself as an international bandit.

The liberties of the nations will be at an end whenever any country which has the best army in the world gains command of the sea; or, *vice versa*, whenever any country which has the best navy in the world builds up the most formidable army. The hegemony of the ancient world soon passed to Rome, when that Republic, already possessed of an invincible army, wrested the command of the sea from Carthage. The defeat of the British fleet at Jutland would have placed the modern world in a similar position in regard to Germany, unless, indeed, the American fleet could have restored the command of the sea to the Allies.

The modern world is distinguished from the ancient chiefly by the fact that it has not been brought under the domination of a single nation. It has been saved from this fate by the fortunate fact that the strongest military

state has never been the strongest naval power, thanks to the insular situation of England, to her ability to command the sea, and to her inability to become the strongest military power. Herein lies the secret of the existence of the free commonwealths of the modern world. One of the ugliest aspects of our civilization was presented by the campaign in the press, prior to the World War, against the policy of England to maintain a two-power standard against the German navy.

The key to the international situation lies in the European-Asiatic continent, because Europe and Asia, if united under one strong, efficient, coercing state, would have ample land and naval forces to compel the rest of the world to accept the policy of the coercing state; and free government would be at an end. No such danger can come from any of the other continents, on account of their smaller size.

The establishment of republican government does not solve the problem of international peace. Hereditary autocracy has more often imperiled the world's liberties; but the dangers coming from republics and democracies have been more serious. Rome conquered as a republic, and, as an empire, combatted only for a choice of masters. At the beginning of the last century, republics seemed dangerous to Europe because Republican France threatened its liberties, which were defended by several hereditary autocrats. In 1914, autocratic Germany threatened world-stability, and the danger was ascribed to the form of government. Such theories are wrong. It is not the form of government but the act of aggression that is dangerous. Many good souls were troubled because autocratic Russia and Samurai-ridden Japan and feudal Serbia and Montenegro gave support to the Allied cause. But all great coalitions have contained autocratic governments. The Allies have fought against domination by a single state, not against any particular form of government. There is no instance in history of the defeat of a republican state by an autocratic state, both states being otherwise fairly matched; but history is replete with the defeat and overthrow of monarchies by republics in fair and open fight.

Absolute suppression of all trade with the bandit nation should be enforced in future wars, if, unfortunately, the history of the world continues to repeat itself. In the last war the Allies did not declare a blockade, in order, apparently, to avoid irritating neutrals, whose battles they were fighting. They preferred to follow an illegal practice, as measured by international-law standards, which attained the same ends and permitted the compensation of owners of ships and cargoes. The Second Peace Conference of 1907 stipulated that commercial and industrial relations between belligerents and neutrals should be especially protected and encouraged. This is the freedom of the seas which Germany desired—freedom from blockade, which was necessary to bring her to her knees and stop her aggressions. The international law of Grotius justifies the measures which the Allies enforced, or should have enforced, against Germany; indeed, if they had proclaimed the principles of the Father of International Law at the beginning of the war, they would have had a moral and intelligible code to follow. Truth is so delicate that, if we deviate ever so slightly from it, we fall into error. Grotius was a citizen of one of a number of small nations which were threatened by the German empire of the day, and he wrote as the citizen of an 'allied' country. Looking out upon a world much like our own, his thoughts are as fully applicable to our larger world as if they were written yesterday.

The greatest crime that a state can commit is to kindle a war, either by its own aggressions or by creating the belief that it will play an unworthy part. War is not the supreme evil. The supreme evil is the habit of regarding war as the supreme evil. No nation has more serious difficulties to encounter than one whose courage and firmness are doubted. What a bandit nation believes to be true is, so far as its action is concerned, the same as the truth.

A primary power with a fearless and efficient government rarely gets into war. Such a government does not attack its neighbors, and does not provoke war by its reputation for inefficiency and want of spirit. The administrations of James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Grover Cleveland, and Theodore Roosevelt were eras of peace.

It is the duty of every nation to maintain such armed forces as are necessary to preserve domestic peace. Where free government prevails, the control of these forces is in the hands of the representatives of a majority of the people, who have no interest in resorting to factious methods and no desire to support needless armaments.

The path to international peace lies, not in neutrality, or in World Confederation, or in arbitration, or in any particular form of government, but in the unfailing application of the Law of Mutual Aid. International peace is a problem of education. World wars will be averted and excessive armaments will vanish only when that law is so well understood and so sure in its application that ambitious nations will renounce the hope of conquering neighbors as little disposed to endure as to offer an injury.

Although the United States will not enter into formal guaranties, the events of the World War and the declarations of her political departments give assurance that she will join the world against any power that threatens disaster to free nations.

AN EX-ENEMY IN BERLIN TO-DAY

BY MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY

I

It is unfortunate that the opinion of the world at large on the conditions obtaining to-day in Berlin should so often be derived from persons falling into one of two classes.

The one class consists of those persons who put up at the most expensive hotels; eat at the most expensive restaurants; look in at the most expensive places of entertainment; and then, having naturally enjoyed, at comparatively low cost (for the mark stands at only about one twelfth of its pre-war value), much obsequious and by no means disinterested attention, rush away with the impression that the Germans are gay, charming, forgiving creatures, who are perhaps drinking too much (German)

champagne for a supposedly bankrupt nation, but are simply delighted to welcome all their ex-enemies back in their midst.

The second class is made up of those over-earnest travelers who, coming out to the country with their minds already made up, fall a facile prey to the propaganda of those Germans whose mission it is to convince the world of the utter ruin, material and intellectual, of the Fatherland.

From neither of these classes is it possible to get that true picture of an ex-enemy's life in Berlin to-day which can be given only after a long stay here, and after one has mingled with all classes of society. Even so, it is extremely hard for any one individual to paint a satisfactory picture, because the attitude of the German is not the same toward the American that it is toward the Englishman or the Frenchman; and this attitude again is apt to vary according as you are being dealt with in a private, a business, or an official capacity.

Of course, if one is asked simply, as I sometimes am on my rare visits back in England, whether things are made deliberately unpleasant for the ex-enemy private individual now resident in Germany, or whether it is safe to speak French or English in a restaurant, the reply is astonishingly simple. I say advisedly 'astonishingly simple,' because, as one who had spent some time in Germany before the war, I was fully prepared to meet with a considerable amount of passive ill-will, if not of active hostility, even in everyday life. Many of my German friends of those days had adopted toward me much the same attitude that the Walrus and the Carpenter adopted toward the oysters; and, upon the actual outbreak of war, this latent hostility, as we all know, was developed into a rabid yet calculated animosity, to which there was, at any rate at the outset, no true parallel on the side of the Entente.

In spite, however, of the result and length of the war, exhibitions of private ill-will are not very much more marked than they were before 1914. Very possibly, indeed, the result and length of the struggle have had their effect. A defeated Germany does not feel very safe in giving way to a too-unbridled exhibition of her true sentiments.

It may be, too, that the very length of the war has had its effect, quite apart from the result. Even if a short war, such as that upon which Germany had reckoned, would have been over before the ingrained hatred marking the middle stages of the struggle had taken root in all our minds, the long-drawn-out hardships of four and one-half years of unintermittent fighting reacted upon the feelings of all but the most ferocious fire-eaters. Anyway, whatever the reasons may be, it is only the bare truth to say that, so long as the private individual of an ex-enemy nation behaves himself with ordinary restraint, he is very unlikely to have cause to complain of his treatment in the everyday affairs of existence, and may even be agreeably surprised.

I will give two personal experiences in support of this statement. The Armistice was not very many weeks old when I happened to be traveling in Germany on a very crowded train, the bulk of the passengers being soldiers from the notorious Ehrhardt brigade. Every seat in the train had long before been occupied, and I was compelled to clamber, with my valises and wraps, on to the couplings between two carriages, and to travel in this manner in the midst of a bunch of similarly adhesive soldiers. After we had gone a short distance, one of the soldiers who had been eyeing me curiously, inquired if I was a foreigner. I answered with a simple affirmative. He then inquired

my nationality. I replied that I was an Englishman. For a moment there was a profound silence all round, and I was beginning to think that I should be accidentally shoved off the moving train, when a voice asked, 'Have you got any English cigarettes?' As it happened I had a couple of packets of a brand that I very much disliked, and I distributed the contents of one all round. This sop to Cerberus had the happiest results. When at the next junction I had to change trains, two or three of the soldiers climbed down with me and insisted upon carrying my very portable luggage for me to the farther platform.

The second experience occurred not many months ago, when I was coming up on a journey from Vienna to Berlin. When we got into the German train at Tetschen, there was a young Englishman standing in the corridor who looked rather wistfully at my golf-clubs. The train was full, as usual, and he had failed to find a seat. After we had gone a short way, he opened the door of our compartment and asked if there was a vacant seat. On being told that there was, he sat down, explaining to me that he had only a second-class ticket but would gladly pay the difference on to Berlin.

Presently came along the ticket-collector, to whom the Englishman handed his ticket, saying in very broken German that he wanted to pay the additional fare. The collector grunted, and went off and fetched an inspector, to whom, after the Englishman had vainly tried to explain the situation in German, he addressed himself in English. In the meantime I had explained matters to him in German; but, paying no attention to me, the inspector turned to the Englishman and said, 'We don't speak English here. You're in Germany now, and if you have anything to say, you must say it in German.' Then, looking round for applause, he continued in German: 'Who gave you permission to travel in a first-class compartment? You have broken the regulations and must pay twice the first-class fare for the whole distance.'

This rudeness and official punctilio, however, brought forth a storm of protest from my fellow voyagers. They all declared that they themselves were quite ignorant of the regulations in question; and how then should an Englishman, or any other foreigner, be expected to know them. The place was vacant, the Englishman had volunteered to pay the difference, and that was surely sufficient.

The official declined to listen to any expostulations. The Englishman thereupon said that he would willingly leave the compartment and asked for the return of his ticket, which, it turned out, was a through ticket to Hamburg. The inspector, however, declined to give it up until the sum claimed had been paid; and the more his own compatriots abused him for his scurvy behavior, the more violently and obstinately he stuck to the letter of the law. The matter was not settled until we got actually to Berlin, and, forming a small deputation, laid the full facts before a yet higher functionary, who, thank goodness, had some notions of elementary justice and reason.

Much capital was made last year, in the Franco-British press, out of an assault delivered by Prince Joachim of Prussia upon a party of French officers who were dining with their wives in the Hotel Adlon, Berlin. The episode was certainly disgraceful; but it must be admitted that Prince Joachim has long been notorious as a blustering bully, and that upon this occasion he had been gazing upon the champagne when it bubbled. In the ordinary course, a conversation in French provokes little or no comment; and, so far from the

speaking of English being objected to, people are, on the contrary, only too eager to refurbish their acquaintance with that tongue, and to give you full particulars of where they have worked in England or America, where they were interned, and what they hope to do as soon as passports again become available to German citizens.

The last two incidents are, however, instructive, for they illustrate the intransigeance of the old German Junker and official classes of all grades, and they show the difficulties to be contended against by such Germans as have taken the lessons of the war to heart, and are struggling to make the disappearance of militarism coincide also with the spread of a more urbane and democratic spirit. The dice are, however, weighted against them, so long as the present generation of Junkers and officials survives.

II

When, however, it comes to business or official relations, one very soon realizes that the German is unable to resist the temptation to score off his late enemies as much as he can. One of the commonest illustrations of this propensity is the twenty-five-per-cent surtax which Germans try to impose upon foreigners. You can go into a shop, for example, and order a number of articles. As soon as the assistant finds out from your name or address (if you have not long before been betrayed by your accent) that you are a foreigner, down goes the twenty-five-per-cent *Zuschlag* on the bill. But for the wise, the remedy is simple. You begin by pointing out that, under the terms of the peace treaty, Germans are forbidden to differentiate against foreigners; and, if that produces no effect, you walk out with the intimation that to-morrow you will get the goods ordered, through a German friend — and at another shop.

Nothing, again, could be more courteous than the way in which my colleague and myself have been, in appearance, treated by the authorities, but we are fully aware that, as representatives of the bitterly hated 'Northcliffe Press,' whose alleged calumnies against Germany are almost a daily theme with the majority of newspapers, we are, nevertheless, quite cordially disliked, and that we are never likely to get any real favor shown to us. Quite the contrary. Coincidence is notoriously long in the arm, but was it altogether a coincidence, I wonder, that when, not long ago, we wanted to get a certain report over to London before it had appeared in the German press, our telephone, which had previously worked quite admirably, suddenly became *gestört*, and remained in that useless condition for an unaccountably long period?

That amusing Dickens creation, Mr. Joseph Bagstock, used, if I remember right, to be fond of referring to himself in the following terms: 'Tough, sir, tough is Joey B. Tough and de-vilish sly.' Well, Joey B. was as tender as spring lamb and as angelically simple as Amelia Sedley, in comparison with many Germans whom I could name. One cannot, perhaps, blame them too severely. The under dog is never enamored of his situation, and when that under dog has been accustomed for half a century to be the top dog and to have his enemy by the throat, he is doubly infuriated when the positions suddenly become reversed. If, then, the Germans can put spokes in some of our wheels, they naturally do so, and it is 'up to us' to see that we give them back as good as they give.

Besides, it is not only we civilians who suffer from these more or less impotent struggles. Germany has never ceased to regard and proclaim the Treaty of Versailles as an outrageous

swindle, into which she was lured by the hypocritical protestations and fourteen points of President Wilson; by reliance upon the published war-aims of the Allies; by anything, in short, rather than by military defeat in the field; and between the ratification of the Peace and the advent of the insecure Wirth Cabinet, she has striven unceasingly to carry out as few of the conditions as she possibly can. She has wriggled (and Bavaria is still wriggling) over the disarmament question; she has called to Heaven in evidence of her inability to pay the compensations and reparations demanded of her; she has reduced the trials of the 'war criminals' to a farce. Her much-boasted revolution of 1918 swept away, indeed, the Hohenzollerns, but left behind the bureaucrats, who were indispensable because they knew where to find the blotting-paper and sealing-wax, and who have not yet learned that the old verbose and truculent notes, which may have suited the temper of a people bristling with bayonets, do not come well from a people which, after plunging more than half the civilized world into misery and shying at nothing, however barbarous, in its struggle for supremacy, has now had its fangs drawn.

III

So much may be said to be more or less the common experience of all Germany's former enemies. But this superficial equality of treatment does not mean that Germany, in her heart of hearts, makes no distinction between her foes. If President Wilson shares with the late King Edward and M. Clemenceau the distinction of being bitterly hated, the American people as a whole is more popular here than any of the others. This is only natural for the following reasons.

There are, in the first place, so many Germans and friendly neutrals in the United States, that a German can hardly work up a permanent hatred of the American people as a whole. In the second place, he realizes that the interests of the United States and of Germany were never in serious conflict before the war; and thinks that, if his leaders had not bungled their diplomacy and their moral conduct of the war so idiotically, there would have been a sporting chance that the United States would never have taken up arms at all. Thirdly, the comparatively late arrival of the American troops on the scene of action naturally meant that there was relatively little fighting between the two nations — though the gallant action of the Americans round Château-Thierry in the summer of 1918 probably discouraged any German desire for a full-dress campaign on a large scale. Fourthly, America alone among the greater belligerents has sought no territorial or monetary advantage at Germany's expense. And, fifthly, the charitable endeavors of Mr. Hoover's mission and other relief organizations (duly advertised in the press) have produced a sentiment of sincere gratitude, which has further reinforced the pleasure felt at reported American impatience with what, apparently, is sometimes regarded by you 'over there' as our meticulous determination to enforce the Treaty of Versailles. This attitude, of course, delighted the Germans, and encouraged them to hope that, when once the Harding administration was firmly in the saddle, Germany might look to the United States as to the first great nation which would break down the tabu by which she is now surrounded; which would lend her money; and which would enable her to recover from her present prostration.

Recent events have greatly dashed these hopes. The unwavering loyalty of America to her associates over rep-

arations, and the clearly inspired telegrams of the Washington correspondent of the *Times*, indicating that Mr. Harding would welcome an agreement between the English-speaking peoples, have been gall and wormwood to a Germany determined to play off the members of the Entente against one another. The press has not ventured to give a free rein to its indignation; but the feeling is there, and is embittered by a dawning perception that Mr. Lloyd George's outburst on Upper Silesia is not likely to end in anything substantial. The methodical German, then, while pushing back his nascent exuberance for the United States, is concentrating simply upon the material and practical aspects of future relations. Realizing that, for the moment, the situation is not ripe, Germany is devoting her attention more immediately to Russia and nearer markets; but she never lets the United States out of her sight; and speeches made at meetings of the Hamburg-Amerika line and similar large concerns show, not only that the restoration of pre-war relations with the United States remains the cardinal object of German policy, but that, judged by the statistics of shipping, it is beginning to be realized. With this success Germany is momentarily content, and that is why American business men, journalists, and others find doors open to them which are closed to men of French or British nationality.

Not, I think, that the individual Englishman is personally disliked. It is generally admitted that the British occupation of the Cologne area has been marked by tact and forbearance, and the British missions in Berlin have frequently been praised to me for the quiet, unobtrusive manner in which they go about their business. The innate reluctance of the Englishman to make himself conspicuous has stood him here in good stead. Except on special occasions, the British officers are almost always in mufti. When one recollects the outburst against Great Britain with which the war opened, and the immense popularity of Herr Lissauer's 'Hymn of Hate,' it is really astonishing to find so little overt trace of anti-British feeling. There are, of course, the recognized Anglophobes, headed by Herr G. Bernhardt of the *Vossische Zeitung;* but it is certainly curious how little the average German reflects that it was, after all, to the British that the German navy had ultimately to surrender in such dramatic fashion; that it was the British Empire which took over the bulk of Germany's colonial possessions; and that it is to the British Empire that Germany must look again for many of her indispensable raw materials and for customers for her finished products. As a matter of fact, Great Britain stands more than ever before in the sunshine of the German Michael. But the average German does not apparently look so deeply as this, and merely notices that Great Britain is showing a readiness to resume trade-relations with him, and to this end is prepared — within the limits of the Treaty of Versailles — to give him an opportunity to avoid national bankruptcy.

This is not, of course, to say that the British — or even the Americans — are positively popular or fêted here. Whatever may be the faults of the Germans, they have, at least, a spirit of national pride, which is sometimes lamentably lacking among the Austrians and Hungarians. During the many months which I spent in Austria and Hungary during 1919 and 1920, I heard many of the Allies declare that they found the friendliness and hospitality of the inhabitants almost too embarrassing. This criticism is not without justification. But neither Aus-

tria nor Hungary ever seriously regarded herself as at war with Great Britain, France, or the United States. The troops of these nations practically never came into conflict with one another, and the pre-war personal relations between the wealthier and better-class families in Great Britain, for example, and Austria-Hungary had been in many cases very cordial and intimate. It was, then, often very awkward for an Englishman, Frenchman, or American to find himself being invited to luncheons and dinners and dances with unfeigned friendliness, during a time when the Allied representatives in Paris were preparing — in the treaties of Saint-Germain and Trianon — settlements infinitely more disastrous to Austria and to Hungary than was the Treaty of Versailles to Germany. Sometimes, in fact, the situation became intolerable, and some virulent outburst against our newest European allies compelled one to remind one's very hosts that, after all, they had begun the war by their ultimatum to Serbia.

There is no fear of any of the Allies being similarly embarrassed in Germany. Not long ago some of the Berlin correspondents gave prominence to a 'house law' of the von der Golz family, the members of which bound themselves to enter into no friendly relations with their ex-enemies, but to confine their dealings with them to strictly official matters. There was, as a matter of fact, nothing remarkable about this. A German baron to whom I mentioned this 'house law,' and with whom, as another old Cambridge man, I had fancied myself on tolerably good terms, bluntly told me that there was nothing extraordinary in this family pact, which was being observed in many houses. His avowal confirmed my own observations and experience. Exceptions may be made, for reasons of policy, in the case of recognized Germanophiles of influence; but the ordinary ex-enemy will have no opportunity, even if he has the desire, to mingle in the intimate home life of any German family of good extraction. This may be bad Christianity, but it is understandable *amour propre*, and human nature.

IV

But if, in the case of the other Allies, there has been a certain German external correctness, there has been, and is to-day, one great exception. If Great Britain was the most hated enemy during the war, France is now loathed with a deadly hatred of which no secret is made. Before the war Germany certainly did not hate France so much as France hated Germany; and even during the war the German press often expressed its admiration for the bravery of the French *poilus*. All such admiration has long vanished. Not long ago an American to whom I was speaking of this bitter hatred had a simple yet striking example of the truth of these words. He was inclined to be skeptical, so I rang the bell for the waiter and asked him what he thought of the French. The man's eyes literally blazed, as he declared that he would willingly march against the French again to-morrow because, he said, 'they wish to make a nation of slaves of us.' When he had gone out of the room, I rang for the chambermaid, and she was equally outspoken in her detestation of the French.

People in railway-carriages speak quite openly about this hatred, and canvass the time — it may be twenty-five years, it may be longer — when the final reckoning with France is to come. 'We want,' the Germans say, 'no allies. We ask only to be left alone with the French, and we are sure that the next time France will not have Eng-

land and America on her side.' Such remarks I have heard literally scores of times, and they undoubtedly represent the average German's views and wishes. Time will, of course, do something toward softening down these feelings; but it is an undeniable fact that many Germans of my personal acquaintance are systematically training up their children to hate France, and, above all, are teaching them that they must avenge the alleged wrongs done to German women by the French black troops in the occupied area.

Meanwhile, such is the actual hatred for France that, no matter how distinctly the Allied press proclaims that this or that decision was a joint decision of the Allies, the whole blame is invariably put upon France. Every rebuff administered to Germany is due to French cruelty and revenge. The inculcation of this spirit of hatred against France is, of course, the more easy since France is the country in whose name the Allied Missions here act, and thus the French have the perhaps not always congenial task of pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for their partners.

At the same time, the French appear hardly to have grown accustomed to their victory, and scarcely to realize that after forty-four years of shivering under the German menace, they have won for themselves a freedom which, if rightly used, will enable them to pursue, as long as one can reasonably foresee, a policy of national dignity commensurate with the position to which France is entitled by the valor, charm, industry, and intelligence of her population.

The temptation to repay all at once the many indignities from which they suffered after 1871 has been too strong for many Frenchmen. Not only are the professional journalists too often unbridled in their remarks, but men such as M. Poincaré are losing no opportunity of keeping French feeling against Germany at white heat.

The still dangerous question of Upper Silesia is exceptionally deplorable. The French representatives on the Inter-Allied Mission have made virtually no pretense of impartiality, and their attitude is resented the more in that Silesia is so closely bound up with the traditions of Frederick the Great; while the Poles are not only despised by the Germans for their lack of business capacity, but are hated by them with the hatred that the oppressor always feels for his victim. Not even the loss of Alsace-Lorraine could move Germany to such fierce hatred for France as the surrender of Upper Silesia to the Poles, after what would be eternally proclaimed as tampering with the results of a gerrymandered plebiscite.

The next few years are going to be critical for the future of Europe. France above all is walking to-day

per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso,

and, no less than Germany, has temporarily forgotten the wise old dictum of Bismarck, that in politics there is no room for either hatred or love. Mankind, it is to be hoped, will eventually achieve a higher level than these words connote. But to-day we are not even on that humble plane, and the superficial observer, who eats his dinner in Berlin to the strains of the latest English or American musical comedy, is making a great mistake if he thinks that the German will-to-power has been finally crushed, and that there is no longer a steady, relentless national purpose behind the cheap veneer of the neo-Teutonic republicanism.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE SIMPLE SPELLERS

An anæmic youth in horn goggles has called on me in the interests of the Simple Spellers. He shamelessly appropriated to himself and his cause two good hours of my time, seeking by processes which, for want of a better name, must pass for argumentation, to enlist me in his army. I suppose someone pays him for his time. I wish someone would pay me for mine; it was the best I had, and it is gone where I cannot recover it. And the gist of his shameless argument was that simplified spelling saves time!

He seemed to be obsessed with the naïve theory that we save time if we don't spend it; whereas everyone who uses time knows that to spend it before it spends itself is the only way to save it. Accordingly I could get no real information from him as to whose time the simplification of spelling would save, or how. The idea seems to be that every time you write *thru* instead of *through* you save a second; and if you write it often enough, you might in the course of some years accumulate time enough for a vacation in Italy or an appendicitis operation. It appears to be based on the fatuous notion that time is money, and can be kept in the savings bank at compound interest till you need it. Suppose you write ten thousand simply spelled words a day, saving a second on each, or two hours and forty-two minutes on the day's work. Then you write for two hours and forty-two minutes and save three quarters of an hour more —and so on to infinity. It is subject to diminishing returns, but it goes on forever, and when you get down to split seconds you can take a fresh start. It is a beautiful theory, but it does n't apply to me. I could never save time by writing *thru;* I should spend infinitely more time trying to remember to write it, and in hating it after I had written it, than I could save were it briefer than the very soul of wit.

I suppose I am an exception in that I am still old-fashioned enough to do my own writing; I am not yet incorporated and speeded up by means of multiple dictaphones and typists. If I were, I suppose I should get five cents a word no matter how they were spelled, and should be glad of simple spelling as a saving in 'overhead.' I should gloat over the thought that my stenographer, by using simple spelling (if she succeeded in learning it), would increase my profit by a hundred dollars a day. She might save time; a few of her would. But if I know anything about her, she would add it to her recreation periods, and devote it to gazing out of the window. So she will do, anyway. She will have her simple pleasures, nor need I purchase them for her at the cost of seeing my perfectly good English translated into the syncopations of Josh Billings or Ring Lardner.

But how about the children? Must their little minds be burdened with superfluous letters? or shall they be freed by an Emancipation Proclamation of the Simple Spellers? 'If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well it were done quickly.' But I do not recall any burden of superfluous letters that weighed heavily on my infant mind. My observation tells me that there are two kinds of people, those who learn to spell, and those who do not;

and neither kind worries about 'meaningless combinations of letters' — no one does that but the Simple Spellers. Indeed, I question whether learning to spell is a question of memorizing sequences of letters, any more than drawing is a matter of memorizing sequences of lines, curves, and angles. I do not believe that *through* is seven letters; it is a fact, like a maple leaf that I know when I see it, and with slight training I can draw it with my pencil. With pen or typewriter I make the symbol for the word by a series of reflex motions; I do not count the letters. If you ask me how I know *through* from *though*, I should probably mention the difference of the *r*, but the fact is I know them as I know Uncle Jim from Uncle Peter without consciousness of the distinguishing features. I know that is Uncle Jim because he *looks* like Uncle Jim; you need n't simplify him on my account; I never burdened my mind with details in learning him.

Spelling is not a craft by itself: it is a part of writing and reading, training of eye and hand. When a boy writes *starboard martyr* for *Stabat Mater*, or *forehead* for *forward*, he writes what he hears; the fault is not with his ear, but with his visual image of the words. It means that he is not a reader, and is not accustomed to the appearance of the words. To try to teach him the distinctions by lists of letters alone would be about as useless as to try to teach him to distinguish people he never saw by means of verbal descriptions. I doubt if the one system is really easier to learn than the other. I am still to be convinced that the burden of our present system would be sufficiently lightened by the change to compensate anyone for the burden it would certainly be on a generation or two of children to have to learn both systems; and I see no security that the change could be made with less effort.

The Simple Speller has his answer ready. The gain would be in logicality, and to become more logical in any department of life is, he is assured, worth any sacrifice. I have no such assurance. To make spelling logical would be only the first step toward making language logical. Now logic is a good tool where it fits, but it does not fit every contingency of life. It is a good thing in language up to a certain point — which nobody has discovered. If it had been the ruling principle of language from the start, and if our splay-footed ancestors who first began to grunt with meaning could have looked down through the centuries and seen what they were letting us in for, language might have been logical, and we too. In that case we should probably have but one language in the world to-day, one of downright Prussian efficiency, fitted accurately to every service of life except that of imagination. Is that our ideal? If so we must change ourselves first; for if by a gesture of magic we could make our language overnight as logical as mathematics, how long would it stay so with our minds working as they do? The language of a people is like the skin of a man; as a rule, it fits snugly, and it is not often that we can better its fit by taking thought, except as by taking thought we better ourselves.

Indeed, the Simple Spellers are ill-advised to seek more logic till they learn to use better what they have. The only arguments they have offered me are drawn from antecedent probability, which, if I remember my logic, is the weakest argument known, since it is built of inference before experience and buttressed with parabolic evidence. What we want to know about simplified spelling is whether it will simplify life for us and our children; what effect it would have on us as a nation; whether it is anything that would compensate us for the agony of the change. Why

not look to those who have tried it? The Germans have simplified their spelling as far as a people could, and still use the old symbols. At this time it might be impossible to get a fair answer to the question what the effect of the system has been on the nation, how much time the people have saved by it, and how they have spent it. The French understand themselves pretty well; they have a fairly sure instinct for what they can and cannot make themselves do. In the Year One of the Age of Reason, which was 1792 by dead reckoning, they rationalized by fiat everything in France except human nature and spelling. Human nature then took its course, and before long everything was back where it was before, except for a few matters chiefly political.

Even so do spelling reforms come and go, leaving few traces. You can make a formal garden by rule and compass, but eternal vigilance and labor are the price of it; if you allow yourself the least interval of relaxation, the irregularities of nature will reassert themselves. Simple spelling cannot establish itself by decree, for it has no authority. It must win its place by consent of the governed, and it has not a winning personality. So far it has not learned to smile. And if it has a scintilla of imagination, its sponsors would do well to let it show. I do not find simplified spelling useful; I know it isn't beautiful; it isn't even funny. Therefore, my word for it is that of the king to the harper: —

> Either ye serve me foot and hand,
> Or lift my heart with glee;
> Else ye have neither roof nor land,
> Nor guerdon get from me.

CONVERSATIONS

When still I prefaced my name with 'Miss,' none but my intimates ever thought of engaging me in conversation about the qualifications of my laundress and the amount of her weekly charge; acquaintances did not ask me if I found it well-nigh impossible to secure satisfying food at a reasonable price, and anyone would have blushed to inquire whether or not I made my own clothes. But once I had changed Miss for Mrs., the veriest strangers began to take a surprising interest in the domestic machinery of my life; commonplaces assumed astounding conversational importance. And it is not that I resent kindly inquiries about the brand of macaroni we prefer, or whether we burn soft coal or briquets, but that I deplore the passing of a time when people talked to me about interesting, impersonal things and I did not have to intrigue them into such conversation.

As I study what seems to be the circumscribed conversational opportunities of married women, I wonder: Does some mischievous fairy go to marriage feasts, and cast a spell upon the bride that robs her of all interest in, or ability for, *real* conversation? Or does the world only think so? Whatever the answer, there are hundreds of us who have escaped the wicked fairy's curse, escaped to protest and to plead.

I am quite sure that in both material and practice I am much better fitted for participation in worthy conversation than I was two years ago. But, unfortunately, I seem not only to have exchanged my name for that of my husband, but to have given my right to any ideas on any worth-while subjects 'to boot.' Do we have a chance caller, she settles herself with, 'Dear me, how you 've changed this house! Did n't you have a great deal of trouble getting help?' Then follow the usual questions about the butcher, the grocer, the laundress, the coal.

If John passes through the hall, and I ask him to come in and greet our neighbor, her face brightens and she

cries, with genuine enthusiasm, 'Oh, Mr. B——, I 've been wanting to meet you! Please tell me what to give my little ten-year-old girl to read'; and, 'Do you approve of profusely illustrated books for children?' This happens to be a subject which has claimed my profound interest, and about which I have well-defined opinions; but it never occurred to the mother of the ten-year-old to ask my advice. John carefully tells her what he knows to be my conclusions in the matter; she thanks him volubly and at length leaves, hoping that I will not lose my laundress, because 'they are so hard to get in this town.'

We have a guest to tea. She compliments me on the quality of the strawberry-jam, asks if I made it myself, and if it was n't hard to get sugar, and then turns to John with, 'Mr. B——, what do you think of this new play? Is it possible, do you think, that the leading lady merits all the favorable comment she is receiving?' By chance, this gifted leading lady has been my friend for years — we have enjoyed many a pleasant dinner together; but I refrain from mentioning the fact and give my attention to John's criticisms of the play and the further questions of our guest, who presently rewards my attention by asking me if I have seen any pictures of the star and if I don't think her pretty.

When John and I first began to meet this boycott of wives in the field of conversation, we attempted to combat it. When conversation was directed to him which he felt that my experience fitted me to discuss better, he said so and passed the leadership to me. We soon discovered that the unusualness of this manœuvre so pained and surprised our guests that it made constructive conversation momentarily impossible for them. It was apparent that we must abandon our course, if we were not to suffer the charge of being boorish hosts and uncomfortable guests. We still protest occasionally, but, as a rule, we exchange an understanding glance, and then John talks, and I assume what seems to be the inevitable rôle of a married female person — that of serene onlooker at all conversations that have not to do with household matters that any Swedish maid-of-all-work is better equipped to discuss than am I.

Unmarried women, who are themselves engaged in interesting public work, are the leaders in this unconscious shut-out of their married sisters. I know a very intelligent and talented woman whose husband is an architect. He has a studio in his home, where his wife works with him. There is not a plan he makes which has not incorporated in it some idea that was hers. Yet I have more than once seen bachelor-girl guests in their home all but exclude Mrs. M—— from a spirited conversation on building art, and conclude the talk with that exasperating air which says plainly, 'If only these clever men married women who could appreciate them!'

Last summer, at my express request, John and I devoted the leisure we could find in two months to the fascinating subject of French verse. Our guest, an unmarried girl of enviable attainments, came in from the verandah one evening, where she had been in conversation with John, and said, 'It 's wonderful what John has got out of his study of French poetry.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'we have enjoyed it, and I am convinced that the French idea of rhythm — '

I got no further. 'Oh,' said my guest in surprise, 'I knew that John had been studying the subject, *but I did n't know that he had made you do it.*'

I am still wondering if I was rude to her. I never can remember what I said, only what I felt. I know that we did

not talk of poetry: we talked of the relative merits of cooked and uncooked breakfast-foods, and I was advised about what to give John for a summer breakfast.

What, I ask myself over and over, what do these clever girls imagine becomes of women like themselves? Many of them marry. Do they think that marriage miraculously invests all women with an abnormal interest in potatoes and pans, and inhibits their having ideas on the very subjects of which they were masters before marriage? Do they imagine that, with their names, they will gladly relinquish all right to an interest in the activities for which they were trained by college and work, and that they will be content ever after to lift their voices only in discussions of scalloped oysters, sheeting, and adenoids?

As I go about pondering these things, I keep my left glove on as much as possible, and often, on the car and in the station, I enjoy delightful conversations about opera, drama, Mr. Chesterton — yea, thigmotaxis, if I like! If my charming seat-mate knew what was under my glove, she would, — eight chances out of ten, — with perfunctory suiting of her mind to my pace, ask me if I had any children; and being answered in the negative, she would regard me reproachfully and then speak of the weather.

Yes, yes, surely, children and the high cost of living and jam and laundry and all these domestic subjects should be interesting to a married woman. I *am* interested in them. I love children, I like to make jam, my laundress is a wonderful person, and I appreciate her. *But* I do not want my mind condemned to an exclusive diet of domestic subjects. Only ignorant men are excused if they talk of their business to the exclusion of all other topics.

True, a woman can lead conversation into avenues that interest her, if she tries. I affirm it: she can, she *does*. But why, always, if she be a married woman, must she try? Why is she always compelled to prove that she can perform a housemaid's duties without having a housemaid's mind? Many of us are women who did vital public work before our marriage — we are the same women still. Why does no one ever pay us the compliment of taking our intelligence for granted?

JOY

When I am glad
  There seems to be
A toy balloon
  Inside of me.

It swells and swells
  Up in my chest,
And yet I do
  Not feel distressed.

And when I go
  Along the street,
It almost lifts
  Me off my feet.

A NOTE FOR MORALISTS

In the 'Atlantic's Bookshelf' last month, Joseph C. Lincoln's new book received a warm encomium in which quite incidental reference was made to less creditable 'best sellers,' 'such undesirable characters,' so the reviewer called them, 'as Harold Bell Wright.' It did not seem to us within the bounds of possibility that the term, used in this connection, could be endowed with moral significance; but since it has, in one quarter at least, been open to suspicion, we beg the reader to discard any such imputation. We have not the honor of Mr. Wright's acquaintance, but that his 'character,' in the moral sense, is good, we take, on competent authority, absolutely for granted.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Arthur Pound, an alumnus of the University of Michigan, lives at Flint, a manufacturing centre for automobiles, where he follows many pursuits, among them the publication of a lively weekly and the conduct of a job-printing plant. His knowledge of the human problems of factory management is the result of years of intelligent and imaginative study. **Elizabeth Taylor,** once a lecturer on the folk customs, the Arctic farming, and the curious traditions of the people of Iceland, wrote these letters at intervals during the five years' siege of the Faroes by German submarines. **Katharine Fullerton Gerould** lives in Princeton, New Jersey. **Emma Lawrence** (Mrs. John S. Lawrence), the author of 'At Thirty,' which we printed last month, lives in Boston.

* * *

Hans Coudenhove, whose first paper on this subject we printed in the August number, may be fairly described as a detached critic. We quote from a recent interesting letter of his.

The people who are responsible for my coming to Africa, and spending my life in the wilds, have all died long ago. Their names are Fenimore Cooper, Mayne Reid, Jules Verne, and R. L. Stevenson, R.I.P.! I had no intention, when I first came out, to stay more than a few years. But tropical Africa grows upon you. Before 1905 I occasionally visited, besides Portuguese East Africa, Madagascar and the Mascarenhas, — comparatively civilized countries, like the different South African colonies, — but since 1905 I have not left the Tropics. I have been hunting, chiefly for the pot, and prospecting; but the most passionate pursuit of my life, and the chief interest of my existence, is the study of the animal kingdom, not from a biological, but from a psychological point of view. I avoid all European settlements and feel happy only when I live in my tent — a happiness which increases at the ratio of the number of miles which separate me from civilization. I am afraid that my long and intimate intercourse with Nature has given me a grievance against the being about whom H. Fairfield Osborn has written: 'Man who, through the invention of tools in middle Pleistocene time, about 125,000 years ago, became the destroyer of creation.' I have never seen an aeroplane. . . . I have been in a theatre last seventeen years ago in Johannesburg, once only in twenty-six years; only twice in my whole life have I been within visiting distance of a cinema show.

* * *

Vernon Kellogg, whose earliest reputation was won in the field of biology, served during the war as a first lieutenant to Mr. Hoover, and is now revisiting the scenes of his extraordinary success. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie,** who tells us, after her missionary wanderings over the earth, that 'the praise of steamers is the worship of the exile,' sends us these poems from her present home in Riverdale on the Hudson. **Edward Yeomans** is a Chicago manufacturer who has recently published through the Atlantic Monthly Press a singularly fresh and invigorating volume on Education — *Shackled Youth.*

* * *

Charles Bernard Nordhoff, whose element, air, earth, water, is the one he happens to be in, writes from Tahiti. **Annie W. Noel,** the most understanding of suburbanites, sends us her first contribution from her home in Upper Montclair, New Jersey. **Joseph Fort Newton** is minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York City. **Joseph Auslander** is an American poet who has been teaching at Harvard.

* * *

The correspondence between **John Burroughs** and **Herbert D. Miles** began with a challenge from Mr. Miles regarding Mr. Burroughs's book, *Accepting the Universe.* The challenge was accepted, and many letters made their way between Asheville, North Carolina, and the famous Slabsides. **Arthur Sherburne Hardy,** diplomatist, editor, and novelist, has contributed to the *Atlantic* for a full generation. **J. Edgar Park** is the minister of the Second (Congregational) Church of Newton, West Newton, Massachusetts.

* * *

E. Alexander Powell is a wide-ranging war correspondent, with many years of

remarkable experience behind him. In the list of his important services was the correspondence covering the Turkish and Persian revolutions, the Balkan wars, and the French campaign in Morocco. He was the only correspondent officially attached to the Belgian forces in the campaign of 1914, and was decorated Chevalier of the Order of Leopold. Later he accompanied the Germans during the advance on Paris. He was in Antwerp during the siege, and was the only correspondent to witness the entry of the Germans. Mr. Powell has been connected with the Plattsburg camp and with the movement for military education of young Americans. **Samuel W. McCall,** long a member of Congress for Massachusetts, and for three years (1916–18) Governor of the State, is well known as a statesman and publicist of notable independence of thought and expression. **Colonel S. C. Vestal,** of the Coast Artillery Corps, sends, at the editor's request, this paper outlining the theories discussed in his interesting and highly important volume, *The Maintenance of Peace.* **Maxwell H. H. Macartney** has been for many years a correspondent of the London *Times.*

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The future that the Orient holds out to Christianity has been the subject of an *Atlantic* debate of no small interest.

ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY,
SHANGHAI, CHINA,
June 15, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the June number of the *Atlantic* there is an article by Mr. Chang Hsin-hai entitled 'The Religious Outlook in China: a Reply,' which contains some statements requiring, it seems to me, some modification or correction.

Mr. Chang, we learn, is now studying at Harvard University. Perhaps he is not aware that Harvard was established by the Christian people of Massachusetts 'for the education of English and Indian youth in knowledge and godlyness'; in other words, that it was a missionary college receiving in early years generous aid from England for the special object of educating the natives, a college like those in China whose activity and influence he is deprecating.

It is untrue to say that 'missionaries have arranged that students may know as little as possible of the grandeur and dignity of their own national genius, the force and beauty of their own civilization, and the splendid character and discipline of their own great men.' As a matter of fact, all educational institutions in China provide courses of study in Chinese literature, Chinese history, and Chinese philosophy, as well as Chinese essay-writing, and in most institutions such courses are not optional, but required. Confucius's birthday is quite generally celebrated in mission schools.

Instead of its being the case that 'missionary educational institutions have always been looked on with suspicion,' intelligent and progressive Chinese have generally looked on them with favor, have contributed generously to their expansion and maintenance, and have sent their own boys and girls to be educated in them. The Minister of Education in Peking, Mr. Fan Yuan-lien, sent a representative to the meeting of the East China Christian Educational Association, held in Shanghai in February of this year, who 'addressed the convention, expressing the appreciation of the Ministry of the work done in Mission schools and the desire to coöperate and keep in touch with Mission educational work.'

Fortunately Mr. Chang does not mention medical mission work: the benevolence of the doctors, Chinese and foreign, in the Christian hospitals throughout China is so conspicuous, that one would stultify one's self by any unfriendly criticism.

There is no danger of a dull uniformity of ideas when China becomes christianized: on the contrary, Christianity is usually charged with too great a diversity. To begin with, there are the differences between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. Among the former, the various orders which are carrying on the propagation of their faith differ strikingly, and among the latter variety is even more marked. But that China is actually being evangelized, there can scarcely be a doubt. Mr. Chang's article is a symptom of the alarm felt in certain anti-Christian circles at the rapid advance made by the religion of the Cross. China is indeed 'now willing to reckon with the more powerful civilization of the West and to follow it in certain important aspects,' and the most important of these aspects is the spiritual, for 'It is the spirit that giveth life.'

Yours faithfully,
MONTGOMERY H. THROOP.

* * *

This lady from Philadelphia knows her Aristotle to some purpose.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mrs. Gerould, in her brilliant article on 'Movies' in the July number, says that the motto of the screen-play should be 'Good-bye, Aristotle'; but Aristotle taught that several things besides the 'Three Unities' went to the making of a good play. He lays tremendous stress on action. 'For,' says he, 'Tragedy is an imitation, not of men, but of actions — for happiness consists in action, and the supreme good itself, the very end of life is action of a certain kind — not quality.' The things that he thought essential to a play, in the order of their importance, were Plot, Action, Characterization, Sentiments.

Not a bad formula for a scenario!

Sincerely yours,
MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS.

Mr. Christopher Morley includes the following lines in his *Bowling Green*, taking for his text a remark of the Shop-Talk editor, and developing the theme with his usual felicity.

PLEASURES OF NUNCPROTUNCKING

'It is one of the compensations of a publisher's existence that he is compelled to live a definite part of his life in the future — to proceed, as the lawyers say, *nunc pro tunc*.'

— *The Atlantic Monthly.*

The publisher: consider him,
Who never lives *ad interim*.
He is compelled to haw and hem.
He cannot live, like us, *pro tem*.
For future days he packs his trunk,
Exclaiming sadly, *Nunc pro tunc!*

Upon reading the lines, our merry printer's devil sat down at the linotype, and hastily dashed off the following untutored trifle.

This poem of Morley's was not slow
To reach us in our *status quo*.
It hit the very *hominem*
Who was its terminus *ad quem*.
Eheu! The poem made quite a stir,
And we'd reply to Christopher,
But we are out of rhymes just *nunc*,
And he will have to wait till *tunc*.

* * *

It is always valuable to hear many sides of a many-sided question.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You have given considerable space of late to discussion of the growth of anti-Semitic sentiment in this country, and justly, for the question is a burning one. The chief indictment against the Jews seems to be that they refuse to be assimilated, to intermarry, even to mingle — that they stand aloof, as a race apart.

I hold a brief for the Jew who wishes to be assimilated. Have you any idea of the difficulties under which he labors? He may live in a Christian community, and have a dozen Christian intimates; he may even join the Church. He is, nevertheless, unable to become a member of the local club, to which all his friends belong. He has not the family backing, the ramifying connections that make for social standing in the community. If he has married a Christian, her friends feel that she has condescended a bit, even though he is an exceptionally fine fellow; and his friends think it's a pity that he should have cut adrift like that, when there are so many attractive Jewish girls to be had. There is always a certain constraint in their presence if the question of religion is touched upon, be it ever so remotely.

They decide to send their children to the neighboring private school attended by their friends' children. Before this can be done, wires sufficient to delight the heart of Tony Sarg must be pulled. The father is then summoned to the principal's sanctum, and given, gently, tactfully, but unmistakably, to understand, that this is a Christian school and that his children are being admitted by special dispensation.

The question of finding accommodations at good hotels has been discussed *ad infinitum*, and I will not bore you with the numberless instances of Jews who have been turned away, to their great embarrassment, simply because they are Jews, though they have culture, breeding, and Christian connections. And with the refusal goes a sneer at the Jew for trying to force himself where he does not belong. How about assimilation here?

Finally, is it not unjust to the Jew who is adaptable, who wishes to be a one-hundred-percent American, to find himself constantly classed with the objectionable, noisy aliens who are flooding this country?

Perhaps these few arguments may set some of your readers to thinking, and to putting at least part of the blame for non-assimilation where it really belongs.

Sincerely yours,

H. L. K.

* * *

The Chicago *Tribune* hoists us a friendly signal now and then, this time a warning from a contributor.

A CALL FOR THE WATCH ON THE RHYME

SIR, —

In its August number, the *Atlantic Monthly* has a sonnet in which *us*, *glamorous*, *radius* and *continuous*, and *diameters* and *carpenters* are used as rhymes. And this from Boston! Please pass the beans!

OLE OLESON.

Even the editor was aware that the *Atlantic's* poet neither meditated nor employed the usual sequent rhymes, preferring the more complex assonance that has after all a charm of its own. But any critic from Chicago deserves a Boston audience.

* * *

Yeats's *Lake Isle of Innesfrae* comes to mind as one reads this account, not of a dream, but of a dream come true.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am living a unique life. Do you want me to write about it? I am living on an ancestral farm with my son (you have an article from him now, on stock exchange and speculation), and we are almost independent as far as living costs go. About all we buy is soda, sugar, coffee, cheese, and an occasional piece of meat (when our canned meat, which we kill and put up on the place, gives out).

We raise and grind our own wheat for breakfast-food; have our own milk and cream (buy butter); grind our own corn-meal, and get our wheat ground for flour; have all the fruit and vegetables we want; and our living costs us about a dollar or so a week, apiece. For this we live on

the top, everything being fresh and appetizing. Our inner life is delightful. We have all sorts of good books, papers and magazines, music, and perfect quiet, with only the birds singing about us. I throw down a blanket and sleep under the trees, and the birds and I begin the day together.

I have lovely flowers, to the raising of which I attend, often before the sun is up.

We have a car, and the roads are fine, so we can exchange our idyllic existence for the advantages (?) of city life whenever we so desire.

Our habit of life being so simple is, I think, largely responsible for our quiet, happy, and useful existence.

Neither my son nor I (we are alone here) eat breakfast; and when we eat at noon, it is that cracked wheat, hot or cold — generally out of the fireless cooker. No cooking for me until evening, when I throw a few of our new potatoes into the pot, and cook some eggs, and provide fresh apple-sauce and sweet corn, five minutes from the field before cooking.

It seems to me that from this quiet harbor, where life sings on so quietly and happily, there might come a message of simplicity and happiness to a bedeviled city population which could produce something of the effect on country-lovers that Thoreau's *Walden* did on me when I read it in Chicago, and yearned with all my heart to go and do likewise.

This life seems heavenly to me; and not one person who has been here but feels the charm and wants to return.

Yours truly,

ELLEN DE GRAFF.

* * *

Apparently the amenities of stamp-collecting may be appreciated by the stamp-collector's family, or then, again, they may not.

'Dear, your balance is running low.'

'Bought some more stamps.'

And again I had to listen to the Evils of Throwing Away Money. Would it not be well to stop squandering my hard-earned cash on mere scraps of paper, etc., etc.

Scraps of paper, indeed! Was not this stamp one of the great rarities? And here was a gem procured in Alaska. Not an ordinary one-cent stamp as the family would have it, but one which had been sent all the way from Washington by rail, steamer, and pack, to the gold-fields, there to lie until I should stumble across it. Useless to explain that it was a variety unknown until I found this specimen.

And this little engraving, worth many times its weight in gold, was found in a country post-office, where the postmaster refused to show me his stock one Saturday afternoon because he kept his stock upstairs in the safe, 'and,' he explained, 'some of the women are up there taking a bath.' No romance in stamps? Why, here was romance to saturation!

Useless to try to explain why sane men with national-bank letter-heads and big-corporation stationery forgot their stenographers and scrawled me letters telling me of their finds. No, it was a childish pastime. Foolish, frivolous, and fruitless.

One fine day, a strange chap walked into my office and asked whether I would sell my collection. I would. I would convince that family of mine there was something in that album.

Things moved rapidly. I took the stranger home, showed him the treasures, took his check, and sent him down the road with my Alaska find, my bathroom stamps — my hobby. (There is no climax to this tale — the check was O.K. Philatelists habitually trust one another.)

Now, I would show in one-syllable words what I had parted with. With the proceeds I bought a car, and every time the family admired the flitting scenery I reminded them that they rode on postage-stamps.

But my victory fell flat. I had lost my hobby. No longer could I turn to my album for solace after an off day at the office. No pages to turn long winter evenings into hours of pleasure. I felt lost.

Once a collector, always a collector. I became interested in old maps. The romance of old charts with their sea serpents, mermaids, and *Terra Incognita* fascinated me. I began gathering old books of travel, with their quaint cartographical insets; old folio atlases, with their hand-painted pages. The void would be filled! I would make a collection that would be a pleasure and a joy forever.

'Dear, your balance is running low.'

Our correspondent is conservative. Another stamp-collector of our acquaintance sometimes receives from his banker a letter that reads, in substance, 'Dear, your balance is overdrawn.'

* * *

In these days of General-Information tests, it is refreshing to know that at least one young candidate for future honors is beginning early to store up geographical lore against the day of the Edison examinations.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

That the *Monthly* has a certain fixed place in the scheme of things is well known to all readers. Extra proof 'out of the mouth of babes' may be of interest.

Small boy of four who has his 'toy world' (globe), and interests beyond his own fireside: —

'I know the names of the oceans.'

'Well, and what are they?'

'One is Atlantic and—I think the other is Monthly.'

Yours sincerely,

D. A. STEWART.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

SOMEBODY once showed us an early-nineteenth-century book whose dedication was substantially this:—

To my Revered Father,
To my Sainted Mother,
To all men, everywhere, of whatever tongue, who read;
To my sister Lucy, dear Lucy!
And to my God.

Of late, it has become usual to address a book to an audience more specific than that, and less scattering; to an audience whose thoughts are more probably our thoughts. Modern books are, therefore, likely to gather about themselves a special coterie, commonly more argumentative than sainted. For example, when a reader (of whatever tongue) finds a new volume that announces itself 'A Book for the Curious and Careful in Words and Print,' he picks it up, not only to see if he can qualify for that peculiar guild, but also with an eye open for his own peculiar hobbies.

If he chances to be an old contributor to the *Atlantic*, he reads this book by **Mr. George B. Ives** with special care. Mr. Ives has the knack of making 'Text, Type, and Style' his specialty, and human frailty in these matters his concern. Consequently, all writers whose manuscript has been through his hands turn the pages of his book with a feverish anxiety similar to that with which British statesmen thumbed the memoirs of Mrs. Asquith. One of the most distinguished of the Old Guard of *Atlantic* authors writes, —

'I have been enjoying Mr. Ives's book, and amused to find myself figuring as a horrible example. You might tell him that, when I saw he had examples from *Atlantic* contributors, a guilty conscience led me to look up "while" in the index and to learn the worst at once.' He found it, sure enough, in the index, where anybody can find at a glance the page where any given question of usage comes in for its share of decisive comment. The book does not run so much to the regulation dogmatic 'rules,' as it does to matters of good and better, and to the clash of arms that takes place in an editorial office over the matters which young writers like to think are automatic to the experienced.

All authors reading their proof, and all authors wishing that they had proof to read, will be interested in the attitude of a certain author who refuses to read his proof at all. He sends back his compendious galleys unread, assuring the office that their official proof-reading is quite good enough for him, and concluding, with weary dignity, 'I am not reading it myself, as it would only unfit me for life.'

* * *

At the opening of the college year, it seems in place to announce a new 'Atlantic Reading,' now ready for use: *After Thirty-Five Years: A Freshman of '85 to a Freshman of To-Day*, by **Frederick J. E. Woodbridge.** Regarding it, a business-like member of the English staff of one of our colleges writes: —

'Your readings are capital. The latest one, from the Freshman of '85, is going to be a treasure in teaching the loathed subject of structure and outlining in long papers. The article is good sense in the first place, and in the second place, it has an outline! By the shades of Lomer and Ashmun, it really has! No "Freshman of To-Day" can say it has n't. With the price at fifteen cents, each student can buy one, and paste it into the back of the notebook, and never forget to bring it to class. And, best of all, it is so inexpensive that he can afford to slice it up, with scissors.'

This sounds to us like a slashing method of teaching the gentle art of outlining, but it suggests that the series of thin, paper-covered reprints that make up the sixteen 'Atlantic Readings' can meet a special need.

While we are on the topic of educational texts, we wish to announce the arrival in the stock-room of a new collection of supplementary readings. *Story, Essay, and Verse* is designed with especial care to meet the needs of the senior high school. This is in direct succession to the very successful volume from the junior-high-school list, *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*, and is compiled by the same editors, Charles Swain Thomas and Harry Gilbert Paul. A few of the authors represented are Masefield, Strunsky, Crothers, Gay, Dunsany, Galsworthy, Frost, Gibson, and Mark Twain.

* * *

During the recent Pilgrim pageant season at Plymouth, we gained, besides a new respect for traffic-rules, a few bits of learned lore about the Fathers. For instance, we learned (not from the pageant, but from a friend) that the pastor of the Pilgrims in Leyden used to like to sign his letters, —

Yours to use,
JOHN ROBINSON.

That stately little term might easily serve as a motto to **Mrs. Francis King's** new book, *The Little Garden*. The book is for constant use by all amateurs of gardening on small premises. It

is not a fairy tale about impossible landscapes blooming with inaccessible flowers. It concerns itself with such earthly matters as spading, and sod, and seeds, and brown bulbs, and where to plant, and how, and when. 'Yours to use,' *The Little Garden.*

* * *

Once upon a time, in a moment of prophecy, Mrs. Nickleby observed to her skeptical family, 'Well, all I say is, remember what I say now, and when I say I said so, don't say I did n't.' In somewhat the spirit of Mrs. Nickleby, we recall a prophecy of our own, regarding **Mr. Edward Yeomans's** book, *Shackled Youth.* If we are not mistaken, we predicted for it a varied audience. And here comes a letter suggesting a variety of audience that we had not foreseen: —

'*Shackled Youth,* by Edward Yeomans, recently published by you, seems to me the most remarkable volume on education that it has been my privilege to see in many years. I don't suppose Mr. Yeomans intended the book to be used by Sunday-school teachers, but I don't know any book that would do more to give Sunday-school teachers the background which their work demands. I want to have every teacher in my Sunday-school read and meditate upon this book during the summer.'

Still another variety is suggested in a letter stating the fact that the book is being ordered, and presumably read, by many judges of Juvenile Courts.

* * *

The special edition of **Mr. A. Edward Newton's** *Magnificent Farce* was, of course, oversubscribed six weeks in advance of publication. (When we say we said so, don't say we did n't.)

* * *

On a warm August morning, in Boston, a gentleman entered a Boylston Street bookstore, and inquired for 'a book on Ichthyology for four-year-olds.' (This really happened. We can point out the bookstore.) The saleswoman failed to hear the syllable 'ic,' and understood the customer to say 'a book on *theology* for four-year-olds.' Inured to the eccentricities of the trade, she produced a book of Bible Stories, prettily illustrated. 'Oh, no; *Ich*thyology!' explained the customer. At that, the resourceful bookwoman was brought to pause for a moment; but, rallying quickly, she told the gentleman that if the four-year-old could use a book on *orni*thology instead, she had in stock a book called *Bird Stories,* by **Edith M. Patch;** or if *en*tomology would more nearly pacify, there was *Hexapod Stories,* by the same author.

* * *

At the end of a busy day at 8 Arlington Street, the Shop-Talk editor went downstairs to the bookroom, and seated himself at the great desk, in one of the chairs sacred to visitors, loiterers, waiters for trains, and readers of books. The editor was waiting for the last mail. And as he waited, he picked up the volumes of Atlantic books, new and old, that were scattered on the desk, and opened them at random, to see what he would light upon. There are days that are lucky for this kind of text-hunting, days when one opens instantly at good sentences. This was one of the days. The collection grew so easily that the editor, who was born with a blunt pencil in his pocket, fished one out and made these jottings on the backs of some envelopes that he had about him: —

The periods of history that are most interesting are those which have been lighted up by spiritual bonfires. — *William Lloyd Garrison,* by JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

Democracy is a difficult thing to develop, to live up to or down to. — *Patrons of Democracy,* by DALLAS LORE SHARP.

In the successful treatment of ground small in dimensions, in the beautiful quality of the little garden, lies the true future beauty of America. — *The Little Garden,* by MRS. FRANCIS KING.

It is an odd thing about the guest-chamber of the past, as we enter it by the door of literature, that it is so often gloomy; often the guest-chamber was the ghost-chamber: and I, for one, am glad that it is not so any longer. — *The Comforts of Home,* by RALPH BERGENGREN.

To be in the right is such an easy, such a pleasant thing; what is difficult and must be tragically difficult to endure is to be artistically, tragically in the wrong. — *Adventures in Indigence,* by LAURA SPENCER PORTOR.

I find a club tiresome if I go often, and do not go at all. Now, if I could come and dine with you to-morrow, on two smoked herring, what a feast it would be! — *A Scholar's Letters to a Young Lady,* by FRANCIS JAMES CHILD.

One who is not familiar with the business naturally finds it hard to understand how the same perfectly obvious error can go undetected through proof after proof and be passed by reader after reader; but it always has happened, it happens now, and it always will happen. — *Text, Type, and Style,* by GEORGE B. IVES.

If you are dull, if you are unhappy, if you are bored — collect! — *Collector's Luck,* by ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

You may kill me, but you shan't publish my photograph. Always lovingly yours, — WILLIAM JAMES.

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PRISON FACTS

BY FRANK TANNENBAUM

I

'THIS is a very nice view, is n't it?' The warden was speaking — a tall broad-shouldered man in the early forties, with a rugged complexion, powerfully thick hands, and an open face with twinkling eyes. A self-made man, who had risen from the rank of a guard to his present position of responsibility in one of the largest prisons in the country. He had taken me to the old prison, and pointed to the place on the wall where, twenty years before, he had started his career, pacing the wall with a rifle on his shoulder. He was proud of his newly won responsibility and conscious of it — it was a new thing.

We sat on the porch facing the prison. A broad, quiet river flowed by the house, with a distant range of low hills, green and bright. It was a wonderful summer morning! The sun barely rising above the tree-tops, the dew still glistening in the shade, the birds singing in their varied, joyful, and madly hilarious moods, all gave the setting a cheerful atmosphere that filled every fibre with the love of life. In front of us was the prison — long gray walls partly covered with ivy, the ground round about planted with flowers, and the green grass neatly kept. The sun, driving the shadowed curtain of early dawn from the upper turrets of the inside building, made everything vibrant and happy.

We were sitting in soft chairs, smoking our pipes, looking at the prison, and talking about its manifold problems. The warden was a very good fellow, kind-hearted and well-intentioned. He was, however, a man of no learning, almost illiterate. His whole training was the training he had received in the prison; his equipment was that which the prison environment provided. A varied contact with many men who had come under his observation, combined with a natural exuberance and intelligence, with a background of good-will that had remarkably well escaped the corroding influence of the prison atmosphere, had given him a really unusual personal equipment and power. He was telling me that he had been trained under the greatest of prison men, and considered himself a good disciple. 'These men can only be treated in one way — that is, strict and steady discipline. Always be just to the men, but punish them quick and sharp when they break the rules.' This completed his philosophy of life — strictness, justness, treat all men alike, and let punishment follow the breaking of a rule as

the night follows the day — without exception, without fuss, constant and inevitable. He liked to talk about himself, his experiences, the men he had met, the characters he had handled, and was proud beyond words that the men considered him 'square.'

We sped the rising sun into the upper sky by exchanging stories and adventures. Once, years ago, he had visited New York City, and the marvel of it still dwelt with him. He told me how he had been taken down the subway, had watched the crowds on Broadway, and stood bewildered before the 'crazy, shrieking, hair-tearing lunatics' in front of the Stock Exchange. The tall buildings impressed him, and the rumbling Elevated; but, most of all, the crowded East Side. 'I did n't tell my wife and children half that I saw, because they would n't have believed me anyway; and would you think that people would live like a lot of pigs, when they could come out here in the open and free West? But man is a funny creature, ain't he? and there is no explaining him.'

It was Sunday, and chapel-time came. He turned us — my wife and me — over to the assistant warden, with instructions to take us to chapel.

The assistant warden was a smaller man, stocky, a little gray, quiet, answering questions in monosyllables, and watchful. As the gates swung open, we followed him into the prison. This is one of the new structures, a model of the Auburn type — probably the best of its kind in the world. Everything was spick and span: the yard, the buildings, the halls, the brass, the marble floor — all looked shiny. It would have been difficult to find a speck of dust. In answer to a question, the assistant warden said, 'We make 'em spruce 'er up.' The halls were strangely silent. We could hear the echo of our steps go rumbling down the line. Nothing was visible but an occasional guard in his blue uniform and yellow buttons, standing in a corner, and saluting with his club as we went by.

The chapel, a half-circular room with something like fifteen hundred seats, was empty when we walked in and seated ourselves in the last row, the assistant warden standing at our back. The stained windows with their steel bars, the gray walls, heavy and barren, gave the whole chapel a sombre and dull setting. After a few silent and restless moments, a door opened. The assistant warden nodded his head, and a second later a brazen gong struck upon the air. Suddenly, we heard the shuffling tramp, tramp, tramp of a thousand prison feet, marching on us from all sides. They came down four aisles — in single file, dressed in gray suits, their heads bare, their arms folded, shoulders stooping, bodies bent a little forward as if they were falling into the chapel rather than walking, eyes to the ground and faces turning neither to the right nor to the left. There was a listless weariness about these spiritless men, a kind of hopeless resignation, an acceptance of an unrelenting fate and a broken submission, that made the metaphor of 'being broken on the wheel' seem a real, stalking, ghost-like apparition. About every twenty feet a guard in blue uniform and Sunday suit, with shoes nice and shiny, and armed with a heavy loaded cane, kept company.

As they reached the end of the aisle, the guard struck the marble floor with his loaded 'butt,' and the men turned half around, and filed in front of their seats. He struck the ground again, and they faced the platform. Another rap from the stick, and this sound seated the men. This continued row after row, until all the men were in their seats. When the doors were closed, the guards placed at their proper distances, facing the men, with their sticks in front of

them, another rap on the ground and the hands of the men dropped to their sides. In all this time not a head had been turned, not a sound, not a whisper, not a word, nothing — not even a verbal command — had escaped the thousand men in the room. Nothing but the tramping, shuffling feet, the iron clang against the marble floor — and the stooping forms dressed in gray.

A few minutes later, a signal from the watchful master of ceremonies at our back, and a side door on the stage opened. A man dressed in black was ushered on to the platform. He was a little man, bald-headed, with thick eyeglasses and a red puggy face. As he crept across the platform, he kept pushing his hands into his pockets, pulled out a yellow paper folded many times, and began to open it. He placed the paper on the speaker's desk in front of the platform, pulled out a red handkerchief, mopped his face, cleaned and adjusted his thick glasses, hemmed and coughed a few times, stuck the paper against his nose, and began to read. He had a thin, squeaking voice, which did not reach half across the room.

It is difficult to describe the setting and the bearing of the spiritual leader of this silent and subdued flock without seeming unkind and ungenerous. I write without prejudice and without bias — but one must tell the truth. He was an ignorant man. He stumbled over the big words, would get half-way through them, only to turn back for another start. There was nothing inspiring about him, nothing cheerful, nothing interesting. It was dull, stupid, insipid. The men could not hear what he read as he read to himself, and could not understand him as he swallowed his words. The whole performance lasted some fifteen minutes, including a few prayers; and then the little man on the platform folded his yellow paper and scuttled off through the side door.

As the door closed, the first sound of the keeper's stick against the marble floor roused the men in the last row. They stood up, folded their arms, faced half-about and began to shuffle out, followed by the next row and the next, and so until the end. Each movement was determined by the sound of the keeper's stick.

As they came out, we got a better look at the men. Most of them were young and tall, broad of shoulder and well built — men reared in the West, on farms, who had come into the cities and been dragged into the whirlpool of undercurrents that brought them to prison. Their faces were gray, their eyes sunken, dim, dull, and moody. As they noticed us sitting in the last row, their eyes shifted a little in startled surprise, — it was unusual for visitors to be seen downstairs in the chapel, — but hastily, fearfully, their eyes turned to the ground again when they noticed the little silent and grim figure at our back.

The tramp, tramp, tramp of the men could be heard as they crept down the distant halls. Silence fell upon the chapel — a hard silence, a feeling of horror, suppression, and distortion pervaded the air and filled it with something of infinite sadness. I turned my head to look at my wife, and the tears were running down her cheeks — tears that would not be controlled. When the last sound had died down, a keeper appeared at one of the doors, nodded his head, and the guardian at our back said, 'We can go now.' I asked if the men had to attend chapel. He said, 'Yes, prayers is good for them.' I have been haunted by the chapel service. Never before had I seen anything quite so humiliating, inhuman, and sterile.

Is this a typical Sunday morning service? No, I have seen others more cheerful, less grim — places where laughter and applause could be heard, where

prayers were intermingled with other things. I have seen services where there was some eloquence and a manly voice; but this picture is typical of the spiritual stagnation in prison. It is typical of the order and the discipline in prison — of the system, regularity, formalism, and, too frequently, of the silence. There is no spiritual life in the average American prison. There is no hope, no inspiration, no stimulus, no compulsion of the soul to better things. It is hard, cold, frozen, dead. This is so true, so general, so all-pervading, that one might describe the whole prison system in these few words — and I say this after seeing something like seventy penal institutions this summer.

II

The little Ford engine labored mightily as we barely climbed the steep hill to the State Reformatory at Y——. As the car reached the top of the hill, I could see, about a quarter of a mile away, a massive building with many towers, surrounded by most beautiful grounds. An uninitiated person would have taken this for some strange mediæval castle magically transplanted to this most favored spot, set off against many hills, with a clear blue sky above and mile upon mile of smiling rich fertile farm-lands below. This, however, was no castle of an ancient knight — it was the stony home of many a poor lad who had been placed there for the good of his soul and the safety of the community. This, at least, is what the kindly people would have said. This was a reformatory to make bad boys good.

As I rang the bell and presented my credentials to the keeper, he looked at me doubtfully. 'Whom do you want?' said he, with the sharpness of a rasped temper.

'The warden,' said I.

'The warden is busy.'

'Yes, I know he is busy; but as I shall have to see him before I leave, you had better take these in to him now.'

After a while I was presented to the warden — a tall, bony, straight-backed old man, of about sixty-five or seventy; gray, thin-lipped, sullen, and obviously displeased. As I came in, he motioned me to a chair and then turned suddenly on me. Pointing a long sharp finger in my face, he said: 'I know you. You are from one of them damned reform committees who believe in coddling the prisoners. Well, I don't. I have been in this business forty years, and know what I am talking about. You can't coddle these fellows — you can't do it. Let me tell you. I don't like these sniffling committees that come around and investigate — that come around and tell a man like me, who has been in this business forty years, how to run his prison. It is just like telling a general how to run his army. But I don't care; I will show you everything. [I was shown the sum total of nothing. But in his blustering way, he told me everything I wanted to know.] I have nothing to hide. I treat the men right; they can learn a trade, and if they are willing workers, they can earn some money — and work is good for them. This is not a bad prison. Men who are here from other prisons always tell me this is better than most. But I run this prison. No rough-neck can come here and think he is going to rough-house it. If he tries to, I fix him. *I fix him.* This is my job. A little while ago they transferred a fellow in here who said that this place was like a kindergarten, and that he would show everybody how to eat out of his hand. Well, I fixed him. He started by getting into a fight with one of my officers. I took him out into the yard, put him over a barrel, stripped him the way his father used to do, and put the cane to him — I have a good

birch cane. I fixed him good and fine. No bones broken, no rough stuff, no permanent marks. It will wear off in good time. And when I had given him plenty, I riveted a seventy-pound ball and chain round his ankle and put him back in the shop from which he came. It did n't take long, only a little longer than it does to tell. But I fixed him. He has been a good dog ever since.'

The warden stopped; his face relaxed a little, he looked at me as if he were well pleased, wiped his thin lips with the back of his hand, reflected a minute, and then said, 'Would you believe it — I told this story to a bunch of women the other day when they asked me to speak, and they hissed me for it.'

He was sincerely perplexed, and naïvely thought that the women must either have been 'crazy,' or affected by the 'new-fangled' ideas.

III

This story brings me straight to the question of prison discipline in the United States. There has been so much agitation about this particular question, — and it is a crucial question, — that a survey of how things stand at present is bound to be of interest as well as significant. I must begin by saying that the agitation has mainly been outside of prison — that those affected by it were mostly people who have little or nothing to do with the prison situation. There are a few exceptions, a few indications that all the agitation has not been entirely in vain: a few changes in method, a possible reduction in the number of men punished, a relaxing of the rules a little in regard to talking and the lock-step, the abolition of such things as the strait-jacket (I am not so sure about this: rumors of its existence reached me in more than one place, but I did not actually see it), and the abolition of what was once a common practice, of hanging men up by their wrists and swinging their bodies off the floor.

Let me introduce into this discussion of the situation the following quotation from the Detroit *News* of January 27, 1920: —

'Harry L. Hulburt, warden of the prison, explained to the committee how the flogging apparatus is worked. The man to be flogged is blindfolded, handcuffed, and shackled at the ankles. Then he is stretched out on a long ladder, which is made to fit snugly over a barrel. The prisoner is blindfolded, the warden said, so that he will not see who is flogging him. [The warden told me, when I visited the institution, that he did it himself, as he thought that no one else should be allowed to do it.] His back is bared and a piece of stout linen cloth is placed over the bare spot. The instrument used in the paddling is a heavy strap about four inches in width, punched with small holes about an inch apart and fastened to a handle. The strap is soaked in water, according to the warden, till it becomes pliable; Dr. Robert McGregor [one of the best and most conscientious prison doctors that I met on the trip], prison physician, holds the pulse of the man being flogged and gives the signal for the flogger to stop.'

The article then goes on to detail three different cases of flogging. We will quote only the first.

'Thomas Shultz, boy of twenty-one years old, seven months after being sent from the insane asylum, was given 181 lashes and kept in the dungeon during the period of the flogging for nine days and fed on bread and water. . . . Nov. 3, assaulted guard. For this and other minor offenses, none of them serious, he was sentenced to receive 181 lashes. Nov. 4, he received 40 lashes. . . , Nov. 5, he received 35 lashes. Nov. 6,

he received 26 lashes. Nov. 9, he received 40 lashes. Nov. 13, he received 40 lashes. Total, 181 lashes.'

Now Jackson, to which this refers, is a comparatively decent prison (I had started to use the word good; but there are no good prisons, any more than there are good diseases). If I were asked to pick the least objectionable prisons in the United States, after seeing something like seventy, I should have to include Jackson among the first ten, or possibly even among the first half-dozen. The warden is unusually intelligent, interested in his job, an advocate of the honor system, who also practises it on a large scale. He is certainly among the most humane of the wardens in the country; and, by and large, his prisoners have more freedom inside the walls than is common. I do not repeat this quotation to give it extra publicity. I repeat it to show what happens even in those prisons which are least antiquarian and hide-bound. This does not mean that all prisons have whipping. A large number still do, — more than I expected, — but old methods of punishment are still prevalent in practically all prisons.

There is hardly a prison where solitary confinement is not practised. In some cases solitary confinement is for a few months, in some cases for a few years; and in not a few there is such a thing as permanent solitary. Some prisons have a few men put away; some have as many as twenty; and in one case there are about fifty men placed in solitary for shorter or longer periods.

Why do the wardens do it? Well, they do not know what else to do. They run to the end of their ingenuity, and do that as a last resort — that is, the best of them. Some do it as a matter of common policy. I recall climbing a flight of stairs with a good-natured warden in a Western prison, and being shown a specially built courtyard with some dozen solitary cells. There were four men put away there permanently — one had been there for three years. They were not even allowed to exercise. They were not allowed to talk, they had no reading-matter, they could not smoke. There had at one time been only one man in the place, and the warden permitted him to smoke; but when the others were put in, he told him not to pass any tobacco to them. This is, of course, an impossible demand. The insistence for a share of that mighty joy in solitary — a smoke — is irresistible. He did what was inevitable, — passed his tobacco and a 'puff,' to the other fellows, — and the warden deprived him of the privilege. 'He should have obeyed what I told him if he wanted to hold on to his privilege,' was the reason given.

What is true of solitary confinement is true also of the dark cell. Practically all prisons have and use dark cells. It is common to find from one to a dozen men put away in the dark cells, kept on bread and water — that means a little bread and about a gill of water every twenty-four hours. In most prisons — about ninety per cent — this punishment is added to by handcuffing the man to the wall or the bars of the door during the day, that is, for a period of ten to twelve hours each day that he is in punishment — the time varying from a few days to more than two weeks. In some institutions the handcuffs have been abolished and replaced by an iron cage made to fit the human form, which, in some cases, can be extended or contracted by the turning of a handle. A man put in the dark cell has this cage placed about him and made to fit his particular form — and it is usually made so 'snug' that he has to stand straight up in the cage. He cannot bend his knees, he cannot lean against the bars, he cannot turn round; his hands are held tight against the

sides of his body, and he stands straight, like a post, for a full day, on a little bread and water — and for as many days as the warden or the deputy sees fit. I was always asked to observe that they did not use handcuffs: this was the reform. Remember, a dark, pitch-black cell, with your hands pinned against your sides, your feet straight all day, unable to move or shift your ground, for ten and twelve hours a day, on bread and water, is the reform!

In one or two institutions where the cage is used, but is not adjustable, — the man having to squeeze into the flat space as best he can, — they added the handcuffs. In one institution, — a commendable institution, as such things go, in some ways, — in one of the states that has always prided itself on being progressive, I found that they added to the dark cell the handcuffing of the man while he slept. In the particular institution I have in mind the arrangement was as follows. A bar was attached to one of the walls, and slanted down until it reached within about three inches of the floor. On this bar was a ring. At night, the board on which the man slept was placed near this slanting bar; one pair of handcuffs was put on the prisoner's wrists, another pair connected with his hands was attached to the ring on the slanting iron bar. This means that he had to lie on one side all night long, handcuffed and pressing on this board, which served him as a bed.

This does not complete the list of prison punishments as they are now practised. The underground cell is still in existence — probably not in many prisons, but I saw it in at least two different institutions. In one state prison, — an old prison, dark and damp inside, — I found a punishment cell in the cell-block. It was built underground. In the centre of the hall there is an iron door, flat on the ground, which one lifts sideways — like an old-type country cellar-door. It creaks on its rusty iron hinges. I climbed down a narrow flight of rickety stairs. When I got to the bottom, I had to bend double to creep into a long narrow passage. It was walled about with stone, covered with a rusty tin covering. It was not high enough to stand up in, hardly high enough for a good-sized man to sit up in. The warden above closed the door on me. I was in an absolutely pitch-black hole — long, narrow, damp, unventilated, dirty (there must be rats and vermin in it); and one has to keep a bucket for toilet purposes in that little black hole. As I came out, the warden said naïvely, 'When I put a man in here, I keep him thirty days.' Let the reader imagine what that means to human flesh and blood.

I do not want to make this a paper of horrors. Just one more case. On my way back I stopped off at a certain very well-known prison that I had heard about since childhood. For the last ten years it has been famous as one of the great reform prisons of the country. I remember seeing pictures of the warden with prisoners out on a road-gang. The article in which these pictures appeared gave a glowing account of the freedom these men had — they guarded themselves away from the prison proper, out in the hills, building roads. The state in which this prison is situated has constructed many miles of prison-built road — and in fact it was one of the first in the country to undertake to build roads with convict labor, without guards. When I knocked on its gates, I thrilled with expectancy. Here, at least, would I find a model prison, unique, exceptional, a pride to the state and an honor to the man who was responsible for it. In fact, I had heard that the warden was being considered for political advancement to the office of governor because of his remarkable

prison record. I found a remarkable institution — remarkable for its backwardness and brutality.

The first thing that I saw as I entered the prison yard was a strange and unbelievable thing. Nine men kept going round in a circle, wheeling wheelbarrows, while a heavy chain dangled from each man's ankle. As I came nearer, I noticed in each wheelbarrow a heavy iron ball attached to the chain. In the centre stood a guard; and the men kept circling about him all day long, wheeling the iron ball in their barrows, their bodies bent over, their faces sullen, their feet dragging. They did that for ninety days each, I was told by my guide. At night they carried the ball to their cells, and in the morning they carried it to the dining-room. For three months this iron ball and chain stayed riveted about their ankles — a constant companion and, I suppose, from the warden's point of view, a stimulus to better things — one of the ways of making 'bad' men 'good.'

There, too, I found all the other characteristics of the average prison — dark cells, bread and water, solitary, handcuffs, and, in addition, a hired colored man to do whipping when that was called for — as no one else could be got to do it. This negro was never permitted in the prison yard for fear that the men might kill him. The report that I sent to the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor, for which I was traveling, reads as follows: —

I have just visited the famous reform prison at C—— and this is what I found: —
Nine men going around a circle, wheeling ball and chain.
Whipping-post, with special colored man to do the task.
Dark cells.
Solitary.
Men handcuffed to the doors.
Bread and water.
No work for the men.
In addition to loss of privileges and good time, which is usual as a means of discipline.

A traveling prison chaplain had visited the institution the Sunday before I came, and made a speech to the men. In beginning his speech, he remarked upon the fame of the warden with the world abroad, and upon the fortune of the men for being under such humane treatment. Some of the men hissed. For that the moving-picture machine had been torn out from its place in the chapel, and the men were to be deprived of their weekly prison 'movie.' I was told also that Sunday yard-privileges had been rescinded. In telling me about it, one of the guards remarked: 'We will show them [the prisoners] that this can be a real prison.' I wonder what they think it is now — and what else they can add to make it one. Let this conclude the description of current disciplinary methods.

IV

The use of man by man is the basic test in the evaluation of any institution, especially one designed to make the 'bad' 'good,' the 'hard' 'soft,' and the 'unsocial' 'social.' The test of a penal institution is its disciplinary methods.

The picture I have drawn is one-sided and not sufficiently comprehensive. If one desires to secure a general view of the technique of penal administration as it is at present practised, he must look at other elements of the picture. There is the problem of labor. The opportunity to keep busy during the day, — to do something that will hasten the passing hours, that will give a sense of contact with the world of reality, that will exercise one's fingers and use one's body, — this simple craving of the human organism is denied on a much larger scale than one can imagine unless he is actually brought in con-

tact with the fact. I should say that at least one third of the prisoners in the American state prisons are unemployed. That means that in some prisons all men are working, in some practically none, and in others only a part.

The warden was an aggressive, opinionated, ignorant, and coarse individual. He had grown stout, his lower lip had hardened, his jaw jammed against his upper teeth as he talked, and at every second sentence he banged the table for emphasis, stopped, looked at you to see if you agreed with him, and if there was any doubt in his mind about this, he repeated what he had said, adding, 'I am talking straight fact.'

I first saw him in the evening, swinging in a soft hanging rocker on the porch, supported by small couch cushions, dressed in an immaculate white suit, with a silk handkerchief in his coat-pocket, and smoking a big cigar tilted at the proper 'politician's' angle. He was round-headed, his face shiny and smooth-shaven. I felt uncomfortable sitting there in front of him and talking about the men inside. A feeling of disgust crept over me, as if he were some fat over-dressed pig — and self-assertive.

'I run this prison by psychology; if you want a lecture on psychology I will give it to you; it is all in psychology,' he told me.

I begged to be excused that night. I was tired. I had driven all day; and perhaps I would enjoy it better after I saw how he managed the prison.

'All right; but remember the whole trick is psychology — it is as simple as that.'

It was a typical prison — only it had an 'idle-house.' The 'idle-house' is so called because it houses the idle men — men who do nothing all day long but sit on benches, crowded together, all day, every day of the week, every week of the year, and every year of their prison term — a term that may range from one year to a lifetime. It is a large bare loft. There I found four hundred men, dressed in their prison suits, sitting, all facing one way. Around the room there were keepers, seated on high stools, watching these idle men. In the morning after breakfast the men were marched to this idle-house. At noon they were taken to the dining-room; after lunch they were marched back to the idle-house. They were being made good by sitting. This is better than in some prisons, where the men who have nothing to do are kept in their cells. And yet — how little ingenuity it would have taken to put most of these men to work at something useful, if not remunerative. It would not have been difficult to find enough public-spirited citizens who would have provided a dozen old and broken-down automobiles and typewriters, and thus put a number of them to work taking them apart and putting them together — learning something and keeping busy, doing something. It would not have been difficult to put a number of these to studying Spanish, French, Italian — every large prison has men who would like to teach these languages and others who would like to learn them. There are a hundred ways in which these men could — at least, most of them could — have been occupied in doing something: learning how to draw, to box, to play an instrument, to typewrite — anything that would have taken the burden of eternal idleness off their hands. All it needed was a couple of days' use of the imagination. But the warden lacked the imagination. He was not really vividly conscious of the problem. When I had seen the prison and was ready to go, I asked him if he would give me that lecture on psychology, and he said with an emphatic bang on the table, 'My boy, psychology is common sense.'

What is true of work is true of other things. There is no imagination in the American prison field — or so little that one has to look far and wide to find it. Take the question of housing. Practically all American prisons are built on the same plan. That is the Auburn type. The best way to describe it is to begin from the outside. The first thing is the high stone wall. After you get into the prison yard made by this wall you come face to face with a large square building about five stories high. It has narrow windows, heavily barred — in some cases these windows are so narrow that it would not be possible for a man to get through them. When you enter the stone building, you find another building inside. This inside building is the cell-block, a square stone structure standing four stories high. Each tier, or floor, is divided into a large number of little cells — each cell looks like every other. Each floor is like the one below it. The cells vary in size, but not much. In the older prisons — and most of the prisons are old — the cells are about three and a half feet wide, seven feet long, and seven feet high. Some, as in Sing Sing prison, are even smaller. In the newer prisons they are larger — in some cases more than twice this size. The cells are set back to back.

The space of a cell is so small that it is inconceivable for one who has not been in it. You cannot spread your hands, you cannot lift your hand above your head, you cannot take more than three steps without hitting your toe against the wall. A cell is not larger than a good-sized grave stood on end. It is dark, half-dark, all the time. There is no window in the cell. The windows are in the outer wall and the cell is set about thirty feet away from the outer wall. The windows in this wall are generally narrow, and are always heavily barred. The sun must first get into the prison before it can get into the cell.

But the cell is not made to receive the sun. In the older prisons one half of the front facing the window is walled up. The other half has a door. In the very worst prisons, this door is completely closed at the bottom — that is, the lower half is made of solid steel. To get around this, as in Sing Sing, they have drilled holes in that part. The upper half is closely netted with heavy bars, in some cases leaving only little square holes for the sun and air to get through after it finds its way into the prison. In the older cell-blocks these cells have no internal ventilation at all! All the air must come in and out through the limited space of the front door. In others, more modern, there is a ventilator in the cell — a hole going up through the wall, about six inches square. In all the old prisons the cells have no toilet system; buckets are used for toilet purposes. These buckets are generally numbered, so that each man can get his own back; but not always. As the men are put into their cells at about five in the afternoon, and taken out again at about six in the next morning they are in this cell-block for at least thirteen hours. Think of what it means to have eighteen hundred men in a prison under such conditions. Think of a hot July night, and picture the air on the top tier. No words can describe the pollution of the air under these conditions. Add to this the fact that, in most prisons, the men are kept in practically all day Sunday, half a day Saturday, and, if Monday happens to be a holiday, all day Monday, and you will have a sense of the torture that life under these conditions imposes upon the sensitive, and of the callousness it implies in those who have ceased to be sensitive.

This, however, is not all. The prisons cannot be kept clean, — certainly not the old prisons, — even if there were consciousness that this ought to be done.

These old stone structures, standing in half-darkness for a hundred years, never having proper ventilation, never proper airing, are infected with bugs and vermin. In my own case — and this is typical of the old prison — the old cell-block in Blackwell's Island was bug-ridden. In my day there were thousands of bugs in my cell. I struggled valiantly, constantly, and industriously. But it was a hopeless fight. I had some books, and the bugs made nests in them. They crept over me when I slept — they made life miserable. I am not blaming the warden for this. I am describing a fact that we might as well face. But the sense of sanitation is not very keen among prison officials taken as a whole. There are a few exceptions, mostly in the new prisons.

The meaning of cell-life under these conditions cannot be conceived. I recall the day when I was first put in a cell. I stepped into a little yellow space — the walls seemed drawn together, and I halted at the door. A little yellow half-burned bulb was stuck up in the corner; there was a narrow iron cot against the wall. I heard the door behind me slam, and I felt myself cramped for space, for air, for movement. I turned quickly after the retreating officer, and called him back.

'What do you want?'

'Will — will I have to stay in this place all night?'

He laughed. 'You will get used to it soon enough.'

I turned back to my cell. The walls slowly retreated and made more room for me, so that I crept in and away from the door. The yellow glimmering light hurt my eyes. It was fully half an hour before I adjusted myself to the fact that I was there for the night. On my little narrow iron cot, I found two dirty blankets. I rolled them up, shoved them against the wall beneath the light, and took out a little book that I had with me.

When I came into the prison that morning, I had some books, but they were taken away. I protested that I had to have something to read — I simply had to have something. The keeper objected that it was against the rules. He looked at my books carefully, and then picked out a little paper-covered volume, which he gave me with the remark, 'You can have this. We permit men to bring in anything that is religious.' It was William Morris's *News from Nowhere*. The little glimmering light on the yellow page, and in a few minutes I was off in dreamland — I followed Morris's idyllic picture and perfect beings into a world where there were no prisons and no unemployed.

This happy setting was interrupted by the sobs of a boy next to my cell — he too was a newcomer. He sobbed hysterically, 'My God, what shall I do? What shall I do?' I climbed down from my cot, knocked on the wall of his cell, and tried to talk to him. But he paid no attention to me. He just sobbed and cried like a child torn from its mother, as if his heart would break.

Finding no response, I clambered back to my place, and was soon off in dreamland again. I did not wake until the lights were turned out at nine o'clock. I looked out of my cell and saw, through the far-off window in the outer wall, a star glimmering; then, without undressing, straightening my blankets, I fell asleep and, in my sleep, dreamed of the free fields of early childhood.

I mentioned the dirty blankets on the cot. I used that word deliberately. It is not uncommon for the blankets which a man gets in prison to be dirty. They are rarely cleaned or fumigated. One man goes out and another goes in — receiving the blankets the other used, without any attempt to

clean or wash them; and of course there are no sheets. I have seen blankets so dirty that the dust actually fell out of them when you moved them. This is not true of all prisons, but is of many.

It is not uncommon to find a prison where the men have not their own individual underwear. The underwear is sent to the laundry, and a man gets what luck will bring him: some is too long, some too short; some has been used by healthy men, some by men who were sick with contagious diseases. In some prisons the small cells have two men to a cell. There are two cots, one above the other; and these men live in this narrow cramped place — and at times the health of the men so crowded is not examined. They use the same bucket and drink out of the same cup.

Practically none of the prisons pay the men for their work. A few places make it possible for a few men to earn what might be considered a fair wage, but the mass of the prisoners earn little, in many cases nothing. Just at random: New York pays its prisoners one cent and a half a day; California and Massachusetts pay them nothing. And yet, it is asked why the men are not interested and ambitious!

Practically none of the prisons make a serious attempt to educate their prisoners. The eight grades for illiterates are in use in places — but as a rule they amount to little, both the system and the method being antiquated and the spirit poor. In only one or two places is there a real attempt to use for educational purposes the extraordinary advantages of time and control which prisons imply. San Quentin is conspicuous by the fact that it is making a real attempt in that direction. What I have said about education is true of health. Health is neglected. Here and there the fact that crime and health, both physical and mental, have a relation to each other, is gradually being recognized, but not as much or as fully as one would expect.

This rather sketchy description of American penal conditions is unfair to the exceptions — but the exceptions are few and far between. There is not a prison in the country, in so far as I have seen them, that does not fall into this general picture in one or more of its phases. Of the worst prisons, all that I have said is true. Of the better ones, some of the things I have said are true. For the casual visitor, who is taken around by a guard or by the warden, who is told all the good things and not permitted to see the bad ones, whom lack of experience and knowledge makes gullible, this may seem a startling story. If it is startling, it is not more so than the facts are.

There are other things about the prison — developments of parole, education, self-government, farm-labor — which are more hopeful than the picture painted here. These, however, must be left over for another time. I have separated the hopeful things in the prison situation from the outstanding shortcomings, deliberately. To combine them is to give the optimist — and we are all ready to hang our optimism to the most fleeting excuse — an opportunity to rationalize and escape the burden of present evil. The present prison system is bad. I have hardly described all its evils. Some cannot be written about without greater finesse and literary subtlety than I possess. Others were hidden from me. There are indications of a possible way out, of better things, of more hopeful use of human intelligence; but to date, all of these are negligible and limited, even if a significant contribution to penal methods.

THE PURITAN HOME

BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

I

This year we are celebrating the third centennial of the landing of the Pilgrims, and our people are making an effort gratefully to recall the tremendous event. To do so requires considerable effort; for to any but themselves Puritans have generally been a distasteful folk. Especially was the last century for them a time of bitter and almost continuous attack, caricature, and denunciation. Now, however, when the gaunt figures no longer walk our streets, feeling has grown kinder and aversions less clamorous. Not unwelcome now will be a dispassionate estimate of what the Puritan actually was.

To understand him, we must study him in his breeding-place, the Puritan home; for that was the most fundamental of Puritan institutions. Its effects were prodigious. It formed New England. Out of it came much of the mind and character of the entire country. Many of the older among us have felt its invigorating influence. Yet it is now in decay, where it has not altogether disappeared. Its usages are largely unknown, its strength and weaknesses have seldom been coolly studied. Often has it served as picturesque material for our novelists; but only to be held up to scorn as an oppressor of youth and a fosterer of gloom and hypocrisy.

I was brought up in it, am profoundly grateful for its discipline, and feel that I owe to it more than half of all that has made my life beautiful and rewarding. To-day I would come forward as its eulogist. And while not blind to its defects, — aware indeed that its sudden passing has been inevitable, — I would insist that American civilization will have a hard task to find a source from which to draw an inspiration so bounteous and so constructive.

To fix the worth of the Puritan home I shall endeavor first to give a clear account of the facts usually found in such homes, and then proceed to trace the setting and influence of those facts.

What was the daily current of life in a Puritan home? All recognize that its distinctive feature was its elaborate religious training. But how did that training secure its hold on the young? To be of any worth, this depictive side of my subject should be minute and well authenticated. I will base it on a description of my own childhood, and thus will show in some detail what were the assumptions, the practices, and the ideals of a typical Puritan home.

II

My father was a Boston merchant, who had come from the country and by diligence had climbed to a competence. In our home all was plain and solid. There was no luxury. Expenditure was carefully studied, and waste incessantly fought. But we had all that was needed for comfort and dignity, and on all that we possessed and did religion set its mark. To exhibit that ever-present influence, I trace the course of a single day.

On rising I read a chapter of the Bible and had a prayer by myself. Then to breakfast, where each of the family repeated a verse of scripture, my father afterward asking a blessing on the meal. No meal was taken without this benediction. When breakfast was ended, the servants were summoned to family prayers, which ended with the Lord's Prayer, repeated together.

Then we children were off to school, which was opened with Bible-reading and prayer. Of school there were two sessions, one in the morning and one in the afternoon; so that our principal play-time was between four-thirty and six o'clock, with study around the family table after supper. Later in the evening, when the servants' work was done, they joined us once more at family prayers; after which we children kissed each member of the family and departed to bed, always however, before undressing, reading a chapter of the Bible by ourselves and offering an accompanying prayer. Each day, therefore, I had six seasons of Bible-reading and prayer — two in the family, two by myself, and two at school; and this in addition to the threefold blessing of the food. No part of the day was without consecration. The secular and the sacred were completely intertwined.

Permeated thus as was every day with divine suggestion, it may be said that on Sunday our very conversation was in the heavens. On that day the labor of the servants was lightened, so that they too might rest and attend church. Many household cares were then thrown upon us children, and it was arranged that there should be little cooking. But while play and labor ceased and solemnity reigned, it was an approved and exalting solemnity; for then occurred two preaching services and a session of Sunday School.

To me the day was one of special happiness, because my father was then at home, and during almost every hour of the day was his children's companion. We gathered about him for cheerful talk after breakfast, and after the noon dinner he usually read to us from *The Pilgrim's Progress*, or some other benign and attractive book. After supper the whole family assembled in the parlor, and when each one present had repeated a hymn or poem, we had an hour of music — solos on the piano by the girls, and familiar hymns sung without book by the entire company.

Toward the end of the evening my father was apt to put his arm around one of the children and draw him into the library for a half-hour's private talk. Blessed and influential sessions these, serving the purpose of the Roman confessional! As frank as that and as peace-bringing, but freed from its formality, with no other authority recognized than a common allegiance to a Heavenly Father, the independence of us little ones guarded by the abounding wisdom, tenderness, trust, and even playfulness of our adored companion.

III

Such unceasing presence in the Puritan home of the religious motive might easily have become unwholesome and enfeebling, had it not been attended by several other powerful influences, which diversified it and enriched the nature to which religion gave stability. As these supporting interests are generally overlooked by those who censure the Puritan home, I name a few of them.

To the family tie the Puritans gave great prominence. Marriage was a sacrament, and the family a divine institution, where each member was charged with the well-being of all. In my own family there was little authoritative restriction. With father and mother we children were on terms of tender and

reverential intimacy. They joined us in our games, were sharers in our studies, friendships, and aspirations. To them we expressed freely our half-formed thoughts. If one of them took a journey, one of us was pretty sure to be a companion.

In a family where there were few servants, each of us took part in household duties. There were rooms to be set in order, wood to be split, errands to be run. The older children must wait on the younger. In this way all were drawn together by common cares. Brothers and sisters became close friends. Affection was deep and openly expressed. With no fear of sentimentality, we kissed one another often, always on going to bed, on rising, and usually when leaving the house for even a few hours. We were generous with our small pocket-moneys, and wept when the ending vacation carried away to boarding-school a member of our group. The Puritan home cannot be rightly estimated without noting the tenacity of family affection, which its devout atmosphere directly contributed to induce.

IV

Furthermore, there was the insistence on learning, fostered by the presence of abundant books, by the studies around the centre table in the evening, by the reading aloud that went on wherever three or four could be gathered together. My father was not a college graduate, eagerly as he had desired to be. He sent his brother to Yale and accepted a business life for himself. But he more than made up the regretted loss by diligent reading, and to all his children he gave the utmost education they would accept.

I think this insistence on education was usual in Puritan families. Lavish expense was incurred for it when stringent economy was practised elsewhere. The foundation of Harvard College in the early and poverty-stricken years of the Puritan colony was characteristic of Puritanism everywhere. It set great store on intellectual vigor and filled its homes with books. Our public libraries have done us one disservice. They have checked the habit of buying books. The libraries of my father and grandfather were considerable, containing most of the important books in history, biography, divinity, and poetry. Physical science was then just starting. Of fiction there was little; until the beginning of the nineteenth century, novelists were few.

V

There is a widespread impression that Puritanism was hostile to the Fine Arts. I believe it to be untrue, or, at most, true only with reference to the lighter, more ornamental and vivacious of the arts. In the view of the Puritan life was not meant for amusement. Whatever fostered self-indulgence or heedless gayety was certainly frowned on. But in my childhood several of the Fine Arts, notably poetry and music, were cultivated with an ardor and general approval infrequent to-day. From our family library none of the great English poets was absent. My grandfather loved Pope, my father Shakespeare and Byron, my mother Cowper. All three wrote respectable verse, as did several of the children. Most persons did. No one of us ever doubted that to be a poet or a composer of music was the highest attainment of human faculty, unless indeed that preeminence might be challenged by the minister, to whom these artistic seers were thought to be near of kin. We studied our poets, therefore, as those who brought us messages of importance. We committed their verses to memory enormously.

A clerical uncle begged that I might

be named for his favorite poet, George Herbert — a rich endowment! By the time I was twelve, I knew by heart about half of all Herbert wrote, and that not to the prejudice of Chaucer, Pope, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. It should be remembered that among the English poets Puritanism had rather more than its fair share, — Milton, Marvell, the Wesleys, Watts, Cowper, Montgomery, the two Brownings, — sufficient to make poetry a natural inmate of most Puritan homes. Burns's poems were printed in America two years after they appeared in Scotland, and the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth but four years after they had been laughed at by Englishmen.

So far from any natural antagonism between the greatest of the arts and Puritanism, it may well be urged that the constant sense of the infinite in which the Puritan was nurtured was the very soil most favorable for developing the poetic spirit. Certainly, among the friends of my youth I came upon enjoyers of poetry twice as frequently as I do to-day. The number of great writers was smaller, but the study of those few was more serious and general.

And something similar may be said of music. Few indeed were the Puritan homes where music of a high order was not cultivated. As a rule, girls were expected to master the piano. Three of my four sisters played, and played well, Bach, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn — the last especially in his sacred settings — being accounted sovereign. Mozart, Schubert, and others of a lyrical vein were, I suspect, counted somewhat too sportive and spontaneous.

In almost every family there were seasons of song in which all were expected to join. The meagre conditions of that primitive day could not afford the many concerts that we now enjoy. Populations were not large enough for that. But it is worth noting that, in Puritan New England, the first scholarly Journal of Music, and the first carefully trained orchestras — the Musical Fund and the Germania — found strong support. My father was by no means rich, but he supplied us children with season tickets each winter to the symphony rehearsals of the Germania Society.

It is true that to several of the arts — painting, sculpture, and the drama — Puritanism was unfriendly. But the grounds of this aversion were historical and not to be explained by any supposed sourness of disposition. The first and the last pieces written by Milton were dramatic, and the eulogies of Shakespeare by him and by Marvell are among the warmest in our language.

But there came a change. By the time of the great migration, 1640 to 1650, the English stage had reached such a pitch of degradation that it became necessary to close the theatres; and when they were again opened, on the coming of Charles II, they exhibited an indecency unparalleled before or since. No wonder that the horror of that foulness became fixedly associated in Puritan minds with the theatre itself, and that, even as late as my childhood, self-respecting people pretty generally kept away from stage-plays. No doubt that absence encouraged the very vices against which it protested, and the Puritans lost an ingredient of character of utmost worth in training the imagination. But when an art has been so captured by the forces of evil, abstention from it becomes a necessity, and confidence in it is only slowly established.

In less degree a similar defense may be offered for the Puritan attitude toward painting and sculpture. Representations of the saints in stone and glass did not then merely stir æsthetic emotions of beauty, such as we expe-

rience to-day. They excited, and were intended to excite, feelings closely akin to idolatry. Mourn, as we must, over the image-breaking which, during the Civil War, damaged the loveliness of many cathedrals, it is only fair to recognize it as a stage, perhaps a necessary stage, in the emancipation of the English mind. Since sculpture was employed at that time almost exclusively to further superstitious ends, it naturally bred repulsion in men of clearer faith. They felt the dangers against which the Second Commandment warns. Personal busts were not counted objectionable, nor painted portraiture. Something like a dozen contemporary portraits of Milton are known, and ancestral portraits were fairly common in Puritan homes. Except for these, Puritan walls were generally bare. Pictures were rare and expensive, and distasteful associations connected with their superstitious use did not readily pass away.

On the other hand, Puritans were strong in the arts of design. Their furniture, silver, china, and the many articles of comfort and beauty for the home, were admirable. They are sought to-day as superior in taste to those of later years. There is solidity in them, durability, freedom from caprice, and an expression of that sober rationality everywhere characteristic of the Puritan genius. On entering an old Puritan home, I have often wondered how a family of modest means could acquire furniture of such excellence. They apparently bought slowly, either went without or got the best, and provided for their children no less than for themselves. For temporary convenience to accept an article of inferior workmanship or design was reckoned a kind of moral obliquity. Standards of quality had been established in most things, from which individual fancy did not readily depart. Such standards give quiet dignity to Puritan architecture, making the three or four types of Colonial house worth preserving. For adaptation to climate, wise use of accessible materials, inner convenience obtained at low cost, for modest stateliness and freedom from discordant lines, Puritan domestic architecture deserves high praise.

It has seemed worth while to examine thus minutely the artistic attitude of the Puritans because it has generally been so grossly misrepresented. Since these lovers of purity and righteousness held themselves aloof from the debauched representative arts of painting, sculpture, and the drama, they are charged with an indiscriminate hostility to all beauty, their exceptional devotion to the nobler arts of poetry, music, and the home being quite overlooked.

It is true that, even in these regions, Puritan taste was severe. Whatever a Puritan loved must be rational, thorough, and marked with deliberate purpose. These are fundamental qualities in all the arts. But they are best attended by a light touch, spontaneous gayety, and superficial grace. Hence arise two types of beauty: the one intellectual, where the beautiful object is an embodiment of law and is stripped of all that is not called for by its purpose; the other, exuberant, expressing freedom, play, ornament. In the former Puritan art is strong. On the latter it looks askance. Because the latter, the easier and prettier, is at present in favor, Puritans are apt to be denied all sense of beauty.

VI

Such, then, was the constitution of the Puritan home, such its central religious ideal, and such its three supporting influences — education, family affection, and the nobler Fine Arts. In

dealing with so controversial a subject, I have thought it safest to record the actual facts of a personal experience. The subject is one which readily lends itself to picturesque treatment, whether of eulogy or scorn. Both of these I would avoid. On the basis of sifted fact I would ask a dispassionate estimate of the training which fashioned New England's character during three centuries. My experience, I think, is fairly representative, though late. My life began in 1842, when the Puritan régime was drawing to its close. But on both sides my ancestry was purely Puritan and American for nine generations, my father a deacon of an Orthodox church, four of my uncles Orthodox ministers.

Living, too, as I did throughout my boyhood, as much in the country as the city, I caught the Puritan traditions of creed and practice where they lingered longest. The habits of the many other Puritan homes familiar to my boyhood did not differ materially from mine, except in the matter of temperament. Wherever the head of the house was sombre, disappointed, or unapproachable, I have found an atmosphere far removed from that of my cheerful surroundings. A bad temper will spread gloom anywhere, and spread it the more readily when life is regarded as a serious business. I would not assert that Puritanism is an antidote for every infelicity of temper. I merely maintain that it provides ample room for men of good-will, and I think it unjust to hold a special faith responsible for evils incident to all mankind. Out of a happy experience I am certain that Puritanism was no check on well-made parents, but that it helped them to lead an honorable, richly fed, and lovable life, with great contentment and blessing to all around them. Yet while acknowledging myself fortunate in the well-governed temper of my companions, I cannot fail to see how that companionship was fostered by the desire on their part to imitate the patient bounty of the Father of us all.

VII

In turning from this description of the Puritan home to emphasize its worth, I would put forward prominently the literary power its training gave. Puritan children, we have seen, were likely to read or hear six passages of the English Bible every day. That book, without regard to its religious value, is acknowledged to be the consummate masterpiece of our language. Here are primitive folk-lore, national history, personal anecdote, racy portraiture, incisive reflection, rapturous poetry, weighty argument, individual appeal, the whole presenting a wider range of interests than any other book affords. Throughout our version, too, runs a style of matchless simplicity, precision, animation, and dignity — a style exquisitely changing color to match its diverse subject-matter. What school-training in English can compare with the year-long reading of this volume?

Literary taste cannot well be directly taught. It comes best unconsciously, while the attention is given to something else. The Puritan child went through his many Bible-readings with a religious aim, the extraordinary beauty of the literature affecting him incidentally as something which could not well be otherwise. In that holy hush it was most naturally incorporated into his structure.

I understate the case, however, in saying that the matchless English was daily read. Almost every week considerable portions were committed to memory. Before I was fifteen I had learned half the Psalms, the whole Gospel of John, three of Paul's Epistles, and large sections of Job and Isaiah. And this personal study was undertaken, not in obedience to commands,

but because frequent contact with noble thought begets of itself a desire for more intimate acquaintance. Any man with half an ear, living in the company of musicians, is sure to think music beautiful and important. Just so the Puritan youth was drawn, not driven, to the study of the Bible through association with the biblically minded. Before he was aware what processes were going on, he found himself in possession of something priceless. He understood good English, and pretty generally spoke it.

VIII

Of the doctrines which the Puritans derived from their sacred volume, or read into it, I have no need to write at any length. Their general tenor is well known, and this paper is not a treatise on theology, but an exhibit of Puritan methods of domestic training. Still, since that training was based on certain religious conceptions, I must briefly summarize these. But it should be borne in mind that there was much diversity among the Puritans, and never any such thing as a Puritan Church or creed. Each little group of believers had an independent existence, and formulated for itself its understanding or creed about things divine and human, changing this whenever it could be brought into closer conformity to the mind of the majority. During my life my country church has rewritten its entire creed three times.

The distinctive feature of Puritan religion is the stress that it lays on personality, the duty of preserving it and keeping it clean. A person is the one sacred being in the universe to whom all else is subservient. God Himself is a person, having intelligence, will, love and aversion, communicability and, above all, righteousness, or respect for other persons. He is no mere abstract mind, force, love, or law. Behind all these there is a He, their possessor and director. We too are persons, made in God's likeness and therefore able to have thoughts about Him which are true, however inadequate. Human relationships are our best clue to an understanding of Him and his government. Indeed, so near is God to man, that a finite person, perfect within his human limits, would be the fullest possible revelation of God and a fit object of worship. Loyalty to such a being saves us from sin and vicariously redeems the sinner. Vicariousness is a principle throughout the personal universe. The modern Socialist finds that my wrongdoing afflicts my group and by it must be healed. Individualistic Puritanism puts perfect manhood, the suffering Christ, in the place of the redeeming group.

Puritan religion is thus essentially personal religion. The Spaniard is highly religious. So is the Russian, the Hindu, the very English people from whom the Puritans came out. But the religion of all these is preëminently social, embodying a group-consciousness and largely concerned with the performance of sacred ceremonies. Puritan religion is experienced, not performed. It needs no church, no ritual, no priest. Each believer stands face to face before God, responsible to Him alone, and through his witnesses — conscience, right reason, the Bible 'as spiritually discerned' — is directly instructed what to do. Obligation is minute and perpetual. All things are full of duty. Each situation in life presents a best way of acting, expressive of God's will, and a worse way, expressive of our childish and temporary will. We are incessantly tempted to some partial good through stupor, slackness, caprice, or bodily allurement.

Human life is a daily strife with sin, and drill in duty, bringing home to us the futility — the suicide, even — of

following any other will than that of our exacting Father. The restrictions, the disappointments, the sufferings of our existence here become comprehensible when viewed as preliminary education for a perfected existence hereafter. A wise father sets his child tasks somewhat beyond his powers. Our athletic trainers fill our sports with difficulties and dangers, and forbid us to shrink from bodily harm. Just so God plans his world. He makes it a preparatory school for those destined ever to remain individual persons, unmerged in anything so meaningless as universal being. The consequences of such discipline, either in enlargement or shrinkage, go on forever.

I hope the brevity of this statement still does sufficient justice to the Puritan faith. Possibly I have over-rationalized it through the attempt to give unity to a complex body of doctrine. Wise beliefs are seldom free from incongruities. At almost every point, too, the utterance of some eminent divine can be quoted, giving to this or that doctrine a coloring different from that given here. I have said that Puritanism held no authoritative creed. Its fellowship was based on general consent, with room left for individual divergence. A faith that included Princeton and Andover, Jonathan Edwards and Samuel Hopkins, permits no exact formulation. But I believe my sketch will be sufficient to show where lay the strength of Puritanism and to make plain its hold on the realities of life. It fitted its followers to fight Indians, endure the hardships of New England, found a democracy, and send forth throughout the land a sturdier folk than any other single stock can boast.

IX

But, if Puritan religion was able to give weight to character, dignity to speech and bearing, promptitude to duty, and such excellence to educational and political institutions that the world has taken pattern from them ever since, why did it decay, and why, even in the days of its power, did it awaken animosity? Because each human excellence involves some special limitation, danger at least, and the unavoidable limitations of Puritanism are peculiarly obnoxious to the common man. They stifle him and make him after a time clamor for ampler air. One needs to be already strong before he can draw strength from Puritanism. For it looks on all things *sub specie æternitatis*, and takes altogether seriously the saying that in God we live and move and have our being. In the disorderly and changing world, the Puritan is ill at ease. Things of earth are of slender consequence compared with those of Heaven, and are to be dealt with only as they prepare us for the divine life. In this extreme idealism there is danger for weak natures. They are apt to grow morbid about themselves, about others, and even about God.

The miseries attending too great self-consciousness are widely felt and are peculiarly difficult to cure. To be constantly analyzing our motives, in order to be sure that they are not the promptings of a temporary impulse but the veritable voice of God, is safe for not many men, for still fewer women. Of course, we should know what we are doing. Blind action is as disastrous as excessive introspection; but not being painful, it escapes with less censure. The wise man keeps control of himself while still looking without more than within. So long as we inhabit this complicated planet, we must give it a large share of our attention and enjoyment. How large that share shall be and what proportion it should bear to spiritual interests can, fortunately, never be determined. The difficult task of keeping

the two on terms of mutual aid is for each one of us an important part of life's discipline.

It is often charged that Puritanism was lop-sided, other-worldly, over-emphatic in the care of one's own soul; and that through this tendency it exposed its followers to self-deception and hypocrisy. That there was danger in this direction is obvious. But danger that leads to such high results is worth while. I believe the danger grossly exaggerated; and it is only fair to remember that the Puritan world was a far less interesting, a less spiritual place than it has become since the rise of modern science and the study of the conditions under which mind and morals are planned to coöperate.

On account, too, of its slender comprehension of the relation between persons, Puritanism has been badly shaken and now looks a good deal out of date. Its insistence on personality and the eternal worth of the individual, we have already seen. Self-respect might be called the central Puritan virtue. Certainly the omnipresent sense of sin that brooded over Puritanism concerned itself far more with personal stain than with social damage. Society, with its obligations, is something almost accidental. God has seen fit to create a multitude, each a person, and has called on us, as we respect ourselves, to respect others. Equality is the highest point reached by Puritan sociology, with democracy as its natural expression. But the thought of our time has taken a lurch in a different direction. Individualism, the liberal creed for at least four centuries, is now disparaged, Socialism is exalted. Instead of viewing society as formed by the addition of individuals, we now incline to look upon society as primordial and an individual as its derivative. Socialism, though by itself no less false than its opposite, has at least shown that a single detached person, complete in isolation, is inconceivable. We exist in relations and are essentially conjunct. But while society and the individual are mutual factors, meaningless apart, I think Puritanism drew attention to that side of the dual fact which is the more important for human welfare. The initiation of action is an individual function. Too often it is forgotten that society has no central consciousness. That is lodged in individuals, who alone, therefore, have the power to criticize, on which power all progress is dependent. Without personal goading, society remains blind and inert. It cannot reform itself. A Garrison, a Phillips, a Mrs. Stowe, a Whittier, a Lincoln must first appear, before American slavery is overthrown. While then the meagre Puritan conception of personality was destined to perish and to carry with it a pretty large superstructure, it trained strong men as the equally one-sided philosophy of to-day cannot. Socialism begets enthusiastic followers. Leaders are fashioned where honor is paid to personality.

If the Puritan notion of personality, however, was too small for man, it was doubly belittling when applied to God. Yet He, too, was imagined as an individual, contrasted, on the one hand, with physical objects, and on the other, with human beings. He easily became pictured as an old man in the clouds, trying, not very successfully, to manage his obstreperous world. It is true, such concrete representation has its uses and is unhesitatingly employed by the Psalmist and most religious teachers. Stated baldly, it seems irreverent to speak of God as a hen. But when we read that 'He covers us with his feathers and under his wings we may trust,' how true and comforting is the comparison!

Just so with the Puritan humanization of God. If we are to speak to Him

in prayer, hear his voice in duty, find Him our supporting companion in privation and sorrow, the object of our gratitude in happiness; if, indeed, we are sincere in our hopes of individual immortality, we must detect in our own personality something too precious to be lacking in Him whom we worship. Only to a person will love go forth. The danger is that personality may become an empty form, excluding all contents. As in ourselves, it should be an organizing principle, rich in relations and powers, and capable of the utmost self-diversification. But for the Puritans the world was somewhat aloof from God. They knew Him as its original and arbitrary creator, but not as its present indwelling life, as

> Something deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
> And the round ocean and the living air
> And the blue sky and in the heart of man.

In like manner the human body, with its multifarious joys, instincts, invigorations and seductions, was looked on, not as a temple of God, but as a prison-house of the Spirit. No monotheism, however, can be permanent which ignores the massive truths of polytheism. Puritanism tried to and failed.

No doubt I magnify these faults by abstract statement. Practical life usually finds its way to facts, even through restrictive theories. And it would be unfair not to recognize the enlarged scope offered to Puritan thought about God by the doctrine of the Trinity. According to this, God presents Himself to us in three contrasted ways, — as the ground of all existence, as perfected humanity, and as the general power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness, — all these being manifestations of the same person. This profound doctrine should, especially in its third phase, have checked the attempt to think of God as an empty individual unit. The Trinity makes Him, not a unit, but a unity. Like all other persons, his nature involves differentiation and forthgoing. But popular associations with the word person were hard to overcome, and the puzzling doctrine easily slipped down into tritheism. When so held, it offered as troublesome perplexities in the reconcilement of its members as the Greeks and Romans felt in harmonizing their polytheistic pantheon.

While, then, I believe that American civilization owes more to Puritanism than to any other single agency, I have no desire to see it reëstablished. That is plainly impossible. We must rethink its problems in our own terms and even remould its beautiful home-training, if we would not be blind to what the world has learned since the Pilgrims landed.

Each age has what may be called its holy passions. Those of Puritan times were rationality, order, duty regarded as personal loyalty; those of to-day, humanitarianism, social service, scientific pursuit of ever-developing truth. These later ideals, though slenderly regarded by the Puritans, are quite as needful as their own in the fulfillment of Christ's moral law. Through them the spirit of Puritanism acquires a richer significance.

SUNSET

BY VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ

I

THE Duchess of Pontecorvo left her automobile at the bottom of the hill on which the village of Roquebrune is situated, and, leaning on the arm of a lackey, began the ascent of the steep, narrow, winding roads leading through that fortress-town of the Maritime Alps. A visit to Roquebrune had become something habitual with the old lady on afternoons when the sky was bright and cloudless. She had found this picturesque nook — where the streets, paved with blue cobblestones, are often tunnels — some weeks before, and had advertised its beauties enthusiastically among all her friends. Every day she herself would go up from her villa to the esplanade in front of the village church, to enjoy a magnificent view of the sunset.

There was an element of vanity in this daily climb. The duchess had discovered something unknown to the ordinary resident of the Mediterranean shore; and pride in her achievement made her quite forget the fatigue imposed upon her eighty years by the walk up those perpendicular streets of the mediæval town, too narrow for a cart, and familiar with no other means of locomotion than the donkey or the mule used by visitors to the church.

The duchess was a decidedly flaccid, obese person. She could get along only with the help of a gold-headed bamboo cane bequeathed by her deceased husband, the Duke of Pontecorvo. On this walk, however, despite the chronic swelling of her feet, the Duchess moved with a certain sprightly youthfulness that had been passed on to her old age by the impatient, nervous energy of her mind.

A majestic, a Junoesque beauty, she must have been in her younger days. 'A Marie Antoinette all over again,' her flatterers were still saying, even now, when she was old. Nevertheless, two deep lines fell from her sharp, aquiline nose upon the corners of her mouth, and her blue eyes were faded and watery. She habitually dressed in black, with an impressive, aristocratic sobriety. Curls of white hair, far too thick and lustrous to be genuine, strayed from under her bonnet. What at once struck the eye, however, the thing that had made her famous along the whole coast, was a necklace, the 'Necklace of the Duchess,' as it was familiarly called — five hundred thousand dollars' worth of pearls, according to the estimates of people who were supposed to know! This necklace — a 'dog-collar,' in the jargon of the fashionable world — was a veritable corset for her neck and throat, flaming like one great jewel, and hiding in a blaze of glory any defects there may have been in the complexion of her wrinkly skin.

The duchess entered the church, which was quite deserted at that hour. The lackey left her side and stood at respectful attention near a little door, swung out from one side of the building, and casting over the tiles a rectangle of

blue shadow broken by flickering spots of sunlight as round and glossy as coins of gold. The footman never went beyond that point. The duchess preferred to be alone, sole sovereign of a domain that was hers by right of discovery.

The lady made her way through the church and stepped out through another door into a garden lined with palm trees. As she progressed, her cane tapped noisily on the red flagstones that rose and fell unevenly from years and years of exposure to sun and rain. The delight the duchess knew in this clerical retreat came from the charm of contrast. Everything here was different from the sleek, ornate, majestic elegance of her villa down below, on the edge of the great blue Mediterranean plain. On this mountain terrace, flowers were growing in wild freedom and profusion. Rose bushes, untrimmed, uncared-for, wove their branches and thorns and blossoms into one entrancing thicket of color and perfume. The trees, unpruned, crowded close upon one another, even intertwining their trunks to make strange, fantastic, almost human forms. Wild flowers, borne hither on the winds, were disputing the soil with garden plants. All around was one confused hum of insect life — ants, wasps, multi-colored beetles, crawling over the ground, climbing up and down the tree-trunks, or flitting musically through the air.

What the duchess was really looking for, and enjoying in advance, was the wonderful view that opened just beyond the growth of trees, where, from a sort of natural balcony, she could look out from a great height upon the sea, and then down along the curving shore where the promontories of the Alps jut out, making gulfs and bays and peninsulas in the azure mirror. In the distance towered the mountains of Nice, peaks that stood out like blocks of ebony against the crimson afterglow. Nearer, on the seashore, rose the crag of Monaco, with the old city on its back. Then came the plateau of Monte Carlo, bristling with palaces and gardens. At her feet lay Cap Martin, where her own house was — a villa erected among the pine groves by the late Duke of Pontecorvo. Near by was the summer house of her friend and former patroness, the Empress Eugénie, with the residences of other princes and dethroned monarchs. There, also, was the huge palace of John Baldwin, an American iron king, who was regarded in those parts as one of the richest men in the world.

The old lady pushed her way through the shrubbery along the brink of the precipitous slope, in search of one particular spot from which the whole panorama of the Blue Coast spread out before her delighted eyes. There she could sit for an hour or more, watching the slow, placid death of the afternoon. No one surely would disturb her in that tranquil garden. There she could rest for a time, far away from all common cares of the world, take one delicious plunge, as it were, into the glory of the sunset, at an hour when the tenderest memories of the past return, — thoughts of all that has been and will never be again, — like a sweet and melancholy music coming to the ear from far away, or a lingering perfume of dead flowers that will bloom no more!

There was something selfish in this daily recreation of the duchess. She was like some despot of music, who has an opera sung to an empty theatre while he sits alone there, lying back at his ease in the depths of an upholstered chair. The wondrous beauty of that dying sun, the purple mourning colors that draped the sky and the sea of that Mediterranean paradise were things she wanted all for herself. And in that garden she could have them.

On this occasion, when the duchess

reached her favorite retreat, she noticed, with some traces of annoyance, that she was not, as usual, entirely alone. A smell of tobacco smoke mingled perceptibly with the fragrance of the flowers. She heard a cough behind the intertwining branches of the trees. A man had invaded her dominions and was enjoying the view which she had chosen to call her own.

The old lady was tempted to protest, as if a trespasser had ventured on property of hers. And yet, when the intruder appeared and stepped toward her, the expression of displeasure on her face changed to one of cordial greeting.

'Oh, it 's you, Mr. Baldwin. I am so glad to see you here.'

II

Whenever, from time to time, John Baldwin, the American multimillionaire, came to spend a few weeks in the palace on Cap Martin, which he had bought through a newspaper advertisement, he attracted the attention of the whole Blue Coast. Though any number of forgotten celebrities — ex-premiers, dethroned monarchs, retired magnates — could be found in the small strip of territory that stretches between Cannes and Mentone, there was not a single 'winterer' on the Riviera comparable to him. The authorities were always soliciting his aid for public charities. Philanthropic organizations were forever sending the most important men of the native population to knock at his door in the interest of this or that good work. Every theatrical or musical function showed his name among its patrons. The omnipotent millionaire was something like a god, who never reveals himself to profane eyes, but makes his presence felt everywhere through his miracles.

Visitors to his beautiful palace were rarely received by him in person, though just as rarely, if they came for any defensible purpose, did they go away without some donation. The few who had met him personally would point him out as a real curiosity when he appeared on the boulevard in Nice, or in one of the gambling-rooms at Monte Carlo. 'Do you know? That is Baldwin over there — Baldwin, the American millionaire!' Such information would usually be received with an exclamation of surprise. 'What! Baldwin? That, Baldwin? Why, he looks as poor as a rat!'

Baldwin, in fact, always dressed very plainly; and his habits were as simple as his clothes. Though his garages on Cap Martin held numerous automobiles of the most fashionable makes, he went almost everywhere on foot. He chose his secretaries for their refinement and good taste in dress. He seemed to enjoy being taken for the servant of the elegant secretaries who sometimes went with him on his walks.

People described him ordinarily as 'the richest man on earth.' Those who pretended greater intimacy with his affairs asserted that he had a million dollars on his checking account at the bank. When asked why he allowed such an enormous capital to lie idle, he would answer with a sigh of weariness. Money bored him so! What could he do with money? It was impossible to invest it in anything better than his own business; and since his various enterprises in mining and manufacturing had already reached their maximum development and were in need of no further capital, why should he worry?

The Duchess of Pontecorvo had known Baldwin ever since he became her neighbor on Cap Martin — the friendship of an old lady, famous in her time, but now forgotten, with a rich man whose name was a catchword throughout the world. The duchess had found times much changed since

the days of her youth. Countries where she had been intimate with royalty had become republics. In the present democratic age, millionaires like Baldwin were the real lords of the earth. She herself had spent the larger part of her former fortune on the careers of her children, and for years had been living a life of gilded poverty, which allowed only infrequent excursions from her villa on Cap Martin.

That is why the aged aristocrat felt the greatest respect for this potentate of a younger age; and that is why she smiled so cordially when she discovered that the intruder on her solitude was the American millionaire. Hitherto she had seen him at social gatherings, of an afternoon, in sombre palace halls, where the lighting was controlled by older hostesses, careful to avoid the glaring, indiscreet rays of unobstructed sunlight. Now, here he was before her in the open air, and in that garden where trees and stones seemed to have halos of green around them, so intense was the golden radiance dripping from the sky.

She was eighty, and he was quite as old, if not, as the duchess suspected, a few years older. But he was still a strong man, one of those hard, wiry, elastic persons on whom the storms of the years beat as on a marble temple, roughening the surface, perhaps, but powerless to break them down. Old age seemed to have toughened John Baldwin, throwing a wrapper of parchment, as it were, around him, an armor proof against disease and impenetrable to the shafts of death. His dark-blue suit had been cut to fit him; yet he seemed to move about in it as if it had been made for another person. The slenderness of his neck emphasized the massive structure of his head — a prominent, bulging forehead, a strong, protruding lower jaw, evidences of intelligence and will, remnants of a vigorous youth, which the deep lines of his aged face had not been able to obscure.

And his eyes, also! His eyes were as bright as they had ever been. It was easy to guess how they must have flashed in his angry moments as a youth. They looked out upon you with the piercing, disconcerting glare that belongs to men who are masters of men. In them one could see the secret of his great worldly success. And yet their outlines were somewhat softened now by a trace of gentleness and kindliness. They suggested willingness on a fighter's part to forget the struggles of the past.

At sight of the duchess, Baldwin threw away the smashed and much-chewed cigar-butt he had been smoking.

'How do you happen to be here?' the duchess asked, offering her hand in cordial greeting.

'Oh, one of my friends told me about the view from here. He heard you describe it so enthusiastically the other day! I thought I would come and have a look at it myself. You are right, madame! It is wonderful!'

They sat down on a rustic bench of tree-trunks, looking out over the sea at their feet, the villages along the shore, and the distant foothills of the Alps. Automobiles, like so many insects, were running along the thread-like roadways visible far down at the foot of the hills. A train was in sight on the Franco-Italian railroad, though at that distance the locomotive seemed to be puffing in silence and there was no rumbling of the wheels. In fact, the stillness of the garden was broken only by the tinkling of little bells that came from a herd of goats grazing along the slopes below the garden — a soft, mellow tinkling, like the ring from a Venetian glass. The sea had turned to a more subdued azure, less harsh on the eyes than previously in the blinding deluge of light rained upon it from the sun.

'Yes, it is beautiful!' said the duchess

after a long pause. 'It is wonderful!'

As they sat there in silence, the full solemnity of the dying day came over them. 'What a pity it is,' Baldwin observed, 'that we have to wait till we are old before we can enjoy the deepest and sweetest pleasures of life! When we are young, we are always worried about things. We are looking forward all the time. Our hopes and ambitions blind our eyes to the things actually present before us. I imagine that many of the men I used to know, if they could rise from their graves on the other side of the ocean and come here now, would be surprised to see old man Baldwin stopping to look at a landscape and actually enjoying it, without a thought for the ups and downs of exchange!'

The duchess nodded without clearly foreseeing what her companion was about to say.

'I imagine that you, too,' he continued, 'have had to wait for the years to go by before you could take a really true delight in the beauties of Nature; though women, as a rule, are born more poetic, more sentimental, than men, and when they are young, furthermore, have more time to devote to what are called "higher" things. I am sure you are enjoying what you see before you quite as much as you used to enjoy a soirée at the Tuileries.'

Again the duchess nodded, quite flattered that the powerful personage at her side should take an interest in her humble self. Something of her vanished coquetry came to life again. Baldwin, the richest man in the world, had come to visit that remote garden just because she had praised it to one of his friends! These new bourgeois upstarts of the day were not so hard, so lacking in all feeling, as she had been told. She began to talk of her past as if the aged American were an old friend of hers.

'You are right,' she said. 'The life I am leading now is not so brilliant as the life of gayety I led when I was young. But it has its consolations. You see, I have suffered a great deal in my time, Mr. Baldwin. People's lives are something like houses, are n't they? You have to live in them before you know what they really are.'

The American millionaire had heard many stories about the career of the duchess in the old days. She had been a very interesting person; and he began to listen to her story attentively.

The Duchess of Pontecorvo was a Spanish woman, by birth distantly related to the Empress Eugénie. She had come to Paris to join the galaxy of beauties that revolved around the magnificent sovereign in the Tuileries. Her family, of the ancient Spanish nobility, had long since been ruined; so the Empress tried to arrange a suitable marriage for her protégée with some important personage in France. The man in whom the young lady showed greatest interest was a general in Napoleon's army, who had just received a title of duke — Duke of Pontecorvo — for a victory his division had won in the wars in Italy.

The duchess made no mystery of the incompatibility of taste and temperament between herself and the rough soldier she finally married. But life at court was so gay that domestic troubles were not terribly oppressive. She had found life quite tolerable. When the Empire fell, and all the brilliant life that centred around the Court in Paris came to an end, the marshal died of a broken heart. He could not survive the overthrow of the Emperor and the shock of the great disaster of 1870. Two children, boys, had been born to the duchess. They in turn had set up new families and carried off the greater part of their father's fortune.

To escape unpleasant contrasts between her former splendor and the modest way in which she now had to

live, the widowed duchess went to Cap Martin, intending to spend the rest of her life in the palace that had been her vacation home in the days of her splendor. There she could live in company with old friends from earlier times, without obtruding the decline in her resources.

The Empress was a not infrequent visitor to the Riviera. When Eugénie came to Cap Martin, she would pay a visit to the duchess; and the two old ladies, dressed in their widow's weeds, would talk of the happy days gone by. But now the Empress was dead; and the passing of that lifelong friend brought home to the duchess the short time that must be left before she too passed on.

Only one memento was still left from her really brilliant youth — her necklace, the 'Necklace of the Duchess,' a jewel so closely identified with her fame that to dispose of it would be a public declaration of poverty.

'You are right, Mr. Baldwin,' she continued. 'Old age does have its pleasures. I am now well acquainted with something that I never knew before — peace, quiet, tranquillity. I have no ambitions left, of course. I have so restricted my daily needs that there is hardly a thing in the world I really want. Life does not call to me with the vibrant voice that it used to have before. At the same time it is without the old sorrows and the old worries. At our age, for instance, there is no such thing as love; but yet, there is friendship! And how much more wonderful and lasting than love that sometimes is! You can't imagine what a beautiful woman, a woman whom many, many men desire, has to go through in life. You live in a state of perpetual alarm. You are afraid to venture on the slightest intimacy with a man. The moment one appears, you come to regard him as a possible enemy. The life of a great beauty is like that of the commander of a fortress under siege: she never has a moment's rest!

'For the first time in my life I am free to enjoy friendship, comradeship, with men. That is something I never knew when I was young. It was a great surprise to me to find that a man need not necessarily be a torment! But at our age, you see, people are not men and women. They are friends, companions, comrades. When passion is once out of the way, all the other beauties of the human soul come more into evidence and seem more attractive in our eyes.

'Of course, sometimes, when I see a pretty, charming, popular young girl, I remember my own days of triumph, and feel a flash of envy; but I soon get over that. Why envy them? Some day they will be old, too. They will reach the point that I have reached. The fact is, I suppose, one can be really selfish when one is old. One can just live, and feel all the delights of just living — something that a young person never dreams of. Believe me, Mr. Baldwin, I am not at all sorry that I am eighty years old; and I am glad to see that you, after your long and active life, feel as I do about it.'

'Well, yes,' the old man replied, musing sadly; 'yes — if only we could always be old! But there's death, is n't there?'

The animation with which the duchess had been speaking vanished from her face, and there was a tremor of sadness in her voice as she replied: —

'Yes, that is true. There's death! We old people have not very long to live!'

III

There was a long silence. Then the old man expressed aloud all that he had been thinking while the duchess was telling the story of her life. He, too, found a strong contrast between the

present and the past; but he did not regret his retirement, after a life so full of energy that the greatest business men in the world had considered him the type of the man of action. After all, there was no reason why he should go on working forever. What could he do that he had not already done? There was really no rôle left for John Baldwin to play in the comedy — the tragedy — of life. And yet he went on living, because there is something in us that makes us want to live, quite aside from all the calculations and conveniences of men!

'You have no idea, duchess, of the real extent of my business enterprises. People call me rich; but that word gives no adequate idea of the wealth I actually have. Half the world would have to go bankrupt before I could be entirely ruined. I have to think up devices for restricting the growth of my income. I leave enormous sums of money lying idle in the banks just because I have more money than I can possibly use. I find it annoying to have so much around.

'I say I have seen everything, and where I have not been I could easily be to-morrow, if I thought it worth while. But none of the things that attract men ordinarily have any charm for me now. I am so old that I see the futility of all the varieties of human vanity. I have no children, and my one concern is to find ways to invest my money where it will do some good after I am gone.

'Well, I have founded libraries, museums, and universities. I have endowed charitable organizations — though my reason tells me that charity is of no particular use in this world. I spend my money often without examining the bases of the requests that are made of me. I am tired of buying pictures and subsidizing books that do not pay. I am also tired of giving money for the progress of science and invention. Good enough, in their way, such things — when you are young and enthusiastic, and believe in the future! Now I have no enthusiasm about anything; and as for the future — '

The old man fell silent for a time. Then he resumed, in a voice not untouched with rancor: —

'As for the future, the future does interest me, to tell the truth, the way exciting business propositions interested me when I was young. Sometimes, when I meet ragged newsboys on the street, or little cowherds on the mountainsides, I feel a sort of jealous anger at them. They are so young, those little shavers! They are sure to live so much longer than I can ever live! "Ah, you little rogues," I say to myself, "you will be here to see things that I shall have no chance to see." The thought makes me feel how useless money is, how absurd the respect it inspires in everyone! The famous John Baldwin, for all his two billions, is worth, in terms of future experience, less than a little beggar who crawls along on all fours to pick up the cigar-butt you are throwing away!

'We are living in 1920. Sometimes I amuse myself by wondering what things will be like when you double the twenty part of it — 1940! What are twenty years for any of the young people who are now around us? They are so sure of living that long, that they are ready to risk their chance on it for a passing moment's pleasure. And I, John Baldwin, who have stood before the kings of the earth, and am a king myself so far as money and power are concerned, could not for all my wealth buy those twenty years, if I took into my service all the intelligence and science in the world.'

The two old people lapsed into silence again.

'I have seen everything,' Baldwin finally resumed, 'and I have had everything. For that very reason life has no more attractions for me. And yet I still

want to live! The certainty that I am soon to die angers me, depresses me, beyond endurance. I suppose it is the idleness of my retirement that makes me think of such things now, and emphasizes reality as it is. The old days were days of struggle. There were obstacles to overcome, problems to solve. There is a kind of poetry in youth, and poetry disguises things, throws a veil of illusion over them, so that the dreamer never sees them as they really are. In my case it was the thirst for power; and the pursuit of power was an absorbing, an inspiring preoccupation. Now that everything has come to me, the enchantment is gone. I see the framework of fatuity that underlies human existence; and on that my eyes, by a strange perversity of old age, are fixed. It is as if a man saw only the skeleton under the beauty of an attractive woman.

'I remember how anxiously I used to wait for the outcome of enterprises that meant success or total ruin for me. I have lost four fortunes in my time. More often it was a great triumph. Now, the arrival of a cablegram fails to give me the slightest thrill. Whatever the message it contains, I know it will make very little difference in the mass of my possessions or achievements. Most people, when they have fought a long battle to make a fortune, have to make a second and sometimes harder fight to keep what they have earned. I am beyond all such worries. My victory has been so overwhelming, so complete, that my wealth stands there on its own feet, and a generation of the world's activities could hardly overthrow it. Well, there you are! What have I to live for?'

The duchess, in her humble way, had many pet charities in which she was always trying to interest her more fortunate society friends. She was going to mention one of them when she remembered what the great American had said some moments before. Baldwin did not believe in charity, though he practised it in a more or less casual way, giving money to those who asked for it just because they asked for it. Besides, she was loath to break in with any commonplace advice on what was obviously a despairing confession on the part of the old man, prompted by the melancholy beauty of the afternoon.

'I have no hopes unrealized, no desires unsatisfied,' he continued. 'Yet I don't want to die. Death seems to me something insulting, something unworthy of me, something beneath my dignity as a man. Strange, is n't it? Everything in life is so complicated, so mysterious, so hard to understand. Nothing is ever simple. The moment we go beyond the obvious occupations of everyday life, things become involved beyond our comprehension. Death, for instance — Well, people have been talking about death for thousands and thousands of years, everybody saying the same things, so that we have hundreds of trite expressions and aphorisms, which we repeat mechanically without thinking even of what they mean. It is only when we get old and find death right before us that we see fate in its actual outlines, and come to understand the full measure of human misery.

'Some people find consolation in the fact that death is the great leveler, that death represents democracy, equality. Well, that reflection may be of some use to the millions of unfortunates who have got nothing out of life. For such, death may represent the revenge of those who have failed, the satisfaction of those who are envious of others. But that is not my case. I am one of the successful men. What have I to gain by death?

'The thought of death as a long, refreshing sleep, the slumber that restores our wearied strength, is just as meaning-

less. The man who lies down to sleep knows that he will wake up again in the morning. Death as sleep is a fancy of religion, the great consoler of human ignorance. At best, the notion is but a hope, a prophecy, that may or may not be fulfilled. We are not sure that the night of death will ever break into a new dawn!

'The poets have compared death to winter-time, a period of cold and silence, preceding and preparing the rebirth of springtime, the splendor and exuberance of summer. That, also, is a guess, a speculation, an attempt to snatch a grain of consolation from the infinite unknown.'

The sun was just touching the higher peaks of the western mountains, casting a dust of golden rose along the horizon, and unwinding a sash of violet and blue along the sea-line to the south. Some of the peaks seemed to be catching fire from a gigantic furnace flaming beyond and within them. The old man pointed his cane at the sinking sun.

'The death of the sun is not death at all. That sun knows that he will rise to-morrow morning in the east, and retraverse the path of glory he has followed for thousands and thousands of centuries. I imagine that is why, each evening, he bids us farewell so gloriously. He reminds one of a great actor who does a great death-scene on the stage, with his mind on the midnight supper he is to have in the café an hour later. No, we do not die like that. With us it is once and for always; and what makes matters worse, almost, is that, when we get ready to depart, we see others in the full flush of youth coming on to take our places.

'Sometimes I envy the great trees in the forest. They die so slowly and so resignedly. They keep the ground underneath them dark. There are no impudent saplings rising in the shade, to taunt the agony of the giant with his helplessness. Human beings are not so fortunate. Decrepitude comes over us, while the young people about us are beaming with the radiant prospects of their long futures.'

The duchess was listening attentively, because she judged that everything that such a celebrity thought and said must be important. Nevertheless, all that brooding over death disquieted her. Could n't he talk on some more pleasant subject? Had n't he heard any new gossip about the people living along the coast? There was that young woman in the house on the Cape. Did n't he know what people were saying about her? Why should old people worry about death, anyhow? Death comes to them soon enough without their troubling to send a special invitation!

When the duchess timidly ventured this last reflection, Mr. Baldwin showed himself the man of authority, the man accustomed to holding the floor at directors' meetings. He did not choose to be distracted from his line of thought. He went on talking, but in a lower voice, and with his eyes on the ground, as if he were embarrassed in advance by the complaint he was to make against destiny.

'Human life reminds me of a badly managed piece of business, where the superintendent is either a lunatic or a malicious fool. Life never succeeds in doing what it undertakes to do. When we are young, we work to make our way in the world. We set out after glory and wealth. In attaining them, we waste the years when the possession of them would do us any good. We find success when we are old, at a time when success and failure are much the same thing. The years when we might enjoy them are years usually of sacrifice and renunciation.

'Just imagine, duchess! For years and years I worked like a dog, shut up in dark offices or in smoky factories,

when, outside, the sun was shining and the gardens were in flower. Now, when I have everything, I can even improve on Nature, if she does n't satisfy me. I can make a paradise out of a desert. Do you know that many women who found me impossible when I was young, I could now persuade to love me, old and decrepit as I am? Money is a wonderful thing, duchess — when you don't have it!

'People all consider themselves immortal. A man knows all along that some day he is going to die; but death is always a concern for some future day. It is never real to the moment! We find it natural that other people should die. As for ourselves, death is something incredible, almost impossible. The young people of the present would not understand us if they heard us talking now. They will have to wait till they get older, to know the full misery of human life. But when their turn comes, they will moralize as we are doing, and prove just as unintelligible to the generation after them.

'People like to delude themselves. They refuse to think of death in the midst of their happiness.'

At this point the duchess broke in, to emphasize the necessity of illusion, without which life would be impossible. The old man agreed.

'Yes,' he said, 'we must deceive ourselves in order to go on living. We all pass through life on the wings of some dream or other — all of us, even those who seem furthest removed from any kind of sentiment. You think me a hard man, don't you, duchess? Well, all my life long I have been chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, living on an illusion that in every moment of trial has given me strength and courage to push on.'

Baldwin reviewed the story of his life from the days of the Civil War, when he had thrown up a promising business position to become a soldier. When, after the war, he had saved his first thousand dollars, he went to Europe, and was in Paris once during the later years of Napoleon's reign, at the time of the famous Exposition.

'That was where I saw you first, duchess, when all Paris was talking about your beauty, your splendor, the magnificence of your entourage.'

'O Mr. Baldwin!' the duchess interrupted, very much flattered. 'What a pity you were never introduced! It would have been so delightful to know you when you were young.'

'I should never have been received,' Baldwin replied. 'I was a young fellow, vigorous, and not bad-looking, perhaps; but something far less presentable than the old man you see before you. I was very poor then, and struggling for an education. I had nothing of what is called breeding. My hands were rough and calloused from manual toil. No, it did n't even occur to the John Baldwin of those days that he could have a place at one of your receptions. I was content with standing on the sidewalk, lost in the Exposition crowds, on the chance that the Emperor would pass that way in an open carriage, with the Empress at his side, and, in attendance on her, the Duchess of Pontecorvo, then in the full effulgence of her youth and beauty.'

'O Mr. Baldwin!' the Duchess said again, looking at the ground, while a faint blush overspread her pale wrinkled cheeks.

'Well,' the American continued, 'that is when I saw you first; and, do you know, I have never forgotten you all my life long! You see, boys have to fix their eyes on some great goal, on something far above them. The more unattainable the goal, the better; for, if it is quite out of reach, the illusion they hang on it will never be disturbed by contact with cold realities. You were that inaccessible pinnacle to me. You will excuse me, duchess! We are both

of us now of an age when we can say things without any of the restraints proper to the young. Yes, you! In my time of danger and struggle, three ambitions were always in my mind, three goals that were to be the reward of victory. I wanted, first, an enormous, palatial residence surrounded by a tremendous park. I wanted a yacht big enough to sail any sea on earth. And my third ambition — of course, it was really my first, the one most persistently before my mind — was to have for a wife either a woman like the Duchess of Pontecorvo, or the Duchess of Pontecorvo herself!

'And, you see, life often affords unexpected bounties that it seemed quite mad to dream of in advance. As for that palace, I have a dozen of them scattered here and there about the world. As for the yacht, I could build a fleet of them, if I weren't bored to death with the three I already have in one port or another of the United States and Europe. It is the third ambition that I never realized. The one thing that John Baldwin failed to attain in his triumphant existence was the Duchess of Pontecorvo!'

'O Mr. Baldwin!' the duchess repeated in a great flutter of effusiveness. 'O Mr. Baldwin, how funny!'

'And I suppose the reason why that illusion has always been with me is because I failed in winning her. I can honestly say, duchess, that I have thought of you every moment of my life. A man like me has work to do, work that often leaves little leisure for sentimental broodings. But I am able to affirm that in the few moments of repose I have had, every time I was able to let my fancy wander as it listed, the first picture inevitably to come into my mind was the memory of you.

'I married, of course, and I loved my wife, I am sure. She was a good woman, an excellent housewife, a charming, delightful comrade; but the flare, the glory of my dream of love always lingered about your image; and I believe it was in that that I found the stimulus to go on with my work. I understood in a certain way that the beauty of my dream lay in the fact that it would never come true. That is why I never tried to find you when I had become a really successful man. I was old, you see, and you could not have been very young. Your children had grown up and established families of their own. You were long since a grandmother. What would have been the use? Why destroy the last illusion left me?'

He stopped for a second, while the duchess studied his face with interest, struggling apparently to reconstruct before her mind's eye the image of the American millionaire as he must have been in those youthful days.

'O Mr. Baldwin!' she said again, 'why did n't you declare yourself?'

The old man, absorbed in the thread of his own thoughts, seemed not to be listening.

'I did n't try to find you because I was afraid you might have changed in the meantime. Now — it does n't matter! You have changed, if I may say so; and I have changed, changed immensely. There is little left of the John Baldwin who used to stand on the sidewalk in Paris and watch you go by. We are two old people who have outlived their real lives. The woman I am speaking of is the woman I can still see in my imagination. In my mind no time has passed, and fashions have not changed. The only Duchess of Pontecorvo that I shall ever really know is a woman in a hooped crinoline skirt, in the style of the Empress Eugénie and the other ladies of the Imperial Court. — And that is the only duchess I care to know. For that is the woman who was loved as few women are ever loved, loved by a poor young American, who

likewise has passed away — a love whose principal charm was its unselfishness; a love never to be requited because it was never to be revealed!'

'O Mr. Baldwin!' the old lady repeated in a trembling voice, as if she were about to weep; 'why did n't you speak? Why did n't you tell me then what you are telling me now?'

Baldwin shrugged his shoulders. He had a clearer, a more accurate sense of reality than she. He understood that what now seemed to this old woman an unpardonable oversight, she would have regarded in those days as an unpardonable presumption.

The sun had set, leaving a patch of pale rose upon the mountain-tops, the last trace of its departed glory. The evening star was twinkling in the luminous trail that still brightened the western sky. The eastern horizon above the Italian mountains was deepening to an intenser blue, through which, fainter still, a few stars were struggling to appear. A breeze had begun to blow down from the mountains, setting the leaves of the garden astir on its way out to wrinkle the placid mirror of the sea. The old duchess seemed not to notice. Her mind was on other things.

'Why did n't you speak then?' she insisted. 'It would have been so interesting! Why did n't you declare yourself?'

Baldwin again shrugged his shoulders; for now the illusion was quite dead, and it had been dead for a long time. He had spoken only under the impulsive need for confession that we all seem to feel at certain moments. Ever since he had found the duchess living near him on Cap Martin he had been intending to make this revelation to her. That, perhaps, was what had impelled him to pay a visit to the garden of the church. But, once confessed, the weight had been lifted from his soul and — life never goes backward; peace be with the dead!

But the woman, more responsive to sentimental things, was unwilling to forget. She clung to the illusion as if it were a life-raft come to her hand in the torrent of time that was sweeping her so rapidly toward eternity. Besides, her feminine vanity had been aroused from its sleep of half a century. A declaration of love at eighty! And from the most powerful man in the world!

Baldwin coughed. The evening wind was chilling him.

'Let 's go,' he said. 'At our age it is not quite safe to catch cold.'

He gave one last look at the crimson afterglow. 'The sun has gone,' he said. 'To-morrow he will return, and the next day, and the next. But when we sink below the horizon of life — '

The duchess took his arm, and began to walk back along the path to the church, her bamboo cane beating rhythmically on the flagstones. Quite unconscious of everything around her, she seemed not to hear what her companion was saying. She had gone far back into the past — and how delightful those memories were!

They pushed their way through the bushes of the garden, lowering their heads to avoid the hanging branches.

'Why did you not declare yourself?' she kept repeating. 'Why did you not tell me then what you have just told me now?'

THE IRON MAN IN INTERNATIONAL POLITICS

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

In America we invent, manufacture, and use in the production of goods, an infinite number of machines; but we pay scant heed to the effect of these machines upon the evolution of society. Out here, in our great Middle West machine-shops, where the automatic principle of machine production has reached its highest development and broadest application, we possess tools superior to those of Paris. Yet it would never have occured to any of us to say in 1914, as did M. Bergson, addressing the French Academy:—

'Many years hence, when the reaction of the past shall have left only the grand outlines in view, this, perhaps, is how a philosopher will speak of our age. He will say that the idea, peculiar to the nineteenth century, of employing science in the satisfaction of our material wants had given a wholly unforeseen extension to the mechanical arts, and equipped man, in less than fifty years, with more tools than he had made during the thousands of years he had lived upon earth. Each new machine being for man a new organ, — an artificial organ, — his body became suddenly and prodigiously increased in size, without his soul being at the same time able to dilate to the dimensions of his new body.'

Bergson pictures the 'machinate mammal' of Butler's striking phrase as a dread, autogenetic being, adding limbs and organs *ad infinitum*, without corresponding growth of soul — a modern monster set going by our busy Frankensteins, the inventors. Let us consider, rather, man in society, organized into states, and observe some of the political and social results which have followed, and are likely to follow, multiplication of man-power by machinery.

Multiplying man-power by machinery sets going certain forces and tendencies in key with — but not at all points parallel to — those set going in other times by brisk breeding. However generated, new peaks of human energy strain social and political systems evolved to carry currents less high. Unless the current is cut down, or the system of distribution readjusted to carry the new peak-load, something breaks. War is simply one method of restoring equilibrium between the kinetics of human energy and the statics of social order.

Machine use, on the expanding scale of recent years, multiplies goods-production over and above any point attainable by natural increase without machine assistance. Power over machines enabled the coal-and-iron members of the great-nations group to establish world-leadership in the years between the industrial revolution and the World War. Not only did population in the industrial state increase absolutely, but the effectiveness of those increased populations in wealth-production multiplied over and over. States with more machines assumed preponderant political influence over those with less.

Because the nations of leading power

at the opening of the twentieth century were all white and all Christian, a false idea arose that this overlordship rested upon race or religion; but Japan's entrance, following victory over Russia, proved the acid test of world-power to be industrial prowess. Enough productivity to furnish, year after year, a considerable excess of goods for export, and to support naval and military forces proportionate to the resulting extensive overseas interests — these were the prime desiderata of power; and the nation possessing them could be sure of its place in the sun, regardless of color or the constitution of its Godhead.

Machine-power not only strengthened nationalism by slowing down dispersion through emigration, but also intensified it through generating real need for group-action to ensure subsistence from foreign sources. To make the industrial centre secure, its economic hinterland must be likewise secure; states were constantly urged by groups oppressed by the conviction of insecurity to move outward toward the control of that ever-widening hinterland, without whose produce and consumption the industrial complex at home must languish in unprofitable depression.

In earlier times natural increase set going centrifugal forces, which machine increase shifted into centripetal forces. Nations in effective possession of coal and iron held their nationals, because machines permitted the use at home of more labor and more capital per acre. Instead of sending forth surplus population at the former rate, the industrial states sent forth, in ever-increasing volume, surplus goods to compete with those of their rival nationals in world markets. The descendants of men who had won sustenance at the spear-point in forced migrations now fought one another with goods, and recorded their victories in ledgers instead of sagas. Upon the profitable and certain sale of these goods depended national solvency and domestic content, the hunger or plenty of millions of wage-earners, the revenues which supported governments, military establishments, educational institutions — in short, modern Western civilization. Realizing the vulnerability of their economic supports, the industrial societies of the Old World grew more and more state-conscious, and drifted into more and more bristling attitudes toward one another. Thus modern nationalism developed a sinister accent.

Given the determining mechanisms, this development was sure as fate. Arteries of national existence, inextricably interwoven, came to thread the Seven Seas. Though the bulk of imported nourishment grew in stabilized quarters, certain essentials of industrial life were gathered from lightly settled districts of uncertain political complexion, where the white man's code did not run. Concessions and capitulations, extra-territoriality and economic penetration — these satisfied neither natives nor invaders. Willy-nilly, the situation made for imperialism. Wherever moneys were owing and courts were not; wherever raw materials needed in the mills back home could be produced; wherever goods could be sold to the heathen if the latter could be educated sufficiently in wants; wherever capital could be multiplied by exploiting cheap labor — there industrial societies, although located on the other side of the earth, had stakes, vital stakes of existence. The temptation was powerful, indeed, to change these stakes of existence into stakes of empire. Africa was partitioned; western Asia became a bickering ground; China was partitioned into spheres of influence, and must soon have been parceled out, if the United States, not yet hard pressed economically, had not initiated the saving reprieve of the Open Door.

So far toward the war had the nations traveled by the beginning of the century. Thereafter came intrigue after intrigue for adjustment and review. Only by stating and restating the Monroe Doctrine, in terms which would have amazed Monroe, were we able to fend off itching hands from South America, perchance to keep for ourselves freedom of action in that quarter at some later date. Elsewhere the game went on with ever-increasing openness as the economic needs of Europe became more acute. The nations looked sharply to navies, coaling-stations, merchant marines, as so much national insurance under the conditions imposed by the Iron Man. Popular hate must be roused to wring funds for naval expansion from parliaments and tax-payers. Enter propaganda, the press doing its share and navy leagues the rest. Diplomatic incident followed incident, well named because so obviously incidental eruptions of the primary force that made peace ever more difficult to keep. Algeciras, London, The Hague — all vain while factory wheels continued to move at an ever-accelerated pace, and statesmen continued thinking in terms of politics instead of economics. Back of all this diplomatic jockeying and military picketing, commercial zeal and naval expansion, — the motor-force behind all these expressions of national will, — operated unceasingly the overload of human energy released by machine multiplication of man-power.

Responsibility for this dangerous evolution rests upon political rigidity rather than upon industrial progress. Internally each of the industrial states maintained such a division of the returns of industry that its full production could not be consumed at home; internationally trade and finance reached planetary proportions without correspondingly broad political and legal controls. Failing such controls, the situation marched swiftly to its conclusion. Almost to the last, either of two dénouements was possible — either the boundaries of industrial states must burst under inequalities of pressure generated by increased populations and increased machines, or the machines themselves must be slowed down by eliminating profits from their operation. The first meant war — the World War; the second meant war also, but of a different sort — the war between classes, the social revolution.

In midsummer of 1914, it was hard to say which method of bleeding the too-vital patient would be adopted. Had Juarès lived, who knows how changed the face of history might be? The state-war method won the desperate race against time. At the moment decision rested with certain Germans, who may have been influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by the hovering spectre of social and political revolution. If deferred then, the decision a little later might have rested upon other persons elsewhere; and if so, the answer must have been the same — war. Useless to apply ethical rules at such a pass; indicting forces is even more absurd than indicting nations. The important thing to understand, here and now, is that, given nationalism as the dominant social fact of the planet, sea-striding industrialism as its dominant economic fact, and the control of weak peoples by strong as its dominant political fact, peace in or near the year 1914 could not be maintained without qualifying one or all of the three. It was not done. There were none big enough to do it. To that extent the war may be considered inevitable.

II

Has Europe's blood-letting, plus its post-war Socialism and Communism, rid the world of wars bred in the market-

place? The situation does not make for confidence. State competition, intensified by hunger, hate, and debt, is not yet restrainable by international bonds. Russia's experiment does not recommend the class-war as a means to peace. Just as industry and nationalism conceived and brought forth the World War, without quite knowing either when or how conception occurred, so they may add to the Martian family in the future. Indeed, certain tendencies of modern industrialism, in its new automatic phase as yet but dimly understood, seem destined to put even more strain upon the political framework of the planet than that under which the same framework cracked in 1914.

One such aspect of industrialism is its tendency to spread. Born in England, the factory system has migrated to northwestern Europe, northern Italy, the United States, and Japan. It has healthy roots in Canada, less healthy ones in Mexico. It appeared in Russia, and contributed to that débâcle. China is getting under industrial way, slowly, but with a steady ponderosity which Ross, Stoddard, and Weale agree means nothing less than an economic upheaval certain to affect every nation and individual on earth as time runs on. India, too, is on the way, quickening step during the war; Australia, by erecting a tariff wall, encourages domestic industries. Thus industry travels; how far can it go?

The spread of industry among colored and Slavic populations has been retarded appreciably by the fact that, in the past, industrial production required the application of certain traits, natural or acquired, which, for historic reasons beyond the scope of this paper, are more apparent in white peoples than in others. The skill element was paramount. Now industry has machines so highly perfected that highly specialized skill is not required. Ordinary intelligence and average manual dexterity are the top requirements, from the standpoint of production only, for the operative or attendant of automatic machines. He who brings maximum endurance to the shop at minimum cost will profit his employer most. On this basis the Chinese coolie, at first glance, appears unbeatable. If not the best individual, his cheapness still may give his produce an advantage in the market. The Japanese have demonstrated a considerable degree of Oriental adaptability to modern machines. The Hindu test may not be far behind. And since the tendency in machine-development is always toward less and less mental demand upon the operative, there is the possibility that even more backward peoples than these may some day find machines attuned to their mental and manual capacities. The huge profits likely to follow promptly upon the putting of cheap, low-standard labor to work upon automatic and semi-automatic machines should be enough to ensure that, soon or late, all peoples will be brought to the ordeal by the Iron Man.

But whether browns, blacks, and yellows can withstand this ordeal is another matter. Theoretically, expansion of industry should proceed until export trade in manufactured goods is much curtailed. But there are offsets to consider — capital, coal, iron, oil, water-power. Dearth of these bars industry from many quarters. Far more important, however, are the varying abilities of races and peoples to meet the social and political problems presented by machine industry. The white race is progressive; the historic concept which has motivated western history gives it a superior elasticity of adaptation to changing conditions. Yet the war proves that even we favored whites could not escape at least one terrific setback resulting from industrial impact. The depth and breadth of present social

unrest further emphasizes the difficulties of adjustment on that side of the equation. Since the colored races have not yet been tried in the fiery crucible of industry, no one can prophesy their reaction to the impact of modern industry.

Consider from this angle some of the vital demands that industry makes upon government and upon society. Industry requires a government at once strong and flexible. Government must preserve domestic order against class jealousies that fatten upon the disparity of wealth inevitably arising from industrialism under private ownership, as King demonstrates in his comparison of incomes in Prussia and Wisconsin. It must uphold contracts under conditions in which contractual relations become increasingly complex. It must protect the people from their employers and from themselves; it must maintain such hours of labor and working conditions as will save the workers from being ground down in ruthless competition, or enfeebled by their own weaknesses. It must encourage the public, and find ways and means to compensate it for the social sacrifices involved in industrial production, which compensations must be provided outside of factory walls and enjoyed in leisure. To provide these sedatives requires an imaginative, strongly functioning public spirit outside of the industrial group, and the finding of funds to make expensive dreams of social progress come true, at least sufficiently to allay discontent.

The dilemma presented by heavy social needs and the very real danger of overtaxing industry is not an easy one to solve, even for states highly organized; it may well prove insoluble for states which, like China and Turkey, reveal chronic inability to establish sound public finance. Finally, history gives no ground for believing that industry and autocracy are compatible; in the long run, so strong are the social pressures involved, a successful government of an industrial state must grow out of the conscious will of its people, represent their ideals, and be amenable to those ideals as they change from generation to generation. Even in Japan the advent of industry brought constitutional forms, not yet nationally digested. Those states in which representative democracy had reached its highest expression emerged from the desperate test of war and the grind of war-production with the least political and social damage.

Industry prospers best under capitalism and under representative democracy; I cannot conceive industry functioning well under other dispensations. German autocrats might introduce state socialism as they pleased; the fact of autocracy remained a threat to German industry. And because no colored race equals the white in its power to create the social and political setting in which machine industry thrives, I am unable to follow Lothrop Stoddard as far as he goes in forecasting the shrinking of the white man's markets, in his book, *The Rising Tide of Color*.

Indeed, the impact of industry upon colored races seems as likely to weaken them as the reverse. Modern industrialism places both the individual and society under severe and continued strains, physical, mental, moral. The more static the society, the more custom-tied the individual, the more severe the strain. English people have been evolving with and in industry under representative government for six centuries; for two centuries they have been applying power to machines and building up a factory system. All this time they have been building up definite immunities against industrial ills and definite predispositions to bargain themselves out of industrial ills. Yet they are

never out of hot water, politically and industrially. I do not see how peoples without that background, or something like it, lacking alike political flexibility and industrial experience, can stand the shock of modern industrial life. Industrialism in its functioning and growth — and it is still growing — requires never-ending readjustments, compromises, and concessions, which are born of freedom and responsibility — the right of individuals and groups to bargain freely; and the duty, freely accepted, of living up to the bargain after it is made. Where these concepts have no place in the popular mind, there industry will have rough sledding, and can become efficient only through a system of force and repression which eventually defeats itself.

It is easy, under the automatic régime, for a man to stand beside a machine and produce goods, and difficult for him to stay there and remain a reasonably satisfied, contributing member of a political and social group, strong enough to maintain itself, yet flexible enough to give him reason to believe industrialism worth while. Mexico's experience is a case in point. Diaz, proceeding toward the industrialization of his country with the aid of foreign capital, enterprisers, and engineers, unmistakably bettered the economic condition of Mexican labor. Nevertheless, the peons' ideal of life remained agricultural; Madero won their backing with his promise of forty acres and a mule. Carranza, inheriting from Madero, frankly declared his country's antipathy to industrialism; whatever his faults, Carranza sized up his Indian correctly. Though the Mexican peon has certain innate capacities for factory work, notably high manual dexterity and stolid patience, he prefers to half-starve on the land rather than work upon modern machines indoors at wages that would enable him to maintain a higher standard of living. Necessity may bring him to the factory, if we whites insist; but he will remain a rebel, active or potential, against industrial organization so imposed.

The Mexican's instinctive reaction against industrial organization differs in degree, but not in kind, from that of many of our own shop-workers. There develops among the workers in highly automatized plants a chronic dissatisfaction, which cannot be explained away without reference to nerves. It seems to be proof against high wages and good conditions. Welfare-work, bonuses, shop-councils, even profit-sharing, do not drive it out. Clatter and haste are contributing factors; so also are indoor confinement, monotony of task, distance from the real boss, repression of personality, strict regimentation of effort, and the scant opportunity afforded for the play of the craftsman instinct, the joy in production.

But the basic cause lies deeper. All of us are descended from ancestors who, a comparatively short time ago, were farmers, hunters, and fishermen, with occasional experience as fighting men. Their work held considerable variety, called for great outbursts of physical energy interspersed with frequent letdowns. They had their labor-thrills along with their labor-pains. Even the simple annals of the mediæval poor must have been crowded with adventure, as compared with the systematic, colorless, bare-of-drama tasks of the modern factory. Your worker is there in the factory, not because he wants to be, but because he needs the money, and can discover no other means of getting it. Yet there is that stirring within him which informs him, even before the voice of the agitator reinforces the conviction, that this is no life for a real man. He gets, literally, no fun out of his labors. His environment irks him, and out of that attrition is born an *Arbeit-*

schmerz as real as the *Weltschmerz* that Goethe discovered. Our tenders of machines are being starved in their souls; and while there may be sedatives for that malady, there is no specific.

That seems to me the root of social unrest in America, and it is probably equally true in Europe. Under our political and social controls, in a people naturally robust and hopeful in spirit, the sickness may not run its course. Though half our mechanics talk radicalism, they vote with the others for Harding, play baseball in our parks, and get some relief and encouragement out of being literate citizens of a republic whose evolution tends, however slowly, toward the interests of the masses.

But what will this chronic work-pain drive other breeds to do — breeds that get no relief out of sport and voting? Well, to cite the shining example, it seems to have poisoned Russia's industrial workers against the only system of industry under which industry functions profitably in our day; the Communists of Russia come from her few industrial towns. Signs of similar explosions are not lacking in Japan. No matter how shops are organized, no matter how profits are divided, this fraying of nerves in industry continues. Industry may stir temporarily the simple folk of Mandalay and Peshawur; but can they stand the shock any better than the Amerind withstood the white man's methods and the white man's whiskey? Modern industry is strong drink; those who have lived long with it, despite partial immunity born of experience, are none too happy; and those less experienced dally with it at the risk of their health, customs, general effectiveness, and political stability.

III

Viewing from these angles the possibility of spreading industrialism, a tremendous dilemma presents itself. On the one hand, the economic forces that spread industrialism outward from its English inception are still operative, and more vigorous than before. To the constant of self-interest is added a heightened state-interest flowing from huge debts. These converging interests now have tools at their disposal which admit to efficient production breeds of cheap men not hitherto available as industrial workers. These dynamic forces are not to be denied their trial of strength. On the other hand, peoples about to be introduced to industrialism must overcome grave social and political inhibitions before they cut down materially the demand for the white man's goods, and so restrict his influence in the world. These contrary forces — one set positive, the other negative; one the essence of progress, the other the essence of conservatism — are bound to do battle with one another on the world stage. Upon the outcome depends the future of terrestrial society.

Alarm as to the outcome has been sounded vociferously enough; and while the warnings may be more strident than the dangers are imminent, still the outlook calls for the highest statesmanship. The trial period, while the old and new do battle in Asia, is sure to be an era of extreme nervousness in international relations. During this period the white nations must strive toward a genuine solidarity, at the very time when their traders and governments are forced by powerful economic motives to cut into each other's markets. At a time, too, when rankling hate persists, and statecraft is still under the shadow of chauvinism. Any statesman who does not make an effort to overcome these difficulties deserves ill of posterity; because the situation is one in which peace must be labored for, and of which war is the logical outcome.

There can be no durable peace, and

no effective white solidarity, so long as the coal-and-iron states continue treading the path of economic competition toward another Armageddon. A sword is suspended over civilization, and that sword can be sheathed only by such a reorientation of industrialism as will permit the aggressive nationalism it fosters to die of inanition. Much may be done by international agreement, with force back of the agreement; more may be done by the forward spirits in each industrial society forcing into public attention these internal adjustments necessary to bring social and political evolution into line with industrial evolution. The more energy goes into internal developments, the less will press outward to complicate international relations. There is plenty of work for all governments to do at home, before their populations recover their pre-war trust in governments.

Every alert man or woman recognizes that the masses are critical of governments in this year of grace. The conviction is growing that the war was of economic origin. Men are no longer willing to turn out war as a by-product of goods — on machines. Since a prime source of belligerency is goods-competition, sovereignty has become a matter of control over machines as well as over men. That is the direction in which competent governments must move; and those which fail to keep step will possess no valid reason for existence in the automatic-machine age. The peoples of the earth look to governments to set up a moral control over machine use; and this instinctive turning to the state for relief is sound to the core, since states are the only groupings of humanity strong enough to harness the Iron Man to the chariot of human well-being.

THE GUILD OF STUDENTS

BY WILBUR C. ABBOTT

I

Of all concerns of our democracy, most men agree, the chief is education in some form. From little red schoolhouse to Research Council, all of us at some time, some of us at all times, are brought in touch with it; and all of us at all times profess an interest in it. Our boys and girls go — or are sent — to college or university. Thence they emerge like a recent 'graduate,' who, standing on the steps of the Commencement hall, waved his beribboned diploma about his head and shouted to the appreciative crowd, 'Educated, by gosh!' And as he stood there, he raised in more than one mind a question. What was this 'college course' and this 'degree,' which set him off from those who lacked his 'advantages'? what was this college, which had 'educated' him?

To uninitiated eyes the venerable institution, — they are always 'old,' — its buildings and its grounds, its library and laboratories, its lecture-rooms and

halls, its faculty and president, had made him what he was. But he and his fellows knew that being a 'college man' was no mere membership in a fraternity of scholars. They knew that when, in future years, he foregathered with his kind in annual hilarity, he would not come to hear the latest word in chemistry or history from peripatetic 'faculty representatives,' but for reasons only remotely related to a common interest in the curriculum. Neither for president nor for faculty, nor for buildings, nor for courses, does our youth, of which he is a type, flock to institutions of higher education. Its education it accepts, eagerly or reluctantly, as the case may be; but for the majority it is the 'college life' which they — and their parents — crave. It is not easy to define a university; it seems to lie somewhere between an atmosphere and a factory. But for most of us it is a state of existence, peculiarly attractive to a certain class and age; a state in which buildings and faculty and mental training have a place, but not the whole, nor, frankly, to most men, the most important place.

Especially in the United States; for here, within two generations, almost within the memory of men now living, there has been evolved beside, or rather within, the framework of formal and official college and university another system of education, largely outside the authority of faculties, and largely independent of their intellectual impulses and disciplinary ordinances. While those in charge of the institutions of higher learning have elaborated curricula and extended the scope and content of their own activities, the volunteer authorities of the undergraduate world, aided by the alumni, have founded another institution, created in their own image, to meet their own desires. They have framed their own courses, employed their own instructors, built their own buildings, provided their own income, and evolved a system that challenges comparison with that of their academic superiors. They have, in truth, 'called a new world into existence, to redress the balance of the old'; they have created a real *imperium in imperio*, a student university — what would have been called, in older times, a guild of students.

It is easy to say that this is the only too familiar phenomenon of outside, or extra-curriculum, activities, long one of the chief concerns of deans and faculties and even presidents. It is easier still to say that calling this a student guild, much less a student university, is but another way of saying what everybody knows, another startling discovery of the wholly obvious. For this is, in many respects, the best-known feature of American education, even in the non-academic world. It has been the subject of long and dull discussions in public, and longer, though not so dull, discussions in private. We heard long ago from a distinguished college president — as he then was — the danger of allowing the side-shows to swallow up the circus. Yet the very fact of considering this phenomenon as a side-show indicates how little the problem is appreciated by minds which still consider the advice to undergraduates, 'Don't let your studies interfere with your education,' as humorous. And no one familiar with common conversation among undergraduates and alumni in their natural state will make that mistake. Let us consider the matter from another point of view than that involved in calling this an outside interest.

The problem of student activities outside of the curriculum is not new. At all times since universities began, students have lived a great part of their lives beyond the view of faculties. There have always been student organizations, for pleasure, for profit, and for protection; there are such organizations now

in other lands. The first university of which we have any adequate account, the University of Bologna, was, in fact, a guild of students, which employed its own professors, hired its own buildings, and managed its own affairs. Our modern guild of students has not, indeed, reached the point where, as in Bologna, it has succeeded in 'reducing the Masters to an incredible degree of servitude.' Not only does there yet remain to our faculties that sole prerogative of the Bolognese professors, 'the one function and only one over which the Doctors to the last retained an exclusive control,'— that of examining and conferring degrees, — but they still maintain those disciplinary powers denied to their unfortunate Bolognese predecessors, into whose lecture-rooms 'the idea of discipline never entered at all.' It is still measurably true now as then, that 'opposition to the Professors formed no part of the original *raison d'être* of the [student] universities.' The modern student guild, like its forerunner, as yet claims 'no authority over the Doctors or the control of strictly Academical matters' — with some modifications, perhaps, as to attendance and the exigencies of its own public exercises! And like the Bolognese guild, it still has 'little or nothing to do with the *Studium*.'

Moreover, it is perhaps not so true now as it was then that the 'jealousy of the Professors arose simply (so far as appears) from the fact that the students were attempting to do for themselves what the Professors claimed to do for them.' They cannot, perhaps, in the very nature of the new student guild's ambitions and desires; for the mediæval student guild was chiefly concerned with the cultivation of the mind, and the modern guild has wider scope than this. The older body employed its instructors to lecture in philosophy and rhetoric and theology and law; and whatever charges may be brought against its later counterpart, this will not be found among them. Nor have we reached, as yet, the point where, as at Bologna, the students 'acquired a complete control over their professors, and to a large extent usurped the powers elsewhere exercised by the professional body.'

Yet, like its ancient analogue, the twentieth-century American phenomenon is no less a 'wholly new departure in the history of education . . . distinct from anything which preceded it.' To us it seems the simplest, most obvious, even inevitable, of developments. Of casual visitors from other lands it fills the mind with wonder, not unmixed with awe. None the less, strange or familiar, like its prototype of Bologna, 'it is not difficult to explain the genesis of the new creation if we bear in mind the character of the environment wherein it grew up.'

That environment may be measured in three terms — the initiative and organizing capacity of American youth, the desires of American parents, and the conditions in American colleges fifty years ago. Those institutions, excellent of their kind, were, in the main, dominated by ecclesiastical influence. They provided a classical education of the old school, admirable in its way, if to our eyes somewhat limited in its range and appeal. They paid small attention to the graces and amenities of life, and less to the social and physical development of the undergraduate. There was a plentiful lack of those facilities for comfort and amusement which we now regard as essential to our welfare. A boy was sent to college to improve his mind, and incidentally to gain contact with his fellows. The literary and debating societies, the casual outdoor sports, the occasional social event, were the sum of his extra-curriculum activities, together with such loosely organized clubs as he contrived to form. In

some measure this was the expression of the more restrained, if not more sober, character of American life. It is peculiarly typified in the high hats, long coats, and hirsute adornment still reflected in those photographs of earlier classes which entertain the present undergraduate.

II

But America changed, and her colleges with her. There arose a class of newly rich who regarded the college rather as a place to acquire social polish and position, a knowledge of the world and of society, than as essentially a means of mental discipline. And many who were neither new nor rich altered their conceptions of life and preparation for it. Take a handful of paternal expressions of what the college is supposed to do. 'I want my son,' writes one father, 'to learn how to dress and behave, and make friends of the right sort.' — 'I should like,' writes another, 'to have my son learn how to meet people and form acquaintances which will be of advantage to him in after life.' Another, still more frankly, voices what is doubtless in many minds, confessing that he wants his boy to 'join a good society, make the football team, and live like a gentleman.' — 'Education by contact,' to 'know men,' to 'get the most out of his college life,' 'social training' — these are the commonest of expressions nowadays.

They are the natural desires of mankind. Two centuries ago, some visionary in a New Haven town-meeting suggested that more attention be given to arithmetic in the school; but 'he was speedily suffocated by a substitute measure proposed, that the youth be instructed in points of manners, there being a great fault in that respect, as some exprest.' Times change, and manners, but the desire to have youth trained in the graces, to be 'socialized' in all senses, survives both time and change. And the college, through the student guild, has thus conformed to that desire. 'To ride a horse, shoot with the bow, keep clean, and tell the truth' — these, the oldest educational requirements, are not out of date, save as the instruments have somewhat changed. The 'friendships formed at Yale,' or Harvard, or Michigan, or Emory and Henry — are these not as enduring as the mental discipline, and of more ultimate value? And how shall these be attained? How train men in laboratory or by lectures to meet their fellows — and their fellows' sisters?

These are some of the reasons why the undergraduates have formed their guilds. They began their social education with those willing instructors common to us all, the tailor, the haberdasher, the dancing-master, the theatre, the teacher of musical instruments, and their fellow men. They played some kind of ball, and less innocuous games of chance and skill; they formed debating clubs and boarding clubs and literary societies, and mingled as they could in social events. All these are as old as universities. And in America, some time before the middle of the nineteenth century, they turned to secret societies. There they parted company with most other nations, unless we may regard the German corps and Burschenschaften as a parallel. How greatly these 'fraternities' have grown, we know. They are numbered now by scores; their members by tens of thousands. A generation since, a distinguished Bostonian boasted that he could go from coast to coast and sleep each night in a different house owned by his college society. There is at least one organization now where he might sleep each night for at least two months in a different house; and no one familiar with the college world need have attention called to the increasingly luxurious

habitations which adorn so many college towns — houses so splendid that many have come to doubt the wisdom of such elements in student life.

This is but one manifestation of the student guild. For undergraduates have not been content with building dormitories where the colleges had none, or none sufficient to their needs and desires. Far more important than this matter of housing, they have developed a curriculum. Football and baseball, rowing, track and field sports, games of all kinds, indoor and outdoor, boxing and wrestling, manly exercises, they have brought in, with or without the aid of the faculty, and these they 'elect' and follow with a zeal worthy of a better cause — if such there be.

Nor is their educational system purely physical or social. The guild of scholars shows how things are, or should be, or have been, done; in his system the student does them for himself. He is nothing if not concrete. The lecturer on journalism expounds his principles — and the student produces a paper. The professor of business management explains how business is, or ought to be, conducted — and the 'managers' of 'student enterprises' devote most of their waking, and not a few of what should be their sleeping hours to the conduct of their respective interests. The professor of literature directs their attention to the masterpieces of prose and verse and drama; but the student writes and acts his plays, and contributes to his own periodicals, too often far from the softening influence of the English Department. The music school may cultivate his taste and sensibilities as best it can; but he makes more or less sweet sounds for himself with his own voice, attuned to vaudeville strains, or on the latest instrument, ukulele or saxophone, as the fashions change; he frames his glee-club programmes and those of his banjo and mandolin clubs with small regard to the canons of the academic muse.

His methods, like his means of expression, differ widely from those of the faculty. He chooses for himself, according to his tastes, or real or fancied gifts, or his ambitions, the course or courses which he will pursue — 'what he goes out for,' in his sharper phrase. There the resemblance to his intellectual training stops; for two factors enter, which have little place in modern college education as conceived in official minds. The first is competition, which has been barred from purely academic shades, where studies are no longer a major sport. In the student university competition is the rule of life. Men compete or 'try out' for every place in every activity — athletic, literary, executive, musical, even social. From Freshman to Senior, life presents one long conflict, one endless rivalry, with prizes at the end. And this great stimulus of youth, this game he plays throughout, perhaps this is one reason why these outside activities detract from interest in the formal curriculum. They offer him what youth continually desires, a chance to try its strength and skill with its fellows. And his elders might perhaps consider that 'curriculum' once related to a race rather than to something that merely goes round and round.

And more: among the wise old heads of wise old 'educators' there still rages the ancient dispute whether it is better to watch over men from day to day, or point the way to youth and let it take its course, examining from time to time to see how closely youth has followed it, with or without extraneous aid, and to what result. But in the student guild there is no such argument. Men are tested and passed or flunked continually. In athletics, indeed, there has been some attempt to introduce the machinery of higher education, to reinforce the lessons of the football coach. Some

have adopted the lecture system — so-called 'blackboard talks' — to illustrate their theory and their practices. But which of them has trained a team by lectures? Who has said, 'Do thus and thus. The game comes Saturday. Go now and see how much you can improve by then.'

Or who has taught them in a mass, by hundreds at a time? Whatever may be said of mental discipline, the training of the body has not lacked for individual instruction, for intimate relation of the teacher and the taught. The student guild has not tried to carry on a retail business by wholesale methods, or abandoned quality for quantity production, handwork for machines. Nor has it judged the laborer unworthy of his hire. Knowing something of relative values in the world, it has not hesitated to secure the best. Its members long since realized that it is only men that count. What money they have had, they have paid out for men. Only just now have they begun to reach the 'stone age' in the development of their institution; and beside the great structures for their outdoor contests we begin to see here and there buildings erected to house their various interests — with which they enter on another stage of this progress.

III

Such is the faculty and the curriculum, the physical equipment and the informing spirit of the student university. It has long issued catalogues. If you care to know the realities of a college, spend little time on its dull, formal, unillumined list of courses and names. Take up instead the college 'annual,' under whatever title it appears. There you will find no mere announcement of intellectual interests, but a fascinating tale of college life. There you may see the pictures of student habitations; the brawny forms of athletes unadorned, or in their panoply; the 'boards' and 'fraternities'; the teams of every sort; the orchestra, the vocal and instrumental clubs; the endless organizations in which men find their interests expressed. There is the heart and mind of the undergraduate laid bare. This is his university, which he has built for himself; the educational system which he has devised.

Two things it seems to lack: the one degrees, the other unity. Yet it has its degrees — not sheepskin documents, obscure and for most recipients untranslatable, but genuine insignia. There are true 'bachelors of letters,' as their raiment testifies; honor men of the teams, pass men of the squads, aspirants of the numerals. There are the successful seekers after social degrees, with their strange symbols of gold and precious stones. There are the winners in this great competitive scheme, adorned with tangible symbols of their prowess in a chosen field. It is no fable, that story of the man who was too busy to graduate — for he had won five 'letters' in five different sports. This is no idler's club, this guild of students. Viewing its manifold activities, we may well revise Arnold's line, 'There are *our* young barbarians all at *work*.'

And for the general organization of this great complex? By its peculiar nature it cannot be so centralized and directed as that of the scholar guild. In the mediæval university there were 'Reformatores Studii,' with a formal code of laws, a student legislature, student courts, and a rector above all. But have we not 'student councils' pushing their young stalks through the academic mould? Is there not, in every institution, a code, written or unwritten, — a 'Freshman Bible,' — of traditionary or customary law, hardening year by year into a Codex Studentium? What of 'disciplinary committees' of undergraduates, and 'inter-fraternity councils,'

and 'honor systems,' and 'student self-government'? There are already individuals who stand at the head of all; and in more than one institution there is a group, in some places formally organized and recognized, which acts as an executive council. And the system is young!

Finally, there is another element in this young vigorous organism, which the formal institution, and perhaps even the mediæval student guild, lacks. It is the oldest of all appeals to youth — romance. Who has not felt the fascination of the secret societies, whether from within or from without, whether as friend or foe? Who has not felt the thrill of 'coming back in the fall,' to meet the old associates, to live again that ever-changing, ever-delightful life? Who has ever gone away with the team, whether as player or spectator, who has not felt the charm? The invasion of the land of the friendly enemy, the journey, the cheers and crowds, the tournament between 'their' men and 'ours,' the sense of unity in the face of the struggle and the supporters of the other side — how shall the concerns of intellect compete with this? Can lecture and laboratory ever provide such contacts with each other and with concrete realities as this? And is it any wonder that youth loves it?

To this college life the price of admission and continuance is the performance of those intellectual exercises for which colleges and universities exist. Its expenses — greater by far in many instances than the modest demands of the guild of scholars — its members pay in part from their own pockets. As in Bologna, its 'receipts are derived from entrance payments . . . from fines . . . and from the occasional presents of an alumnus'; and though they are not now 'chiefly devoted to convivial and religious purposes,' as they were then, there is ample use for them, indeed for more than undergraduates would be likely to supply from their own resources. But the student guild has hit upon a source of revenue, — the public, — and from the outside world is drawn much of the revenue essential to the continuance of a great part of this system.

And to what end, the cynic inquires? To see men play games like, and not as well as, the professionals on whom they model themselves; to yawn through dreary imitations of the vaudeville stage, and crude, expensive parodies of poor Broadway shows; to groan through ill-composed and vapid glee-club concerts? We see the teams recruited by 'scouts' and too-enthusiastic alumni, to beat a rival, with no regard to the ethics or spirit of amateur sport, and less to the training of the mass of men. We stand aghast at revelations of the incompetence, or worse, of student managers, from whose hands we are compelled to take control of revenue and expenditure.

And why should we put up with it? Why permit men to waste their time and money — and ours — in such follies? Is it the business of the colleges to provide great public spectacles? Is this why we support the 'higher education'? The thing is a sham. The colleges are nothing more than clubs, — city or country, as the case may be, — where idle youths fritter away four years to unfit them for the real business of life. Let us mend it or end it.

Moreover, adds the critic, this comparison with the mediæval student guild is misleading and absurd. There is no argument so fallacious as the argument from analogy — especially a false analogy such as this. It is preposterous fantasy. The mediæval students were serious men, bent on improving their minds. These things are youthful folly organized. It is ridiculous to call them a 'system of education'; and it is worse than ridiculous to dignify these 'social and athletic merry-go-rounds'

by recognition as part of college work.

To some minds such answers are effective; but there are two reasons why they are not wholly conclusive. They do not prevent our halls of learning from being crowded as never before, nor do they affect the development of the student guild. Neither denial nor destruction is a policy. We lack the word to charm the genie again into the bottle. And no amount of repression, not even raising entrance requirements and stiffening courses, — though these would help some institutions which pride themselves on numbers, — will solve the problem, which, call it what you will, remains one of the great issues in our higher education. The demand of parents and undergraduates for training beyond that afforded by the faculty is not only natural: it is legitimate. There *is* an education not set down in books, or embodied in lectures; and purely intellectual acquirement by itself is poor preparation for this wicked world. As it stands now, this part of our collegiate system is perhaps ill done. But it is now beyond us to end it; it remains to mend.

Much has been accomplished by some faculties. Deans and sub-deans and 'student' deans, advisers and supervisors of all kinds, have done and are doing good work. Still more, the earnest and unrecognized labors of many individuals in the guild of scholars among undergraduates has borne fruit. Something has been accomplished by the students themselves. Year by year the number of societies that take an active interest in the more serious activities of their members has increased. Some have established scholarships; many have begun to supervise the studies of at least the younger men; many more have coöperated with the faculty in a variety of ways. And slowly, toilsomely, this fusion proceeds, to the advantage of both groups. The colleges themselves are embarking on a score of activities unknown to older generations, bringing themselves in closer touch, not only with the undergraduates, but with the alumni and with the world outside.

For it is obvious that there are two things which must be done. The one is to infuse into this mass of youthful energy something of judgment and direction more than is natural to youth; to connect this vigorous, undisciplined, loosely organized development with the saner standards and the worthier ends of maturer minds, on the principle of 'old men for counsel and young men for war.' What can be done by closer coöperation is revealed in one institution by the development of a glee club which has achieved distinction in the whole world of music; in another by a school of poetry, and in another of drama, which need not hide their heads even before professionals. The second is the recognition by the undergraduates themselves of the duties and the responsibilities which their system has brought with it. They must direct this movement to better ends than material comfort, or mere pleasure, or mutual admiration, or social distinction, or organization for organization's sake, unless it is to destroy itself. The idea of 'doing something' for this institution or that, though often expressed in futile forms or running to absurdities, points the way to better things than living for one's self or for one's club alone.

In these two things — closer coöperation between the guild of scholars and the guild of students, and acceptance of the obligations of their system by the undergraduates and the alumni — seems to lie the only perceptible basis for the proper development of the future college and university. But there is a third — the recognition of this problem for what it is: an integral part, not only of the situation as it exists, but of the education of our youth in its entirety.

A YOKE OF STEERS

BY DUBOSE HEYWARD

A HEAVE of mighty shoulders to the yoke,
Square, patient heads, and flaring sweep of horn;
The darkness swirling down beneath their feet
Where sleeping valleys stir, and feel the dawn;
Uncouth and primal, on and up they sway,
Taking the summit in a drench of day.
The night-winds volley upward bitter-sweet
And the dew shatters to a rainbow spray
Under the slow-moving, cloven feet.

There is a power here that grips the mind;
A force repressed and inarticulate,
Slow as the swing of centuries, as blind
As Destiny, and as deliberate.

They will arrive in their appointed hour
Unhurried by the goad of lesser wills,
Bearing vast burdens on.

They are the great
Unconquerable spirit of these hills.

THE ATTAS AT HOME

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

CLAMBERING through white, pasty mud, which stuck to our boots by the pound; peering through bitter, cold mist, which seemed but a thinner skim of mud; drenched by flurries of icy drops shaken from the atmosphere by a passing moan and a crash; breathing air heavy with a sweet, horrible, penetrating odor — such was the world as it existed for an hour one night, while the Commandant of Douaumont and I wandered about, completely lost, on the top of his own fort. We finally stumbled on the little grated opening through which the lookout peered unceasingly over the landscape of mud. The mist lifted and we rediscovered the cave-like entrance, watched for a moment the ominous golden dumb-bells rising from the *première ligne*, scraped our boots on a German helmet, and went down again into the strangest sanctuary on earth.

This was the vision that flashed through my mind as I began vigil at an enormous nest of Attas — the leaf-cutting ants of the British Guiana jungle. In front of me was a glade, about thirty feet across, devoid of green growth and filled with a great irregular expanse of earth and mud. Relative to the height of the Attas, my six feet must seem a good half-mile, and from this height I looked down and saw again the same inconceivably sticky clay of France. There were the rain-washed gullies, the half-roofed entrances to the vast underground fortresses, clean-swept, perfect roads, as efficient as the arteries of Verdun; flapping dead leaves like the omnipresent, worn-out scarecrows of camouflage. And over in one corner, to complete the simile, were a dozen shell-holes, the homes of voracious ant-lions, which, for passing insects, were unexploded mines, set at hair-trigger.

My Atta city was only two hundred feet away from the laboratory, in fairly high jungle, within sound of the dinner triangle, and of the lapping waves on the Mazaruni shore. To sit near by and concentrate solely upon the doings of these ant-people was as easy as watching a single circus ring of performing elephants, while two more rings, a maze of trapezes, a race-track, and side-shows were in full swing. The jungle around me teemed with interesting happenings and distracting sights and sounds. The very last time I visited the nest, and became absorbed in a line of incoming ants, I heard the shrill squeaking of an angry hummingbird overhead. I looked up, and there, ten feet above, was a furry tamandua ant-eater slowly climbing a straight purple-heart trunk, while round and round his head buzzed and swore the little fury — a pinch of cinnamon feathers, ablaze with rage. The curved claws of the unheeding ant-eater fitted around the trunk, and the strong prehensile tail flattened against the bark, so that the creature seemed to put forth no more exertion than if walking along a fallen log. Now and then it stopped and daintily picked at a bit of termite nest.

With such side-shows it was sometimes difficult to concentrate on the Attas. Yet they offer problems for years of study. The glade was a little world in itself, with visitors and tenants, comedy and tragedy, sounds and silences. It was an ant-made glade, with all new growths choked either by upflung, earthen hillocks, or by leaves bitten off as soon as they appeared. The casual visitors were the most conspicuous: an occasional trogon swooping across — a flashing, feathered comet of emerald, azurite, and gold. Or, slowly drifting in and out among the vines, and coming to rest with waving wings, a yellow-and-red-spotted Ithomiid — or was it a Heliconiid or a Danaiid? with such bewildering models and marvelous mimics it was impossible to tell without capture and close examination. Giant purple tarantula-hawks hummed past, scanning the leaves for their prey.

Another class of glade-haunters were those who came strictly on business — plasterers and sculptors, who found wet clay ready to their needs. Great golden and rufous bees blundered down and tore off bucketsful of mud; while slender-bodied, dainty wasps of ebony, after much fastidious picking of place, would detach a tiny bit of the whitest clay, place it in their snuff-box holder, clean their feet and antennæ, run their rapier in and out, and delicately take to wing.

Little black trigonid bees had their special quarry — a small deep valley, in the midst of a waste of interlacing Bad Lands, on the side of a precipitous butte. Here they cut and gouged to their hearts' content, plastering the thighs until their wings would hardly lift them. They braced their feet, whirred, lifted unevenly, and sank back with a jar; then, turning, bit off a piece of ballast, and heaving it over the precipice, swung off on an even keel.

Close examination of some of the craters and volcano-like cones revealed many species of ants, beetles, and roaches searching for bits of food — the scavengers of this small world. But the most interesting were the actual parasites, flies of many colors and sizes, humming past like little planes and Zeppelins over this hidden city, ready to drop a bomb in the form of an egg deposited on the refuse-heaps or on the ants themselves. The explosion might come slowly, but it would be none the less deadly. Once I detected a hint of the complexity of glade life — beautiful metallic green flies walking swiftly about on long legs, searching nervously, whose eggs would be deposited near those of other flies, their larvæ to feed upon the others — parasites upon parasites.

As I had resolutely put the doings of the tree-tops away from my consciousness, so now I forgot visitors and parasites, and armed myself for the excavation of this buried metropolis. I rubbed vaseline on my high boots, and about the tops bound a band of teased-out absorbent cotton. My pick and shovel I treated likewise, and thus I was comparatively insulated; for without precautions no living being could withstand the slow, implacable attack of disturbed Attas. At present I walked unmolested across the glade. The millions beneath my feet were as unconscious of my presence as they were of the breeze in the palm-fronds overhead.

At the first deep shovel-thrust, a slow-moving flood of reddish-brown began to pour forth from the crumbled earth — the outposts of the Atta Maximus moving upward to the attack. For a few seconds only workers of various sizes appeared; then an enormous head heaved upward, and there came into the light of day the first Atta soldier. He was twice the size of a large worker and heavy in proportion. Instead of being drawn up into two spines, the top of his head was rounded, bald, and shiny, and only at the back were the

two spines visible, shifted downward. The front of the head was thickly clothed with golden hair, which hung down bang-like over a round, glistening single median eye. One by one, and then shoulder to shoulder, these Cyclopean Maxims lumbered forth to battle, and soon my boots were covered in spite of the grease, all sinking their mandibles deep into the leather.

When I unpacked these boots this year, I found the heads and jaws of two Attas still firmly attached, relics of some forgotten foray of the preceding year. This mechanical, vise-like grip, wholly independent of life or death, is utilized by the Guiana Indians. In place of stitching up extensive wounds, a number of these giant Atta Maxims are collected, and their jaws applied to the edges of the skin, which are drawn together. The ants take hold, their bodies are snipped off, and the row of heads remains until the wound is healed.

Over and around the outpouring soldiers, the tiny workers ran and bit and chewed away at whatever they could reach. Dozens of ants made their way up to the cotton, but found the utmost difficulty in clambering over the loose fluff. Now and then, however, a needle-like nip at the back of my neck showed that some pioneer of these shock troops had broken through, when I was thankful that Attas could only bite, and not sting as well. At such a time as this, the greatest difference is apparent between these and the Eciton army ants. The Eciton soldier, with his long curved scimitars and his swift, nervous movements, was, to one of these great insects, as a fighting d'Artagnan would be to an armored tank. The result was much the same, however — perfect efficiency.

I now dug swiftly and crashed with pick down through three feet of soil. The great entrance arteries of the nest branched and bifurcated, separated and anastomosed, while here and there were chambers varying in size from a cocoanut to a football. These were filled with what looked like soft grayish sponge covered with whitish mould, and these sombre affairs were the *raison d'être* of all the leaf-cutting, the trails, the struggles through jungles, the constant battling against wind and rain and sun.

But the labors of the Attas are renewed only when a worker disappears down a hole with his hard-earned bit of leaf. He drops it and goes on his way. We do not know what this way is, but my guess is that he turns around and goes after another leaf. Whatever the nests of Attas possess, they are without recreation-rooms. These sluggard-instructors do not know enough to take a vacation; their faces are made for biting, not for laughing or yawning. I once dabbed fifteen Mediums with a touch of white paint as they approached the nest, and within five minutes thirteen of them had emerged and started on the back track again.

The leaf is taken in charge by another Medium, hosts of whom are everywhere. Once, after a spadeful, I placed my eye as close as possible to a small heap of green leaves, and around one oblong bit were five Mediums, each with a considerable amount of chewed and mumbled tissue in front of him. This is the only time I have ever succeeded in finding these ants actually at this work. The leaves are chewed thoroughly, and built up into the sponge gardens, being used neither for thatch, nor for food, but as fertilizer. And not for any strange subterranean berry or kernel or fruit, but for a fungus or mushroom. The spores sprout and proliferate rapidly, the gray mycelia covering the garden; and at the end of each thread is a little knobbed body filled with liquid. This forms the sole food of the

ants in the nest; but a drop of honey placed by a busy trail will draw a circle of workers at any time — both Mediums and Minims, who surround it and drink their fill.

When the fungus garden is in full growth, the nest-labors of the Minims begin; and until the knobbed bodies are actually ripe, they never cease to weed and, to prune, killing off the multitude of other fungi and foreign organisms, and, by pruning, to keep their particular fungus growing, and prevent it from fructifying. The fungus of the Attas is a particular species, with the resonant, Dunsanesque name of *Rozites gongylophora*. It is quite unknown outside of the nests of these ants, and is as artificial as a banana.

II

Only in Calcutta bazaars at night, and in underground streets of Peking have I seen stranger beings than I unearthed in my Atta nest. Now and then there rolled out of a shovelful of earth an unbelievably big and rotund cicada larva — which, in the course of time, whether in one or in seventeen years, would emerge as the great marbled, winged *Cicada gigas*, spreading five inches from tip to tip. Small tarantulas, with beautiful wine-colored cephalothorax, made their home deep in the nest, guarded, perhaps, by their dense covering of hair. Slender scorpions sidled out from the ruins; they were bare, with vulnerable joints, but they had the advantage of long, mobile arms, and a pair of hands which could quickly and skillfully pluck an attacking ant from any part of their anatomy.

The strangest of all the tenants were the tiny, amber-colored roaches, which clung frantically to the heads of the great soldier ants, or scurried over the tumultuous mounds, searching for a crevice sanctuary. They were funny, fat little beings, wholly blind, yet supremely conscious of the danger that threatened, and with only the single thought of getting below the surface as quickly as possible. The Attas have very few insect guests, but this cockroach is one who has made himself perfectly at home. Through century upon century he has become more and more specialized and adapted to Atta life, eyes slipping until they are no more than faint specks, legs and antennæ changing, gait becoming altered to whatever speed and carriage best suits little guests in big underground halls and galleries.

He and his race have evolved unseen and unnoticed even by the Maxim policemen. But when nineteen hundred humanly historical years have passed, a man with a keen sense of fitness named him Little Friend of the Attas; and so for a few years more, until we scientists give place to the next caste, Attaphila will, all unconsciously, bear a name.

Attaphilas have staked their whole gamble of existence on the continued possibility of guestship with the Attas. Although they live near the fungus gardens, they do not feed upon them, but gather secretions from the armored skin of the giant soldiers, who apparently do not object, and show no hostility to their diminutive masseurs. A summer-boarder may be quite at home on a farm, and safe from all ordinary dangers; but he must keep out of the way of scythes and sickles, if he chooses to haunt the hayfields. And so Attaphila, snug and safe, deep in the heart of the nest, has to keep on the *qui vive* when the ant-harvesters come to glean in the fungus gardens. Snip, snip, snip, on all sides in the musty darkness, the keen mandibles shear the edible heads; and though the little Attaphilas dodge and run, yet most of them, in course of time, lose part of an antenna, or even a whole one.

Thus the Little Friend of the Leaf-cutters lives easily through his term of weeks or months, or perhaps even a year, and has nothing to fear for food or mates, or from enemies. But Attaphilas cannot all live in a single nest, and there must come a crisis, when they pass out into a strange world of terrible light and multitudes of foes. For these pampered, degenerate roaches to find another Atta nest unaided, would be inconceivable. In the big nest that I excavated I observed them on the backs and heads, not only of the large soldiers, but also of the queens, which swarmed in one portion of the galleries; and, indeed, of twelve queens, seven had roaches clinging to them. This has been noted also of a Brazilian species, and we suddenly realize what splendid sports these humble insects are. They resolutely prepare for their gamble, — *l'aventure magnifique*, — the slenderest fighting chance, and we are almost inclined to forget the irresponsible implacability of instinct, and cheer the little fellows for lining up on this forlorn hope. When the time comes, the queens leave, and are off up into the unheard-of sky, as if an earthworm should soar with eagle's feathers; past the gauntlet of voracious flycatchers and hawklets, to the millionth chance of meeting an acceptable male of the same species. After the mating comes the solitary search for a suitable site; and only when the pitifully unfair gamble has been won by a single fortunate queen does the Attaphila climb tremblingly down and accept what fate has sent. His ninety-and-nine fellows have met death in almost as many ways.

With the exception of these strange inmates there are very few tenants or guests in the nests of the Attas. Unlike the termites and Eciton, who harbor a host of weird boarders, the leaf-cutters are able to keep their nest free from undesirables.

Once, far down in the nest, I came upon three young queens, recently emerged, dazed and stupid, with wings dull and glazed, who crawled with awkward haste back into darkness. And again twelve winged females were grouped in one small chamber, restless and confused. This was the only glimpse I ever had of Atta royalty at home.

Good fortune was with me, however, on a memorable fifth of May, when returning from a monkey-hunt in high jungle. As I came out into the edge of a clearing, a low humming attracted my attention. It was ventriloquial, and my ear refused to trace it. It sounded exactly like a great aerodrome far in the distance, with a score or more of planes tuning up. I chanced to see a large bee-like insect rising through the branches, and following back along its path, I suddenly perceived the rarest of sights — an Atta nest-entrance boiling with the excitement of a flight of winged kings and queens. So engrossed were the ants that they paid no attention to me, and I was able to creep up close and kneel within two feet of the hole. The main nest was twenty feet away, and this was a special exit made for the occasion — a triumphal gateway erected far away from the humdrum leaf-traffic.

The two-inch arched hole led obliquely down into darkness, while brilliant sunshine illumined the earthen take-off and the surrounding mass of pink Mazaruni primroses. Up this corridor Atta nobility was coming, slowly, with dignity, as befitted the occasion. The males were more active, as they were smaller in size than the females, but they were veritable giants in comparison with the workers. The queens seemed like beings of another race, with their great bowed thorax supporting the folded wings, heads correspondingly large, with less jaw-development, but greatly increased keenness of vision.

In comparison with the Minims, these queens were as a human being one hundred feet in height.

I selected one large queen as she appeared, and watched her closely. Slowly and with great effort she climbed the steep ascent into the blazing sunlight. Five tiny Minims were clinging to her body and wings, all scrubbing and cleaning as hard as they could. She chose a clear space, spread her wings wide and flat, stood high upon her six legs, and waited. I fairly shouted at this change, for slight though it was, it worked magic, and the queen Atta was a queen no more, but a miniature, straddle-legged aeroplane, pushed into position, and overrun by a crowd of mechanics, putting the finishing touches, tightening the wires, oiling every pliable crevice. A Medium came along, tugged at a leg, and the obliging little plane lifted it for inspection. For three minutes this kept up, and then the plane became a queen and moved restlessly. Without warning, as if some irresponsible mechanic had turned the primed propellers, the four mighty wings whirred — and four Minims were hurled head over heels a foot away, snapped from their positions. The sound of the wings was almost too exact an imitation of the snarl of a starting plane — the comparison was absurd in its exactness of timbre and resonance.

It was only a test, however, and the moment the queen became quiet, the upset mechanics clambered back. They crawled beneath her, scraped her feet and antennæ, licked her eyes and jaws, and went over every shred of wing-tissue. Then again she buzzed, this time sending only a single Minim sprawling. Again she stopped, after lifting herself an inch, but immediately started up, and now rose rather unsteadily, but without pause, and slowly ascended above the nest and the primroses. Circling once, she passed through green leaves and glowing balls of fruit into the blue sky.

Thus I followed the passing of one queen Atta into the jungle world, as far as human eyes would permit, and my mind returned to the mote which I had detected at an equally great height — the queen descending after her marriage, as isolated as she had started.[1]

We have seen how the little blind roaches occasionally cling to an emerging queen and so are transplanted to a new nest. But the queen bears something far more valuable. More faithfully than ever virgin tended temple fires, each departing queen fills a little pouch in her mouth with a pellet of the precious fungus, and here it is carefully guarded until the time comes for its propagation in the new nest.

When she has descended to earth and excavated a little chamber, she closes the entrance, and for forty days and nights labors at the founding of a new colony. She plants the little fungus cutting, and tends it with the utmost solicitude. The care and feeding in her past life have stored within her the substance for vast numbers of eggs. Nine out of ten that she lays she eats, to give her the strength to go on with her labors; and when the first larvæ emerge, they too are fed with surplus eggs. In time they pupate, and at the end of six weeks the first workers — all tiny Minims — hatch. Small as they are, born in darkness, yet no education is needed. The Spirit of the Attas infuses them. Play and rest are the only things incomprehensible to them, and they take charge at once of fungus, of excavation, of the care of the queen and eggs, the feeding of the larvæ. As soon as the huskier Mediums appear, they break through into the upper world, and one day the first bit of green leaf is carried down into the nest.

The queen rests. Henceforth, as far

[1] See *Atlantic* for July, 1921, p. 52.

as we know, she becomes a mere egg-producing machine, fed mechanically by mechanical workers, the food transformed by physiological mechanics into yolk, and then deposited. The aeroplane has become transformed into an incubator.

III

As we have seen, an Atta worker is a member of the most implacable labor-union in the world; he believes in a twenty-four hour day, no pay, no play, no rest — he is a cog in a machine-driven good-for-the-greatest-number. After studying these beings for a week, one longs to go out and shout for kaisers and tsars, for selfishness and crime — anything as a relief from such terrible unthinking altruism. All Atta workers are born free and equal — which is well; and they remain so — which is what a Buddhist priest once called *gashang* (or so it sounded), and which he explained as a state where plants and animals and men were crystal-like in growth and existence. What a welcome sight it would be to see a Medium mount a bit of twig, antennæ a crowd of Minims about him, and start off on a foray of his own!

We may jeer at or condemn the Attas for their hard-shell existence, but there comes to mind, again and again, the wonder of it all. Are the hosts of little beings really responsible; have they not evolved into a pocket, a mental *cul-de-sac*, a swamping of individuality, pooling their personalities?

And what is it they have gained — what pledge of success in food, in safety, in propagation? They are not separate entities; they have none of the freedom of action, of choice, of individuality, of the solitary wasps. They are the somatic cells of the body politic, while deep within the nest are the guarded sexual cells — the winged kings and queens, which, from time to time, exactly, as in isolated organisms, are thrown off to found new nests. They, no less than the workers, are parts of something more subtle than visible Attas and their material nest. Whether I go to the ant as sluggard, or myrmecologist, or accidentally *via* Pterodactyl Pups, a day spent with them invariably leaves me with my whole being concentrated on this mysterious Atta Ego. Call it Vibration, Aura, Spirit of the Nest, — clothe ignorance in whatever term seems appropriate, — we cannot deny its existence and power.

As with the army ants, the flowing lines of leaf-cutters always brought to mind great arteries, filled with pulsating, tumbling corpuscles. When an obstruction appeared, as a fallen leaf, across the great sandy track, a dozen or twenty, or a hundred workers gathered — like leucocytes — and removed the interfering object. If I injured a worker who was about to enter the nest, I inoculated the Atta organism with a pernicious foreign body. Even the victim himself was dimly aware of the law of fitness. Again and again he yielded to the call of the nest, only to turn aside at the last moment. From a normal link in the endless Atta chain, he had become an outcast !— snapped at by every passing ant, self-banished, wandering off at nightfall, to die somewhere in the wilderness of grass. When well, an Atta has relations, but no friends; when ill, every jaw is against him.

As I write this seated at my laboratory table, by turning down my lamp and looking out, I can see the star-dust of Orion's nebula, and without moving from my chair, Rigel, Sirius, Capella, and Betelgeuze — the blue, white, yellow, and red evolution of so-called lifeless cosmic matter. A few slides from the aquarium at my side reveal an evolutionary sequence to the heavenly host — the simplest of earthly organ-

isms playing fast and loose with the borderland, not only of plants and animals, but of the-one and of the many-celled. First, a swimming lily, Stentor, a solitary animal bloom, twenty-five to the inch; Cothurnia, a double lily; and Gonium, with a quartette of cells clinging tremulously together — progressing unsteadily, materially, toward the rim of my field of vision, and, in the evolution of earthly life, toward sponges, peripatus, men, and ants.

I was interrupted in my microcosmus just as it occurred to me that Chesterton would heartily approve of my approximation of Sirius and Stentor, of Capella and Cothurnia — the universe balanced. My attention was drawn from the atom Gonium, whose brave little spirit was striving to keep his foursome one — a primordial struggle toward unity of self and division of labor; my consciousness climbed the microscope tube and came to rest upon a slim glass of amber liquid on my laboratory table. A servant had brought a cocktail, for it was New Year's Eve (now the thought came that there were a number of worthy people who would also approve of this approximation!). I looked at the small spirituous luxury, and I thought of my friends in New York, and then of the Attas in front of the laboratory. With my electric flash I went out into the starlight, and found the usual hosts struggling nestward with their chlorophyll burdens, and rushing frantically out into the black jungle for more and yet more leaves. My mind swept back over evolution from star-dust to Kartabo compound, from Gonium to man, and to these leaf-cutting ants. And I wondered whether the Attas were any better for being denied the stimulus of temptation, or whether I was any the worse for the opportunity of refusing a second glass. I went into the house, voiced a toast to tolerance, to temperance, and — to pterodactyls, and drank my cocktail.

YELLOW ROSES

BY EMMA LAWRENCE

THEY were talking about an embezzlement, the old story of a trusted employee, who had taken funds so cleverly and systematically for so long that he had come to look upon his peculations as a part of his salary. At last he had been found out. Tina Metcalfe remarked bromidically that people always were found out.

'Do you suppose,' she asked, 'that anyone ever really lived a lie and got away with it — forever, I mean?'

Reggie Forsyth said he knew a woman who did once — he would tell them about it if they liked. The little group around the fire, who had just dined and would eventually make up a table of bridge, assured him they did like; so he told them this story.

'It happened a few years ago,' Forsyth said, 'and it happened a long way from here. The woman was the wife of a mill agent in a little manufacturing town. Where she came from, I

don't know; she was certainly not bred in those parts; no one there had ever seen her like. Had she been in society or on the stage, her beauty would have made her famous; but her fellow townspeople merely thought her odd, she was so amazingly unconventional and so astonishingly unprovincial. She did as she chose, as a duchess might have done.

'One wonders where the little chap she married ever found her, or why she appealed to him. He was a good little chap enough, absorbed in his work and in the life of the town, delighted with his house, and heartbroken because no children had ever come to it. Ugly little man he was, too, and quite typical of his class; repeated your name when he met you; said, "Pleased to meet you," and "Excuse my glove," just where, according to his lights, he should have.

'And she — she was like a wild bird caged, a woods-flower set in a border of zinnias and asters, a well-kept border where one would not expect to find a weed, however rare. She was slender, and long-limbed, shapeless as a young boy; her neck was slim and white, and her head small and wonderfully set. She had a great mass of reddish hair, — short, thick, curly hair, — but her lashes were long and black.

'No wonder the townspeople disapproved of her; they bored her, and when her husband insisted that they should continue to bore her by forcing her into their society, she became extremely ill. Then he became almost frantic, for he adored her and would trust her to none but the greatest doctor he could discover; and the doctor proved himself great by his diagnosis, for he told the man that nothing ailed his wife but that her life did n't suit her, and that she must be left freer, to choose one more congenial. So after that she was let alone, free to find the country that surrounded the town, to walk, to run, to read. The townspeople thought she was "touched," and were kinder to her than she knew. They ceased to criticize her and made it easy for her to be alone. In the summer-time she would take her book and her lunch-basket and tramp the fields and woods till she found some spot she could love, and spend the days with her dreams and her long, long thoughts. But the evenings belonged to her man; though what they found in common I cannot guess.

'But one day on her walk she had an adventure. She found a field she liked — liked because it was flushed with hardhack and white with meadow-sweet, and inhabited by a man whose type was unknown to her. Any of you would have placed him quickly enough; his riding togs and English boots would have marked him for you — a young blood who had come a cropper among the hardhack and meadow-sweet. But to her he was new; his looks and his clothes and his opening remark to her were all quite different.

'"I've lost my horse," he said genially. She looked curious, which apparently encouraged him. "I don't mind," he said. "He was a horrid horse." She looked about her. "You won't see him," said the man; "he could run most awfully fast."

'It occurred to her that he had fallen off. "Are you hurt?" she asked.

'"Thanks, not a bit. This is a jolly field, is n't it?"

'"I like it," she said.

'"Blueberry-picking?" he suggested, looking at her basket.

'She shook her head. "No, just lunch."

'"Picnicking! By Jove, what luck. Falling makes one so frightfully hungry, you know."

'She did n't know, but she believed him and invited him to share her meal. They found a shady place, and in the course of time discovered many things

about each other. He was staying at a country house with people she knew by sight — knew their traps and their grooms when she saw them outside shops in the town; knew what the town people had chosen to tell of them and of their ways. He discovered more about her. And he found her book.

'"Masefield, *Daffodil Fields*," he said; "do they read that — in the town?"

'"No," she said, "I read it — in the woods."

'"Oh, no, you don't; I read it to you."

'So he began and read for a while; and he read delightfully, for he had a pleasant voice and he loved what he read. But by and by he put down the book and they talked for a while, of books and of themselves again. It was a wonderful day for her — a surprise to find the things she cared for were loved by others, and that she was not really "odd" at all. By and by it was time to go home, before her man should come from his work. But they made plans for the morrow, or, should the morrow not be fine, for the day after.

'It happened they were in for a spell of fair weather, and they spent long hours together in the fields and in the woods. They read books together, and he told her of cities and of life in the cities, and of people he knew, people who would not have bored her and made her ill. He told her of music, and art and architecture, and stories of hunting and balls and dinner-parties, and about the women who hunted and danced and dined. But oftener he told her about herself — how lovely she was, and how lovable. They were very much in love before long, and she showed a curious courage in her determination that, having missed so much, this should not pass her by.

'So they lived to the utmost — while the fair weather lasted. The third day he met her, he brought her a yellow rose from the garden of his hostess.

'"I searched the garden," he told her, "to find what flower you are like. This is it."

'So every day she wore a yellow rose tucked in her gown.

'At last the weather broke, and he went back to the city, and she no longer could roam the fields and woods. She drooped like a flower in the long wet autumn, confined to the house; and though nothing ever ailed her very much, she died before the winter was half through!

'Her husband was beside himself with grief, and the neighbors who had bored her came and looked on her when she was dead. Her husband had filled her hands with yellow roses.

'"She loved them so," he told his friends; "all summer long she wore them in her dress."'

'So that,' said Reggie Forsyth, 'is the story of a woman who lived a lie, yet no one ever knew.'

'Yet you knew,' said Tina Metcalfe quickly — and wished she had bitten out her tongue before she spoke.

THE MYSTIC'S EXPERIENCE OF GOD

BY RUFUS M. JONES

I

THE revival of mysticism, which has been one of the noteworthy features in the Christianity of our time, has presented us with a number of interesting and important questions. We want to know, first of all, what mysticism really is. Secondly, we want to know whether it is a normal or an abnormal experience. And omitting many other questions, which must wait their turn, we want to know whether mystical experiences actually enlarge our sphere of knowledge, that is, whether they are trustworthy sources of authentic information and authoritative truth concerning realities which lie beyond the range of human senses.

The answer to the first question appears to be as difficult to accomplish as the return of Ulysses was. The secret is kept in book after book. One can marshal a formidable array of definitions, but they oppose and challenge one another, like the men sprung from the dragon's teeth. For the purposes of the present consideration, we can eliminate what is usually included under psychical phenomena, that is, the phenomena of dreams, visions, and trances, hysteria and dissociation and esoteric and occult phenomena. Thirty years ago Professor Royce said: 'In the Father's house are many mansions, and their furniture is extremely manifold. Astral bodies and palmistry, trances and mental healing, communications from the dead and "phantasms of the living" — such things are for some people to-day the sole quite unmistakable evidence of the supremacy of the spiritual world.' These phenomena are worthy of careful, painstaking study and attention, for they will eventually throw much light upon the deep and complex nature of human personality — are, in fact, already throwing much light upon it. But they furnish us slender data for understanding what is properly meant by mystical experience and its religious and spiritual bearing.

We can, too, leave on one side the metaphysical doctrines that fill a large amount of space in the books of the great mystics. These doctrines had a long historical development, and they would have taken essentially the same form if the exponents of them had not been mystics. Mystical experience is confined to no one form of philosophy, though some ways of thinking no doubt favor and other ways retard the experience, as they also often do in the case of religious faith in general. Mystical experience, furthermore, must not be confused with what technical expert writers call 'the mystic way.' There are as many mystical 'ways' as there are gates to the New Jerusalem. 'On the east three gates, on the north three gates, on the south three gates, and on the west three gates.' One might as well try to describe the way of making love, or the way of appreciating the Grand Cañon, as to describe the way to the discovery of God, as if there were only one way.

I am not interested in mysticism as an *ism*. It turns out, in most accounts, to be a dry and abstract thing, hardly more like the warm and intimate experience than the color of the map is like the country for which it stands. 'Canada is very pink,' seems quite an inadequate description of the noble country north of our border. It is mystical experience, and not mysticism, that is worthy of our study. We are concerned with the experience itself, not with second-hand formulations of it. 'The mystic,' says Professor Royce, 'is a thoroughgoing empiricist.' 'God ceases to be an object and becomes an experience,' says Professor Pringle-Pattison. If it *is* an experience, we want to find out what happens to the mystic himself inside where he lives.

According to those who have been there, the experience that we call mystical is charged with the conviction of real, direct contact and commerce with God. It is the almost universal testimony of those who are mystics that they find God through their experience. John Tauler says that, in his best moments of 'devout prayer and the uplifting of the mind to God,' he experiences 'the pure presence of God' in his own soul; but he adds that all he can tell others about the experience is 'as poor and unlike it as the point of a needle is to the heavens above us.' 'I have met with my God; I have met with my Saviour. I have felt the healings drop upon my soul from under his wings,' says Isaac Penington, in the joy of his first mystical experience.

Without needlessly multiplying such testimonies for data, we can say with considerable assurance that mystical experience is consciousness of direct and immediate relationship with some transcendent reality which, in the moment of experience, is believed to be God. 'This is He, this is He,' exclaims Isaac Penington; 'there is no other. This is He whom I have waited for and sought after from my childhood.' Angela of Foligno says that she experienced God, and saw that the whole world was full of God.

II

There are many different degrees of intensity, concentration, and conviction in the experiences of different individual mystics, and also in the various experiences of the same individual from time to time. There has been a tendency in most studies of mysticism to regard the state of ecstasy as *par excellence* mystical experience. That is, however, a grave mistake. The calmer, more meditative, less emotional, less ecstatic experiences of God are not less convincing and possess greater constructive value for life and character than do ecstatic experiences which presuppose a peculiar psychical frame and disposition. The seasoned Quaker, in the corporate hush and stillness of a silent meeting, is far removed from ecstasy, but he is not the less convinced that he is meeting with God. For the *essentia* of mysticism we do not need to insist upon a certain 'sacred' mystic way, or upon ecstasy, or upon any peculiar type of rare psychic upheavals. We do need to insist, however, upon a consciousness of commerce with God amounting to conviction of his Presence.

> Where one heard noise
> And one saw flame,
> I only knew He named my name.

Jacob Boehme calls the experience that came to him, 'breaking through the gate' into 'a new birth or resurrection from the dead'; so that, he says, 'I knew God.' 'I am certain,' says Eckhart, 'as certain as that I live, that nothing is so near to me as God. God is nearer to me than I am to myself.' One of these experiences — the first one — was an ecstasy, and the other, so far as we can tell, was not. It was the flood-

ing in of a moment of God-consciousness in the act of preaching a sermon to the common people of Cologne. The experience of Penington, again, was not an ecstasy; it was the vital surge of fresh life on the first occasion of hearing George Fox preach after a long period of waiting silence. A simple normal case of a mild type is given in a little book of recent date, reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly:* 'After a long time of jangling conflict and inner misery, I one day, *quite quietly and with no conscious effort,* stopped doing the disingenuous thing [I had been doing]. Then the marvel happened. It was as if a great rubber band, which had been stretched almost to the breaking-point, were suddenly released and snapped back to its normal condition. Heaven and earth were changed for me. Everything was glorious because of its relation to some great central life — nothing seemed to matter but that life.'

Brother Lawrence, a barefooted lay brother of the seventeenth century, according to the testimony of the brotherhood, attained 'an unbroken and undisturbed sense of the Presence of God.' He was not an ecstatic; he was a quiet, faithful man, who did his ordinary daily tasks with what seemed to his friends 'an unclouded vision, an illuminated love, and an uninterrupted joy.' Simple and humble though he was, he nevertheless acquired, through his experience of God, 'an extraordinary spaciousness of mind.'

The more normal, expansive mystical experiences come apparently when the personal self is at its best. Its powers and capacities are raised to an unusual unity and fused together. The whole being, with its accumulated submerged life, *finds itself.* The process of preparing for any high achievement is a severe and laborious one; but nothing seems easier in the moment of success than is the accomplishment for which the life has been prepared. There comes to be formed within the person what Aristotle called 'a dexterity of soul,' so that the person does with ease what he has become skilled to do. Clement of Alexandria called a fully organized and spiritualized person 'a harmonized man' — that is, adjusted, organized, and ready to be a transmissive organ for the revelation of God. Brother Lawrence, who was thus 'harmonized,' finely says: 'The most excellent method which I found of going to God was that of *doing my common business* purely for the love of God.' An earlier mystic of the fourteenth century stated the same principle in these words: 'It is my aim to be to the Eternal God what a man's hand is to a man.'

There are many human experiences which carry a man up to levels where he has not usually been before, and where he finds himself possessed of insight and energies that he had hardly suspected were his until that moment. One leaps to his full height when the right inner spring is reached. We are quite familiar with the way in which instinctive tendencies in us, and emotions both egoistic and social, become organized under a group of ideas and ideals into a single system, which we call a sentiment, such as love, or patriotism, or devotion to truth. It forms slowly, and one hardly realizes that it has formed until some occasion unexpectedly brings it into full operation, and we find ourselves able with perfect ease to overcome the most powerful inhibitory and opposing instincts and habits, which, until then, had usually controlled us. We are familiar, too, with the way in which a well-trained and disciplined mind, confronted by a concrete situation, will sometimes, — alas, not always, — in a sudden flash of imaginative insight, discover a universal law revealed there and then in

the single phenomenon, as Sir Isaac Newton did, and as, in a no less striking way, Sir William Rowan Hamilton did in his discovery of Quaternions. Literary and artistic geniuses supply us with many instances in which, in a sudden flash, the crude material at hand is shot through with vision, and the complicated plot of a drama, the full significance of a character, or the complete glory of a statue stands revealed, as if, to use R. L. Stephenson's illustration, a *geni* had brought it on a golden tray as a gift from another world. Abraham Lincoln, striking off in a few intense minutes his Gettysburg address, as beautiful in style and perfect in form as anything in human literature, is as good an illustration as we need of the way in which a highly organized person, by a kindling flash, has at his hand all the moral and spiritual gains of a lifetime.

There is a famous account of the flash of inspiration, given by Philo, which can hardly be improved. It is as follows: —

> I am not ashamed to recount my own experience. At times, when I have proposed to enter upon my wonted task of writing on philosophical doctrines, with an exact knowledge of the materials which were to be put together, I have had to leave off without any work accomplished, finding my mind barren and fruitless, and upbraiding it for its self-complacency, while startled at the might of the Existent One, in whose power it lies to open and close the wombs of the soul. But at other times, when I had come empty, all of a sudden I have been filled with thoughts, showered down and sown upon me unseen from above, so that by Divine possession I have fallen into a rapture and become ignorant of everything, the place, those present, myself, what was spoken or written. For I have received a stream of interpretation, a fruition of light, the most clear-cut sharpness of vision, the most vividly distinct view of the matter before me, such as might be received through the eyes from the most luminous presentation.

The most important mystical experiences are something like that. They occur usually, not at the beginning of the religious life, but rather in the ripe and developed stage of it. They are the fruit of long-maturing processes. Clement's 'harmonized man' is always a person who has brought his soul into parallelism with divine currents, has habitually practised his religious insights, and has finally formed a unified central self, subtly sensitive, acutely responsive to the Beyond within him. In such experiences, which may come suddenly or may come as a more gradual process, the whole self operates and masses all the cumulations of a lifetime. They are no more emotional than they are rational and volitional. We have a total personality, awake, active, and 'aware of his life's flow.' Instead of seeing in a flash a law of gravitation, or the plot and character of *Hamlet*, or the uncarven form of Moses the Law-giver in a block of marble, one sees at such times the moral demonstrations of a lifetime and vividly feels the implications that are essentially involved in a spiritual life. In the high moment God is seen to be as sure as the soul is.

> I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
> I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
> Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all:
> But the night's black was burst through by a blaze —
> Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore,
> Through her whole length of mountain visible.
> There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
> And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
> So may a truth be flashed out by one blow.

To some the truth of God never comes closer than a logical conclusion. He is held to be as a living item in a creed. To the mystic He becomes real in the same sense that experienced beauty is real, or the feel of spring is real, or summer sunlight is real: He has been found, He has been met, He is present.

Before discussing the crucial ques-

tion whether these experiences are evidential and are worthy of consideration as an addition to the world's stock of truth and knowledge, I must say a few words about the normality or abnormality of them. Nothing of any value can be said on this point of mystical experience in the *abstract*. One must first catch his concrete case. Some instances are normal, and some are undoubtedly abnormal. Trance, ecstasy, and rapture are unusual experiences, and, in that sense, not normal occurrences. They usually indicate, furthermore, a pathological condition of personality, and are thus abnormal in the more technical sense. There is, however, something more to be said on this point. It seems pretty well established that some persons — and they have often been creative leaders and religious geniuses — have succeeded in organizing their lives, in finding their trail, in charging their whole personality with power, in attaining a moral dynamic, and in tapping vast reservoirs of energy by means of states which, if occurring in other persons, would no doubt be called pathological. The real test here is a pragmatic one. It seems hardly sound to call a state abnormal if it has raised the 'experient,' as a mystic experience often does, into a hundred-horsepower man, and by his influence has turned multitudes of other men and women into more joyous, hopeful, and efficient persons. This question of abnormality and reality is thus not one to be settled off-hand by a superficial diagnosis.

An experience which brings spaciousness of mind, new interior dimensions, ability to stand the universe,— and the people in it,— and capacity to work at human tasks with patience, endurance, and wisdom may quite intelligently be called normal, though to an external beholder it may look like what he usually calls a trance of hysteria, a state of dissociation, or hypnosis by auto-suggestion. It should be added, however, as I have already said, that mystical experience is not confined to these extremer types. They may or may not be pathological. The calmer and more restrained stages of mysticism are more important and significant, and are no more marked with the stigma of hysteria than is love-making, enjoyment of music, devotion to altruistic causes, risking one's life for one's country, or any lofty experience of *value*.

III

We come at length to the central question of our consideration: Do mystical experiences settle anything? Are they purely subjective and one-sided, or do they prove to have objective reference and so to be two-sided? Do they take the experient across the chasm that separates 'self' from 'other'? Mystical experience undoubtedly feels as if it had objective reference. It comes to the individual with indubitable authority. He is certain that he has found something other than himself. He has an unescapable conviction that he is in contact and commerce with reality beyond the margins of his personal self. 'A tremendous muchness is suddenly revealed,' as William James once put it.

We do not get very far when we undertake to reduce knowledge to an affair of sense-experience. 'They reckon ill who leave me out,' can be said by the organized, personal, creative mind as truly as by Brahma. There are many forms of human experience in which the data of the senses are so vastly transcended that they fail to furnish any real explanation of what occurs in consciousness. This is true of all our experiences of *value*, which apparently spring out of synthetic or synoptic activities of the mind, that is, activities in which the mind is unified and creative. The vibrations of ether that bombard the rods

and cones of the retina may be the occasion for the appreciation of beauty in sky or sea or flower, but they are surely not the *cause* of it. The concrete event which confronts me is, very likely, the occasion for the august pronouncement of moral issues which my conscience makes; but it cannot be said that the concrete event in any proper sense *causes* this consciousness of moral obligation. The famous answer of Leibnitz to the crude sense-philosophy of his time is still cogent. To the phrase, 'There is nothing in the mind that has not come through the senses,' Leibnitz added, 'Except the mind itself.' That means that the creative activity of the mind is always an important factor in experience, and a factor that cannot be ignored in any of the processes of knowledge.

Unfortunately, we have done very little yet in the direction of comprehending the interior depth of the personal mind, or of estimating adequately the part which mind itself, in its creative capacity, plays in all knowledge-functions. It will be only when we have succeeded in getting beyond what Plato called the 'bird-cage' theory of knowledge, to a sound theory of knowledge and to a solid basis for spiritual values, that we shall be able to discuss intelligently the 'findings' of the mystic.

The world at the present moment is pitiably 'short' in its stock of sound theories of knowledge. The prevailing psychologies do not explain knowledge at all. The behaviorists do not try to explain it, any more than the astronomer or the physicist does. The psychologist who reduces mind to an aggregation of describable 'mind-states' has started out on a course that makes an explanation forever impossible, since knowledge can be explained only through unity and integral wholeness, never through an aggregation of parts, as if it were a mental 'shower of shot.' If we expect to talk about *knowledge*, and seriously propose to use that great word *truth*, we must at least begin with the assumption of an intelligent, creative, organizing centre of self-consciousness, which can transcend itself and can know what is beyond, and other than, itself. In short, the talk about a 'chasm' between subject and object — knower and thing known — is as absurd as it would be to talk of a chasm between the convex and the concave sides of a curve. Knowledge is always knowledge of an object, and mystical experience has all the essential marks of objective reference, as certainly as other forms of experience have.

Professor J. M. Baldwin very well says that there is a form of contemplation in which, as in æsthetic experience, the strands of the mind's diverging dualisms are '*merged and fused*.' He adds: 'In this experience of a fusion which is not a mixture, but which issues in a meaning of its own sort and kind, an experience whose essential character is just this unity of comprehension, consciousness attains its completest, its most direct, and its final apprehension of what Reality is and means.' It really comes round to the question whether the mind of a self-conscious person has any way of approach, except by way of the senses, to any kind of reality. There is no *a priori* answer to that question. It can be settled only by experience. It is, therefore, pure dogmatism to say, as Professor Dunlap in his recent attack on mysticism does, that all conscious processes are based on sense-stimulation, and all thought as well as perception depends on reaction to sense-stimulus. It is no doubt true that behavior psychology must resort to some such formula; but that only means that such psychology is always dealing with greatly transformed and reduced beings, when it attempts to deal with persons like us, who, in the

richness of our concrete lives, are never reduced to 'behavior-beings.' We have interior dimensions, and 'that is the end on 't'! Some persons — and they are by no means feeble-minded individuals — are as certain that they have contact with a world within, as they are that they have experiences of a world outside in space. Thomas Aquinas, who neither in method nor in doctrine leaned toward mysticism, though he was most certainly 'a harmonized man,' and who in theory postponed the vision of God to a realm beyond death, nevertheless had an experience two years before he died which made him put his pen and inkhorn on the shelf and never write another word of his *Summa Theologiæ*. When he was reminded of the incomplete state of his great work, and was urged to go on with it, he replied, 'I have seen that which makes all that I have written look small to me.'

It may be just possible that there is a universe of spiritual reality upon which our finite spirits open inward as inlets open into the sea.

> Like tides on the crescent sea-beach
> When the moon is new and thin,
> Into our hearts high yearnings
> Come welling and surging in —
> Come from that mystic ocean
> Whose rim no foot has trod —
> Some call it Longing,
> But others call it God.

Such a view is perfectly sane and tenable; it conflicts with no proved and demonstrated facts in the nature either of the universe or of mind. It seems, in any event, to the mystic that there is such a world, that he has found it as surely as Columbus found San Salvador, and that his experience is a truth-telling experience.

But, granting that it is truth-telling and has objective reference, is the mystic justified in claiming that he has found and knows God? One does not need to be a very wide and extensive student of mystical experience to discover what a meagre stock of knowledge the genuine mystic reports. William James's remarkable experience in the Adirondack woods very well illustrates the type. It had, he says, 'an intense significance of some sort, if one could only *tell* the significance. . . . In point of fact, I can't find a single word for all that significance and don't know what it was significant of, so that it remains a mere boulder of impression.' At a later date James refers to that 'extraordinary vivacity of man's psychological commerce with something ideal that *feels as if* it were also actual.' The greatest of all the fourteenth-century mystics, Meister Eckhart, could not put his *impression* into words or ideas. What he found was a 'wilderness of the Godhead where no one is at home' — that is, an Object with no particular, differentiated, concrete characteristics. It was not an accident that so many of the mystics hit upon the *via negativa*, the way of negation, or that they called their discovery 'the divine Dark.'

> Whatever your mind comes at,
> I tell you flat,
> God is not that.

Mystical experience does not supply concrete information. It does not bring new finite facts, new items that can be used in a description of 'the scenery and circumstance' of the realm beyond our sense-horizons. It is the awareness of a Presence, the consciousness of a Beyond, the discovery, as James put it, that ' we are continuous with a More of the same quality, which is operative in us and in touch with us.'

The most striking effect of such experience is not new fact-knowledge, not new items of empirical information, but new moral energy, heightened conviction, increased caloric quality, enlarged spiritual vision, an unusual radiant power of life. In short, the whole personality, in the case of the constructive

mystics, appears to be raised to a new level of life, and to have gained from somewhere many calories of life-feeding, spiritual substance. We are quite familiar with the way in which adrenalin suddenly flushes into the physical system and adds a new and incalculable power to brain and muscle. Under its stimulus a man can carry out a piano when the house is on fire. May not, perhaps, some energy, from some Source with which our spirits are allied, flush our inner being with forces and powers by which we can be fortified to stand the universe and more than stand it! 'We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us,' is the way one of the world's greatest mystics felt.

Mystical experience — and we must remember, as Santayana has said, that 'experience is like a shrapnel shell and bursts into a thousand meanings' — does at least one thing. It makes God sure to the person who has had the experience. It raises faith and conviction to the *n*th power. 'The God who said, "Let light shine out of darkness," has shined into my heart to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God,' is St. Paul's testimony. 'I knew God by revelation,' declares George Fox; 'I was as one who hath the key and doth open.' 'The man who has attained this felicity,' Plotinus says, 'meets some turn of fortune that he would not have chosen, but there is not the slightest lessening of his happiness for that.' But this experience, with its overwhelming conviction and its dynamic effect, cannot be put into the common coin of speech. Frederic Myers has well expressed the difficulty: —

> Oh could I tell, ye surely would believe it!
> Oh could I only say what I have seen!
> How should I tell or how can ye receive it,
> How, till He bringeth you where I have been?

When Columbus found San Salvador, he was able to describe it to those who did not sail with him in the Santa Maria; but when the mystic finds God, he cannot give us any 'knowledge' in plain words of everyday speech. He can only refer to his boulder, or his Gibraltar, of *impression*. That situation is what we should expect. We cannot, either, describe any of our great emotions. We cannot impart what flushes into our consciousness in moments of lofty intuition. We have a submerged life within us, which is certainly no less real than our hand or foot. It influences all that we do or say, but we do not find it easy to utter it. In the presence of the sublime we have nothing to say — or, if we do say anything, it is a great mistake! Language is forged to deal with experiences that are common to many persons, that is, with experiences that refer to objects in space. We have no vocabulary for the subtle, elusive flashes of vision, which are unique, individual, and unsharable, as, for instance, is our personal sense of 'the tender grace of a day that is dead.' We are forced in all these matters to resort to symbolic suggestion and to artistic devices. Coventry Patmore said with much insight: —

> In divinity and love
> What 's worth the saying can't be said.

I believe that mystical experiences do, in the long run, expand our knowledge of God, and do succeed in verifying themselves. Mysticism is a sort of spiritual protoplasm, which underlies, as a basic substance, much that is best in religion, in ethics, and in life itself. It has generally been the mystic, the prophet, the seer, who has spotted out new ways forward in the jungle of our world, or lifted our race to new spiritual levels. Their experiences have in some way equipped them for unusual tasks, have given supplies of energy to them which their neighbors did not have, and have apparently brought them into vital correspondence with dimensions and regions of reality that others miss.

The proof that they have found God, or at least a domain of spiritual reality, does not lie in some new stock of knowledge, not in some gnostic secret, which they bring back; it is to be seen rather in the moral and spiritual fruits which test out and verify the experience.

Consciousness of beauty or of truth or of goodness baffles analysis as much as consciousness of God does. These values have no objective standing-ground in current psychology. They are not things in the world of space. They submit to no adequate causal explanation. They have their ground of being in some other kind of world than that of the mechanical order, a world composed of quantitative masses of matter in motion. These experiences of value, which are as real for experience as stone-walls are, make very clear the fact that there are depths and capacities in the nature of the normal human mind which we do not usually recognize, and of which we have scant and imperfect accounts in our textbooks. Our minds, taken in their full range, in other words, have some sort of contact and relationship with an eternal nature of things far deeper than atoms and molecules. Only very slowly and gradually has the race learned, through finite symbols and temporal forms, to interpret beauty and truth and goodness, which, in their essence, are as ineffable and indescribable as is the mystic's experience of God. Plato often speaks as if he had high moments of experience when he rose to the naked vision of beauty — beauty 'alone, separate and eternal,' as he says; and his myths are very probably told, as J. A. Stewart believes, to assist others to experience this same vision — a beauty that 'does not grow nor perish, is without increase or diminution and endures for everlasting.' But, as a matter of fact, however exalted heavenly and enduring beauty may be in its essence, we know *what it is* only as it appears in fair forms of objects, of body, of soul, of actions; in harmonious blending of sounds or colors; in well-ordered or happily combined groupings of many aspects in one unity, which is as it ought to be. Truth and moral goodness always transcend our attainments, and we sometimes feel that the very end and goal of life is the pursuit of that truth or that goodness which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. But whatever truth we do attain, or whatever goodness we do achieve, is always concrete. Truth is just this one more added fact that resists all attempt to doubt it. Goodness is just this simple everyday deed that reveals a heroic spirit and a brave venture of faith in the midst of difficulties.

So, too, the mystic knowledge of God is not some esoteric communication, supplied through trance or ecstasy; it is an intuitive personal touch with God, felt to be the essentially real, the bursting forth of an intense love for Him, which heightens all the capacities and activities of life, followed by the slow laboratory effects which verify it. 'All I could never be' now *is*. It seems possible to stand the universe — even to do something toward the transformation of it. The bans get read for that most difficult of all marriages, the marriage of the possible with the actual, the ideal with the real. And if the experience does not prove that the soul has found God, it at least does this: it makes the soul feel that proofs of God are wholly unnecessary.

MEDITATIONS OF A BACHELOR

BY EDWARD CARRINGTON VENABLE

It is printed on some page of a now forgotten volume: —

'The cry of "The Christian to the Lions!" resounded everywhere through the dark streets.'

The page was probably describing the reign of the Emperor Nero, and was possibly written by Sienkiewicz, though that is no matter here.

The little boy who read it, and went to bed immediately afterward, lay alone for a long time — or at least what seemed a long time — in a perfectly dark bedroom, hearing that terrible cry. It came to him in a dozen forms, but each distinctly articulate. There was a large clock below, at the stairs' foot, which ticked it; somewhere in the fields outside a cow bellowed it defiantly into the dark universe; a lonely whip-poor-will down by the river somewhere lamented it with equal intervals.

It was the very worst night of that little boy's life. Never afterward was he quite so frightened. He believed, a trifle arrogantly, may be, that he was a Christian, and, of course, he was sure of lions. To these facts, add that unnamable quality which the dark possesses, even for an animal, and you have by the simplest reasoning a truly terrifying situation. For it is a terrifying situation to be alone in the dark, a very small Christian, and hear a horde of barbarians shrieking for your life. It is terrifying, and it is childish, and it is as impeccably reasonable as arithmetic.

Of course, to the adult mind that last quality, the rationality, is not self-evident; but that is because the adult mind cannot recapture firm faith in its own orthodoxy or shed its acquired knowledge of the scarcity of lions. But taking these two feats as accomplished, certainly the perfect reasonableness of that terror is undeniable. Anyone is afraid of being thrown to the lions, who knows that he is defenselessly liable to such a fate and that there is a plentiful and immediate supply of lions. That small boy was not, as his elders would have assured him, groundlessly alarmed. He was ignorant, very, and of many things — of zoölogy, of the improved customs of theological dispute; but he was not in the least irrational. His fright was childish, but it was not in any correct sense unreasonable.

That so simple a conclusion requires any demonstration shows the extent of the evil — this confounding of the unreasonable with the childish. The two terms have become positively almost synonymous. The two adjectives pop out in any casual talk like the two barrels of a shot-gun. It would be more accurate, however, to say that they are in antithesis. For example, the fair question is rather whether there are any reasonable fears, except childish fears. It is this that gives them their unequaled poignancy. They assail not the imagination, but the very seat of reason itself. They cannot be argued away, because they have all the arguments on their side. Not Socrates himself that night could have reasoned that little boy into serenity. He remained alarmed at the horrible possibilities of his merciless logic, until experience

shifted the weight of probability to his side of the balance — a faultlessly logical method. True, the result was absurd; but then, that was the defect of his education. He was helpless in that regard, for he could acquire only what was permitted to him. Beyond that he was the victim of his method — a fate that overtakes only children and philosophers.

The likeness between these two classes of human beings, between children and philosophers, which has become the most obvious of observations, is, indeed, never a matter of chance. It is as sequential as it is obvious. Each confronted by an unintelligible universe, which he is compelled to explain, attempts to reduce it to order by the method of his reason. The central effort of the life of either is precisely the same. Each fails. The child becomes a man or woman, acquires experience, prejudices, sympathy, superstitions, memories, and so accomplishes his few purposes. The philosopher commits suicide, or dies of old age, according to the intensity of his convictions. As surely as a man is a child who has grown up, a philosopher is a child who has not grown up. The Pauline admonition that he put away childish things he has not heeded — not, at least, in regard to the most childish of all things. All of which is the most obvious of observations. The type of philosopher who forgets his hat and carries about into the world the heart of a child has worn out its welcome in the most popular fiction. It is strange that the equally broad generalization, the philosophy of infancy, has escaped an equally general recognition. Perhaps the explanation is that children have so recently begun to write books.

Certainly no one who has ever encountered the merciless rationalism of the human young has failed to mark it. The matured descendant of that small boy with the lions, then grown to thirty years and more, had such an experience. It was terrifying; but how absurd, how beyond all reasonable explanation appears this adult terror — occurring, too, not in the darkness of a lonely bedroom, but in the mild afternoon light of a nursery — by comparison with that earlier one.

It was exactly mid-afternoon in May that he, a grown-up Christian now, was thrown into the arena of his grown-up fear, a nursery, to three little lions seated about a sort of Gulliver's Travels table before a window. The mother of these lions stood in the doorway. The poor Christian stood in the middle of the floor being looked at, not at all angrily, only thoroughly. The mother of the lions looked anxiously at the group about the table. Then she turned a tranquil glance for an instant to the Christian. So, exactly, might some Imperial Roman, lolling on velvet-covered marble, have glanced down at the terrible sands. And just as that one might, for a brief instant of bored indecision, have looked at his thumb before deciding 'up' or 'down,' so she glanced at her wrist with its tiny watch.

'I shall be back,' she said evenly, 'about six.'

It was then about five. So it was distinctly, 'Thumbs down.'

Then she went out, closing the door behind her — chaining it possibly. And the lions sat implacable.

When, at a little before six, — she was not so heartless as she appeared, — the door was unbarred, it was a truly exhausted man who was released. He was exhausted because no adult can live in the rarefied air of pure truth, purged of every uncertainty that interrogation can detect, for that length of time without exhaustion. He, like an air-pilot at altitude, must get down for a few lungfulls of earth-contaminated

atmosphere, or die. Only children and philosophers can do otherwise.

Yet this man's ordeal had been a light one. He had been set three tasks. First, he had been asked to sing. He could n't sing; but then, neither could the children. He had been taught the fact by experience. Innocent of experience, their ecstasy during ten repetitions of 'My Country, 't is of Thee' was exquisite. His mortification was unnecessary, unreasonable, and painful.

Failing completely to explain his lack of voice, he was asked to tell a story. Now it happened, that whatever self-respect he had he had won for himself by the belief that he could tell stories and by the stories he had told. In fact, he was a story-teller by trade. It might be well to explain that the situation as it stood then was caused by the mother of the lions, who was his hostess for that week-end and rather at a loss to dispose of him, suggesting, —

'I have to meet Elizabeth on the 5.35. Why don't you go up and tell the children stories. I am sure you would tell such wonderful ones.'

He remembered later that he had thought he would — would, that is, tell wonderful ones. He even had a remnant of such confidence after the failure of 'My Country, 't is of Thee.'

So he started off gallantly at the command, 'Tell us a story,' with 'Well, once upon a time —'

In three sentences he had lost his audience. In ten he had disgusted them. They were, on the whole, polite about it, though not obscurely circuitous. They merely said, —

'We're going to play Alps.'

Fortunately they let him be the mountain. He possessed superior qualifications for that rôle.

So he lay for the better part of an hour covered by a white table-cloth, and was an Alp, while disregarding feet trampled on his diminished head. In that way, at the last, he achieved a success of a sort. But to be only a mountain in a nursery is not a gratifying experience.

When at last he lifted a corner of the table-cloth and peered out at his returned hostess, all vanity had fled from that man. There was an annoying symbolism about his attitude on the carpet. He had been brought low by the pitiless logic that seemed to stamp 'Mene, mene' upon his forehead. He had been tested, soul and body, and found only body. He had been subjected to that dreadful and merciless analysis, — so many of whose celebrated practitioners have justly suffered death at the hands of outraged humanity, — that pitiless judgment which, taking no account of the nobler, though abortive impulses of mankind, their capacity for love, their dauntless aspiration, their tender fancy and sympathy, the mysteries of their imagination, will accept only the hard cash of Reason.

'Well, how did you like it?' asked his hostess as they went downstairs.

If he had answered frankly, the violence of his feeling, of his just resentment, would possibly have hurled her the length of the flight of stairs. That is the way her children would have answered her.

He managed to preserve some degree of truth, however, by replying that it was one of the most instructive afternoons of his life.

It was a just answer. Later reflection has confirmed it. After all, his assailants were unconscious of their acts. Like himself thirty years earlier, they were the victims of their method. And that method was the only one they knew. Strip any human soul of its experience, of the sympathy that comes by suffering, of the aspiration that springs only from watching the sufferings of others, of the humility that only failure can teach — what is left to it,

except Reason? True, the infants were terrible, but how terribly they were armed, with minds free from the prejudices of experience, unsoftened by strain, functioning with mechanical accuracy. These are the qualifications of a machine-gun, not of a human soul. Alas, it cannot be denied that, the more one feels, the more especially one has felt, the less accurately one reasons. It is not the ineptitude of the child's question that upsets his elders, it is its directness. The *enfant terrible* is terrible only because of his accuracy, of his simplicity, of his perfect unconcern with anything but truth. Surely, to say of an afternoon spent in such company that it is instructive, is not to exceed the bounds of even their rigid veracity.

But his questioner was not daunted. She ventured further.

'Yes,' she agreed as her feet touched the bottom step. 'Are n't they fascinating?'

That was the fatal step too far, the famous little bit of the too-much. There is the story of the man who developed feliphobia fainting at the sound of a purr, or the touch of fur, and explained his aversion on the grounds that 'cats can *only* reason.' There is a difference between an association that is instructive and one that fascinates.

'I love to watch their little minds grow,' she finished happily.

The remark, somehow, instantly called up a picture of this most delightful gentle human being, spending her life gloating over the gradual and inevitable deterioration of her offspring — like some distraught marksman enthusiastically calculating the increasing error of his rifle.

COURTSHIP AFTER MARRIAGE

Not long ago I read with pious misgivings a book on Anarchism, by Emma Goldman. It contained — as I expected — much that was objectionable, wild, and shocking. But it also contained some very stimulating observations and reflections. I was deeply impressed by a powerful chapter on marriage, in which the author protested against the ugly fact that, under modern social and economic conditions in the United States, particularly in New England, very many women are denied the natural right of motherhood. A painful picture was drawn of the many thousands of over-strained, atrophied women doomed to live out their lives unmated and deprived of their rightful inheritance.

Statistics show that one out of every twelve women remains unmarried between the years of forty-five and sixty-four; one out of ten between thirty-five and forty-four; and one out of five between twenty-five and thirty-four. Among the men, one out of ten remains unmarried between the ages of forty-five and sixty-four; one out of six between thirty-five and forty-four; and one out of every three between twenty-five and thirty-four. Something must be decidedly wrong with our civilization, to permit such a state of affairs.

It is evident that this extraordinary problem concerns the unmarried man quite as much as the unmarried woman. The man who has never known the dignity, the responsibilities, and the deep

satisfaction of fatherhood is also an atrophied, abnormal member of society. As an unreconciled bachelor, I have wrestled hard with the problem and have reached certain conclusions, which, I fear, are regarded by some of my friends as most heretical.

I recognize, of course, that economic conditions are partly responsible for this abnormal situation; but I believe that this difficulty could be surmounted without much trouble if it were not for other much more serious influences. The necessity of earning a living, in order to care for dependents; the struggle to acquire an education in law and medicine, as well as in other professions — all this often compels a lamentable delay, or an indefinite postponement, of marriage. This delay is itself frequently tragic in the strain of inhibitions and the consequent ills it imposes on both sexes, at the time when Nature is calling imperatively for her unquestioned rights.

But I am thinking primarily of those who never marry, who bravely put up a cheerful front, but whose hearts are never free from a sense of irremediable loss. I am thinking of those who cannot stand this strain, and who collapse, either mentally or morally. Economic reasons may in some cases absolutely preclude marriage; but I believe that other causes are of much greater weight.

First of all, I accuse the spirit of Puritanism for having fostered a false attitude toward the sex-instinct. Many a boy and girl brought up in a Puritan environment have come to regard the first attractions of sex as something utterly unholy. They have resisted these inclinations and brooded morbidly over them, until they have felt damned beyond redemption. They have turned to ascetic discipline and severe torments of the soul, until their outlook has become badly distorted, even at times to the extreme of insanity.

These unhappy victims of Puritanism have been prevented from realizing that Nature is only asking her own: that she rejoices in the instinctive revelations of sex; that adolescence is as natural as breathing, and must not be too long ignored.

Among simple primitive folk, who have mercifully been spared the dark shadow of Puritanism on their sex-relations, the process of mating and of reproduction is rightly regarded as Nature's richest gift. They do not affront Nature by pleading for a delay, or feel guilty when obeying the imperious demands of mature adolescence. As for that matter, even our Puritan ancestors were in this respect more normal and more moral than is the case to-day, in favoring early marriages and in welcoming the rather abundant harvests of such unions.

Puritanism, in its peculiar definition of moral purity and its gloomy approach to marriage, has created a stuffy atmosphere in which it is excessively difficult for men and women to meet naturally. There is a restraint and a prudery that render courtship difficult or illicit love easy. Desperate measures are necessary under such conditions. Severe admonitions or cruel jests either kill budding affections or provoke to acts not infrequently unfortunate in their consequences.

And this preposterous attitude lasts after marriage, when many a young mother finds herself condemned to a painful reticence and evasion at a time when she should be boldly exultant in her supreme realization of Nature's greatest miracle. Puritanism has seemed to associate with this great joy something abhorrent and shameful! I remember how I once shocked a cousin by remarking that one of our relations was expecting a baby; and how, later on, she admitted her inability to understand why she should have felt shocked.

The answer, of course, was this strange thing called Puritanism, which has cast a dreadful pall on the most joyous and natural instinct of mankind.

Next to Puritanism I accuse the spirit of Romanticism — an odd partner in crime — for rendering marriage so difficult to achieve. Poetry and fiction have done their worst to foster fantastic notions concerning love and matrimony. Preachers, moralists, psychologists, and writers of various kinds have all united to represent the sex-instinct as exotic and unreal. The native hue of passion has been sicklied o'er by a very pale cast of thought. Youths and maidens have attended theoretical courses in correspondence schools on the subject of matrimony. They have been encouraged to subject their emotions to a compound microscope, to try to discover by analysis whether these feelings are as described in the books. They have been led to be hypercritical to such an extent that they become morbidly introspective. And all the time two sound hearts may have been calling loudly to each other in vain! In their search for a great romance, for the proper stage-setting for courtship, they become utterly confused and hysterical at times. They play on each other's nerves until something is bound to happen; but what happens is too often a tragedy. Nature is scornful of play-acting in matters of the heart, and visits fearful penalties on the actors. Nature cannot but have a grudge against this Romanticism, which blinds people to realities and impels them to pursue an *ignis fatuus*, in an utterly unreal world of intellectual creation.

I accuse also the Feminist movement for its part in bewildering society regarding the relations of the sexes. Many excellent women, in their devotion and martyrdom to the cause of equal suffrage, have practically taken vows of celibacy, like nuns. At least, the effect is the same, by reason of the emphasis they place on the entering of women into the various professions, their right to economic independence, and their obligation to demonstrate their absolute freedom. The making of a home, the rearing of children, seem to be regarded by the Feminists as, at best, nothing but an evil necessity, to be borne under protest and to be avoided if possible. This attitude in some amounts virtually to an angry revolt against Nature for having been outrageously unjust in placing a heavier burden on women than on men. The way some of these Feminists talk would lead one to infer that they desired legislation from on high, to impose on men part of the task of bearing children!

Another and more sinister effect of Feminism has been the hideous reaction of the argument against a double standard of morality for men and women. Instead of inducing men to be more moral, the tendency would seem decidedly to make women more lax, and even cynical on the subject. I have known women who, ignoring the sententious and incontrovertible argument of Franklin concerning the double standard, have frankly asserted the right of a woman to have her 'fling' as well as a man. There are various sets where an amused tolerance condones moral delinquencies, or fosters a most dangerous attitude toward marriage. As in the case of certain social or stage celebrities, marriage becomes a joke, or a meaningless formality, well characterized by a shrewd Turkish observer as 'consecutive polygamy.'

It is to be hoped, and in fact is to be expected, that, after this exaggerated movement of protest by the Feminists has spent its force, we shall have a return to a sane and natural attitude toward the marriage relation and all that it implies in obligations and ultimate contentment.

And out of Puritanism, Romanticism, and Feminism, as well as from prevailing economic conditions, have grown false standards of happiness. Nature says to a man and woman: 'Unite, make a home, have children, cherish them, and build for their future, if you would know true contentment.' Modern civilization says: 'Do not think of marriage until after you have had a chance to enjoy yourselves in a life of independence; until you have sufficient means, a fine house, an automobile or two, and a mate with whom to continue your good time. Do not think of having children if they interfere in the least with your good time; certainly do not have more than one or two. And do not stay married for a moment if anything disagreeable occurs to mar your happiness.'

Or many a high-minded young man or girl is thinking of perfect bliss in marriage, of an ideal union of kindred souls, that will ensure eternal harmony and contentment. Their conception of domestic happiness is too exacting and unreal; it cannot allow for strain and stress. It renders marriage either more difficult to achieve or impossible to maintain.

I recall an observation by a statesman of note, when addressing a group of college girls, to the effect that it was much better for a woman never to marry than to marry unhappily. This sounds rather reasonable, but requires, first of all, a clear definition of married happiness. Such a definition, under modern conditions, is becoming increasingly difficult. Many a girl would be rendered unhappy by being deprived of certain comforts and privileges she has enjoyed in her home. At least, she may think so, and thus avoid matrimony and, very probably, miss true happiness. Other girls, who could readily endure such privations, may be made miserably unhappy to discover that their glorious ideal of marriage cannot be fully realized.

Here is the difficulty: what constitutes true happiness and absolute contentment? Many a man and woman have learned the answer by simple living in accordance with the demands of Nature. They have discovered that the standards of happiness set by modern civilization in literature, theatre, college, and social conventions are grotesquely false. Yes, many a woman possessing that greatest of gifts — *an understanding heart* — has achieved supreme happiness through 'the simple round, the daily task,' through the home loyalties and loving services. I have known women whose love and devotion have enabled them, not only to endure fearful humiliations at the hands of unworthy husbands, but actually to redeem them to a fine manhood in a sanctified and reconsecrated home. I have known men whose patience and tenderness have endured the nagging of thoughtless wives, their extravagances, their follies, yes, their faithlessness; and have brought them back to a beautiful and sane realization of true contentment. I have seen such men and women learn, through the strain and stress of married life, that the greatest happiness, after all, lies in sacrifice; that the basic principle of our Western civilization is the obligation to build for others. The home is the cornerstone of that civilization and of true contentment.

In the light of this standard of happiness I venture to reply to the superficial observation on marriage by the statesman to whom I have alluded, that it is better by far to have known the joys with the ills and sacrifices of motherhood than to live in a fancied single blessedness. To live as Nature ordained, though with many a concern and many a chagrin, is infinitely preferable to living in relative ease and serenity, in opposition to Nature's demands.

There is good reason to view with disgust and alarm certain tendencies of the rising generation. The mode of dress that *exposes* rather than *discloses* feminine charms; the dance that exacts vulgar postures and familiarities; the 'petting' that arouses sexual emotions — all this, I take it, lamentable as it is, may perhaps be regarded in part as a reaction from those unnatural conditions which have militated against the wholesome relations of the sexes. It is a pity that the pendulum should swing so violently to a dangerous extreme; but I am hopeful that we may yet find a golden mean, which will result in a greater general happiness

Such a golden mean I find on the other side of the Atlantic, where the sex-instinct and marriage are regarded more sanely and naturally than on this side. Everything there — nature, parents, and society in general — unites to encourage young people to mate and nest early. No exaggerated intellectual refinements, no romantic fancies, no social conventions stand in the way of a free response to the 'cosmic urge.'

In the case also of Europeans of means and education, marriage is relatively easy, even when delayed for one reason or another. It is erroneous to think that Continental marriages are simply a matter of negotiations, irrespective of the sentiments and preferences of those directly concerned. If sentiment and desire should not coincide with interest, either side may freely use the right of veto. I recall several German friends living away from Germany, who were precluded by this fact and other circumstances from an early marriage. When the time arrived that they felt free to marry, it was a simple matter to let the home folks know of this desire. They in turn found it easy to pass along the word to someone in their circle of friends, who likewise had the desire to do her part in the making of a home. When the prospective lovers came together, there was no constraint, either of Puritanism or of Romanticism. On their finding each other congenial, the engagement was shortly entered into, and marriage followed soon after. In the cases I have in mind there was every evidence in later years of tender devotion and contentment.

I hope it will not be thought that I am arguing in favor of marriages *de convenance* as against sentiment and romance. There is nothing finer than some of the truly romantic and idyllic courtships it has been my privilege to witness. The *grande passion* does come to some, and is greatly to be desired. I am merely arguing that where such extraordinary experiences seem unlikely or unattainable, — as I fear they are in most cases, — obedience to the demands of nature should compel one to admit that marriage is not only desirable but imperative. I am contending for a saner attitude on the part of society in general toward the whole subject. I am writing as frankly as I can, out of the depths of experience, — sweet as well as bitter, — to try to help others to think more clearly on this vital problem.

Society should do all in its power, in my opinion, to render marriage easier, in order to restore it to its rightful place as the basic and primordial fact of life itself. We should feel much greater concern over the unpleasant fact of the large numbers of unmarried members of society. And early marriages should be facilitated, in recognition of the fact that delay can hardly be good, either for the individual or for society in general. The home is the basis of our civilization, and the more homes, the better the community. Whether early or late, marriage should be the immediate and the most serious concern of society at large.

All that has been said thus far should

not be interpreted as minimizing in the least the sacramental nature of marriage as it rightfully is regarded by the Church. To those who think deeply, there is hardly anything in life that may not properly be deemed sacred. In fact, it is this sense of the sanctity, beauty, and dignity of human relationships that brings the greatest joy in life. But it does not follow, because marriage is sacramental, that courtship is to be considered as of divine origin, more than any of the many other human relationships. What really matters is the specific act of consecration. The mating of man and wife may be elemental, a most natural response to an imperative and irresistible command; but God may not have joined them together unless they themselves have solemnly laid their plighted troth on his altar.

This to me is the true significance and beauty of the marriage service, so often missed, alas, amid the pomp and theatricals of elaborate church weddings. The thoughtless and the cynics, occupied with thoughts of how the bride looked or the groom behaved, are often too unmindful of the fact that here are two souls who have dared present themselves to dedicate their union before God and in the sight of man. They have solemnly pledged in prayer that, come what may, they are determined to show each other patience, reasonableness, charity, forgiveness, loyalty, and the love that pardoneth all things, throughout the trials and vicissitudes of their wedded life.

Whether in a religious or a civil ceremony, this is what all reasonable beings should pledge. It is a solemn acknowledgment of the fundamental fact that falling in love is not nearly of as great importance as the sacred act of marriage itself. The emphasis should be placed, not simply by the Church, but by all society, on the sacramental nature of married life.

Confucius said: 'A man and his wife should be as guests to each other.' Could anything more profound or more exquisite be said of the marriage relation? Unfailing courtesy and deferential consideration, thoughtful and delicate attentions, rare patience and charity, all that the hospitality of one soul to another implies — is not this the final answer to the whole problem of marriage and divorce?

This, it seems to me, is the attitude society should aim to foster: a more natural approach to the sex-relation, freedom from fantastic notions and artificial restraints, a shifting of emphasis from the search for romantic courtships to the necessity of a daily courtship after marriage; in sum, insistence on a simpler and deeper conception of happiness, based on home loyalties, sacrifices, and joyous revelations of life's mysteries, 'until Death us do part.'

HIPPOLYTUS

BY ANNE WINSLOW

In these untarnished meadows, where the bee
Plies undisturbed his summer husbandry,
Where never sound of men who sow and reap
  Vexes the earth's soft sleep,
All is so still I sometimes hear her pass;
Her foot's divinity has touched the grass
  And left its bloom more fair,
  And falls upon the air
  A brightness from her hair.

Here in her timeless garden, where the hours
Leave off their ringèd dance, I wreathe pale flowers
To crown her brows. So would I gather peace
  And find at last release
From the dark visions the immortals send;
They give men death, but man's blind fate no end;
  Counting the wasted sands,
  Knitting the broken strands
  With their all-patient hands.

Like a dim legend written on the brain,
The shadows come; deep caverns yawn again
In the steep rocks, and monstrous deeds are done
  Under an ancient sun.
Far voices call me and I hear the sound
Of endless hoof-beats on the echoing ground.
  Why must you fall so fleet,
  Dark and avenging feet,
  While life and youth are sweet?

DISARMAMENT AND THE STATE OF EUROPE

BY CHARLES À COURT REPINGTON

All Commonwealths ought to desire Peace, yet it is necessary ever to be prepared for the War; because Peace disarmed is weak, and without Reputation: Therefore the Poets feign, that Pallas the Goddess of Wisdom did always appear armed. — SIR WALTER RALEIGH: *The Arts of Empire.*

THE Washington Conference is about to open, with disarmament for its leading theme, and I think it may be interesting to American readers if I give them, for what it is worth, the deductions that I have drawn concerning disarmament and kindred subjects during recent travels from the Baltic to the Ægean and from the Channel to the Black Sea. These journeys have occupied me during the greater part of this year and have brought me in contact with most of the directing minds which exercise authority in the old Continent, as well as with many other people of all classes, professions, and nationalities. I write for American readers with the greater pleasure because, wherever I have been, I have found English and American opinion firmly united, with or without previous discussion or agreement, on almost every single question that distracts Europe, and I have certainly returned home with this fact as the most satisfying, if not the only satisfying, conclusion of my tour.

The Question of Disarmament

One may divide Europe, broadly speaking, into three parts: the victors, the vanquished, and the neutrals in the late war. The victors are suffering from indigestion, the vanquished from exhaustion, and the neutrals from the discomforts inherent in propinquity to sick neighbors. No people are happy; no nation loves another; and it will take years for the hates and jealousies arising out of both the war and the peace to die down. Practically speaking the victors are still dominant and the vanquished still in subjection. The victors are dominant because they are compelled, in greater or less degree, to remain armed until all the terms of the peace treaties are carried out; and this must be an affair of long years, because the reparations exacted, though not a tithe of the real cost of the damage done, have been spread over long periods of time, in order to make the payments possible. The presence of numerous Inter-Allied commissions in the conquered countries is a source of humiliation to them, but cannot be helped, as they are there in pursuance of treaties.

It is no satisfaction to the victors to remain armed, because the cost is great and every state is at its wits' end for money. In fact, the destitution of treasuries is so marked that even the victors have to impose on their own people almost unendurable burdens, and in many cases do so with little regard for the elementary principles of economics, thus helping to prolong the crisis of which even America is sensible. But they dread that, if they do not remain armed and impose these burdens on their taxpayers, the vanquished may either recover and renew the war, or, at all events, find good pretexts for discontinuing their payments, owing to

their recognition of the fact that there is no power sufficient to coerce them. In this event, certain of the victors will reckon themselves ruined.

Therefore, the first unpleasant fact to be faced is that the victors are still armed and the vanquished almost entirely disarmed; and that, though this is an intolerable state of affairs, offers no permanence, and heals no wounds, an alternative is not within sight for many years without risk of the renewal of the war, which alternative is, of all things, the one that nobody can contemplate with equanimity. 'Peace disarmed' would be not only 'without reputation,' but a signal danger.

A conference aiming at disarmament will observe that, England apart, and America having side-tracked herself in this business, the victors retain compulsory service, while the vanquished, or at least their governments, all pine for such service and are not allowed to have it. Similarly, the vast war-material of the victors remains in existence, rotting or rusting in part, perhaps, and gradually growing out of date, but still more or less fit for use; while the huge war-material of the vanquished, greater by far than anyone imagined at the Armistice of 1918, has been swept into the net of the victors and has either been taken or destroyed. Disarmament? Yes, it has been carried out by force, but only in the case of the conquered states.

Another cause for disquiet is the fact that practically the whole of the able-bodied population of Europe were trained soldiers in 1918, or trained organizers or providers of the needs of war, in one form or another. Therefore, if some strong compelling sentiment should make a people rise, it would only need arms for numerically strong forces to reappear as by magic, and all the long training of the war period could be dispensed with. This situation will not end for another fifteen or twenty years, when all the veterans of the war-time will be too old, or too stout, or too much immersed in their new occupations, whatever these may be, to desire, or to be able, to march and fight. The victors have seen very clearly that these veterans cannot be destroyed, but that war-material can be; and the various Inter-Allied military commissions have therefore concentrated upon material, and have shown relentless severity in insisting upon a thorough surrender of arms — not only of guns and rifles, aeroplanes and machine-guns, but of the whole machinery of military equipment, including carts and limbers, harness, and all the thousands of articles that go to make up a properly found army. It is held that this action will make the vanquished states incapable of creating modern armies, except after a long delay, which the victors will naturally exploit.

The vanquished, on their side, have naturally sought, by every available means, to escape the control of the military commissions, and, in effectives as in armament, to conceal what they are doing by more or less clever camouflage. It has not succeeded, on the whole, but there are still military organizations in excess of treaty stipulations; there are all sorts of pseudo-civilian societies, associations of old soldiers, compulsory-labor laws, and so forth, which are not indeed very formidable, but which show that the disposition endures to resuscitate military power at the first opportunity. Similarly, there is a certain amount of war-material still concealed and undelivered, especially rifles and machine-guns; but to me the wonder is that so much has been given up, and I feel confident that it would not have been had the vanquished been certain allied and associated powers that one could name.

However, there it is, and that is the

present situation. But not quite all has been said; for it is the decided and well-weighed opinion of the best men in control of the military commissions that, after they withdraw from the territories of the vanquished states, it will not take more than two years for the war-material to be replaced, at all events in the case of Germany; and that in five years the whole of the vast war-material may be renewed, quite apart from contracts that may be made with neutrals, perhaps through foreigners. Therefore, the question arises whether these commissions should not be retained until all the veterans are past the fighting age; for though, by the Treaty of Versailles, it is the League of Nations that has the duty of checking future designs of an aggressive sort, the League will have difficulty in carrying out this task; and, in fact, no one believes that it can do it.

Another real difficulty is that, when we disarm a state, we practically become, in a moral sense, trustees for her internal order and external security. A country whose forces are compulsorily reduced to the vanishing-point may not be able to suppress Spartacists, Bolsheviki, or what not; may not be able to prevent bandits from crossing from their territory into another, or to keep out other peoples' bandits; while there is the still more serious danger that the government itself may become so weak that it may lack authority, and be at the mercy of a *coup d'état*. This lack of authority is one of the most constant complaints of the vanquished states. It is certain also that a long-service, voluntarily enlisted army, gendarmerie, or police, offers an easier prey to intriguers than a conscripted army based on short service; for the latter constantly refreshes itself from the whole people, whence it springs, while a volunteer force has to be taken from less choice elements, and in unsettled times and territories easily becomes a sort of Prætorian Guard, or corps of Janissaries at the call of the highest bidder. In countries of peasant proprietors, it is even difficult to recruit a voluntary army at all.

These are among the problems that Washington will have to confront on the side of the recently vanquished states; but perhaps they will be surpassed in complexity when the armies of the Allies are passed in review.

It is true that England will not have much difficulty in securing a clean bill of health, because we have scrapped compulsion and all our military acts of the war period. Except for the possession of better material and equipment, and for the acquired precedent of creating a national army based, at need, on compulsion, we are in a worse state of military destitution than we were in 1914, — which is saying a good deal, — whereas we have much greater commitments all over the world, and a whole series of new difficulties for which, in ultimate analysis, force may be the only remedy.

But when I think of our allies, they will, I imagine, be asked to explain their position; and they may possibly be asked why, if the disarmament of their late enemies has been in such large measure accomplished, they do not themselves disarm. The retention, practically all over Europe except in the vanquished states, of compulsory military service, and of the potentially huge armies which derive from it, will not, I imagine, escape comment. The case of our allies I will, therefore, briefly state.

If we take France first, we must admit that she has the greatest, and, perhaps, — with a saving clause for Japan, — the only really great army in the world. She has a numerous, well-organized, and splendidly equipped army, much superior to her army of 1914, led by commanders of the greatest distinc-

tion, and capable, as I verily believe, of conquering Continental Europe. If a Bonaparte came into view, he would have a perfect instrument ready to his hand, with this reservation, that — at first, at all events — Frenchmen would not march except in a good cause, and with the object and scope of an operation clearly pointed out to them. But such eventualities are, I hope, far from us. French generals do not dabble in politics, and the whole army despises them. No political generals in France survived the war-storm. No civilian could, or would wish to, repeat the Napoleonic *épopée*, of which he would probably be the first victim. But even more important is the fact that France's population is small, and that her strength to-day, admittedly great though it be, is merely a fortuitous and perhaps temporary superiority of an army, and not one of a people firmly based on foundations of numbers, wealth, and science. France might march on Berlin, even on Moscow, and reach both with ease; but she is quite incapable of confronting the subsequent hostility of the world, or even of Europe, which every aggressor must expect who attempts to emulate the projects of Napoleon or Wilhelm II. We must keep our heads cool when we observe the brilliant power of France.

The maintenance of the French army at its present standard of numbers and efficiency is due to want of confidence in the future; and if France pleads this want of confidence, one must be just to her and lay the blame where it is mainly due, namely, upon the lapse of the Anglo-American guaranty. France reluctantly consented to abandon her defensive plans on the Rhine because America, and England if America ratified the agreement, were to give France a guaranty against German aggression in the future. Two years have passed, and America has not ratified that undertaking. Consequently our adhesion falls to the ground, although our Parliament accepted the liability under the conditions named. Very likely we on this side of the water were very great fools, and curiously ill-informed of the real state of public opinion in America, when we signed that conditional guaranty. That remark applies to our Government, if the cap fits them. It depends upon whether our former Ambassador at Washington warned the Government that the American Senate might not second the guaranty of President Wilson. I do not know whether our Ambassador gave a warning or not. But the public in England and France certainly never had the glimmer of a suspicion that a guaranty signed by a President of the United States and countersigned by a Secretary of State, in a vital matter affecting the safety of France and the future peace of Europe, would not be honored in America.

It is impossible not to attribute a very large share of France's want of confidence in the future to the above cause, and a very large share of Europe's unrest to France's want of confidence. Over and over again I have been told by French statesmen and generals that France would never have taken the unrelenting course that she has taken toward Germany had the Anglo-American guaranty stood. Over and over again I have been assured by representatives of all the allied and associated powers that Germany would never have dared to confront that combination, and that, secured by the guaranty, France would, and could safely, have disarmed. The fact that none of these things happened is the main cause of the sanctions, the Upper Silesian trouble, the reparation wrangles, and most of the resulting unrest that has followed throughout Europe, which seems to take its cue from the barometer of Franco-German relations.

I am not blaming America in the least. Our own long-established practice, to keep out of continental entanglements when we can, is as deeply rooted in principle as that of the United States, to steer clear of European commitments. The difference between us is merely the difference between the breadth of the Channel and the breadth of the Atlantic. By that much our policy differs from yours; but it is a difference of degree, and not of kind. But for all that, when one observes, as every traveler through Europe must observe daily, the truly appalling results that have followed from this failure, misconception, desertion, or whatever one should term it, one stands aghast at the consequences, and laments the little wisdom with which the world is governed.

France has no definite guaranty now that any state but Belgium, and perhaps Poland, will support her when Germany feels strong enough to act; and in the sheer desperation of self-defense, has thought it necessary to inflict upon her neighbor one humiliation after another, in order to make her, and keep her, weak. The policy of broad and genial tolerance, which would have so well become a country with France's generous traditions, she could not follow, for with her forty millions there were over against her seventy million Germans, with a far higher natality; and France saw no salvation except in the rigid exaction of all her treaty rights, so that Germany, for a great number of years hence, might be inhibited from even dreaming of revenge. But when one thinks of the dry-powder régime under which France has been living for so long, and of all the terrible injuries inflicted on her by Germany in the past, one can understand, and *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.* If France declares at Washington that nothing tangible except her army stands between the world and the renewal of the war by Germany, I do not know how she can be gainsaid. In the circumstances, it is the truth. I even think that we English and Americans, having left to France the largest share of the war, must feel a tinge of shame at leaving also to her the main burden of enforcing the peace, with all the obloquy that follows.

Italy will plead that she has greatly reduced her army and diminished the service periods. She can say with justice that her policy has been conciliatory, and that she has shunned adventures. But she can also show that the *Anschluss* movement in Austria has underlined the danger of Austria joining Germany, and she can point out that such an act would bring Germany down to her borders. Yugoslavia can urge that both Hungary and Bulgaria are uneasy neighbors; Czechoslovakia, that she is liable to be stifled by the Germans round her, and has Austria and Hungary to fear. Rumania can point to dangers from three neighbors, and, above all, from the Soviet armies upon the Dniester, and from the bulk of the Bolshevist reserves not far away. Belgium has too complete a case to bring up from 1914, for anyone to find fault with her for abandoning her neutrality and reorganizing her army on more modern lines; while Poland can say that she has recently saved Europe from the Reds by her military exertions. Lastly, there is Greece, who can show that she went to Asia Minor at the request of the Allies, who have since let her down and given her no assistance, because she chose, in the full plentitude of popular right, to recall her King.

Two states of unequal importance and discordant character will stand almost wholly beyond the influence of the Washington Conference. These are Russia and Turkey. The picture that we make of both is not a pleasant one; but in reference to armaments they

cannot be excluded, because the existence of their armed forces is primarily the cause of countervailing armies in the countries round them. If Poland, Rumania, and Greece are more immediately affected for the moment, it must not be forgotten how far Russia extends, or how insidiously the Turks are able to work upon Mohammedan sentiment in Asia and Africa. Nothing final in the nature of reduction in armaments can be settled until these two contumacious peoples rejoin the comity of nations. No one can say when they will. Neither seems to possess the capacity, either for evolution or for repentance.

There are also alliances, supplemented by military agreements, between certain states of Europe, which may tell against the conclusion of agreements to disarm. France has a treaty and a military agreement with Belgium, and, perhaps, understandings, at least, with other states. In the east of Europe the Little Entente unites Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Poland in a series of alliances which Greece may possibly join; and all these states may plead, not only these understandings, but their fear of warlike neighbors, as reasons for maintaining their military strength.

For all these reasons we cannot be sure that disarmament, or reduction of armaments, so far as they relate to land forces, will have more than a *succès d'estime* at Washington. It is not a favorable moment to discuss this question, and it is even open to argument whether a direct attack on armaments is the best way of securing either their diminution or their abolition. I happened to take an unimportant part in the first Peace Conference at The Hague in the year 1899, when all the states of the world were not separated by the terrible antagonisms aroused by the late war. We were very well intentioned, very friendly, and set out to discover a formula for the reduction of armaments, in response to the late Tsar's humanitarian appeal. We could not find one, though we sought high and low for it, and a very good American delegation helped us in our search. Time has passed, and the urgency of the question may lead to the discovery of the formula for which we sought in vain; but I am not confident that it will.

Recently I had the pleasure of meeting again that very competent Belgian lawyer, M. Rolin Jacquemyns, who also was at the Peace Conference of 1899, and is now the Belgian representative on the Rhineland High Commission. We compared notes and were both convinced that the creation of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, which was the *chef-d'œuvre* of our Conference, was of more value than the League of Nations is ever likely to be. The Court still exists and has done much useful work. To it should have been submitted the Upper Silesia case. The Hague Court represents the main idea that seemed to me to be in President Harding's mind at the time of the late presidential election in the United States; and I hoped that we were on the right track once more and were getting back to practical politics after our Geneva day-dreams. I shall retain that hope till the end.

An International Court of Arbitration, rather than a spurious form of world-government like the League, is the real remedy for most of the present troubles of the world. But I would like to see its importance magnified a hundred times by the acceptance of the principle of obligatory arbitration by all the states of the world. That condition we could not secure in 1899, because several states insisted on withdrawing from the purview of the Court all questions in which 'honor and vital interests' were involved. That reservation practically made the Court useless

at the time when it would have been most needed. If the United States were ever great enough and wise enough to accept the principle of compulsory arbitration, I cannot name the state that would not follow her. Can any arbitral decision, even against the claims of any one of us, cause one millionth part of the ruin and loss of life and treasure of the late war? And, on the other hand, compulsory arbitration is a sure means of sterilizing armaments, since, once international arbitration becomes our settled rule in diplomacy, the use of force must end; for no state would be so foolish as to keep up expensive forces for long when there was no use for them. On these lines, and I believe on these lines only, can the design that must stand behind the assembly of the Washington Conference be carried out to its logical completion.

I suppose that we shall not hear very much of the League of Nations at Washington. It was mainly American handiwork, but America's refusal to recognize her own child has relegated it to the political workhouse. No world-authority can exist when the United States, Germany, and Russia have no share in it. There are League enthusiasts here, as there doubtless are in America, and we must admire the devotion with which the League works and accumulates mountains of documents and reports. But we must also admit that it makes little progress and has scant authority. Some say that the Council of the League is a mere creature of the French and British Foreign Offices. Others declare Geneva to be a focus of international intrigue. In any case, it is common ground that the League has no authority, and no force at its back except that of moral persuasion; and that it can do nothing but report, warn, or recommend. With difficulty it has at last agreed that the election of judges to an International Court of Justice shall be placed on its agenda at its second assembly, which is taking place as I write; but I do not know why this Court should be any better than, or even so good as, our Hague Court of the first Peace Conference. To take two years to begin to duplicate the machinery that we finished twenty-two years ago does not strike me as an achievement of great merit. The real practical international diplomacy of the moment, in all but American affairs, is controlled by the Supreme Council and by the Council of Ambassadors in Paris, both of which are, in effect, instruments for registering the decisions of the Allied cabinets. The League is left to its pious aspirations, and the main stream of diplomacy passes it by. Even when it has taken up a question like that of Armenia, with passionate earnestness, the only result has been that its protégé has become either Kemalist or Red; while in the matter of mandates, the United States has protested against decisions made without its approval, and the whole question is consequently hung up. Well may a French statesman have said to himself sarcastically every morning in the spring of 1919, as he rose from his bed: 'Georges Clemenceau, you believe in the League of Nations.'

The Sorrows of Europe

In what particular manner President Harding and Mr. Hughes will change the situation for the better, we shall all learn presently; but that the old Continent of Europe is beset with immense difficulties, political, social, economic, and commercial, is manifest to a traveler in every country that he visits. I place the question of exchange first among the anxieties of Europe; and it is needless to remark how gravely British and American trade have been affected by it. It is not only the depre-

ciation that has hit the world so hard, but the constant fluctuations, which have ruined confidence, caused every trader to think many times before he closes a deal, and involved, not only foreign merchants, but many British and American ones as well, in very severe losses. The foreigner, except in the case of a few neutrals, cannot afford to buy from us at the present rates, and consequently purchases only what he cannot produce or buy elsewhere. In many cases, foreigners refuse to pay for our goods on arrival, because the local exchange has fallen since the order was given. In some cases, notably in Rumania, the inefficiency and inadequacy of the railway service preclude the forwarding of our goods from ports when they are landed; and there the goods remain for months, on the quays, often perishing from exposure.

Is there no remedy against this deadly injury of the depreciated European exchanges? I know of none except work, thrift, retrenchment, and time. But I think that we should explore the repudiation of old currencies, the replacement of old units by new, and currency reform based on the international redistribution of gold. Sound currency stands at the base of sound trade; but as America holds most of the gold of the world, it is up to her to initiate reform.

People curse Versailles for not having stabilized exchanges at the time of the Peace Conference; but when one looks into the procedure recommended, it is usually evident that the remedy is to declare that one crown, mark, franc, dinar, or lewa, is worth five, or possibly ten. Artificial stabilization is financial quack medicine. International finance may be very clever, but apparently it is disarmed in presence of conditions with which it had no previous acquaintance. Some people think, seeing how the hard-working countries like Germany undersell us owing to their depreciated exchanges, that their governments promote this depreciation. I have seen no evidence of it. The fall makes it enormously more difficult for countries to pay their foreign debts; and those countries at all dependent on foreign imports naturally have to pay through the nose for them. The depreciation, or, at least, the fluctuations, may be in part accounted for by speculation and gambling, which proceed on a vast scale; but, taking the situation as a whole, the fall seems generally justified by foreign debts, by inflation, by internal exhaustion, by reduced output per man per day, by consequent failure of productivity, and by the inability of many countries to complete the reconstruction of their state machinery, without which their wealth cannot be fully exploited.

The countries doing best are those in which Labor is most moderate in the standards of wages and living it accepts, and in which governments provide cheap coal and relatively cheap food. This is Germany's strength. She is resolutely setting to work, and all classes are accepting a standard of living and of wages far below ours and even farther below the American scale. Compare the seventeen shillings per ton for German coal at the Ruhr pitheads with the price we have to pay; and compare the fifty pounds a year of the German bank-clerk with the pay of the English or American clerk! This difference runs through all German social and industrial life, and there is, besides, a rigid elimination of waste, which is unknown with us.

The combination of the benefit from a depreciated exchange and that derived from low wages and poor living is enough to account for our difficulty in competing with German trade. In many other countries the scale of remuneration of the highest dignitaries

is preposterously small. In Austria the President of the Republic draws only eighty pounds a year, and heads of departments in the Foreign Office tell me that they cannot afford a new suit of clothes. The High Court Judge in Bucharest draws sixteen pounds a month, and the lieutenant four pounds. How they manage to live at all, with prices at their present height in these countries, is one of those mysteries which I have not been able to penetrate, though we must, of course, admit that the purchasing power of the local currency in the country itself is much higher than the English or American equivalent of it would be in London or New York. A few countries have checked inflation and are bravely facing their liabilities; but in many — and Poland and Austria are the worst cases — inflation goes on, and selfishness often prevents the imposition of taxes needed for reconstruction.

Generally speaking, I regard this question of the rates of exchange as much more vital to England and America than to Continental Europe, though in one way or another all suffer from the present situation. We are really in presence of a state of chaos which injures all the world, and only the union of the world for the purpose of mending matters can improve conditions. In this matter, America might take the lead, and, by collecting the best practical exports, endeavor to formulate a solution. The Brussels Economic Conference gave us the most excellent advice upon the questions of state finance and economics; but something more is needed before we can go ahead. Unless some financial genius can discover a remedy, one must regard British and American trade with Continental Europe as almost dead for a long time to come.

Second only to the exchanges, there comes the urgent need of freeing international trade by every possible means from the very great obstacles which are at present accumulated in its path. I refer especially to passports, custom-houses, tariffs, permits, and all the vast machinery for selfish national isolation which seems especially devised, not to assist trade, but to hamper it. The grand tour of Europe is no joke in these days. One's passport becomes a formidable document. One must get a visé in advance for every country through which one passes, even if one does not propose to stop there. One must carry only a very limited amount of the local money out of each country; and in traveling across a number of states one must carry the coinage, or rather the horrible paper, of each. The trader is greatly handicapped by a system of permits, and export and import duties, and the wonder is how any trader gets a ton of goods into, or out of, any country. This arises from state control of trade, and everything shows that, whatever else the state may be, it is a failure as a merchant.

We see the system at work to kill trade in full perfection in the Succession States of Austria. The old Austro-Hungarian Empire was favorably situated economically, because different parts of it supplied things that other parts lacked, and everything passed freely from one province to another. There was internal free trade, and the Empire was almost self-supporting. Hungary sent her wheat and her timber, Bohemia sent her coal and sugar, Styria and the other parts all their products. It was less the Austrian marriages that made Austria happy than the very shrewd business sense which realized that certain provinces were needed to supply Austria's deficiencies.

Now all this economically happy state of affairs has terminated. The Succession States have all closed their frontiers against Austria and against each other. Each has its own currency,

and has set to work to build up customs barriers on every side against the territories with which it once traded freely. This has injured the present Austria most, and has indeed reduced her state finance almost to extremities by compelling her to pay vast sums for wheat and coal. But before long the selfish Succession States found that, in injuring Austria, they were losing their customers and injuring themselves; so, by the natural force of circumstances, we shall in due course see a change of policy for which Austria, Hungary, and even Czechoslovakia are almost ripe.

But the big idea of Dr. Benes, the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, to create the United States of Central Europe by a series of tariff agreements between half a dozen states in this part of the world, may take long to be carried out; for in some quarters the tendency is still to pile on duties, chiefly in order to collect money, but also to protect home industries.

The broad fact remains that international trade is grievously hampered, and that it should be our object to free it from its fetters, both for our own sakes and for the sake of these small countries which are busy strangling each other to no possible benefit for themselves. I believe that the quickest and most drastic cure for the evils of Europe, and failing currency and exchange reform, would be a year of completely free trade, with no tariffs at all, inward or outward; but one must confess that the nations concerned, not to speak of others, have not yet reached such a state of grace as to accept a remedy of so novel and so violent a kind. The tendencies, on the whole, are the other way. Even on the international rivers, the smaller riverain states are most tenacious of what they call their rights, and claim powers which the régime of international law does not allow them.

All governments want money, whether to administer the state or to reward political friends. Therefore the rule is to tax everybody and everything, but especially the foreigner. The export duty on Rumanian oil is a typical case; for, if it hits directly the foreign capital invested in this industry, it also injures a source of local wealth, and gives a subsidy to other states which supply oil. The idea of a fixed export tax, laid on regardless of world-prices and falling-values, is one which must have originated in a lunatic asylum. In other places we discover a consortium, or government trading-machine, which supplies posts for political adherents, usually ignorant of trade needs and practices; and it need scarcely be said that it trades badly, and imposes on the produce of the country quite needless losses, often failing to find markets at all. In short, there is every grade of incompetence to be found as we pursue our inquiry; while, of course, the immense loss and damage of the war has thrown numerous states into a disorganized condition and communications have particularly suffered.

Another change, which we in England, at all events, watch with some anxiety, is the agrarian policy, which has taken the form, in several states, of distributing the land among the peasants. It may have been, and it was in some cases, a political necessity, and may have prevented an agrarian revolution; but the effect which it will have upon the export of cereals is of considerable interest to the world. The great estates are being broken up and replaced by small holdings, which usually run from some three acres in Alpine regions up to twenty acres in average arable land, rising again to six hundred acres at most for the old proprietors. There is no universal scale, nor even the same scale in all the provinces of each separate country; but the general effect is to replace large landed properties by

small ones, with various scales of compensation — all very low — to the former landlords. Most of these laws were passed in the first flush of revolutionary enthusiasm after the war. In some cases they have been widely applied, in some partially, and in others scarcely at all. But all the laws stand, and it is the general belief that the exportable surplus of cereals, and especially of wheat, will diminish with a generalized peasant-proprietorship. The tendency of the small holder is to grow patchy crops, primarily for his own food and that of his family; and there will not be the capital necessary for rich manuring, for providing modern agricultural machinery, or for purchasing high-class stock. On the other hand, a plurality of landowners means more stable political conditions, and may lead, some hope, to increased production, owing to the personal interest of each small farmer in his land.

Some attempts have been made by the proletariat, notably in North Italy, to seize factories and to exploit them for the exclusive benefit of the workers. These attempts have failed, because the new men in possession found themselves quite incapable of managing the administrative part of the work, the contracts, and the sales. They, therefore, in many cases, invited the old proprietors and managers to return, while the bourgeois parties created the *fascisti* in Italy, and took other measures to defend themselves.

In general, the tyranny, the excesses, and the fearful results of the Russian Revolution, have sunk deeply into the minds of the workers in Europe. If Bolshevism had been specially designed to expose the futility and uneconomic absurdity of the theories of Karl Marx, it could not have more appropriately carried out its mission than it has done during the last four years. The error, and the tragedy of the error, have been denounced to the workers of Europe by many missions to Russia composed of men of extreme views. With few exceptions these men have confessed themselves horror-stricken by the conditions they have found; and though Communism is not everywhere dead in Europe, there has been a powerful reaction against the disruptive theories of a few years ago. The affair really came to a head in the Bolshevist invasion of Poland; and if the failure of that attack did not convince Lenin and his dupes of the futility of their theories, it conveyed to them, at all events, a sense of their weakness against even partially trained troops; and since then Bolshevism has been steadily losing ground in countries other than Russia. There are some communistic centres in Europe where outbreaks of this disease may recur, but I do not know the country in Europe which has any serious fear now that its people can be stampeded by the fanatics of Moscow. The experiences of Berlin and Munich, Vienna and Budapest, have sufficed. The country has one hold over the towns: it can always starve them.

The disruption of four great historic empires, and the substitution for them of various forms of democratic rule, have naturally caused immense disturbance in the political atmosphere, and the political weather is most uncertain. Bulgaria keeps her dynasty, and Austria thinks more of joining Germany than of recalling the Hapsburgs; but Hungary is monarchical, and would have a king to-morrow if she dared; while a large and influential part of the German population remains in principle monarchical, and desires to revert to that form of government. The German Empire acquired its former great position under a kaiser, and every German is regretful of the past.

The present government of Dr. Wirth and the personality of this honest

Swabian, are very highly esteemed by the Allied and Associated diplomatic bodies in Berlin. Chancellor Wirth is endeavoring to do his duty by the Treaty of Versailles, as well as by his own people. But he has to call upon the German people to double the state revenue in order to pay reparations; and though I am convinced that he can do it if he meets with proper support, politics in Germany are very bitter, and the parties of reaction stick at nothing. All the old reactionary forces are still in existence. The Army, the Church, and the Universities combine with the landlords and the great industrial magnates to make things difficult for a government which has no great prestige for want of past successes, and has the invidious task of sending the hat round for the Allies. The mass of the Left, and even some of the intermediate parties, have at present rallied to the Chancellor's support; and if street demonstrations count for much, the majority of the voters are for him. The Allies have abolished the Rhine customs as a tribute to him; but, owing to the opposition of France, have not withdrawn from Düsseldorf, Ruhrort, and Duisburg, as Dr. Wirth has very earnestly pleaded that they should.

The Right parties in Germany complain that the Government lacks authority, cannot represent the country with the old distinction, and is subservient to the Allies. Most of the notable leaders of the Imperialist party are getting on in years, and they probably feel that time is on the side of German Republicanism. In a few years most of the old officers will have settled down to new occupations and may retain little more than a sentimental attachment to Kaiserism. The Right probably feel that they cannot afford to wait, and they count, with some reason, upon the national pride, which revolts against the peace and the surrender to the Allied ultimatum of last May. But it seems to be the prescriptive right of this party to make colossal blunders, and the assassination of Erzberger, almost condoned as it was by many Opposition newspapers, is the last on the list.

No one can safely predict the future of German politics, which depend on events that cannot be foreseen; but that the character of the new Chancellor and the policy of his Government offer the best ascertainable chance for the gradual pacification, not only of Germany, but of Europe, will not be disputed by the closest observers of European politics.

For the reasons stated in the earlier part of this article, I do not think that very much can be expected from the meeting at Washington in the way of reduction of land forces. With respect to navies it is different, because there are only three great navies that count, and none of these is specially concerned in the enforcement of the terms of peace upon our late enemies, who have no navies at all. It is, therefore, merely a question of agreeing to a mutual stand-still in naval armaments; and this question, it would seem, should present no insuperable difficulties.

But I cannot think that such an important conference will break up without suggesting a remedy for the ills which I have briefly described. Armaments are symptoms of a political disease, but are not the disease itself. The real diseases of the world are unstable exchanges, unsound currencies, hampered trade, and the false nationalism which shuns obligatory arbitration. Cure these diseases and armaments cure themselves.

WHAT DELAYS DISARMAMENT? [1]

BY WALTER B. PITKIN

I

EVERY civilized man wants peace. But peace has its price, payable in two installments. The first installment is disarmament. The second consists of all the consequences, political, economic, religious, and racial, which must flow from the laying down of arms. Nine tax-payers out of ten sigh for the privilege of paying the first installment at once. But are they willing to pay the balance of the bill?

This is the world's gravest question to-day. It must be faced and answered before the close of the Washington Conference. Thus far it has been evaded. Most people, who are always looking for a panacea, dream that disarmament alone will bring the Golden Age. Others, more canny, admit that the move may involve some unpleasant changes, but they belittle these. Only a few thousand bankers, international traders, and political specialists foresee some of the startling transformations that must ensue. And nobody knows all the impending upheavals.

It is these certainties and uncertainties that cause well-informed men, who have no interest in bolstering up militarism, to doubt the wisdom, as well as the possibility, of quick disarmament. They all know that the Conference will make no effort to disarm the world, but will only reduce army and navy expenses; which, as one close thinker remarked, 'will bring disarmament about as fast as a cheapening of automobiles will abolish transportation.' Many foreign observers no longer believe that even such a reduction of costs is the primary aim. They see America striving to force Japan's hand by compelling her to define her Asiatic policies under the pretext of a peace move. Lieutenant-General Sato advises the Japanese Government to send no men of the first rank to the Conference, 'but only those who are fluent in foreign languages, and sociable.' For, in common with some French critics, he thinks the whole affair will dwindle to a string of brilliant dinners and press-agent hurrahs. Behind their caustic doubts lie many hard facts too jauntily overlooked by most peace-lovers. The longer we shut our eyes to them, the longer we must wait for world peace.

The Conference faces six obstacles of the first magnitude — and heaven knows how many lesser hindrances. By all odds the greatest is the chaos in China. Next ranks the chaos in Russia, coupled with Russia's absence from the arms parley. The third is a profound dilemma in Japan's national policy; the fourth a similar one in our own, and both dilemmas aggravated by the lessons of the World War. The fifth is the still unbroken power of the militarist party in Japan. And the sixth is the sheer physical impossibility of devising

[1] The phraseology of this paper is not intended as a reflection upon the recent statement of Secretary Hughes that the subject of the forthcoming Conference is to be *limitation of armaments* rather than *disarmament*. — THE EDITOR.

a disarmament programme that will affect equally or equitably all participants. Probably no one or two of these obstacles would suffice to thwart the Conference. The menace lies in all six working in conjunction and reinforced by a host of lesser difficulties, economic, political, and social, the whole tangle involving billions of human beings, billions in money, a hundred theories, and a hundred aspirations and prejudices of race and creed.

Is not the task too great for the mind of man? Is it not one which only a politician would rush at hopefully? Whether we think so or not, one thing is pretty clear: the organization and the membership of the Conference betray an amazing neglect of the inmost nature of the Pacific problems. To realize this, one need only recall the following facts.

The invitation to the Conference made clear that, until the nations of the Pacific reached some understanding as to their rights and policies in that area, it would be vain to move for disarmament. The stakes are too huge, the conflict of interests too acute, the disparity of ethical and political codes too gross. This view was promptly accepted by almost every statesman at home and abroad. It is axiomatic, in spite of the sentimentalists and ignoramuses who say that wars are caused by talking war, that the way to disarm is to disarm, and that America must lead the world in idealism — whatever that may mean. Let us see how President Harding applied this statesman-like principle.

All major problems of the Pacific, save that of Asiatic emigration, centre in China and Siberia. There lie, still barely scratched, the world's vastest treasuries of raw materials, the greatest forests on earth, the hugest coal-fields, stupendous iron-deposits, millions of acres that some day must yield wheat and cotton. There too swarm some four hundred million unappeased consumers of manufactured goods, a multitude greater than the combined populations of Western Europe, North America, and Australia, with Japan thrown in for good measure.

China and Siberia are richer in economic resources and in man-power than all these lands. Beside them, all the rest of the Pacific area is rather insignificant. They are the two problems of the Pacific. But neither China nor Siberia can be reckoned with at the Conference. Neither will be truly present there. Neither will be able to present or to defend its rights and policies. And there is not the remotest chance that either will like the decisions of the foreigners.

Here, then, is the comedy, and here the stuff of which tragedies are woven. Briton, Yankee, and Japanese meet to usher in world peace. They dare not discuss laying down arms until each knows what the other two are planning to do with the Far East. What each can there do depends in the long run upon the wishes of the Chinese and Siberians, unless these peoples are to be overawed by force. If thus bullied, Asia will see no disarmament, nor can America. If bullying ceases, China and Siberia will automatically settle their own destinies; for they will then have the freedom to do so, as well as the desire.

Thus the Washington Conference must choose either to disarm and leave Asia to the Asiatics, or else to run Asia and maintain immense fleets. The first alternative wrecks the policy of every non-Asiatic power. The second makes the Conference futile. Lacking the moral courage to solve this dilemma, the delegates may dodge the problem of disarmament and confine themselves to the task of trimming budgets. But even this develops painful difficulties.

II

Look first at the chaos in China, around which all other difficulties revolve. That land is rotting, politically and socially. It is an indescribable pandemonium. Famine, pestilence, civil wars, and the alien enemy at the gates have undermined its frail structure of state. Corrupt politicians and foreign adventurers prey upon the weakened members. And the masses sink deeper into the sleep of opium, while the classes burn with a new hatred of the foreigners who contribute to the ruin.

Two governments wave their banners, one at Peking, the other in Canton. And a third is struggling to be born at Hupeh. The Peking affair is a scream. Led by President Hsu Shih-chang, a gentle philosopher and poet of renown, it is the vilest militarism in all the world to-day. Honest, noble, and unworldly, Hsu was cleverly chosen by a bogus legislature made up of the henchmen of China's two mighty war lords, Chang Tso-lin and Tsao Kun, who are busy making money at the country's expense. Hsu is not a party to their disgraceful ventures and treacheries. He protests much, and sometimes manages to thwart them for a time, in lesser affairs. But, as they control the armies and collect taxes and play practical politics with veteran skill, Hsu disturbs them little.

Only three or four of China's eighteen provinces even feign to obey Peking. In reality these do not, for they are the domains of the three war lords who created Hsu's régime. Hsu gets taxes and obedience from them only when the war lords feel like contributing either, which is not often. Last July, Chang Tso-lin, being short of change, pocketed the salt revenues of Manchuria, where he rules. The *tuchun* (military governor) of Shantung recently appropriated the post-office receipts. In three other provinces, the retiring officials were graciously permitted to take with them considerable funds from the treasury. And thus everywhere and always.

The result is chronic bankruptcy at Peking. Troops go unpaid for months. Sometimes they mutiny, as at Ichang and Wuchang, last summer, where they pillaged terribly. To check such outbreaks, Hsu has raised money by 'diverting' the educational appropriations. For nine months teachers have gone penniless, and the schools have been closed by a teachers' and students' strike. These funds being lamentably inadequate, the Government has lately pressed the Chinese Eastern Railway for a twenty-five-year-old debt, and has allowed that company to pay up with a bond issue, put out on such terms that only the Japanese would consider buying it, and they not for profit so much as for political reasons. At the same time Hsu and his Cabinet have been making desperate economies in small matters. Their auditors have found 1256 office-holders in Peking drawing two or more salaries; the ministers are reorganizing their staffs downward, and some high officials have been invited to accept half-pay. All of which does not improve Hsu's credit at the banks, as we mark in his emergency loan of a million dollars last summer, on which he was obliged to pay 18 per cent interest. The only wonder is that the financiers did not demand 50 per cent.

The Cabinet and departments are befuddled and disorganized past all belief. They appeared at their worst in the recent radio dispute. Seemingly, the Government had granted three wireless concessions to as many parties, all overlapping and incompatible. The fact was, though, that no Government granted any concession. The Ministry of the Navy entered into an agreement with the Mitsui Company in 1918.

The Ministry of War did likewise with the Marconi Company in 1919. And last January the Ministry of Communications followed suit with the Federal Wireless Company, an American concern. The first two agreements carried plain monopoly rights, and it was this fact that caused our State Department to protest. An investigation showed that each ministry serenely ignored, or else knew nothing about, what the other two were doing; and neither President nor Cabinet checked up on the ridiculous performance. Which moves us to quote the old China trader's remark on Chinese politics: 'When you are through fighting for the Open Door in China, you'll open it and find nobody at home.'

So shaky is this rag-doll government of Peking that, before these lines are printed, it may be a thing of the past. What follows it will depend chiefly upon two men, Chang Tso-lin and Sun Yat-sen.

The Canton government is a model of neatness and strength beside Hsu's. And its founder commands respect even among his opponents. President Sun is pretty generally regarded as a patriot of high intelligence, and the vital force behind the New China. For a decade he has championed a genuine democracy, and has drawn to his side many of the best minds. Unhappily, though, the masses have not seen fit to follow the best minds — a familiar habit of masses everywhere. The ordinary Chinese has no interest in politics, which he looks upon as a somewhat shady business, less profitable than peddling opium, and less agreeable than gambling. The people who count in politics are the hordes of small office-holders, who look to it for a livelihood, the thousands of poppy farmers, who need political protection, and the corrupt mandarins and tuchuns, who subsist on *likin*, 'squeeze,' and simple 'appropriation.'

Now all these worthies fear Sun, and either oppose him, use his movement for their own ends, or else hold aloof, under the pretense of favoring provincial autonomy instead of a strong central government. Many Europeans and Japanese in the treaty ports dislike Sun for reasons only a degree nicer. Some brand him as a Bolshevik and accuse him of playing Lenin's game.

This is absurd. Sun stands for the simple democracy which Americans believed in half a century ago. He thinks the ideals of Lincoln; and he is paying the price in much bloodshed and dubious progress. The Canton armies have been fighting steadily for many months, have scored brilliant victories in Kwangsi and the Yangtze districts, but still control little more of China than the northern Government does. To be sure, twice as many provinces have declared for Sun as have sided with Hsu; but with their favor goes no true control. Sun does not truly govern even his own province of Kwangtung, whose tuchun, Chen Chiung-ming, is the commander-in-chief of the Constitutionalist army recruited from five provinces. Chen levies taxes and hands over such funds as he sees fit to the Canton Republic. The Republic, as matters now stand, is nearly as poor of purse as Peking; and were Chen to reduce his bounty, Sun would have nothing to fall back upon save the contributions of Chinese nationalists abroad, the very groups who financed the revolution. There is no reason for believing that Chen will withdraw support; but it is important to keep in mind that the Republic, with all its virtues and fine aspirations, owes its very existence to an enlightened tuchun, who may break with Sun almost any day on some new political issue. Such a break may come over the issue of provincial autonomy, which finds its most ardent champions in the five provinces that support Sun.

Provincial autonomy is a fact, and many sincere thinkers wish to make it the basis of Chinese policy. Each tuchun dominates his province and is a law unto himself, thanks to his control of troops and taxes. As most provinces are fully as large and as rich as France, a tuchun is comparable to a pre-war European potentate, but with the powers of an Asiatic despot. Several tuchuns have made millions by trafficking in opium. Others sell concessions. Not a few have levied tribute on subject-towns under one pretext or another. And all maintain their rule by force. Their armies now number about 1,700,000, or an average of nearly 100,000 active soldiers under each tuchun. Naturally the tuchuns tend to favor the division of China into eighteen nations, with themselves as lords and emperors. Why should anybody else approve? Simply, because China is too huge, too immature politically, and too inchoate, to think and act as a unit.

The political realist has often noted that this land should be thought of, not as an ordinary single country, but rather as a backward continent containing widely differing races and economic divisions, more or less like Europe of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, when there were no railroads, posts, telegraphs, or sense of community. China as a whole is surely less of a political entity than Europe was when the Treaty of Utrecht was signed. Yunnan has less in common with Manchuria than Portugal then had with Sweden; and the wider conflicts of interest between North and South are quite as acute and as stubborn as any between the popes and the emperors or the Hapsburgs and their many foes. Most important of all, the level of political intelligence in modern China is certainly lower than that of Western Europe three centuries ago. And nobody who understands the origins and nature of political intelligence believes that the Chinese can rise much faster than Europeans have risen. You do not make men good citizens by building railways through their farms. You do not produce statesmen merely by installing telephones in the offices of senators. Slow experiment by trial and error, still slower education of millions, slow crushing of superstitions, slow refinement of tastes and desires — out of such stuff is citizenship made. And this process must work from the home and the village outward and upward.

The people who dwelt between Dublin and Constantinople when the Treaty of Utrecht was signed could not have been organized into one successful State by the greatest of political geniuses. Even to-day their descendants cannot create the United States of Europe, which is the only sure salvation for that wretched continent. Geographical differences, many languages, race-prejudices, childish nationalistic fancies, and grave economic conflicts still keep the European masses ignorant, provincial, and befuddled. How hopeless, then, to expect that the eighteen provinces of China, with their 350,000,000 mediæval folk, mostly destitute of all the tools of civilization, can combine under one government, which will work even as smoothly as a backward European nation!

While this powerful argument for provincial autonomy makes headway, the vast rim of China lapses deeper and deeper into simple anarchy. Civil wars — four violent — in the past six months; famines unparalleled, pestilence, and the interminable border warfare lawlessly carried over into Mongolia by the Russian reactionaries under Semenoff and Ungern, have shattered what frail web of law and order once hung over the western and northern fringes of the chaotic kingdom. The river pirates are looting

junks and barges again. The robbers have come down from the mountains. And in great hordes the *hunghutze* (professional Manchu robbers) are marauding across Manchuria. On the borders of Tibet bandits have baffled and beaten the soldiers of the tuchuns. Out of Mongolia, but a few months past, the rabble trailing the fanatical Living Buddha came within a day's march of the gates of Peking. Harbin, at the date of this writing, saw thousands of hunghutze drawing near. And for a year, or longer, the Chinese Eastern Railway has been attacked and plundered almost daily by these same outlaws, whom the Chinese troops dare not defy, knowing that many of them are working for certain Japanese adventurers and others for the Russian reactionaries, all clients of the mighty tuchun, Chang Tso-lin.

This red arc of ruin spans the two thousand miles that lie between Vladivostok and the frontier of Burma. It has paralyzed trade on a thousand highways and driven the boatmen from the rivers. Even between large cities travel is so hazardous that local officials forbid foreigners to attempt it, and require native merchants to take along armed guards in such numbers that only the most urgent mission can justify the cost. It is the thirteenth century on the miry roads of England; night, and a dark forest ahead.

III

While China crumbles, a plan grows in the north. If only half successful, it will shake the world before many years have gone. No outsider knows its details, for they seethe in the cunning brain of Chang Tso-lin, inspector-general of Manchuria, the power behind Peking, and the most sinister and strenuous of the war lords. Chang rules from Mukden of bloody memory, where he holds the most strategic position in all Asia. His is the rich land where Russia, China, and Japan meet in their struggle for existence. Manchuria dominates Peking, Vladivostok, the Trans-Siberian Railway, the Amur River Valley, and Korea. It is the gateway from China to Siberia, from China to Japan, and from Japan to Mongolia and world-power. Chang sits at the gate and collects toll, such as the traffic will bear.

The traffic bears a good deal, and the proceeds have gone to Chang's head. He dreams of empire. Some observers have imagined that he would be monarch of all China; but Chang is too shrewd for that; and if he were not, his shrewder Japanese backers would halt him. His vision is much more practicable, hence more dangerous. He sees a new Manchu-Mongol Empire, stretching from the sea to the core of Asia. On Manchuria and Mongolia Chang would rebuild the throne of Jenghiz Khan, and send the bill to the Japanese. He will sell to the Japanese, at their own terms, a thousand concessions; and on his coronation day Japan will occupy peaceably a wedge twenty-four hundred miles long, giving them 'interior lines' dominating both Siberia and China. In short, what 'little Hsu' and his Anfuites dreamed of doing 'for China,' Chang would do for himself and his Tokyo friends. The Japanese backed the Anfuites, and lost. Now they are backing Chang, and hope to win. And to-day the odds are strongly in their favor.

Three facts will convince you of all this. One is Chang's military power, another is his management of the Peking Government, and the third is his long series of business deals with Japanese. It must shock the American reader to learn that this clever schemer now rules an army of 300,000 well-equipped soldiers, over which the so-called Cen-

tral Government exercises not the slightest control, although it is compelled to pay most of its upkeep. Since Hsu demobilized some 300,000 of the Peking forces last summer, Chang has become the overshadowing force; and not alone because his is the largest army in China. His strength flows largely from three immense strategic advantages: adequate food-supplies within his own lines, the superior railway system of Manchuria, and the reserves of munitions held ready by his Japanese friends in Manchuria and Korea. To all this, add a double geographic advantage: Manchuria is quite detached from the rest of China, hence not surrounded by potentially hostile provinces; and it is near the arsenals and shipyards of Japan. Why should not Chang dream of empire?

And how can the frail Hsu resist Chang's demands? Dexterous, cunning, and strong of will, the uncrowned king of Manchuria manipulates his marionettes at Peking without an effort. His technique is too elaborately celestial to report here. Judge it by its fruits. Chang milks the treasury dry, plays off one clique against another, and traffics with the Japanese 'going and coming.' Week by week he sells off China's assets and invests the proceeds in Chang. And all so quietly and suavely, that nobody quite knows what is happening until too late.

Last July Chang seemed to be desperately hard up. But of a sudden he handed over to his commissary general $2,510,000 in honest cash, albeit Mexican. This oddly coincided with his signing incorporation papers and concessions for a large Japanese development company in Mongolia; and it preceded by only a few days his shocking surrender of the Chinese Eastern Railway, through a shady bond-issue vote. Because of an old debt, conveniently overlooked for years, Chang's Peking Government was able legally to demand the payment of some 13,000,000 taels from that road; and the road could pay only with a bond issue whose terms had to meet with the approval of the Peking Minister of Finance and the Minister of Communications — both Chang's trained Pekingese. The issue was authorized in such a form that only Japanese would consider underwriting it, and they for political purposes.

At the date of writing, strong efforts are being made to block the issue. Whether they succeed or not, Chang's intentions and methods remain clear. If he is thwarted here, it will be only for a while. Legally as well as factually, no man can launch an enterprise in Manchuria or Mongolia save by Chang's leave. And Chang sees fit to favor the Japanese. Steadily since 1906 the Japanese have been pouring money into his domain. They have financed twenty-seven large corporations, mostly banks and the rest mining companies, lumber-mills, railways, and electrical plants. They show a gross authorized capitalization of 71,525,000 yen, a sum which means much more in that raw country of cheap land and coolie wages than twice as many dollars would mean to-day in our own country. Apart from its arithmetical significance, the investment acquires abnormal power from the protection against non-Japanese competition furnished by the Japanese authorities, as well as by Chang himself.

Manchuria being thoroughly in hand, Chang now prepares to absorb Mongolia. Circumstances played into his hand last spring, when the Siberian peasants and the Far Eastern Republic drove Ungern's reactionary riff-raff all the way to Urga, in Mongolia. Ungern carried on a variety of still obscure schemes, now to capture Chita, now to attack Peking through the Living Buddha. Chang saw in Peking's panic

his own chance. Knowing, as every other well-informed person in the Far East knew, that Semenoff and Ungern were third-rate adventurers, with never a chance of wrecking the Chita Government, and that they were merely being used by a small clique of Japanese militarists as a means of bringing pressure to bear upon the Far Eastern Republic for the gaining of concessions, Chang nobly volunteered to drive the invaders off Chinese soil. It would cost Peking seven to ten millions, of course, but the job would be done with neatness and dispatch. Unhappy Hsu advanced three millions, then two more. Chang posted bulletins of his plans and progress. Months passed, and not a soldier moved. Chang had to wait till Japan was through with Semenoff. Finally, when the Japanese had kicked Semenoff out, and Ungern, his underling, had not even a broken reed to lean on, and the Living Buddha had wandered back into the windy solitudes, China's great defender marshaled a mere handful of braves. Perhaps some of them are arriving in Urga now; and Chinese history will not run true to form unless, once in Urga, they stay there as long as Chang finds backing for his Mongol empire. They may be there when the second Jenghiz Khan enters in triumph, escorted by a purely honorary Japanese army. Who knows? Mad dreams do come true. And the truth itself is often madness.

IV

What has all this to do with disarmament? Well, each tendency in China's chaos affects every foreign investor there. Each will do so much more after a disarmament programme, however modest, has been adopted. Now, the British investor in China largely shapes British policy toward China; and so too with the American and Japanese. Furthermore, disarmament hangs upon a prior understanding among the powers as to their Far Eastern policies. Plainly, then, every move toward disarmament must be determined chiefly by what foreign investors think of the drift in China. What must their thoughts be?

What if Chang has his way? Then Japan will become a colossal continental power as well as a maritime one. Her protectorate will extend first over Manchuria and Mongolia; next over Shantung; then probably over Kansu, whose tuchun is a friend of Chang, installed by Chang's cunning. The Japanese militarist party will have justified its expensive policy. The price of conquest will be collected from the conquered, and Japan's finances will be greatly strengthened. The present monopolistic policy of Japan, which has just been extended still further in Korea, will swiftly drive foreign investors out.

What if Sun Yat-sen prevails? Sun is an intense nationalist, aglow with the desire to free China from the alien. He hates Japan most, America least. In common with millions of his countrymen, he believes that the foreigner has caused most of China's woes, and that expelling the money and the political influence of all foreigners is the first step toward national regeneration. Given full power, Sun would cancel or heavily amend every foreign concession, put a quick end to extraterritoriality, restore the treaty ports to China, and finance the country from within. All of which would not encourage outsiders to drop money in Chinese ventures.

What if provincial autonomy arrives? The eighteen new nations would soon join in one or two loose confederations, but these latter would not hamper the new military kings. Forthwith, the status of innumerable concessions would become dubious, for the central government which had granted them would have ceased. All would depend upon

the good will, the cupidity, or the fear of the local tuchun. It would be Central Europe and the Balkans over again, but poisoned with mediævalism. Civil wars, intrigues, an endless unstable balancing of petty powers, and interminable uncertainty as to to-morrow would sap the courage of the boldest foreign investor and leave the field open only to the adventurer. Probably the treaty ports would thrive, for even the dullest war lord realizes that they are the life of their provinces. But all expansion beyond their environs would halt.

To all this, one exception. Japan would profit richly by the disintegration. She would sign treaties with the new northern kingdoms, paying gladly the tuchuns' price. The technique followed in olden days by the British in dealing with the native states of India would be repeated, with modern variations and embellishments. And a quarter-century would see Japan the master of the continent.

Here are the three outstanding possibilities in China, in their baldest form. Each is little more than a possibility, as matters now stand. Chang will not have his way as sweetly as he hopes; for his countrymen understand him, and the Japanese behind him realize the danger of quick and open imperialism. Sun's foes are many and mighty, while his purse is lean. And provincial autonomy is suspect because too many militarists are shouting for it, while clear thinkers understand that China must present a united front against Japan, or go under. Over and above all these restraints tower the battleships that ride in the harbors of Manila, Shanghai, and Hong Kong. These vessels are singularly unpopular among river pirates, opium smugglers, poppy farmers, white slavers, bandit chieftains, and exploiters white and yellow. All of which suggests a leading question. What if the Washington Conference, moved by lofty idealism, — whatever that may mean, — were to persuade the three dominant naval powers to scrap, let us say, one half of their fleets, or to cease new construction? How would that noble act affect Chang, Sun, and provincial autonomy? And how, in turn, the American, British, and Japanese investors in China?

The answer is too easy. And it gives us a first clear glimpse of the obstacles to disarmament.

Cut the British and American fleets one half, whether by scrapping battleships or by suspending new construction, and you leave the coast clear for Chang and his Japanese friends to annex Mongolia and Shantung. They can and will double their speed of conquest on the day Anglo-Saxon sea-power dwindles. How so? Geography tells the whole story. From Japan's huge naval port, Nagasaki, to the mainland of Asia is less than 150 miles — an easy night's run for transports and battleships. The waters are dotted with islands which, fortified or used as bases for destroyers and submarines, make the passage fairly safe, even under heavy attack. Furthermore, the Japanese can mass in Korea and Manchuria millions of soldiers, if need be, long before a foreign power could effectively interfere. Military railways, warehouses, terminals, and other basic necessities of war, are already installed in vital points. And the farmers of Manchuria can now supply food for a sizable army. To all of which facts we need add but one, unsuspected by most Americans, perhaps, but recognized by all naval experts: neither the British nor the American fleet of to-day is strong enough to carry on a modern war anywhere in the Far East, chiefly because of the abnormally long and weak line of supplies and the distance from primary bases.

The militarist party of Japan would rejoice at an international slashing of naval budgets, provided nothing was done to cut army expenditures and policies. Winning that, they will win Asia at a fraction of the price they had expected to pay.

After disarmament, Chang may turn the trick for Japan in three ways. He may allow her militarists to trump up a pretext for war, and he will offer only nominal resistance. Should Sun and his constitutionalists sweep the country, Chang might resort to this procedure; otherwise not. He will find it simpler to sell off the assets of China, as the Peking Government grows more and more desperate for funds; and thus, in a few years, Japanese buyers will own Manchu-Mongolia by the highly respectable right of purchase. Should this prove too slow, a third method remains. Chang may come out for provincial autonomy, after the battleships have vanished. He may retain sundry wise men, yea, even college professors, to demonstrate to a dubious world that this is China's one true salvation. The wise men will cite the famous doctrine of self-determination. And they will make out an extraordinarily strong case; for, in the long run, provincial autonomy may really be the best solution. Chang of Mukden will secede from Chang of Peking. The new empire of the north will straightway enter into close alliance with Japan. And all will be over but the *banzai*.

Suppose finally that, after naval disarmament, Sun Yat-sen wins. What then? It is hazardous to make more than two broad conjectures, as the outcome of a constitutionalist victory must be highly complex. This much is sure, though: the restored Republic could not block Japan's expansion in Manchuria and Mongolia, as it lacks railroads, finance, technical staffs, and general organization. And, with British and American navies negligible, Japan might declare war on a democratic China, on the ridiculous pretext that Sun is Bolshevist, precisely as it attacked the Maritime Provinces of Siberia. As for Sun himself, he would doubtless uproot British and American concessionnaires at a great rate, if not menaced by their battleships. And in this he would be aided by the fast-mounting hatred of the foreigner, among even the common folk of China.

Were disarmament to be followed by provincial autonomy, it is doubtful whether even the lives of foreigners would be safe in most regions. The World War shattered the white man's prestige and revealed the infamy of the Japanese militarists. China now follows Japan and India in her distrust of European civilization. The thoughts of Gandhi, the Hindu saint, and the poet Tagore are blazing up the dense valleys. The outcry against the Consortium, the thirty-million-dollar loan from native bankers to the Peking Government, last summer, and, above all, the wild enthusiasm in the south over Sun's extreme nationalism, are a few gusts that scurry ahead of the great storm which must some day break, once the restraint of naval force is withdrawn. Everybody who knows China seems to agree that, in the chaos following the creation of eighteen kingdoms, the foreign devils would suffer first and foremost.

V

Thus far we have noted only internal tendencies in China. Is there not hope that the prospect will brighten when we consider other possibilities? May not Japan, reassured by Anglo-Saxon disarmament, forsake her militant ways in Asia? And if China, no longer threatened by her neighbor, continues chaotic, may not the powers join to put her house in order, under some benev-

olent scheme of international control?

Alas for these hopes! The militarist party is still unbroken at Tokyo, and its counsel will prevail at the Washington Conference, where it will confound its adversaries with an argument borrowed from the very advocates of disarmament. Japan can defend her Asiatic policy with the greatest lesson of the World War. Her militarists can appeal to Mr. Frank I. Cobb's vigorous and accurate statement of it, in the August *Atlantic:* —

'Nations that are rich are not defenseless. They contain in themselves all the elements of defense. They may have been defenseless in times when war was the exclusive business of professional soldiers, but all that has been changed. The elements of national defense are now the sum total of all the economic resources of the country plus all the man-power. . . .

'Economic resources can be easily and quickly translated into military resources; and a sound economic system is the essential element in any extensive military undertaking.'

Mr. Cobb correctly used this as an argument for America's disarming. Japanese war lords can use it to demonstrate Japan's need of dominating Manchuria and Mongolia, if not also a slice of Siberia. They can thus prove that their fatherland cannot even defend itself unless it acquires immense economic resources. To-day their country is perilously poor in the materials that make for strength. Her people no longer feed themselves, but import vast quantities of rice and millet. Most of her peasants make money only from silkworm culture. Unhappily, silk is a luxury whose value fluctuates widely, and imitations made from cotton already threaten its market. So a nation whose natural resources are mostly silkworms hangs by a thread. To survive, Japan must own coal, iron, copper, timber, cotton, and all the other ingredients of modern security and comfort. She will seek these even as Great Britain, France, and the United States do to-day. Failing to get them, she must join the ranks of pauper Italy and Greece. Economic expansion on a vast scale, or a surrender of national power — there is no third course!

Can any American or Briton soberly advise the Japanese delegates that they should show true moral grandeur by choosing the second alternative? And, if you once grant the right of economic expansion, where else would you have Japan expand, if not due west?

We come now to the proposed international control of China, which some observers feel would at once restore order there and hold the Tokyo militarists in check. Here is no place to debate the broader merits of the plan. We have only to note its relation to disarmament, which is as clear as sunshine. So sincerely do the Chinese hate foreign domination, that international management could succeed only if backed up by a large army and navy. The day the first alien manager entered Peking, Sun Yat-sen's strength would be doubled. To the 1,700,000 troops of the tuchuns would be added the might of armed mobs and bandits innumerable; and we should be committed to a new benevolent militarism for years to come.

This brings us to the one obstacle to world peace which lies wholly within our own gates. We have most of the world's gold, most of the free capital, immense factories, and millions of skilled workers. The unbalance of trade has ruined our foreign trade with Europe; our exports and imports declined 50 per cent in the first seven months of this year; Germany is selling textiles 60 per cent cheaper than we can; German mills are underbidding Pittsburgh in our domestic steel mar-

ket; our automobile factories are running at 57 per cent capacity; and five million workers are idle, as winter comes on. Meanwhile, taxes refuse to shrink, and battleships are being built, while our farmers see their minute profits devoured by abnormal freight-rates and our builders touch only the most urgent contracts. There is but one escape from the deadly combination of war-debts, an over-expanded factory system, and a money glut. New markets must be tapped quickly, new consumers found, new desires created. But where and how?

Not in Europe, for Europeans are finding it hard enough to fill their stomachs; and they can undersell us at almost every point. Not in Russia, where none has a dollar save for black bread. Not in South America, whose buying power is probably less than that of Texas, in spite of the large claims of sundry bank presidents whose knowledge of that continent and its people appears to have been derived from grammar-school geographies and smoking-room tales. Where, then? There remains only the Far East. China and Siberia can absorb billions of capital, much of which, as Mr. T. W. Lamont remarked, must eventually earn a thousand per cent. They can also consume billions' worth of manufactures; and, as their standards of living rise, these billions will become tens of billions. To those lands, then, our financiers and manufacturers must look for the only foreign trade that can restore our economic balance appreciably. Their logic is impeccable, granting the premise that we must look abroad for new markets.

But how dares any American financier invest millions in such chaos, where governments totter, intriguers plot new empires, and war lords revel in civil strife? Neither Peking nor Canton can protect him, and Tokyo will not. His alternatives, then, are clear: either he must have his own country protect him with as much force as is necessary, or else he must stay out of Asia. As for the manufacturer and the exporter, he is vexed by this same dilemma and two further annoyances. He must undersell the British, Germans, and Japanese in China; and this he cannot do now save in a few monopolistic lines, such as cheap automobiles and sewing machines. And even when he can meet their prices, he cannot reap their profits, because Great Britain and Japan have exempted their nationals doing business in China from all income taxes and excess-profits taxes on their China trade. But these worries pale beside the chaos in China.

This chaos creates for the Republican party a terrible dilemma. Champion of the full dinner-pail, roaring factories, and hundred-per-cent dividends, — all excellent ideals! — it has committed itself heart and soul to the utmost stimulation of foreign trade and foreign investments. Champion of general prosperity, it aims to reduce the cost of living, especially taxes, which are nine tenths military. The first goal demands a navy. The second demands the abolition of navies. And neither a navy nor an abolished one will guarantee success in the Far East!

Is it to be marveled at that some Republicans have lost interest in the Disarmament Conference, while others are losing sleep over it?

VI

Disarm and leave Asia to the Asiatics, or else run Asia and a huge fleet. This, when all is said and done, is the alternative that delays disarmament. It may be dodged for a while, but it cannot be evaded. It will not help to emit hypocritical shrieks over the wicked Japanese, whose imitation of our political ways is the sincerest flattery. Nor

will it serve any good end to shed crocodile tears over poor, down-trodden China, which is not a whit worse off than some of our own Southern states, man for man, road for road, town for town. Asia is Asia. It must work out its own salvation. Too far away and too huge to be controlled by us, who cannot even manage our own cities intelligently, its hundreds of millions can be swayed by us only under the compulsion of overwhelming force. They who are compelled will gain little. We who compel shall lose much in money and in reputation. Only a few exploiters, white and yellow, will emerge with riches.

Some influential Republicans understand this and are ready to accept its implications. But the majority seem still under the spell of economic imperialism, or else hypnotized by the Japanese bogey manufactured by our yellow press. And so, while they may cry for world peace and the prosperity it must bring, they thwart it by refusing to accept the consequences of disarmament. If the Conference fails, they will probably have to share the guilt with the extreme militarists of Japan.

THE FAR EASTERN PROBLEM

BY J. O. P. BLAND

I

EARLY in August, the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* announced that it was the intention of the United States Government to 'make the settlement of the Far Eastern situation a condition precedent to the discussion of the curtailment of armaments.' If this be so, supreme importance must attach to whatever scheme of settlement is eventually framed and proposed by the State Department. Seldom, indeed, have the prospects of peace in our time been more directly dependent upon the knowledge and breadth of vision of a few statesmen. America, because of her unchallengeable wealth and resources, holds the master-key to the gates of peace and war in the regions of the Pacific. If, at this juncture, her foreign policy is based upon recognition of the realities of the Far Eastern situation (including recognition of the instinct of self-preservation which underlies Japan's expansion on the Asiatic mainland), the Conference should pave the way, at least, to what President Harding calls 'approximate disarmament,' and thus relieve the world of the burden and danger of acute naval rivalry.

At the outset it may be asked, why should America seek to make an international agreement for disarmament dependent upon the settlement of the Far Eastern question, more than upon the removal of any other potential cause of conflict? The answer lies obviously in the fact that every nation's foreign policy is inevitably inspired by the fundamental instinct of survival, which

compels it to seek and preserve, at all costs, national security. Also, that many things have happened during the past ten years to lead public opinion in the United States to the belief that America's security is menaced by Japan's rapid rise to the front rank of world powers and by the activities and ambitions of her military party.

When, after the Russo-Japanese War, the United States played the part of host and peacemaker at the making of the Treaty of Portsmouth (1905), the general sentiment of the American nation was one of unmistakable sympathy and friendship for Japan; but since then much has occurred to change this feeling into one of apprehension and increasing antagonism. First came the Russo-Japanese Entente of 1907, followed by the definite agreement of July, 1910, which made the Treaty of Portsmouth a dead letter and definitely abrogated the principle of the Open Door in Manchuria and Mongolia. Next came the humiliating fiasco of Mr. Secretary Knox's scheme for the neutralization of railways in Manchuria; and finally, the annexation of Korea by Japan. But more significant than all these indications of Japan's activities as a world power was her increasing insistence on the principle of racial equality, combined with the assertion of rights of migration to the American continent. Thus, before the revolution in China and the great war in Europe gave Japan new and unexpected opportunities for advancing her outposts and accelerating her economic penetration in the comparatively undeveloped regions of the Asiatic mainland adjacent to Korea, the Yellow Peril (as proclaimed by Homer Lea in the *Valor of Ignorance*) had begun to loom largely on the political horizon, and public opinion in America had become definitely imbued with the conviction that Japan's ambitions must involve a challenge to Western civilization and, ultimately, a claim to the mastery of the Pacific.

The course of events during and since the great war — the elimination of Russia as an Asiatic power, the increasing chaos in China, and the swift rise of the United States to leadership in the council of nations — has served to increase the points of contact and to accentuate the economic and political differences between the two nations which confront each other across the Pacific. The racial aspect of the antagonism thus created was emphasized at Versailles, and finds expression today in a widely prevalent belief in the idea of a 'color war,' wherein the forces of Pan-Asia (and even Pan-Africa), organized and led by Japan, will challenge and overthrow the dominant white race. Mr. Lothrop Stoddard's *Rising Tide of Color*, and other works of the same kind, have given form and substance to a Yellow Peril spectre, as fantastic in its way as Kaiser Wilhelm's famous vision of China's warlike millions ranged in battle array against the pale legions of the West.

The limits of this article do not permit, nor does the occasion require, any detailed exposition of the absurdity of this Pan-Asian delusion. In propounding their scheme for the settlement of the Far Eastern question to the Washington Conference, the American State Department and the British Foreign Office will have work and to spare in dealing with the actual and immediate difficulties of the situation. The theory of profound racial antagonism is obviously incompatible with the proclaimed intention of the British and American governments to substitute a spirit of coöperation and mutuality for the intense spirit of competition in solving the problems which arise out of the political and financial disorganization of China. It is a theory that cannot be

invoked without weakening the whole Anglo-American position in the matter of the Asiatic Exclusion acts, and stultifying their essential justification, which rests on economic, as distinct from racial, grounds.

Mr. Lloyd George has recently declared that the foreign policy of Great Britain, as a partly Asiatic empire, 'can never range itself in any sense upon the differences of race and civilization between East and West. It would be fatal to the Empire. No greater calamity can overtake the world than any further accentuation of its divisions upon the lines of race. We look confidently to the Government and people of the United States for their understanding and sympathy in this respect. Friendly coöperation with the United States is for us a cardinal principle, dictated by what seems to us the proper nature of things, dictated by instinct quite as much as by reason and by common sense.'

Mr. Lloyd George's words undoubtedly express the sentiments of the great majority of his countrymen. Every discussion of the question of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, by the Imperial Conference, in Parliament, and in the press, has served to emphasize the general opinion that the treaty should be renewed, but in a form that will give no umbrage, and evoke no misgivings, in the United States. The Australian Premier has declared that 'Australia's safety lies in a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and that it is her bounden duty to use every means at her disposal to effect such a *modus vivendi* as will secure it in a form agreeable to the United States.' On a later occasion, Mr. Hughes expressed the opinion (which has found wide support in the British press) that, in the event of a tripartite understanding being reached between America, Great Britain, and Japan, dealing with the Far East and with disarmament, there would be no necessity for a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

II

As matters now stand, the first thing necessary, to remove the immediate difficulties and dangers of the Far Eastern situation, and to diminish the causes of friction between Japan and the United States, is the conclusion of an international agreement for the restoration, by concerted action, of the powers of law and order in China. Unless steps are taken, and that speedily, to this end, there can be no prospect of any permanent settlement of the Far Eastern question. American participation in such an agreement, and in an 'International Council' to carry it into effect, is a solution that presents obvious difficulties; nevertheless, it is the only one that affords practical means of carrying out the American idea of friendly coöperation, and the only way of putting an end to the chaos of misrule in China, in a spirit of genuine friendship for the Chinese people. Failing active American participation, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, renewed under conditions consistent with the Covenant of the League of Nations, would appear to offer the only alternative solution of the problem; the only one, at all events, that would provide England with the leverage necessary to secure the future maintenance of the Open Door for trade, a revision of the Shantung question, and the settlement of other points of difference in the Far East.

Assuming that the first desideratum for the Washington Conference is a spirit of harmony and helpfulness between the representatives of those powers, whose ultimate object is the limitation of armaments, the decision to invite China's participation in the Conference, though diplomatically and

theoretically sound, is calculated, in practice, to frustrate the ends desired. For there is already ample evidence in the press, here and in the United States, that China's representatives on this occasion will conform faithfully to their traditional policy of setting one barbarian against another, and will do everything in their power to make the Conference an arena of enmity and suspicion. All the undeniable eloquence and intelligence of that highly vocal element of Young China which professes its present belief in American institutions and ideals will be concentrated in an appeal to the chivalrous support of the American people, and this appeal will no doubt be powerfully supported by many of the missionary societies and the Y.M.C.A., which naturally sympathize with the aspirations of their pupils and protégés to become the dominant force in Chinese politics. There is already evidence that the public utterances of adroit diplomats and lawyers like Mr. Wellington Koo and Dr. Wang, and the press propaganda conducted by Putnam Weale, and other foreigners in Chinese pay, to which Professor Dewey's distinguished reputation lends additional force, have achieved considerable results in the direction indicated; that is to say, they have created an atmosphere of hostility toward Japan, and toward the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, in the United States. Something of the effect of China's propaganda and appeals may even be discerned in the dispatches of the State Department that form part of the correspondence antecedent to the establishment of the International Financial Consortium last year.

Briefly stated, the object of the American Government, as expressed in these dispatches, was to eliminate all special claims in particular spheres of interest in China and to throw open the whole country, *including Manchuria and Mongolia*, without reserve, to the combined activities of the Consortium. The British Government, at the outset, gave friendly support to this proposal; but inasmuch as it conflicted obviously with certain accomplished facts and recorded pacts, it was possible to do so only by concurring vaguely in the benevolent argument that, 'with the establishment of the Consortium, a new era was about to dawn, in which conditions have changed, and that the powers therefore propose henceforward to work together in harmonious and friendly coöperation, rather than in competition.'

The Japanese Ambassador's reply to the dispatch in which Lord Curzon supported this argument tactfully refrained from discussing the practical effects of the 'new era' upon international politics. He contented himself with reiterating his Government's reliance upon the British Government's explicit assurance that the powers would refuse to countenance any activities of the Consortium 'affecting the security of the economic life or the national defense of Japan,' a reservation capable of the widest application, and one which leaves the question of Japan's 'special interests' in the same nebulous condition as that in which it remained after the Lansing-Ishii agreement of 1917.

III

The line that China's representatives and advisers may be expected to adopt at Washington was clearly indicated some months ago by the Chinese Minister in London, Mr. Wellington Koo, well known in the United States. They will undoubtedly present a glowing picture of the Chinese Republic, successfully progressing toward Utopia by the development of liberal ideas and democratic institutions, all regardless

of the fact that these are as remote as the planet Mars from all the realities of the situation in China. They will make eloquent appeal to the sympathies of the civilized world, in the name of Democracy, on behalf of Young China's chimerical Republic, and of its splendid programme of purely imaginary reforms. In the typical words of Putnam Weale, they will 'claim their place in the family of nations, not only on terms of equality, but as representatives of Liberalism and subscribers to all those sanctions on which the civilization of peace rests.' They will continue to describe the social activities and academic theories of a few thousand 'Western-learning' students and journalists as truly representative of the political convictions and institutions of the Chinese people.

And all the while they will complacently ignore the lamentable and notorious facts of China's actual position, the utter demoralization and inevitable bankruptcy of the Peking Government, the lawlessness and insatiable greed of the military chieftains, whose rabble armies have devastated the country for the last ten years, and the untold sufferings of the defenseless people, more pitiful to-day than ever they were under the Manchus. Above all, they will carefully refrain from admission of the undeniable truth that the political and financial ascendancy which Japan has established at Peking, and the rapid advance of her 'peaceful penetration' in Manchuria and Mongolia, are direct results of the incorrigible money-lust of the mandarin class, more flagrantly displayed by the officials of the Republic than under the old régime. They will earnestly invoke the assistance of America and England against Japan, for the restoration of China's rights in Shantung, and of her unfettered sovereignty over the Northern dependencies; but they will say nothing of the lamentable fact that, since the death of Yuan Shih-k'ai (1916), the several political factions that have struggled for mastery at Peking have vied with each other in mortgaging to Japan, in return for subsidies and loans, many rights, privileges, and concessions calculated to jeopardize their country's political independence.

Early this year, the Chinese Minister in London gave the Foreign Office an indication of the attitude to be adopted by China's representatives at the forthcoming Conference in regard to the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. They desire to protest, in the first place, against any reference in the treaty, if renewed, to 'the preservation of the territorial integrity and political independence of China,' as an implication derogatory to the dignity of China as a sovereign State, and distasteful to the sentiment of her people.

Inasmuch as the first object of their presence at the Conference is to invoke assistance for the maintenance of China's sovereign rights, this initial protest may be regarded as a face-saving device, a mild bluff for the benefit of the gallery, based on the oldest traditions of Oriental statecraft. Next, they will ask for the abrogation of the 'twenty-one demands' agreement (signed by Yuan Shih-k'ai in May, 1915, under pressure of a Japanese ultimatum), and for the restoration of China's full sovereignty in Shantung. Here we reach a crucial point of the Far Eastern question. For it is undeniable that, in these twenty-one demands, Japan availed herself of the opportunities created by the war in Europe and the demoralization of China, to regularize and consolidate her position at China's expense, in Shantung (as successor to Germany), and in Manchuria, Eastern Inner Mongolia, and on the coast of Fukhien province.

Now, it must be obvious that no satisfactory results are to be expected

from the Washington Conference, except upon the initial assumption that henceforward Japan, in concert with England and the United States, is prepared to coöperate loyally in practical measures for the restoration of law, order, trade, and sound finance, in China. This assumption implies, not only the definite cessation of the Japanese military party's activities in Peking, but the abandonment by Japan, as part of a general self-sacrificing agreement between the powers, of all claims to 'special interests' in any province of China proper, such as those which were created by the twenty-one demands in 1915, and subsequently by the secret 'military agreement,' concluded in March, 1918, with the corrupt clique then in power at Peking.

Having discussed these questions with many of the leading statesmen and publicists in Japan, I firmly believe that the Japanese Government is prepared to welcome an Anglo-American-Japanese understanding, having as its avowed object a common reconstructive policy in China. Even before the prospect of a limitation of armaments had emphasized the desirability of such an understanding, the Japanese Prime Minister had declared (1919) his Government's readiness to coöperate in the difficult task of restoring financial and administrative order in China, with due regard to her sovereign rights. Many things have happened in the last five years to lead the rulers of Japan to perceive that persistence in the aggressive 'forward' policy of the military party can lead only to a dangerous position of national isolation, besides involving the over-taxed people in further heavy expenditure. For these and other reasons, there appear to be valid grounds for expecting good results from the Conference, provided that responsible American opinion be not misled by the specious pleadings of China's representatives, into finding in the gospel of the 'new era,' tidings of comfort and joy for all the world — with the exception, and to the detriment, of Japan.

In particular, the question of Shantung, though apparently simple enough in its broad moral aspect, will require delicate handling. China and the United States, not being parties to the Treaty of Versailles, may be justified in questioning the decision of the Allies, whereby Japan obtained the reversion of Germany's exclusive privileges in Shantung; but the fact must not be overlooked that America's representative and President was a consenting party to that decision; also that, because of it, Japan agreed to withdraw from discussion the thorny question of 'racial equality.' In originally raising that question, Japan practically claimed recognition of her right to equal opportunity in the matter of migration overseas; and President Wilson, unable to concede that claim, was fain to compromise it along the line of least resistance — that is, at China's expense.

As for the position of China in the matter, it is evident that the activities of her diplomats and publicists are inspired rather by the desire to create dissension between Japan and the United States than by genuine zeal for the integrity and independence of their country. For the men who strain so noisily at the Shantung gnat are the same as those who quietly swallowed the camel of the secret military agreement (to which I have already referred) — a pact concluded by their Government, of its own accord, with Japan, which made Peking, for all practical purposes, a subsidized dependency of Tokyo.

IV

Two fundamental facts must be faced at the outset by the Conference if the Far Eastern problem is to be solved

in a spirit of mutuality and helpfulness. First, that China's military weakness, financial chaos, and internecine strife now constitute the root-cause of the problem. This fact requires no demonstration for anyone who has studied the situation. Second, that Japan is impelled, by acute economic pressure, either to seek new outlets for her surplus population overseas, or to endeavor to secure such a position of economic advantage in the undeveloped regions of the Asiatic mainland, adjacent to her frontiers, as shall enable her to maintain and increase her industries, and thereby feed her people, at home.

Japan's imperative need of expansion is, indeed, an undeniable and constant factor in the Far Eastern problem. Morally speaking, and from the political idealist's point of view, it is, of course, lamentable that any race or nation should expand at the expense of another; nevertheless, *pace* the 'new-era' doctrine, the struggle for supremacy and survival between races has not ended with the Treaty of Versailles, and the ideal of self-determination must always prove to be an empty phrase when confronted with the elemental instinct of self-preservation. Japan has expanded into Korea, and is thence expanding northward and westward, impelled by the same instincts and impulses as those which have peopled England's colonies and doubled the territory and number of the United States.

America's naval programme affords more convincing testimony to the realities of the situation than all the acts of the apostles of pacifism. The conflict between benevolent idealism and the stern facts of existence is as old as the hills; and despite humanitarians and vegetarians, the inexorable law remains that all life on this planet exists and persists at the cost of other lives. Charm they never so wisely, it will need more than the eloquence of the idealists to convince responsible statesmen that this instinct and the economic pressure behind it can be exorcised by invoking a new era of universal altruism. The philosophers have not yet found the stone which will satisfy a people that cries for bread.

Considered in this light, the crux of the Far Eastern discussion will probably be found to lie in the question of Japan's claim to 'special interests' in Manchuria and Mongolia. In seeking the abrogation of the twenty-one-demands agreement of 1915, China asks, in fact, that Japan should vacate the 'leased' territory of the Liaotung peninsula, including Dairen and Port Arthur, at the date named in the original Russian lease (that is to say, in March, 1923), and that the ninety-years' term — subsequently conceded in compliance with the twenty-one-demands ultimatum — should now be annulled. But no good purpose can be served by ignoring the truth that the original 'lease' of the Liaotung peninsula by China to Russia was never anything but a diplomatic fiction, a politic device whereby the face of Li Hung-Chang was partially saved. Common sense, if not common justice, compels recognition of the lamentable truth, that China's sovereign rights in Manchuria and Mongolia were virtually doomed when Russian diplomacy concluded the original 'lease' compact with China's complaisant rulers. By that compact, Japan's economic existence and national security were threatened with dangers so imminent, that war between her and Russia became inevitable.

The development of a position of economic and political ascendancy by Japan in Manchuria and Mongolia — euphemistically described in the Lansing-Ishii agreement as 'special' interests — became equally inevitable when,

by the Treaty of Portsmouth, Russia handed over to her conqueror the leased territory of Liaotung and the South Manchurian railway. China not only consented to this arrangement, but by certain secret clauses of an agreement voluntarily concluded between her Government and Japan in December, 1905, she deprived herself of valuable rights, specifically reserved for her by the Treaty of Portsmouth, in regard to the economic and industrial development of Manchuria. By pledging herself not to build any railways which might compete with the South Manchurian line, she made it possible for Japan to veto (as she subsequently did, in partnership with Russia) all British and American enterprises in that region. To-day, Japan's privileged position and paramount influence on the mainland to the north and west of Korea is regarded by the nation, not only as one of vital necessity, but of indisputable right — a right established at the cost of two victorious wars, and subsequently developed by means of concessions freely granted by China's rulers in return for money loans. To suggest (as was done by Lord Curzon and Mr. Lansing in the Consortium dispatches of 1919) that Manchuria and Mongolia are actually integral 'provinces' of China, to be regarded and dealt with internationally in the same way as the eighteen provinces of China proper, is to ignore the basic realities of the situation, not to mention elementary geography and history.

Mongolia, as a dependency, stands toward China in precisely the same relation as Tibet. It is not easy to understand upon what grounds Great Britain, after having required China to abandon her claims to effective sovereignty over autonomous Tibet, can profess to regard Mongolia (which has asserted its independence of Peking) as a 'province' of China. Nor can any valid process of reasoning justify England or America in supporting China's contention that Japan should now surrender, or greatly modify, her claims to 'special interests' in Manchuria. The arguments and attitude of Japan's representatives at Versailles clearly demonstrated their determination to insist upon recognition of those interests, as an equitable *quid pro quo* for our Asiatic Exclusion acts and all that they imply. The same determination was unmistakably manifested in the negotiation and conclusion of the Lansing-Ishii agreement in 1917.

To sum up. If England, America, and Japan now concur in recognizing the critical condition of affairs in China, and unite, in a common purpose of good-will, to restore her stability of government and to protect her sovereignty, the resources of diplomacy should be capable of devising a practical and equitable solution of the Far Eastern problem. Frank discussion of the existing situation should entail, *pari passu* with reasonable recognition of Japan's established position in Manchuria and Mongolia, the simultaneous restoration to China, by all the powers concerned, of 'leased' territories in China proper, the withdrawal of all foreign garrisons and post-offices from the eighteen provinces, and the abandonment therein of all claims to spheres of influence and concessions, which conflict with the sovereignty of China and the principle of equal opportunity.

Given such an agreement, concerted measures for the restoration of the Central Government's authority and fiscal machinery, for the effective disbandment of the *tuchuns*' irregular forces, and for financial reorganization, might be profitably discussed with China's representatives. But, pending the application of such remedial measures, it is foolish and futile to talk of restoring the unfettered authority of

the Chinese Government in Manchuria and Mongolia, for the simple reason that there is no effective government in China. Under existing conditions, the rapid economic development of these dependencies, which has resulted from Japan's railway and mining enterprises, has proved of immediate benefit, not only to China's revenues, but to large numbers of Chinese workers and settlers, who have poured into the country from Shantung and Chihli, attracted by good wages and the prospect of immunity from the lawlessness that preys upon all forms of productive industry, as the result of chronic misrule under the Chinese Republic.

A word, in conclusion, with the political idealists who would have us believe in the impending federation of the world by virtue of Christianity and faith in the blessings of Democracy. It were well for the peace of mankind if they could be led to realize the simple truth that the impact and influence of the West have tended to destroy the cohesive and self-sufficient qualities of China's patriarchal system of government, without supplying anything of practical value in its place. A venerable civilization, probably the wisest, and certainly the oldest, that humanity has produced, is now in danger of perishing, as so many others have perished, by contact with our machine-driven, armor-plated culture, in combination with soulless international finance. Time will show whether the process of disintegration wrought by these disruptive influences can possibly be arrested by a new policy of harmonious coöperation, for China's good, between the friendly powers, so as to preserve her independence as a nation and to restore peace and prosperity to her people. Reduced to simple terms, this is the real Far Eastern question, which awaits the deliberations of the Washington Conference.

ARE WE GIVING JAPAN A SQUARE DEAL? II

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

I

THE key to Japanese militarism and imperialism is to be found in the dual government that exists in Japan. There is the constitutional government — the Cabinet, the Diet, consisting of the House of Peers and the House of Representatives, and the administrative bureaucracy — with which the world is familiar. But there is also an invisible government, an unseen empire, composed of a clique of military men and men with military affiliations, headed by the Genro, or Elder Statesmen, with the General Staff of the Army as its instrument. Of the two governments, the latter is by far the more powerful. Japanese policy, particularly in foreign affairs, is invariably shaped by this unseen government, its wishes generally being translated by the constitu-

tional government's actions. The two régimes, whose interests are by no means always opposed, are of necessity more or less intermixed, like interlocking directorates. For example, many officials of the permanent civil bureaucracy — that is, the bureau chiefs and their staffs — are drawn from the militaristic clique, which is identical with the unseen government, with which, as might be expected, they work in harmony.

At the head of the Japanese State stands the Emperor, generally spoken of by foreigners as the Mikado ('Honorable Gate,' a title comparable with Sublime Porte), and by his own subjects as Tennō, or Heavenly King. The present Emperor, Yoshihito, is the one hundred and twenty-second of his line, according to Japanese history, which reckons from 660 B.C. when Jimmu ascended the throne. But as written records do not carry us back further than A.D. 712, the reigns and periods of the very early monarchs are more or less apocryphal. Still, the fact remains that Japan has been ruled by an unbroken dynasty ever since the dawn of her history, in which respect she is unique among all the nations of the world. By the Constitution of 1889 the Emperor combines in himself the rights of sovereignty and exercises the whole of the executive powers, with the advice and assistance of the nine Cabinet ministers. He alone can make war, declare peace, and conclude treaties. But between the Cabinet and the Crown stands a small body of men, the survivors of those by whose genius modern Japan was raised to her present high position among the nations. They are known as the Genrō, or Elder Statesmen. At the present time only three remain — Field-Marshal Prince Yamagata, Marquis Okuma, and Marquis Matsukata. These three old men are the real rulers of Japan.

Now let me make it clear that the Elder Statesmen are neither appointed nor elected. Indeed, there is no such office as that of Elder Statesman *per se*. You will find no mention of them in the Japan Year-Book or other works of reference. They are not officials, though they hold the reins of power, though by virtue of their rank they have seats in the House of Peers. They are private citizens who, because of their experience and sagacity, are the trusted advisers of the Emperor, as they were of his father before him. They are so firmly intrenched in the confidence of the Emperor and great nobles; they are the embodiment of traditions so indissolubly linked with the history of the Empire; the social, political, financial, and military interests which they represent are so powerful; that all attempts to dislodge them or seriously to weaken their influence have met with failure.

The invisible government of which the Elder Statesmen are the head and brains is not a modern development; it goes back into Japanese history for centuries. For nearly a thousand years Japan has had a nominal government and another unacknowledged government, the latter more or less cloaked and independent of check or control, existing side by side. This unseen empire dates from the period of the Shogunate, during which the Emperor was the titular ruler and the Shogun the actual ruler of Japan. When the Shogunate was abolished in 1868, and the unification of the country under the Emperor Mutsuhito begun, the task of reconstruction was undertaken by the *daimyo*, or feudal nobles. They became the officials of the new government and directed the transformation of Japan into a modern state. Their descendants fill those offices to-day.

When it is remembered that the present officeholders are almost all members of the ancient military clans,

it is not difficult to understand the ascendancy of the militarists in Japanese politics. For example, nearly all the members of the military clique belong to the Chosun clan, while the navy clique is recruited from the Satsuma clan. The acknowledged leader of them all, the uncrowned ruler of Japan, is Prince Yamagata, himself a soldier and a field-marshal. The Emperor, feeble in health and mind, in spite of the profound veneration in which he is still held by the great mass of his subjects, is a ruler only in name.

Of the nine members of the Cabinet, two — the Minister of War and the Minister of Marine — are not answerable for their actions to the Premier, but are responsible only to the Emperor — which, translated, means the Elder Statesmen. As a result of this anomalous situation, these two ministers can, and frequently do, defy the Premier and block legislation. In fact, a former Prime Minister resigned because he was unable to find men for these portfolios who would consent to carry out his policies. As the members of the Cabinet are appointed by the Emperor, instead of, as is the custom in most European countries, by the Premier, it is self-evident that no one could obtain the portfolio of war or of marine unless he was *persona gratissima* to the militarist party. This closest of close corporations is still further bound together by family ties, the present Minister of War, Major-General Giichi Tanaka, being a son-in-law of Prince Yamagata.

It is this curious relic of feudal times which is responsible for those failures to keep her agreements which have done so much to lose for Japan the confidence of other nations. Japan's failure to abide by her promise to evacuate Siberia upon the withdrawal of the American and other Allied troops provides a case in point. This commitment was made to the United States and her European allies by the constitutional Government, as represented by Premier Hara. I have good reason to believe that, in making this promise, the Government was entirely sincere and that it fully intended to carry out the evacuation. But the unseen government — by which is meant the militarist party — wished Japan to remain in Siberia, for reasons of its own. It wanted territory in that region, — territory rich in mines and forests, — and here was an easy way to get it. I do not know precisely what procedure was followed by the militarists, of course; but I imagine that it was something like this. Prince Yamagata, speaking with the authority of the Emperor, informed his son-in-law, the Minister of War, that the occupation of Siberia was to be continued; whereupon the Minister of War, presumably without the consent of the Premier, and quite possibly without his knowledge, instead of withdrawing the Siberian garrisons, reinforced them. It thus being made impossible for the constitutional Government to keep the agreement it had made, Premier Hara, in order to 'save his face,' as they say in the East, was forced to explain his failure to withdraw the troops by asserting that it had been found necessary to retain them in Siberia temporarily in order to guard Japan from Bolshevist attacks. Result: loss of confidence by the other powers in Japan's promises.

The effect on foreign opinion of such usurpation of power by the invisible government is recognized by the liberal element in Japan; as witness a recent editorial in the *Yomi-Yuri Shimbun:* —

'It is regrettable that the declarations of the Japanese Government are often not taken seriously. The Powers regard Japan as a country that does not mean what it says. The most important reasons for this will be found in

the actions of the militarists, whose utterances are the cause of the Government's attitude being misunderstood abroad. Unless the militarist evil is stamped out, a hundred declarations disavowing territorial ambitions will not be able to convince the Powers.'

The militarists placed the Government in almost as embarrassing a position in Korea last year as in Siberia. Premier Hara, stirred to action by the excesses of the Japanese troops, issued orders that the military forces in Korea should be subordinated to the civil authorities; but the military, backed by the unseen government, virtually ignored these orders, the newly appointed Governor-General, Baron Saito, being unable to enforce his commands where the military were concerned. Should the Prime Minister resent such attempts to block the policy of the Government, and appeal to the Emperor, he would really be appealing to the Elder Statesmen, who, as I have explained, stand between the Emperor and the Cabinet. Or, should the Diet attempt to put a check on the militarists by refusing to pass the army appropriations, it would have no effect on the situation, for in such a case the budget holds over from the previous year. Having direct access to the Emperor and to the funds of the Imperial Household, which is the richest in the world, the militarists never lack for money. Indeed, when all is said and done, it is they who hold the purse-strings. It will be seen, therefore, that the Progressive Premier, Mr. Hara, is in a trying and none too strong position. The military party and the forces of reaction typified by Prince Yamagata have too much power for him. The Premier, speaking for the Government and through the Minister of Foreign Affairs, makes commitments to other powers. The unseen government ignores these commitments and leaves it to the Premier to explain as best he can. There you have the real reason why Japan seems so often to violate her treaty obligations. She is not insincere in making them. The men who make them are not the men who break them.

This continued exercise of irresponsible authority by the military party is the most important and the most dangerous factor in the whole Japanese question. Until the invisible and irresponsible powers behind the throne are suppressed in favor of the constitutional Government, there can be no real hope of a satisfactory understanding between Japan and the United States. A democracy like ours cannot do business with a government that is masked; we must know with whom we are dealing. If Japan sincerely desires the friendship of the United States, then she must give valid assurances that the declared policies of her Government will henceforward be binding on her military, as well as her civil agents.

II

Although close observers have of late detected a noticeable change in the attitude of the younger generation of Japanese toward the Emperor, who is no longer venerated as he has been by past generations, and although the strength of the anti-militarist party is steadily increasing, to talk glibly, as certain American visitors to Japan have done, of Japanese militarism being on its last legs, is to reveal profound ignorance of the actual conditions. If the system of unseen government were merely transitory, it might readily yield before the growth of education and enlightened opinion. But it is not transitory. Its tentacles reach deep into the traditions of the Empire. It would be strange, indeed, if the militarists were not dominant in Japan, for the whole history of the nation is

punctuated by wars, feuds, and revolutions; it climbed to its present position as one of the Great Powers on the guns of its battleships and the bayonets of its soldiers; it has always been ruled by military men. The militarism which pervades the nation is vitalized, moreover, by Japan's obsession that she is hemmed in by a ring of enemies. The truth of the matter is that the great majority of Japanese look to the militarists as the saviors of the Empire.

Although the Japanese are gradually becoming more democratic in their tendencies, let us not delude ourselves into thinking that the disappearance of militarism is a probability of the not far distant future. That it will eventually disappear is as certain as that dawn follows the dark. But it may take a generation, or more. That the militarists will remain in the ascendant during the lifetime of the Elder Statesmen there can be little doubt. Not until the grip of those aged dictators has been relaxed by death is the power of the militarists likely to wane. Nor is there any certainty that it will wane then; for in recent years their power has been immensely strengthened by a force far mightier and more sinister than that of the Elder Statesmen. I refer to the force of organized capital, of Big Business. As Mr. Nathaniel Peffer, one of the shrewdest and best-informed students of Far Eastern politics, has shown, it is Big Business that has reinforced and is keeping in power the unseen government — the military party.

Only recently has modern industrial Japan awakened to a realization of its own strength. But it is now fully alive to the almost unlimited power, the endless possibilities, to be realized by the great business interests of the country joining hands and working together for a common purpose. One who could trace, through the political structure of the Empire, the ramifications of the great industrial and trading companies would be in a position to analyze Japanese politics, domestic and foreign. Those policies of the Japanese Government which are usually attributed by foreigners to the ambitions of the militarists are in reality due to the machinations of the capitalists. Here you have the key to the annexation of Korea, to Japanese aggression in Manchuria and Siberia, to the unreasonable demands made on China, to the opposition to the restoration of Shantung. All of those regions are immensely rich in natural resources; they offer unlimited possibilities for profitable exploitation. And it is Japanese Big Business which proposes to do the exploiting. So, in order to obtain control of the territories which it proposes to exploit, it has joined forces with the land-hungry militarists. It is the most sinister combination of high politics and Big Business that the world has ever seen.

Dominating Japanese business and finance are a few great corporations: Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Suzuki, Okura, Sumitomo, Kuhara, Takata, Furukawa. So much larger than the others that they are in a class by themselves are the Mitsui and Mitsubishi companies, owned respectively by the Mitsui and Iwasaki families. Indeed, it is a common saying in Japan that no one knows where Mitsui ends and the Government begins. Their tentacles sink deep into every phase of national life — commercial, industrial, financial, political. They own banks, railways, steamship lines, mills, factories, dockyards, mines, forests, plantations, insurance companies, trading corporations. They and the leaders of the unseen government are as intertwined by marriage, mutual interest, and interlocking directorates as President Wilson boasted that the Treaty of Versailles was intertwined with the Covenant of the League of Nations.

Each of these great companies, according to Mr. Peffer, has its political, financial, or family alliances with the leaders of the unseen government. Marquis Okuma, one of the Elder Statesmen, is related by marriage to the Iwasakis, who, as I have said, own the great house of Mitsubishi. The same house is connected with the opposition party through its leader, Viscount Kato, who is Baron Iwasaki's son-in-law. Another of the Elder Statesmen, Marquis Matsukata, is adviser to one of these political dynasties. The late Marquis Inoue, who held in turn the portfolios of agriculture and commerce, home affairs, finance, and foreign affairs, was closely connected with the house of Mitsui. The late Field-Marshal Terauchi, at one time Prime Minister of Japan and one of the foremost leaders of the military party, was equally close to Okura, a relationship which explains that house's success in obtaining army contracts and concessions on the mainland of Asia. And so with the highest military men of the Empire and the leading statesmen of both political parties. Each has his relationship to some great financial house, to some captain of industry. Big Business uses these affiliations with the militarists to obtain for its schemes the support of the unseen government, which is enormously strengthened by the affiliations of the militarists with Big Business. It is like a cross-ruff at bridge.

III

'Japan's future lies oversea.' In those four words is found the policy of the military-financial combination that rules Japan. The annexation of Formosa and Korea and Sakhalin, the occupation of Manchuria and Siberia and Shantung, are not, as the world supposes, examples of haphazard land-grabbing, but phases of a vast and carefully laid scheme, which has for its aim the eventual control of all Eastern Asia. Ostensibly to solve the problems with which she has been confronted by her amazing increase in population and production, but in reality to gratify the ambitions of the militaristic-financial clique, Japan has embarked on a campaign of world-expansion and exploitation. Convinced that she requires a colonial empire in her business, she has set out to build one as she would build a bridge or a dry-dock. The fact that she had nothing, or next to nothing, to start with did not worry her at all. Having once made up her mind that the realization of her political, economic, and territorial ambitions necessitated the acquirement of overseas dominions, she has permitted nothing to stand in the way of her getting them. In other words, wherever an excuse can be provided for raising a flagstaff, whether on an ice-floe in the Arctic or an island in the Pacific, there the Rising Sun flag shall flutter; wherever trade is to be found, there Yokohama cargo-boats shall drop their anchors, there Osaka engines shall thunder over Kobe rails, there Kyoto silks and Nagoya cottons shall be sold by merchants speaking the language of Nippon. It is a scheme astounding by its very vastness, as methodically planned and systematically conducted as an American presidential campaign; and already, thanks to Japanese audacity, aggressiveness, and perseverance, backed up by Japanese banks, battleships, and bayonets, it is much nearer realization than the world imagines.

In China, Siberia, and the Philippines, in California, Canada, and Mexico, in the East Indies, Australia, and New Zealand, on three continents and on all the islands of the Eastern seas, Japanese merchants and Japanese money are working twenty-four hours

a day, building up that overseas empire of which the financiers and the militarists dream. The activities of Japan's outposts of commerce and finance are as varied as commerce and finance themselves. Their voices are heard in every Eastern market-place; their footsteps resound in every avenue of Oriental endeavor. Their mines in Siberia and China and Manchuria rival the cave of Al-ed-Din. The railways that converge on Peking from the north and east, the great trunk-line across Manchuria, and the eastern section of the trans-Siberian system are already in their hands. They work tea-plantations in China, coffee-plantations in Java, rubber-plantations in Malaya, cocoanut-plantations in Borneo, hemp-plantations in the Philippines, spice-plantations in the Celebes, sugar-plantations in Hawaii, prune-orchards in California, apple-orchards in Oregon, coal-mines in Manchuria, gold-mines in Korea, forests in Siberia, fisheries in Kamchatka. Their argosies, flying the house-flags of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, and a score of other lines, bear Japanese goods to Japanese traders on all the seaboards of the Orient, while Japanese warships are constantly a-prowl, all up and down the Eastern seas, ready to protect the interests thus created by the menace of their guns.

In regions where Japanese banks are in control and Japanese settlers abound, it is seldom difficult for Japan to find an excuse for aggression. It may be that a Japanese settler is mistreated or a Japanese consul insulted, or that a Japanese bank has difficulty in collecting its debts. So the slim cables flash the complaint to Tokyo; there are secret consultations between the militaristic leaders and the chieftains of Big Business; a spokesman of the unseen government rises in the Diet to announce that, in Siberia or China, Japanese interests have been endangered or Japanese dignity affronted; the newspapers controlled by Big Business inflame the national resentment; the heads of the invisible government, speaking with the authority of the Emperor, issue the necessary orders to the Ministers of War and Marine; and before the country in question awakens to a realization of what is happening, Japanese transports are at anchor in her harbors and Japanese troops are disembarking on her soil. Before they are withdrawn, — if they are withdrawn, — Japan usually succeeds in extorting a concession to build a railway, or to work a coal-field, or to underwrite a loan, or a ninety-nine-year lease of a harbor which can be converted into a naval base, or the cession of a more or less valuable strip of territory — and so the work of building up an overseas empire goes merrily and steadily on.

Now this steady territorial expansion — or, rather, the aggressive militarism that has produced it — has naturally aroused suspicion abroad of Japan's intentions. In less than a quarter of a century the area of the Empire has grown from 148,000 to 261,000 square miles. And virtually every foot of this great territory has been won by the sword. We have seen Formosa and the Pescadores filched, as spoils of war, from a helpless China. We have witnessed the rape of Korea. We have observed Manchuria become Japanese in fact, if not in name. We have watched first Southern and now Northern Sakhalin brought under the rule of Tokyo. We have seen the Rising Sun flag hoisted over Kiaochow, the Marshalls, and the Carolines. We have noted Japan's reluctance to withdraw from Shantung or to permit the neutralization of Yap. We have watched the armies of Nippon pushing deeper and deeper into Siberia

instead of withdrawing altogether, as the Tokyo Government had promised. Let the honest-minded Japanese ask himself, then, if, in the face of such aggressive imperialism, we are not justified in our suspicion and apprehension.

Not a little of our suspicion of Japanese imperialism is directly traceable to the circumstantial stories told by Americans returning from the East, particularly army and navy officers, of Japan's secret designs against the Philippines. In substantiation of these stories they point to the temptation offered by the great natural wealth of the islands; to the alleged alarming increase in the number of Japanese settlers, particularly in Mindanao; and to the geographical fact that the Philippines form a prolongation of the Japanese archipelago. (Were you aware that Taiwan [Formosa], the southernmost Japanese island, can be seen from the highlands of Luzon on a clear day?) That the Philippines would be an objective of Japanese attack in the event of war between the United States and Japan is a foregone conclusion. What Japan's attitude might be were we to withdraw from the islands, leaving the natives to paddle their own canoe, is, perhaps, open to question. But of this I am convinced: as things stand to-day Japan harbors no designs whatsoever against the Philippines. Look at it from the standpoint of common sense. Why should Japan embark on a war with a rich and powerful country like the United States, in order to seize the Philippines, — which, as she doubtless realizes, she could not permanently hold, — when, without the risk of war, she can help herself to even more valuable territory much nearer home? It is quite true that Japan is opposed to the fortification of the Philippines, which she would regard as a threat against herself, just as we are opposed to and would probably prohibit the establishment of a fortified Japanese naval base on the coast of Mexico. While on the subject of the Philippines, here is an interesting bit of secret history. Viscount Kaneko told me that, some years prior to the Spanish-American War, Spain approached Japan with an offer to sell her the Philippines for eight million dollars gold, and that Japan declined the offer on the ground that the islands were too far away for her to administer satisfactorily and that their climate was not suitable for Japanese to live in.

Another reason for our distrust of the peacefulness of Japanese intentions is to be found in the fact that, at a time when other nations are seriously discussing the question of disarmament, Japan announces a military programme which calls for an army with a war-time strength of close to five million men, thereby making her the greatest military power on earth, and a naval programme designed to give her eight battleships and eight battle-cruisers, each to be replaced by a new vessel every eight years. Japan asserts that these vast armies, this powerful armada, should not be interpreted as a threat against ourselves. But, we naturally ask, against whom, then, are they intended? Surely not against her ally, England, or against revolution-torn Russia, or against prostrate Germany, or against decrepit China. Leaving these out of the question, who is left?

But there are two sides to every question. Let us look for a moment at Japan's. Is it not fair and reasonable to judge her by ourselves? What should we say if the Japanese charged us with planning a war against them because we are increasing our naval strength? We are building a navy for national defense. Japan is building one for precisely the same reason. Defense against whom, you ask? Well, if you wish to know the truth, defense against

the United States. For, grotesque as such an assertion may appear to Americans, the majority of Japanese are convinced that we are deliberately trying to force a war upon them. As evidence of this, they point to the discriminatory and humiliating treatment which we have accorded to Japanese in the United States; to our opposition to Japan's legitimate ambitions on the mainland of Asia; to our blocking the insertion in the Covenant of the League of Nations of a clause recognizing Japanese racial equality; to our refusal to recognize the Japanese mandate for the former German possessions in the Pacific; to our unofficial but none the less active support of China in the controversy over Shantung; to the strengthening of our naval bases at Cavite and Pearl Harbor; and finally, to the long succession of sneers, gibes, and insults indulged in by American jingoes, anti-Japanese politicians, and certain sections of the American press. Viewing the situation without prejudice, it seems to me that Japan has as good ground for her suspicion of us as we have for our suspicion of her.

IV

Finally, we come to the most pressing, the most delicate, and the most dangerous of all the questions in dispute between the two countries — that of Japanese immigration into the United States. Now I have no intention of embarking on a discussion of the *pros* and *cons* of this question. But, because I have found that most Americans have of it only an inexact and fragmentary knowledge, and because a rudimentary knowledge of it is essential to a clear understanding of the larger question, our relations with Japan, it is necessary for me to sketch in briefest outline the events leading up to the present immigration situation.

Under the administrative interpretation of our naturalization laws, Japanese aliens are ineligible to American citizenship. But down to the summer of 1908 there was no restriction on Japanese immigration. In that year, however, the much-discussed 'Gentlemen's Agreement,' whereby Japanese laborers are excluded from the United States, went into effect. That agreement is not in the shape of a formal treaty or undertaking. The term applies simply to the substance of a number of informal notes exchanged between the then Secretary of State, Elihu Root, and the Japanese Ambassador in Washington. Under the terms of this agreement we announced that no Japanese could enter our ports from Japan or Hawaii without a proper passport from their own government, and Japan promised in turn to give no passports to laborers. There has been no charge that Japan has failed to keep both letter and spirit of this agreement with absolute integrity. In fact, the Japanese Foreign Office has at times leaned backward in its endeavor to keep faith. But the labor elements in California, unable to meet Japanese industrial competition and jealous of Japanese success, continued their anti-Japanese agitation, being aided by politicians seeking the labor vote; and in 1913 a law prohibiting the purchase of land by Japanese in that state was placed on the statute-books of California.

But there were certain loopholes left by this law which made it possible for agricultural land to be leased for three years by Japanese; for land to be purchased by corporations in which Japanese were interested: and for land to be purchased by American-born children of Japanese parents. To block up these loopholes the Oriental Exclusion League circulated a petition to place an initiative act — known as the Alien Land Act — on the ballot, in 1920. To bolster up its arguments in

favor of this act, it called attention to the rapid increase of the Japanese birth-rate in California. This increase in the birth-rate was due, it was claimed, to the custom followed by many of the poorer Japanese settlers in California of having pictures sent to them from Japan of eligible girls, to whom they were married *in absentia*, these so-called 'picture brides,' being thus legally married, having the right under our laws to join their husbands in the United States. The more picture brides, the more children, and the more children, the more land passing under Japanese control; for the Japanese circumvented the prohibition against their holding land by purchasing in the name of their American-born children, who were automatically American citizens and of whom the parents were the legal guardians. Japan, in order to remove another source of controversy, in February, 1920, ceased to issue passports to 'picture brides.' But this did not satisfy the anti-Japanese element in California, which succeeded in having the adoption of the Alien Land Act put to a popular vote. This act — perhaps the most stringent measure ever directed against the civil rights of residents in the United States — provides for the prohibition (*a*) of land-ownership by Japanese; (*b*) of leasing of agricultural lands by Japanese; (*c*) of land-ownership by companies or corporations in which Japanese are interested; (*d*) of land-ownership by Japanese children born in the United States, by removing them from the guardianship of their parents in such cases.

At the elections in November, 1920, this measure was carried by a minority of the registered voters and by a three-to-one vote of those who expressed an opinion on the subject. The vote stood 668,483 in favor and 222,086 opposed.

There you have the Japanese immigration situation up to the minute.

Now, the point I wish to emphasize is this: the Japanese are not clamoring for the removal of any of the present restrictions on Japanese immigration. They consider these restrictions offensive and humiliating, — that goes without saying, — but they concede our right to decide who shall enter our doors and who shall stay out. Not for a moment, however, have the Japanese accepted our assertion that our exclusion of them is based on economic grounds. They know, and we know, that the cause of their exclusion is racial. No one realizes more clearly than the Japanese that, in excluding them from the United States, we have virtually proclaimed them an inferior race. I repeat, however, that they concede our right to exclude whom we please. But what they do not concede, what they will not agree to, is the right of the United States, or of any state in the United States, to discriminate against those Japanese who are lawfully resident in this country. To attempt to deprive those Japanese dwelling within our borders of the personal and property rights that we grant to all other aliens is so obviously unjust that it scarcely merits discussion. The Japanese have excellent grounds for believing that such discriminatory legislation is unconstitutional; they know that it constitutes an open defiance of justice and equity. They feel — and their feeling is shared, apparently, by the 222,000 Californians who voted against it — that such legislation makes ridiculous our oft-repeated boast that we stand for the 'Square Deal.'

The bitterness of Japanese resentment over the immigration question is not entirely due, however, to wounded racial pride, but quite as much, I think, to the rudeness and lack of tact which have characterized the anti-Japanese campaign in California. For it should

be remembered that in no country is the code of social courtesy or consideration for aliens so rigidly observed as in Japan. In dealing with the Japanese nothing is ever gained by insults or bullying. Politeness is the shibboleth of all classes, and the lowest coolie usually responds to it instantly. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the Japanese are irritated and resentful at the lack of courtesy and ordinary good manners which we have displayed in our handling of so peculiarly delicate a matter as the immigration question?

It may be that local conditions justify the wave of anti-Japanese hysteria which is sweeping the Pacific Coast. It may be that the people of the Western states can offer valid reasons for their constant pin-pricking and irritation of Japan. But I doubt it. I am no stranger to California, — I have lived there, off and on, for years, — nor am I ignorant of the relations between labor and politics in that state. That is why I refuse to become excited over the threatened 'conquest' of California by a little group of aliens which comprises only two per cent of the population of the state, and which owns or leases only one and six tenths per cent of its cultivated lands. The Californians assert that their anti-Japanese legislation is a matter for them to decide and does not concern the rest of the country. Therein they are wrong. For in the unwished-for event of war with Japan, it would not be a war between California and Japan, but between the United States and Japan. Therefore, in its treatment of the Japanese, it behooves California to take the rights and interests of the rest of the country into careful consideration. So, because we must all share in the responsibility for California's treatment of the Japanese, let us make certain beyond doubt or question that that treatment is based on equity and justice. Under no conditions must racial prejudice or political expediency be permitted to serve as an excuse for giving the Japanese anything save a square deal.

From talks that I have recently had with many of the leading men of Japan, including the Prime Minister, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Minister for War, and the President of the House of Peers, I am convinced that an understanding can be reached with the Japanese Government over the immigration question, — and, indeed, over most of the other questions pending between the two nations, including that of Yap, — provided we approach Tokyo in a courteous manner and with at least an outward show of sympathetic friendliness. My conversations with the Japanese leaders showed me that they have a much clearer understanding of our difficulties and perplexities than most Americans suppose. It might be well for us to remember that the Japanese Government is itself in an extremely trying position, and that its leaders are extremely apprehensive of the effect on Japanese public opinion of any settlement of the immigration question which might be interpreted as an affront to Japanese racial pride or national dignity. But of this I can assure you: Japan is genuinely, almost pathetically, anxious for American confidence and good-will, and, in order to obtain them, she is prepared to make almost every concession that her self-respect will permit and that a fair-minded American can demand.[1]

[1] For many valuable suggestions and for many important data incorporated in this article I am deeply indebted to the Hon. Roland S. Morris, former American Ambassador to Japan, and to Nathaniel Peffer, Esq., correspondent in the Far East of the New York *Tribune*.

(*The End*)

ENGLAND AND THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

BY HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

THERE has been little public discussion in England of the problems of the Washington Conference; but on that account people have been thinking the more. Six months ago it used to be said that all roads in English politics led to Dublin, so strongly did people feel that on a just settlement of the Irish problem depended the health of the whole State. In regard to Ireland, the British Government has done everything that it could do to bring about a settlement; and whether it is reached or not rests with the Sinn Fein leaders rather than with England. At any rate, we have done enough, it is hoped, to prove the sincerity of our desire for peace, and to disprove that strange legend of England as a nation besotted with Imperialism and caring nothing for the liberty of mankind, so long as her own interests are served. From this point of view, the negotiations with Sinn Fein, whether they succeed or fail, will serve to strike the keynote both of our policy and of our reputation at Washington.

This is not a Liberal government in the party sense; but in the real sense, especially in the domain of foreign affairs, it is perhaps the most liberal government that England has ever had. Let Americans compare the ease with which a great, humane, liberal idea gains acceptance in official circles now, with the passive obstinacy it used to encounter in the past, and they will realize that this is no idle boast.

Observe, too, how interest and sentiment unite from the most diverse quarters to make Washington the focus of every political orientation just now. Is relief from heavy taxation the dominant desire in the British electorate? It can look nowhere for hope except to the success of Washington in producing some effective scheme of disarmament; for, apart from economy in armaments, the anti-waste compaign is only a succession of cat-calls. Is the conscience overborne with a sense of the horror and wickedness of war? We cannot escape the sense of impending tragedy except by settling before they become acute the political differences in the Far East, which, left alone, are even now shaping themselves toward another great war. Does this man long for the power and opportunity to sweeten the toil of the poor? He too must fix his hopes on Washington, for the expenditure on war is the greatest of obstacles to all political schemes for promoting domestic happiness. Or is that man's principal interest in the personalities of politics? For him, too, Washington will provide one of the most moving of dramas.

By his offer of peace to Ireland, Mr. Lloyd George has proved that war has not dulled the edge of his Liberal faith. If, in addition, he can in conjunction with American statesmen settle the problem of disarmament, which has defied the efforts of good-will for generations, his power is assured for the rest of his life, and the policy of England will be Liberal for another generation, or more. Mr. Lloyd George knows that, and the spur of ambition will speed him in the same direction as the

conscience of the people. America need have no fear that our politicians will not take the Washington Conference seriously. They are desperately in earnest about it, and they have every reason — of ambition, of expediency, and of principle — to work hard for success.

America has been led to propose the Conference for reasons that are parallel to, but not identical with, those which lead us to support her effort so warmly. She has, like us, economic reasons for desiring a reduction in the expenditure on armaments, though they are less strong than with us. America has not passed the limit of her taxable capacity (or so it seems to us here) so far as we have done. On the other hand, her political reasons for desiring a settlement with Japan which shall avoid the occasion of war are stronger even than ours. In no conceivable circumstances, should we go to war against America on the side of Japan; our risk of war lies in the remote contingency of our intervention if America were really hard pressed; for we could not afford to let America be defeated any more than America could have afforded to let us be defeated in the late war. And it is safe to say that, if Japan knew that that would be our attitude, there would be no risk of war between her and America. We hold the keys of peace between America and Japan, and America must allow us to use them in the sense that we think would be most effectual for the purposes of peace. If we were to denounce the alliance with Japan, the danger could be met only by a military alliance between England and the United States, by which we should bind ourselves to provide an army for the defense of China against military aggression by Japan. That is a prospect that is agreeable to neither of us. As neither of us wishes to engage in difficult and dangerous operations in China, let us rather use the instrument that we have to hand in the Japanese alliance, and, by associating Japan with our policy, prevent the occasion of war from ever arising. It would be a great mistake on the part of America if she were to make the abandonment of this alliance the test of our friendship with her, for that would be to precipitate the danger we are both anxious to avoid. But if America were to say, 'Make this alliance the means of preserving peace and the interests that we have in common,' that is a test that we should accept with alacrity, because we are sure that we can satisfy it.

The main motive, however, of President Harding's invitation to the Conference at Washington is not the outcry against excessive taxation or the fear of war with Japan, but a view of world-policy with which England has a very close sympathy. America fears that, if expenditure remains at its present height, not only will the expansion of commercial enterprise be checked, but an irresistible popular movement will arise for the repudiation of debts. There are people in England who fear it too, and on that account Lord Birkenhead is believed to be anxious to democratize the House of Lords and to give it some control over finance, in order to prevent a chance Labor majority in the House of Commons from measures of confiscation.

A second motive with America is that she has made the discovery that the world is, in the economic sense, all one. Nations live on each other's prosperity, and the first condition of healthy exchange of commodities is a healthy state of the exchange in money. We had just made up our minds that the 'economic man' of the Manchester school did not exist, when lo, a very big economic man comes into life. America is that man; and she is interested in the political and economic health of Europe because (apart from humane reasons) without it her own foreign trade

must languish. So true is it that nations, however wealthy and prosperous, cannot live alone.

And, lastly, America, dissatisfied with the political arrangements made at the Paris Conference for preserving the peace of the world, knows that she cannot rest in an attitude of mere negation, but that, if she rejects those arrangements, she must substitute something better for them. That arises from her discovery that the political as well as the economic world is one; indeed, that you cannot separate politics and economics any more than you can separate the head from the tail of a coin.

America is coming into world-politics, not from choice but because she must — that is the first and most important meaning of the Conference. England welcomes the decision, not because she thinks that America will support any particular views of hers, but because she will be a new arbiter in European affairs, who, whether she agrees with us or not, will at any rate speak our idiom. That idiom is the idiom of the Common Law, which we share. Its main characteristic is the view that the State is, after all, only the sum of the individuals that compose it, and has no separate abstract entity, which has rights of its own; and it follows that it resents the conception of foreign politics as a game of the chancelleries, to be played in secret, with human lives as its pawns. It insists that the test of foreign policy is not the welfare of an abstraction called the State, but the sum of happiness among the individuals who compose it.

The Paris Conference was far from realizing that ideal, and, so far from composing the differences between nations, has exhibited in sharp conflict two opposing conceptions of foreign policy: the French conception, which holds that one state is strong by another's weakness, prosperous by its depression, secure by strategic combinations and alliances, and the Anglo-American conception, which believes in the family of nations and in a concert of powers based on law and justice. At Paris this conflict could be resolved only by compromise, for, in the face of the enemy, our first duty was at all costs to maintain, at any rate, the semblance of unity. It is nothing to be surprised at that such compromise has aroused dissatisfaction; the wonder rather is that so much promises to be durable. But now the conditions are different. The Paris Conference was governed by the conditions of war; the Washington Conference will be held in an atmosphere of peace — a state, however, not of tranquil acquiescence on the part of the peoples, but of clamant demand that they shall cease to be ridden by the nightmare of the omnipotent State exacting toll of life and treasure from its citizens.

The more one thinks of the work of the Washington Conference, the more one realizes that it must develop into a revision of a great deal that is in the Treaty of Versailles. The article that I wrote for the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly* insisted that no effective disarmament was possible except on the basis of certain political settlements. It was not, therefore, surprising that, for the reasons then advanced and doubtless for many others, President Harding's invitation to a disarmament conference was also an invitation to survey some of the problems that make for swollen armaments by the political friction that they engender. But no survey of political conditions can be restricted artificially to one part of the world, even though that part be a hemisphere like the Pacific. For every political settlement implies a political philosophy, and in laying down conditions in the Pacific, we create a presumption in favor of similar conditions,

similar guaranties of the peace, elsewhere. Besides, one main motive of the invitation to the Conference was America's conviction that the world was economically, and therefore politically, one.

One can now distinguish three main divisions of the work of the Conference. These are: —

1. To determine the conditions on which America will be able to take her part in maintaining the peace of the world.

2. To settle certain political problems in the Pacific, more particularly in relation to China.

3. On the basis of this political settlement, to bring about a measure of naval and military disarmament.

Some observations, necessarily general in character, may be offered on each of these divisions in the work of the Conference; more particularly in relation to the policy that England is known to approve, or is likely to advocate there.

It was a great disappointment to England that America could not see her way to join the League of Nations; but her reasons were intelligible, and were not, in enlightened English opinion, referable to mere selfish desire to maintain her old isolation. Nor does it lie with Englishmen, who used to speak of their own 'splendid isolation' from the quarrels of Europe, to reproach America, at the other side of the Atlantic, with her detachment on many matters which seem to us of vital importance. In fact, the Covenant of the League, like many other things done at the Paris Conference, was a compromise between two logical alternatives. Your League of Nations could be one of two things. Either you could give it executive power, or you could deny it that power. In the former alternative, your League, if it was to be effective, would have to be a super-state, with an army and navy of its own. In the second alternative, your League would be a purely advisory and administrative body.

The actual League sought to reconcile the objections to either alternative by combining them in one scheme. and, as usual in such cases, it succeeded in combining their faults without combining their advantages. It was criticized, and in America very successfully, because it impaired national sovereignty and committed the people beforehand to a policy which it might not approve when the time came. On the other hand, the League had very little real power, and when any definite action had to be taken in connection with the settlement, it always fell to the national governments (until the last reference of the Silesian problem to the arbitration of the League), and the League showed itself quite unable, unassisted, to curb the egoism of French policy in Europe. These objections to the League as at present constituted are fully realized by the British Government; and, on the other hand, much of the advocacy of the League principles is avowedly hostile to, or at any rate critical of, the present Government.

President Harding is credited with a project for setting up councils of a purely legal character and without executive power, to deal with specific regional problems. He will not find the British Government unsympathetic, for these regional Areopagi, consisting of representatives of the powers concerned, will not necessarily supersede the World-League, but will enable America to pull her weight in the regeneration of the world and in the prevention of future wars. That is an object hardly less important for America herself than for the rest of the world.

The danger in the second part of the programme, namely the political settlement of Pacific problems, is that their nature and difficulties lend themselves

to the operations of intrigue. It was for this reason that Mr. Lloyd George proposed a preliminary conference between the powers directly concerned, namely, the United States, Japan, and Great Britain (including Canada and Australia), to explore the ground and to come to provisional definitions of policy; and it was a matter of very great regret to the British Government that the proposal was not approved. Possibly, the objects of the proposal, namely to expedite business and to forestall intrigue, may be achieved in some other way; nor, if they are attacked in the right spirit, are these political problems insoluble. The view strongly held by the British Government is that the best prospects, both of a political settlement and of enduring peace in the Pacific, are to retain the alliance, but with modifications, so as to limit it strictly to the objects of policy agreed upon at the Conference. To repudiate this alliance would be to force Japan to seek another ally and to bring about the system of alliances and counter-alliances which was the basis of European militarism. The logical corollary of a repudiation of the alliance would be an Anglo-American military and naval alliance for the defense of China against the attack that Japan, freed from the obligations of her treaty with us, would probably make. If America were to propose such an alliance, it would have some strong advocates in England; but one does not so read present political tendencies in America; and, that being so, our alliance with Japan will be an understructure to the settlement made at the Conference, not lightly to be removed.

To the long discussion in the July *Atlantic Monthly*, by the present writer, of the problems of naval disarmament, it is not necessary to add anything here. The more ambitious the project is, the more likely it is to succeed; and nothing less than the neutralization of the Pacific outside certain limits should satisfy the Conference. The basis of naval disarmament should be partly political and partly legal, and should include certain reforms in the laws of international law at sea. On the other hand, the *rationale* of military disarmament is financial. There is no common divisor possible except that of finance, with a universal reduction of military budgets by one half, two thirds, or three fourths, or whatever proportion may be arranged, allowances being made for the military costs of administering a mandate.

But this is a vast and complicated subject and may demand a whole article to itself. One thing, however, can be promised. When the proposals for reduction of armaments come to be discussed, England will not be among the laggards but among the most drastic of pioneers, and the most probable criticism of her will be that she wants to do too much and to go too fast.

JAPANESE AND AMERICAN NAVAL POWER[1]

BY HECTOR C. BYWATER

I

In discussing the forthcoming Conference at Washington and the issues to be raised there, the Japanese newspapers, with very few exceptions, assume that under no circumstances whatever will the Imperial Government consent to abandon the so-called 'eight-eight' programme of naval construction, because, as they insist, it represents the irreducible minimum of naval strength needed by the Island Empire for its own security and that of its overseas interests. The *Chuo*, a semi-official organ, denies that Japan entertains any fresh scheme of naval expansion, and adds: 'All that we wish to do is to complete a national defense programme which was decided on long ago. For our part, we see no necessity for restricting our naval armaments; nor, indeed, is there any margin for curtailment.' It would, however, be a mistake to interpret these press utterances too literally. From recent speeches by the Foreign Minister, Count Uchida, and the Minister of Marine, Admiral Kato, it is clear that official Japan does not regard the eight-eight programme as sacred, and would be prepared to consider its revision, in the event that the other great powers agree to make corresponding reductions in their own navies.

In his address to the Gubernatorial Conference held at the Home Office, Tokyo, on May 4, Admiral Kato made the following significant statement: 'The Japanese Government indorses the theory of disarmament in principle, and is ready to support any concrete plans for the carrying out of disarmament proposals.' At the same time he took occasion to explain that the eight-eight programme was in no sense a new scheme. It originated, he said, as far back as 1905, and was based upon the experience gained in the war with Russia. Previous to that war the Japanese Navy had been organized on the principle of a 'six-six' squadron, that is, a main battle-fleet consisting of six battleships and six armored cruisers, with a proportionate complement of ancillary vessels. But the engagements fought in the Yellow Sea in August, 1904, and in the Sea of Japan in the following year, showed this fleet to be too limited in numbers to carry out its tactical functions with full effect. It was consequently decided to increase the strength of each armored squadron by 25 per cent, thus making the tactical unit a battle-squadron of sixteen capital ships, half to be battleships and the other half armored cruisers.

Such a squadron was actually formed soon after the war by utilizing the armored ships captured from Russia; but as most of these vessels were obsolescent, the practical fighting value of the first eight-eight squadron was considerably below its paper strength. Admiral Kato argues, therefore, that the construction programme on which Japan is now engaged signifies nothing but an attempt to make up for the deficit

[1] Mr. Bywater, a British naval writer of note, speaks as a friendly, but absolutely neutral critic. —THE EDITOR.

caused in the eight-eight tactical scheme by the withdrawal of obsolete ships. Germany, it will be recalled, used the same argument to justify her intensive building under the successive *Flottengesetze*, which enabled her to 'replace' small and ancient coast-defense ironclads by super-dreadnoughts of the most powerful type. Used in this connection, 'replacement' is therefore something of a euphemism, though it would be unfair to criticize Japan for borrowing a convenient word, which has been employed by other powers in justification of new naval programmes. And, as a matter of fact, the Japanese navy as it exists to-day does include a fair number of capital ships so old and weakly armed that their only rôle in action would be that of defenseless targets.

To attempt to explore the extraordinary financial intricacies of the eight-eight programme would be a thankless task, but its significance in terms of naval tonnage is more easily explained. The Japanese battle-fleet consists at the present moment of ten ships of the dreadnought type, including battle-cruisers, and only one of these ships (the Nagato) comes within the scope of the eight-eight programme. This means that 15 more dreadnoughts remain to be completed, five of which are already under construction, leaving ten ships yet to be laid down.

Let us now turn for a moment to the American battle-fleet. At this date — September — it comprises 20 dreadnought battleships completed, with 15 additional capital ships in various stages of building or completion. In ships of the line available for immediate service, it thus outnumbers the Japanese fleet by two to one; and the position, superficially regarded, is so entirely in favor of the United States, that the idea of Japan's attempting to contest the supremacy of the Pacific may seem absurd. Of that, more anon. The point to be noted is that, as regards capital ships still in the building stage, — that is, ships which incorporate the very latest ideas as to armament, protection, and other military characteristics, — the two powers are absolutely equal.

The international naval view, which may possibly be exaggerated, is that ships designed before the battle of Jutland are so inherently inferior to those designed subsequently, that the result of a duel between a pre-Jutland ship and a post-Jutland ship would be a foregone conclusion: in other words, that the post-Jutland type of capital ship has rendered all her predecessors totally obsolete. That there are grounds for conceding this claim in large measure will be denied by no one who is conversant with current developments in naval architecture, ship-protection, ordnance, and so forth; and the fact that pre-Jutland and post-Jutland are labels which are coming to bear much the same meaning in naval circles as that which attaches to pre-dreadnought and post-dreadnought is sufficient to indicate the importance attributed by students of naval warfare to the line of demarcation between ships dating from these respective periods. While it might be straining a point to assert that all capital ships belonging — as the vast majority do — to the pre-Jutland era would be useless in any future sea fight, it is unquestionably true that naval opinion has lost confidence in these vessels and is ready to consign them to the scrap-heap as soon as they can be replaced. As we have seen, Japan and the United States are both at work on large programmes of post-Jutland capital ships; and it is at these programmes we must look, not at the respective fleets of older ships, if we wish to form a true estimate of relative naval strength in the Pacific a few years hence.

II

Of the 15 big ships authorized by the eight-eight programme, only one has been completed to date. This is the Nagato, commissioned in December, 1920, and at present the largest and most powerful battleship in the world. With a displacement of 33,800 tons and a speed of 23 knots, she is 1200 tons heavier and two knots faster than the Maryland, America's first post-Jutland vessel, which is now performing her trials. Both ships carry a main battery of eight 16-inch guns, and may be classed as equal in fighting power, though the Nagato's superior speed might give her an advantage in certain conditions. A sister to the Nagato, the Mutsu, is practically ready for sea, and will join the flag before the close of the year. The next two battleships of the eight-eight programme are the Kaga and Tosa, laid down last year and due for delivery in 1922–23. They will displace nearly 40,000 tons, and are credited with a battery of twelve 16-inch guns, which is identical with that to be mounted in the American Indiana class. Next come four battle-cruisers, the Amagi, Akagi, Atago, and Takao, all of which are expected to be in service before the end of 1924. These vessels are approximately of the same size, speed, and armament as the six American battle-cruisers now building.

Of the eight remaining capital ships to be built under the eight-eight scheme no definite information is available, save that four of them will be battle-cruisers. As these vessels have not yet been begun, their designers, having had the advantage of studying current developments abroad, will be able to endow them with tactical qualities on the very latest principles. Two of the battleships to be laid down next year, the Owari and the Kii, are reported by Japanese papers to be designed for an armament of 18-inch. If true, there would be nothing surprising in this, for Japan has always had a partiality for very heavy guns, and was, in fact, the first power to arm her cruisers with weapons which had previously been carried only by battleships.

In this connection attention may be drawn to an important circumstance that is almost invariably overlooked in making comparisons between the present and future standing of the Japanese and American navies. Whereas all the 16 capital ships authorized by the American three-year programme are already under construction, and their essential characteristics known, only half of the 16 capital ships for which provision is made under the Japanese eight-eight project have been actually begun. The remaining eight may therefore prove to be vessels of unprecedented dimensions and fighting power, in which case all estimates of future comparative strength based on the principle of 'counting noses' would be vitiated. This is not by any means an improbable contingency, for on three occasions since the dawn of the Dreadnought Era, Japan has enjoyed for a time the distinction of possessing the most powerful capital ship afloat, namely, the battle-cruiser Kongo in 1913, the battleship Fu-so in 1915, and the battleship Nagato in 1920.

Of course, it may be argued that the conventional method of appraising relative strength by the formula of battleship tonnage is no longer admissible, seeing that the primacy of the big ship has been impeached by authoritative critics, such as Admiral Sir Percy Scott. This, however, is not the place to discuss the present status of the battleship in the naval hierarchy, nor is it necessary to do so, in view of the fact that the three leading navies of the world have all decided to perpetuate the battleship as the chief tactical unit. Then,

again, it is conceded, even by members of the 'anti-mastodon' school, that the great armored ship may still prove valuable, if not indispensable, when war has to be conducted in so vast an arena as the Pacific, however much her value for operations in the restricted waters of the North Sea or the Mediterranean has been depreciated by the evolution of submarines and aircraft. Consequently no excuse is needed for basing an estimate of naval power in the Pacific on the dimensions of the respective battle-fleets.

At the same time, it would be a great mistake to ignore the many other types of ships represented in every modern and well-balanced fleet. Light cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and auxiliaries are essential components, and the absence of any one of these types would mean a corresponding reduction in the efficiency of the fleet as a whole.

Japan, it must be confessed, has shown a keener sense of proportion than the United States in developing her ship-building policy. She has never committed the error of putting all her money into battleships, and neglecting to provide the satellites without which the big ship is a more or less blind, groping, and vulnerable Goliath. Since the year 1904 the United States has authorized only 13 fast light cruisers, whereas Japan, in the same period, has provided 27. The disparity becomes still more pronounced when it is remembered that throughout this period the United States has possessed more than twice as many battleships as her rival.

This omission to build an adequate number of fast scouting vessels imposes a severe handicap on the American fleet even in time of peace, and would undoubtedly be a matter of grave concern in the event of war. As the three scouts of the Birmingham class, completed in 1908, are now obsolete, and as the first of the ten new scouts building under the 1916 programme is still uncompleted, the fleet at this moment does not dispose of a single fast cruising ship, and is therefore dependent for reconnaissance duties on its destroyers, which have neither the fuel-endurance nor the seaworthiness to perform such work efficiently.

Japan, on the other hand, is reaping the fruits of a wiser policy. Irrespective of certain older ships, which are too slow to work with a modern fleet at sea, she has 10 fast cruisers completed, 4 building, and 12 about to be laid down under the eight-eight scheme. From these figures it may be inferred that she attributes to the fast scouting cruiser an importance secondary only to that of the capital ship, and the experience of the World War suggests that she is right. That conflict had not been in progress a month before the principal naval belligerents discovered the urgent need of fast cruisers, and forthwith proceeded to build them in large numbers. Between the outbreak of war and the Armistice Great Britain had laid down no less than 40; and Germany's effort in the same direction was limited only by the exigencies of her huge submarine programme. It was one more case of history repeating itself; for Nelson a century earlier was always calling out for 'more frigates,' and finding himself hampered at every turn by the lack of speedy scouts to keep in touch with, and bring intelligence of, the enemy. Under modern conditions the functions of the light cruiser have expanded, and although certain of her duties may in future devolve upon aircraft, she is, and will remain for many years to come, a most necessary adjunct to the battle-fleet.

III

After their wonderful records of service accomplished during the World

War, it would be superfluous to emphasize the unique value, in their different spheres, of the destroyer and the submarine. There are some critics who hold that neither type would find in a Pacific campaign so many opportunities for useful work as they found in the late struggle, which was fought, for the most part, in narrow seas and within easy reach of fuel stations. This holds good so far as the destroyer is concerned. For the rough-and-tumble work of patrol, submarine-hunting, and convoy escort, the medium-type destroyer of 1000 tons or thereabouts proved adequate for all practical purposes, and was therefore rapidly multiplied by nearly all the belligerents. America, in particular, created a record in mass-production by building 270 destroyers to a standard design; and thanks to this sudden spurt, is now amply provided with destroyers of a staunch, fast, and well-armed type. She can muster, in round numbers, 300 boats, all of modern design. The Japanese total is barely one third of this at present, but it will rise to 150 when the eight-eight programme is complete, not counting half a hundred older boats that are still good for many years of subsidiary service. Japan, however, has not adopted the system of standardization in building up her destroyer flotilla. Her method is to build boats in groups of 10 to 20, each group an improvement on its predecessor, with the result that her latest classes are larger, more heavily armed, and have a wider range of action than the American 'flush-deckers.' In effect they are small but very fast cruisers, of 2000 tons or more, steaming 36 knots at full speed, and mounting a battery of five 4.7-inch guns. Twenty boats of this design are known to be under construction, and in all probability a certain number of the 40 new destroyers for which funds have been voted will prove to be even larger and more heavily armed. On the whole, therefore, the American margin of superiority in destroyers is less than the bare figures seem to indicate.

The relative position in submarines is less easy to define, owing to the intense secrecy in which the Japanese naval authorities have always shrouded this branch of their service. It is doubtful whether anyone outside the Tokyo Navy Department knows either the exact number of underwater craft that Japan has available at the present moment or how many she has on the building slips. All that can be said with certainty is that most of the statistics and other data relating to the Japanese submarine flotilla which appear in foreign naval textbooks are unreliable, notwithstanding the fact that they are derived in some cases from official sources in Japan. The eight-eight scheme provides for an establishment of 80 submarines, all of which are to be ready for service by the end of 1927; but this total includes only 'first-line' boats of the latest design and largest dimensions. By the date in question Japan will probably have an additional 50 or 60 boats of older and smaller types, which would, however, be quite effective for short-range operations and coast defense. A careful analysis of information that has reached the writer from a well-informed quarter shows Japan to have ordered from 90 to 100 submarines of all types since the year 1903. At least 45 of these boats have been completed, leaving about the same number still under construction or contracted for. To these must be added an unknown number of new boats to be built under the eight-eight programme. By far the major proportion of the boats built or ordered in the past five years are of the ocean-going type, planned with a view to long-distance cruising.

In deciding the characteristics of

their latest submarines the Japanese naval constructors have been influenced by the design of the surrendered German U-boats, particularly those of the submersible cruiser class. Of the 10 boats begun in 1919 (numbers 27 to 36), each displaces 1100 tons, and will have a surface speed of 17 knots. Cruising at economical speed, they will be able to cover a distance of 11,000 knots without replenishing their oil-tanks. A larger type, of 1250 tons, armed with one 5.5-inch rapid-fire gun and four torpedo tubes, was begun last year; but even this will be eclipsed by the huge submersibles reported to have been ordered during the current year — with displacement of over 2000 tons, a speed of 18 knots, and a battery of two 5.5-inch guns and six torpedo tubes. The Minister of Marine is anxious to increase the submarine programme to 150 boats, all to be in service by 1926; but apparently he has not yet gained parliamentary sanction for this scheme. Nor is it likely that the Japanese industry would be capable of producing so many large submarines by the date in question. Even as it is, the Government has been compelled to place contracts for many sets of submarine engines with European firms.

The American submarine flotilla now consists of 154 vessels, only 63 of which are officially classed as ocean-going, the remainder being 'coastal' boats, with a nominal cruising endurance up to 5000 knots, though many of them could not traverse half that distance on one load of fuel. Hitherto American naval policy has differed from the Japanese in assigning to submarines a rôle that is mainly defensive, underwater craft having been regarded more as instruments for coast-defense than as vessels competent to operate on the high seas, either independently or in coöperation with the battle-fleet. There is, however, reason to believe that this view has lately been modified, and that most, if not all, of the new American submarines will be found equal to foreign contemporaries in cruising range, seaworthiness, and other essential qualities. Their studies of the strategic problems of the Pacific have apparently convinced American naval officers that a very extensive cruising radius is absolutely indispensable in the case of every type of vessel liable to be employed on war service in that ocean. Acceptance of this proposition naturally involves a substantial increase in size, which applies as much to the submarine as to the battleship. While, therefore, the coastal boats that constitute so large a percentage of the American submarine flotilla might prove valuable enough for the defense of continental and oversea harbors, they would count for little in an offensive campaign, which is generally admitted to be the only form of strategy open to the United States in the event of war with Japan.

No one can predict the part that air-power is destined to play in future naval wars, and least of all in a war waged in the Pacific, where so much would depend upon circumstances impossible to foresee with any clearness. If, for instance, the Philippines and her other insular possessions in the Western Pacific remained in America's hands, she could employ her air-power against Japan with possibly decisive results. It is, however, a somewhat formidable 'if,' as will become manifest when we turn to the strategical outlook. So far as *matériel* is concerned, American resources for the conduct of aerial warfare at sea are far superior to those of Japan. Without entering into detailed comparisons, it is enough to say that the United States has more than twice as many efficient naval aircraft as Japan; and, if military machines are included, the American preponderance becomes as three to one.

Japan has not yet succeeded in producing a counterpart of the remarkable NC flying boats of the United States navy; and, in fact, there is positive evidence that her aviation services, both naval and military, are in a backward state. The 1918 programme made provision for 140 new naval airplanes, all of which were to be ready for use in five years' time. Since, in their present stage of development, even the largest airplanes have a relatively limited radius of action, it is clear that they could not participate to any marked extent in a Pacific campaign unless supported by aircraft-carriers. This, however, is a type of vessel in which both navies are sadly deficient. The United States will shortly have two such ships, the Langley and the Wright; but as their speed is not more than 15 knots, they would be too slow to accompany the battle-fleet, and might prove more of a hindrance than a help if attached to it. Japan is even worse off, possessing as she does only one old and slow ship of limited carrying capacity; but the Hosho, a new aircraft-carrier of high speed, is under construction and will join the fleet next year.

IV

The personnel factor, it need hardly be said, is of supreme importance in relation to naval efficiency. Only the test of war could determine which navy has the most highly trained and efficient officers and men; but there is no reason to suppose that any marked difference exists between American and Japanese seamen in respect of *morale* and professional keenness. Both services have an unbroken record of victorious warfare, and both are imbued with the glorious traditions that inspire men with an iron 'will to win.' Japan is in a particularly advantageous position by virtue of her large establishment of trained personnel. She has sufficient officers and men to provide a full complement for every vessel that would be mobilized in case of war, and, in addition, a reserve force numerous enough to man every new warship and auxiliary that could be placed in commission. This means that the whole of the effective strength of the Japanese navy could be mobilized swiftly and secretly, and dispatched to the war zone without a week's delay.

The American navy, on the other hand, is hampered by the chronic shortage of personnel. Judging from recent experience, the first hint of war would flood the recruiting bureaus and fill the training camps to overflowing; but the fact remains that competent naval officers and bluejackets cannot be improvised. Two years is a very narrow estimate of the time required to convert a civilian into a useful rating on board a modern man-of-war. What proportion of the United States active fleet could put to sea on the outbreak of war, fully manned with trained officers and men, is a secret known only to the Navy Department; but external evidence suggests that the figure would be considerably below the total paper strength of the United States navy.

In the Pacific, as in other possible theatres of war, strategy is merely the handmaid of policy. Previous to the war with Spain the United States had no commitments in the Pacific beyond her own territorial waters, and was consequently under no necessity to maintain a powerful naval force in that ocean; for geography had imposed insuperable barriers between her Western littoral and a would-be invader from the East. But with the acquisition of the Philippines and other Pacific islands formerly held by Spain, the position underwent a fundamental change. The frontiers of America were thrust forward many thousands of miles, and

the task of defending them by sea-power, hitherto so very simple, developed into a problem the complexity of which does not even yet seem to have been completely visualized. If it were possible to rule out these islands, the American people might feel supremely confident as to their naval position. But no one familiar with the American temper ever supposes that the Philippines would be tamely surrendered to the Japanese or to any other invader. Their retention would therefore compel America to concentrate her naval effort in the Western Pacific, where she does not as yet possess a single first-class naval base, and possibly to fight a decisive action at a distance of nearly 7000 miles from her home coast. She has one asset of great value in the Isthmian Canal, which would enable her to transfer naval force from the Atlantic to the Pacific with the minimum of delay; but against this must be set a host of disadvantageous conditions, which cannot be fully realized unless the student has before him a large-scale map of the Pacific.

Assuming war with Japan to be a possibility of the future, three propositions may be advanced without much fear of contradiction. (1) The Western seaboard of the United States is absolutely safe from serious hostile attack, and a military invasion would be a sheer impossibility. (2) In the event of war, the Philippines are practically certain to be seized by Japan unless a powerful American fleet arrives in the Western Pacific within a fortnight after the declaration of war. (3) No such fleet could be sent unless it was sure of finding a secure base, with a submarine-proof anchorage, abundant stocks of fuel and other requisite supplies, and facilities for carrying out repairs, including those necessitated by heavy damage sustained in action. If these propositions are examined with the aid of a good map, they will be found to contain in a nutshell the strategical problems which the American naval command would be called upon to solve in case of war in the Pacific.

Distance and base-power are the dominant factors in the situation. It is nearly 7000 miles from the American coast to the Philippines, and no fleet dare venture so far in war-time without being assured of finding ample supplies of fuel when it reaches its destination. A few years hence, provided that the plans of the Navy Department are allowed to mature, a well-defended base will have been established at Guam. It will then be feasible for the American battle-fleet to steam across the Pacific and undertake warlike operations against an Asiatic power, using Guam as its advanced base. There is some talk, also, of extending the dockyard at Cavite; but professional opinion is rather averse to this plan, holding, as it does, that the Philippines, exposed as they are to successful invasion by the Japanese, should not be reckoned among the assets upon which the American navy could rely in the event of war. The development of Guam, though apparently now determined upon after many years of hesitation, will be a task of several years' duration, and until it is completed, the American fleet will be practically debarred from waging warfare in the Western Pacific.

Unless they are far less intelligent than we have any right to suppose, Japanese naval officers must clearly perceive the immense strategic importance of Guam; and, this being so, it is reasonable to assume that they would make strenuous attempts to seize the island in the very first stage of a conflict with America. With Guam in their hands, they would have the Philippines at their mercy. Whether under these circumstances the American battle-fleet would advance into the Western

Pacific would depend far more on considerations of policy than of strategy. From the latter point of view it would be courting disaster to leave the nearest friendly base (Hawaii) nearly 5000 miles behind and venture into an area teeming with enemy submarines, where there would be no harbor of refuge for a damaged ship, no means of replenishing depleted bunkers, and scarcely any possibility of striking an effective blow at the enemy. A cruise of this nature would be a more desperate adventure than the voyage of the Russian Baltic Fleet, and we may be sure that it would not be countenanced by any responsible American strategist.

The Japanese themselves have never disguised their confidence in the impregnability of their position *vis-à-vis* the United States. A war with that country, they predict, would begin with her expulsion from the Philippines and the summary destruction of such American naval forces as were present in the Western Pacific. Japan, having seized the Philippines, would revert to the defensive and calmly await developments. If her opponent so far flouted the rudiments of strategy as to dispatch a fleet to the war zone, relying on a 5000-mile line of communications with Hawaii, the Japanese would resort to a war of attrition by means of submarines and mine-layers working from numerous bases in the South Sea Islands and off the coast of Japan. Then, when at length the American fleet, harassed and weakened by incessant submarine attacks and with its stock of fuel reduced to a low ebb, proposed to return home, the Japanese battle-fleet in full strength would sally forth at the psychological moment and repeat the triumph of Tsushima on a magnified scale. Such, at least, is the sanguine expectation of those who would control the Japanese forces in time of war.

But it is usually in war-time that the unexpected happens, and the whole history of the recent world-wide struggle constitutes a warning against taking too much for granted. The German plans took cognizance of every foreseeable circumstance, and by all the rules of logic they were assured of success; yet it was precisely because of circumstances that were not and could not be foreseen that the plans were brought to shipwreck. On the surface of things, a war with Japan in the near future would confront the American naval leaders with a problem so difficult as to be well-nigh incapable of solution. There are, however, several alternatives to the more obvious line of American strategy indicated above; and the very fact that Japan, while professing so much confidence in her present naval position, is feverishly building new fighting ships and coastal defenses, suggests that she is not altogether easy in her mind as to the issue of a conflict with the United States. The risks and uncertainties of war are potent factors conducing to the maintenance of peace, in the Pacific as elsewhere. With the terrible lessons of the world struggle still fresh in memory, it is inconceivable that any nation would go to war except in defense of its most vital interests. There is happily no tendency in responsible quarters to exaggerate the differences now existing between America and Japan, and certainly no suggestion that they are grave enough to justify a resort to arms.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON A HORSE-AND-CARRIAGE

THE farmer's boy is bringing it over for you this morning. You know that it is coming because you can hear the quick click-clack of the horse's hoofs as they slow up on the hard cement road; the creak and grind of the wheels against the sides as they turn in the driveway; the softened thud of hoofs and squeak of springs as the carriage rolls over the grass and comes to a stop below the terraces beside the well. To improve his time, the lean horse droops his head forward and crops, crops, crops at the short, burned grass, takes a step or two, and, munching a delicious, salivary quid, turns to look at you as you approach. When a cow does this, you hesitate. Horses are very different from cows.

I am sorry, indeed, for those who have not had, or have by chance forgotten, all the sensations of using a horse-and-carriage. You back the horse away a little, and turn the front wheel out more, so that you can step up between the wheels; you raise your foot and fit it neatly to the little corrugated iron square; you step, and feel the springs give toward you, and are a little nervous for fear the horse will start while you are in mid-air. A second later, and you are safely established on the burning leather seat. No procedure on earth is attended by a more characteristic sensation than that of settling one's self in a carriage. The rough texture of the upholstery exhales the leathery, stably, but somehow clean, smell of sleek horses and hay and harness; the axles squeak a little in spite of the grease which you so carefully avoided in stepping over the wheels; and when you have unknotted the reins from the whip-handle, and arranged them in parallel lines along the horse's back, and flapped them once and clucked a little, the horse starts forward, straining to gain impetus up the grassy slope; and the wheels grit on the gravel and then run smartly out on the macadam road behind the metallic click of the horse's shoes as he settles into a trot. There is a feeling of soul in the motion, because a horse has breathing power which cannot be expressed in a chemical formula and a muffler cut-out. He steps briskly along, *trot*-trot, *trot*-trot, shaking his mane from time to time and indulging in those ecstatic little horse-heaves and whiskings of tail that cut the coarse horsehairs across your face.

There does not seem to be much room for a simple horse-and-carriage on the double-plated, reënforced edition-de-luxe expanse of state highway. It is annoying to jolt off and on the high little margin-edge, in order to make room for the touring-cars and motor-trucks charging to and fro. There is a country road ahead on the left, and you aim toward it, steering carefully in, ploughing through a sandy curve at a slow walk, and on up over a rise to a soft dirt road which is dark underfoot in shady spots and white with dust for long sunny spaces. *Trot*-trot, *trot*-trot, *trot*-trot — the delicious smells of the countryside are all around you, delicate trailing of wild grapevines, the tang of meadows where daisies and Queen Anne's Lace run riot, intervals of hay *couchant* and buckwheat *rampant*, with serried rows of corn-banners filing rank on rank between stone-wall divisions.

It is summer: breath of sweet air, simmering noises of insects, shrill locusts high in the foliage, heavy bees wading from milkweed to clover, and a vast range of motions surging through the seeming stillness, the vibrations of hummingbirds, the shimmering of heat-waves over the grass-fields, and, above, the vast piling of the clouds. You sniff great healthy, dusty sniffs, and watch the horse's little pointed ears twitch, now forward, now back, in response to noises that you cannot hear, while his shabby flanks rise and fall under the leather trappings.

And why do I insist upon a carriage behind your horse? Does it spoil the picture of my summer day to see yourself sitting primly upright in a wagon, with all the commonplaceness of its wagging shafts, its blistering varnish, its twinkling wheels, and its cheerful rattle? Would you have preferred yourself a sporting equestrian, with artful crooks to your fingers and elbows and scientific set to your shoulders and a pressure to your knees, a tailored habit, a stock, a crop, and a series of paces, trots, and canters? If so, please step aside. I cannot paint you thus. This horse has never heard of a riding academy, and as for being ridden, the farmer's boy has tried racing him bareback to the pasture once or twice, and has rubbed his ribs with straddling off and on, and torn his mane with hanging to it. Is that what you call riding? He has a very small opinion of it: he prefers people at a distance, behind a dashboard if possible; and as for pulling a wagon behind him — why, it is always easier to draw than to carry, as anyone will tell you.

And now are you content to stay where you are, with my horse-and-carriage, to jog on and on through the countryside in your clouds of dusty glory, with your heavenly hosts of swallows darting among the haycocks? Ah, you find it very delightful, or you are not the person I take you for. And where are you going? Does it matter? Perhaps to the yellow farmhouse yonder, for a basket of peaches and a jar of cream; perhaps to the white farmhouse under the hill, for the week's crisp laundry and the tiger-kitten with the pink nose, which they have promised you.

WIGS AND TEACHERS

One day, a number of years ago, I, a teacher, had the pleasure of becoming honorary member of a college class. The next morning I received an advertisement which has ever since kept my curiosity awake. It was the announcement that I might buy wigs at reduced rates. Now, why, I pondered, was it intimated to me that a wig would be a good investment? Was it a personal or a general suggestion? Should I look more youthful in a wig, or was I expected to take part in theatricals? The matter was never settled to my satisfaction until recently, when I read the personal papers of my great-great-grandfather, who died in 1808. He was one who 'most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm by erecting a grammar-school.' For forty years he was headmaster of this New England grammar-school, preparing scores of boys for college. Please note that he was *head*-master. Among the papers was a hair-dresser's bill which ran thus:

1784, *Aug.* 17. — To shave & dress wigs 14 times @ 4d per time = £ 0—4—8;

and so on, from 1784 to 1791, in which year grandfather's 'White Bush Wig' was dressed 48 times — £2 — 12 — 0.

Never before had I thought of wigs in relation to teachers — as an adjunct to authority, as a source of dignity, as a sign-*capital* of power. In fact, as regards the schoolroom, only one form of headcovering (not the teacher's) has

been pointedly distinguished. I began to speculate about the wig as mental furniture in the annals of the intellectual life. Lawyers, in England, still maintain their prestige by wearing the wig. In Edinburgh, tourists flock to the advocates' library, where they can see the young advocates strolling up and down, crowned, not by laurels, but by false, gray hair. Why did teachers abandon wigs to the legal profession? Probably the lawyer's habit of splitting hairs makes it essential for him to have access to an unlimited supply.

Royalty, too, once wore wigs; Roman emperors and Egyptian potentates found them serviceable; Louis XIV revived the fashion, preparing the way for wigs — bag, bob, tie, bush, scratch; curled, dyed, powdered, beribboned.

In the great epoch of Wigs and Whigs, even the author of *Robinson Crusoe* wore a wig! The hair-dressers of the day evidently vied with one another for custom. One literary *perruquier*, who wished to allure both sacred and profane had a sign in his shop-window: —

> O Absalom, O Absalom,
> O Absalom, my son!
> If thou hadst worn a peri-wig
> Thou hadst not been undone.

After all, the fashion of wearing wigs, ridiculous as it seems to us, is only one manifestation of the eternal impulse to cover the head, to conceal it from the eyes of others. Protection from enemies (especially phrenologists), warmth for this poll-ar region of the human body, decoration — all were desired. Anubis (as pictured in the dictionary) wore a head-dress, fur-side outside; the oriental veil, the monastic cowl, the Turkish fez, the anonymous ringlets of modern times, belong with the wig as a sort of surmounting *alias*.

Woman especially has been instructed to be covered, for her hair is a deadly snare to the observer. The peasant woman in Italy, to-day, wears her blue or saffron-colored shawl over her head; the Breton girl has the most immaculate white muslin cap, according to the style in her village. I have suspected that the short story of Samson's hair might be interpreted more accurately. Delilah undoubtedly desired a new head-dress. Women are driven to expedients in every age when pocket money is scarce. But to-day the girl of America listens in wrath to a passage which I am fond of reading to my students, yearly, telling —

> How he, Simplicius Gallus, lefte his wyf,
> And hir forsook for terme of al his lyf,
> Noght but for open-heeded he hir say
> Locking out at his dore upon a day.

As a result of my reflections, I think favorably of grandfather's white bush wig. Was there not secrecy and safety in this intellectual ambush? His pupils could not see through his mental processes. The very thought inclines one to revolt against the open mind. I shall ignore the fashion of my own day; I shall not dye 'at the top'; I shall add, to my stature, a fair-haired counterfeit.

PIES — AN ESSAY

At our house pies were a real occasion fraught with happiness, and everything was as it should have been. Mother, distant far-away pretty mother, descended into the kitchen with a large red-checked gingham apron, which flowed all over her pretty shoulders and gave size and matronly proportions to her otherwise slim figure. Her face became flushed with the happiness of manual labor. And I watched her with ecstasy as she handled the huge old range, dexterously shutting a draft here, opening one there, until the stove glowed in pride and a red heat of anticipated pleasure. Mother allowed none of the servants in the kitchen when she descended to make pies. That was what made the day one long day of satisfac-

tion — revealing mother to me intimately, personally, as I saw her upstairs.

You who have never had far-away artist mothers can never know the long lonesome days that glide into each other endlessly. You can never know how ravenously I watched and listened and smelled during these fragrant, spicy hours.

After the fire-building came great bowls from the pantry; and together mother and I searched the dark, damp cellar for apples and jars of fruit. I clung to her hand and felt well-nigh to bursting as I thought how brave my pretty mother must be; for, while I was peering furtively at the dark places for spiders and black, crawly things, mother walked lightly and assuredly, clasping her hand firmly over mine when she felt me start. How I loved her for that!

When we came back laden with apples and jars of fruit, I always climbed up on cook's huge, old chair right next to the tables — something I never dared to do on other days, even when cook was in her most engaging mood. I watched mother empty jars swiftly; plums and pears and peaches splashing gayly into saucepans. It seemed to me mother's hands never looked daintier or more beautiful than when she took a pinch of this brown spice or a pinch of that yellow, softer stuff from the spice-jars. She hesitated and studied about each pinch. One would think she was hesitating over the browns in one of her great pictures.

Soon the saucepans were bubbling merrily on the stove, sending out cinnamons and spices from Araby, and mother was in the most delicious part of the pie-making — mixing the crust! I never asked to help roll. I did not want to miss one fraction of a minute watching the delightful process in mother's hands.

Gradually the whole room, the whole world, seemed to be a rolling pie-crust. Back and forth it rolled, twisting gracefully, squeezing out from under the rolling-pin, farther and farther across the table. The whole room seemed suddenly to have become quiet, watching mother. The fire crackled less noisily, and the saucepans lowered their bubbling to a gentle simmer. They were watching mother and listening to her humming snatches of the 'Marseillaise' and gently thumping and coaxing endless pie-crust into delicate crusty sheets. Once in a while, she would pause and would smile happily, dreamily at me. I squirmed restlessly then, for I thought with a pang that to-morrow she would be my far-away mother again.

I watched her pour the saucepans full of spicy fruit into deep cavernous crusts. I watched her fit the top crusts over the pies, closing the steaming fruit into a prison of juicy fragrance. I watched her — oh, endlessly! It seemed to me I never could watch her enough on these rare, glorious days when I really owned a real mother.

As the brown crusty smell of baking crust mingled with the fruit and spices and filled the air with warmth and fragrance, my mother gathered me into her arms. She drew up cook's old rocker, and we traveled back together to other days, when mother was a girl, back to a tiny house in Southern France where there were sisters and sisters and sisters, and nobody ever got lonely, and mother's face grew very young and gay; gay, wet curls fell over her eyes as she told about the grapes to pick, and the work to be finished before a day was called a day; as she told me of spankings and great holidays. We laughed recklessly! The young, pretty artist-mother of mine was warm and tender. How I loved her, and how I longed for all days to be filled with large juicy pies and a warm regular mother!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Frank Tannenbaum leading a mob up Fifth Avenue, and Frank Tannenbaum graduating with distinction from Columbia University, have attracted diverse expressions of opinion. We quote an interesting editorial from the New York *Globe*.

The shopworn adventure of the poor boy who became rich has been outdone by Frank Tannenbaum, although the latter's career has hardly begun. Mr. Tannenbaum got into the public eye in 1914, when, by leading an orderly little mob into a church, he called attention to the pitiable condition of the unemployed. The method he used did not appeal favorably to those who look upon churches as places of worship, but it opened the eyes of many people and the hearts of a few. As for Tannenbaum, he found lodging on Blackwell's Island for a year. His history since then throws light upon America during one of the most eventful lustrums in its annals. In 1914 most newspaper readers probably considered him a dangerous radical, although in that golden pre-war age the man in the street, instead of going into hysterics, merely smiled in a superior and rather convincing way at the antics of the little band of Utopians.

Two years later, Tannenbaum was working in a shipyard and trying to stir his fellow workers to greater efforts to counteract the ravages of the German submarines; two years after that, he was in the army, and by his patriotic zeal had earned the rank of sergeant; a year later he had resumed his studies at Columbia University; and this week finds him graduating with 'highest honors in history and economics,' a Phi Beta Kappa key in recognition of a brilliant record in his studies, and a scholarship which will enable him to take an advanced degree.

There is another moral in this story than the mere conversion of a 'radical' to 'liberalism.' This is that youth, enthusiasm, and a degree of ignorance sufficient to make a youngster a noisy and irrational objector to the existing order may cover up the most admirable qualities and the highest abilities. Probably Mr. Tannenbaum has found out that if the world is to be made better, it must be done by prolonged hard work and painstaking preparation; but probably he does not regret that, before this was quite so clear to him, he flung his gauntlet blindly in the face of what he thought injustice and a cruel indifference to human suffering.

* * *

George Herbert Palmer, Professor Emeritus of Philosophy, has for nearly two generations been a famous teacher at Harvard University. Discussing popular fallacies about the Puritans, he writes not uncharacteristically: 'We should remember that something like ten per cent of mankind are constitutionally sour. How unfair it is to pick out that ten per cent of Puritans and make them representative!' **Vicente Blasco Ibanez** first attracted to himself the attention of Spain by a political sonnet which won him applause and imprisonment. More than thirty years later, though long since famous in his native country, he attracted the attention of the world by his *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. Born in Valencia, of Aragonese parents, he is now living in Paris. Editorial writer, printer, investigator, and practical philosopher, **Arthur Pound** lives in Flint, Michigan, where the Buick, Chevrolet, and other familiar types of cars are made, and where there is detailed opportunity to study the effect of automotive machinery on human character.

* * *

Wilbur C. Abbott has been a member of the History Department of Dartmouth, University of Michigan, University of Kansas, University of Chicago, Yale, and now, Harvard. He is a professor among professors — and something more. **DuBose Heyward**, a poet of North Carolina, makes his first appearance in the *Atlantic*. **William Beebe** is a household word in the *Atlantic* Dictionary. **Emma Lawrence** (Mrs. John S. Lawrence) is a Bostonian whose first story appeared in the *Atlantic* two months ago.

* * *

Rufus M. Jones, the author of many valuable studies of the Quaker faith, is Professor of Philosophy at Haverford College, and editor of the *Friends' Review*. **Edward Carrington Venable**, a member of the Flying Corps during the war, lives in Baltimore. **Anne Winslow** (Mrs. E. E. Winslow) is a contributor new to the *Atlantic*.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles a Court Repington saw early and brilliant service in India, Afghanistan, Burma, the Sudan, and other British outposts of Empire. Subsequently he was Military Attaché at Brussels and The Hague. After leaving the army, he became military critic of the London *Times*, where his articles (we quote from his most bitter critic) 'are almost models of their kind; clear, sprightly, telling — almost classical journalism.' Leaving the *Times* under dramatic circumstances, he joined the *Morning Post*. Every reader who has followed the war is familiar with his subsequent record, and all students with his *Diaries of the First World-War*. To all interested in Colonel Repington's adventurous and dramatic life, we recommend his autobiography, published under the title of *Vestigia*. His competence to discuss the present subject will not be called in question. **Walter B. Pitkin,** who has devoted much time to the study of the Far East, writes in the belief that 'American readers have heard too much about the Open Door in China and too little about soy beans in Manchuria, coal in Shensi, cotton in South China, and a hundred other concrete matters that cannot be disposed of by fine generalities.'

* * *

J. O. P. Bland knows China, if anybody does. For years he was Secretary to the Municipality for the Foreign Settlements in Shanghai, and representative in China of the British and Chinese Corporation. More recently, he has served as a distinguished correspondent of the London *Times*. A world-traveler and carefully trained observer, Mr. Bland may be definitely classed as a realist in his discussions of political and social questions. **E. Alexander Powell** has corresponded for the papers round the world and back again. A veteran in the service, he has devoted a great deal of time to investigating the questions centring on the western shores of the Pacific. **Herbert Sidebotham,** who succeeded to the post left vacant by Colonel Repington, under dramatic circumstances, as military critic of the London *Times*, has just severed his connection with that paper. **Hector C. Bywater** is a British naval critic, of recognized attainments. At the *Atlantic's* request, he writes this judicious and important comparison of the relative strength of the American and Japanese navies. Admiral Sims gives, in another column, a highly interesting estimate of Mr. Bywater's views.

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News from Russia is more voluminous than authentic. Our readers will be interested in this record of the actual experiences of a Russian lady, whose name, for prudence' sake, we do not reveal.

PETROGRAD.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

We are alive, but our existence can hardly be called living. We are buried alive: no news from the outside world, no new books, papers, or magazines. 'They' have their own publications, in which they can lie to their hearts' content. I never read them.

We suffered from hunger and cold, especially in the winters of 1919 and 1920. I had the scurvy, but am better now. This last winter we suffered less, but our life is still hard to bear. We subsist on rations which are distributed to us, and consist of black bread of inferior quality, smoked herring which I cannot swallow, frozen potatoes, and sometimes meat; also a little butter and a few apples; no genuine tea, coffee, or cocoa. We depend mostly on porridge (cereal) and a few other things such as we can buy; for although it is illegal to trade, almost everyone 'speculates.' We cannot keep servants, and do our own work. I don't find that so very hard, but it *is* hard to witness Russia's complete annihilation; that is painful, indeed. A country without trade is dead.

You would not recognize Petrograd — it is depopulated. The former millions have shrunk into hundreds! No traffic in the streets, no *izroshzhiks;* most of the horses have been killed; only a few wretched conveyances, which are so crowded that an old woman like myself dare not venture to use them.

We live in a wild country, among savages who rule by terror. Lies, devastation, famine, contagious diseases, and privations of all kinds are common.

They are not organizers, but destroyers. The greater part of the forests have been cut down, but still we have no wood to keep us warm. A great many wooden houses have been demolished, and hardly a summer home remains standing. It will be a desert soon. It is impossible to describe the misery we have suffered. One has to live in the midst of it to understand. The despotism of the Tsars was nothing in comparison. We cannot move, we cannot go anywhere without leave, and to obtain leave is well-nigh impossible. One must negotiate for weeks, and even months; and at present the railways can hardly be said either to be

safe for travel or to function satisfactorily. (Les chemins de fer sont presque annihilés; ils sont depuis longtemps dans une position catastrophique.)

It is three years since we have been able to buy any wearing apparel or footwear. Nothing is obtainable, not even pins and needles. I am old and need but little, and what I have may last me until I die, but the young people are almost destitute — *dans une position incroyable.* Everything has been stolen from our country-house, even our library — and we had been collecting books for fifty years! The trees in the park on the estate have been all cut down; everything has been desolated (*saccagé*); but we only share the general fate.

Wells could not have been allowed to see much, as he was 'conducted' most of the time, and saw only what they chose to show him. He may have heard the truth, however, from Pavlof [the well-known professor of physiology, who received the Nobel Prize].

We are in almost total ignorance as to what happened in the years 1918, 1919, and 1920.

Although the salary of —— as Professor is fifty thousand rubles a month, the money has no value and prices are monstrous. An egg costs a thousand rubles, a pound of bread three thousand, a pound of butter seventeen thousand, and a pound of meat ten thousand and more.

Cherish no illusions about our higher schools, universities, or polytechnic institutions: they are not flourishing, they are only shadows of their former selves. There are few students, and those who atttend cannot study with any degree of comfort. The buildings are not heated, and it is impossible to study in a temperature of six degrees below zero [*Réaumur*]. There is neither water nor gas in the laboratories.

It is the same everywhere. In such conditions you would not think that life was possible!

* * *

One used to believe that the names of the great and celebrated should not suffer abbreviation. According to the following letter, however, the Plague of Abbreviation is no respecter of rank.

Dear Atlantic, —

Your article on the Plague of Abbreviation called to mind some correspondence with a brother clergyman, who always signed himself 'yours in the faith of O.B.L.' It took me a good while to find out what O.B.L. really meant.

Yours truly,

Frank Durant.

It took us a good while, too.

* * *

Old *Atlantics* are carefully kept. Note this curious instance.

Dear Atlantic, —

While walking in the Adirondack Mountains, I came across an old log-cabin and went in to investigate. I found in a crevice a magazine. Judge my surprise when I discovered it to be an *Atlantic Monthly* published in 1867, two years after the Civil War. Although the cabin is almost a ruin, the print is in first-class condition and also the paper, although it has lain here for fifty-four years. I think it is a unique find, and if you are interested, write to

Patrick H. Foessler.

* * *

'Our Street,' we agree, is open to further discussion, and to friendly traffic of every sort. For this little thoroughfare, not less than 'Main Street' and 'The Drive,' is found on the road-map of every American town. And for some of us it is the familiar road toward home.

Dear Atlantic, —

Never before have I wished to usurp the editorial prerogative — but why could n't there have been more of 'Our Street'? Why could n't the *Atlantic* have sent it back with a request for a little more detail, a little wider vista, perhaps for a larger, more comprehensive canvas? For there is more of it, a great deal more of it, in spite of Masters and Mencken and Sinclair Lewis.

Let me confess that for me 'Our Street' is making the most effective assault possible upon the so-called realists — it is so real, and at the same time so permanent, like Truth and Progress and Human Charity. Its reality and its fine permanency speak to me every day through all my windows and my open doors, with the wafted odors of my neighbor's baking and the strong young voices of her children. We are plain people, working-people all, with barely a college degree to go around. But there are no fences between our houses; our green corn and our new biscuits find their way to more than one table; when one of us gets to hear Rachmaninoff, he brings the programme home for the rest to see. We exchange paper patterns and opera records and *Atlantics;* for how could one have all these things at once? And quite often we go shopping for a new dining-room rug and come home with books.

Periodically, usually in the spring, some of us wonder if we should n't try to find a house on the Drive — for the children's sake, you know. But somehow we never do. The soil seems to suit us, here on Our Street, and moving might very well destroy in us something native and natural to that homely environment.

I have heard, somewhere, the story of a Quaker who overtook a man traveling with a van-load of household goods.

'Is thee moving, Robert?' asked the Quaker.

'Yes, and I'm glad to get away from that town,' the man replied. 'Those people are a poor lot; not a decent soul among them.'

'Friend,' said the Quaker, '*thee* will find the same wherever *thee* goes!'

Very likely for some folk heaven itself would have its Main Street.

Yours sincerely,
ELAINE GOULD.

* * *

These rumors of Archæology in the Backyard make us long unseasonably to spade the garden.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Upon my return to-day to the little khaki tent on a big New Mexican ranch which constitutes my temporary home, I had the exhilarating experience of reading Mr. Moorehead's article in your September issue. May I be allowed a comment or two?

I, too, am an archæologist, and one of the younger school that went 'West, South, or abroad.' Each one of us, when he reached the parting of the ways, chose that American culture which interested him most, as the subject for his life-work. The entire New World is roughly divided into large geographical areas, each of which was once the home of some distinct civilization. In nearly every case, these old civilizations differ one from the other as widely as ancient Egypt from Babylon in its prime. Each archæologist, in attacking the many and varied problems in his own area, soon becomes a specialist, and, as such, becomes incompetent to judge of the detailed problems of other areas. However, all of us have a sufficient knowledge of the general problems of American archæology to appreciate those of another area. When all is said and done, we are one in our desire to extend the history of the American Indian backward in the realm of time.

Mr. Moorehead has mentioned public interest in archæology. I quite agree with him that this interest should start at home. If, however, the antiquities of one area of our country have received a modicum of attention in excess of another, the men working in that area are to be congratulated. Even at its best, the interest our public takes in the history and archæology of its own country is discouragingly small. It is our great dream that some day the public as a whole will awaken to the great fund of romance and history that now lies hidden in the ruins, not only in one area, but in all parts of the country. The slogan 'See American First' should be changed to 'Know America First,' in all that the change of the verb implies. A better knowledge of Indian history, and also of the remnants of that race still living, would certainly do much more good than harm.

These few sentences are not to be construed as a criticism in any way. They are simply in the form of a footnote. I congratulate my friend, Mr. Moorehead, and also the *Atlantic*, upon this article, which gives promise of a better, saner interest on the part of the public in our work, because it is a serious article, put before the right kind of a public.

Sincerely yours,
CARL E. GUTHE.

Here is a note which will appeal to bibliophiles — and bibliophilistines, too.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I had an experience in one of our bookstores that may interest Mr. Newton. I inquired for Frank Stockton's *The Lady, or the Tiger?* The salesman replied, 'I am sorry, madam, but we have *neither*.'

Yours sincerely,
EDNA L. TAYLOR.
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

* * *

The following inquiry suggests that the corporate octopus may still need an additional tentacle or two.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Will you please advise me concerning the possibility of my having a poem accepted by the Atlantic Monthly Company? Do you buy them from companies or from individuals? If from individuals, would you ignore the work of an unknown writer?

Very truly yours,
——— ———.

By way of defining the policy of the magazine, we may state that, if any excellent company poems should ever come our way, we should doubtless accept them without inquiring too curiously into their authorship.

* * *

This question is a poser, but we think the Apex wins.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Here's a new situation, and I want you to answer this all-important question.

This morning's mail brought the new *Atlantic*, which I am always anxious to peruse. The family washing had to be done. The ancient axiom 'Duty before pleasure' again held sway, but I changed it.

Descending into the laundry, laden with the washing, surmounted by the *Atlantic*, I started my labors and then, while the Apex Electric Washing-Machine chug-chugged the clothes to snowy whiteness, I laughed over A. Edward Newton's 'Twenty-five Hours a Day.'

Here is the question: Would the above situation be a better 'Ad' for the *Atlantic* than for the Apex Electric Washing-Machine Co.?

You tell!

Sincerely,
HELEN DORCAS MAGEE.

* * *

Will any *Atlantic* reader in possession of letters from the distinguished painter, Abbott H. Thayer, be so good as to communicate with Mrs. Abbott H. Thayer, Monadnock, New Hampshire. All originals will be carefully returned.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

A TEXT can be found for any sermon. The exhortation, 'Whenever a new book comes out, read an old one,' is not, on the face of it, a fruitful theme for the publisher of new books. Neither is Emerson's counsel, 'Never read a book that is not a year old.' Yet the publisher of books which are expected to live more than a single year may well take substantial comfort in these sayings. We have usually talked in these papers, shoppily enough, about our newest publications. But even the authors of those most beguiling — they have even been called immoral — productions, the seed-catalogues, do not spend all their energies on the 'annuals'; certain pages are always reserved for the 'perennials.'

It is indeed an article of our publishing creed that nearly every annual ought to grow into a perennial — a transformation to which we believe the horticulturalist rarely aspires. It takes more than one year to be sure that an annual has really become a perennial, and the Atlantic Monthly Press has been issuing books hardly long enough to warrant many generalizations. It is, nevertheless, an encouraging fact that the *Atlantic Classics*, of which the first series appeared in 1916, and *Essays and Essay-Writing*, published in 1917, — to name only two of our educational books, — have firmly established themselves as objects of constant demand. **Mr. Newton's** first book, *The Amenities of Book-Collecting*, now in its third large edition, was published in 1918, and **Mrs. Parker's** biographical study of her husband, *An American Idyll*, appeared in 1919 and is now in its eighth edition. Further examples might be cited, but these will serve to suggest that the march toward the perennial has definitely begun.

* * *

We should immediately resign all pretensions to prophecy if we felt any hesitation in affirming our belief that the *Letters of William James*, published last November, falls into the category of the books we have been discussing. The grounds for this confidence are abundant and need not be enumerated. It happens that we have just been looking through a packet of clippings of the English criticisms of this book. One of them was adorned with a heading, 'A Professor with a Punch,' which served no particular purpose beyond illustrating the growing resemblance between British and American journalism. Congratulations may be bestowed 'according to taste.' In other clippings we came upon two passages which really seemed to throw light upon the enduring quality of the book. One of them defined William James as 'perhaps the only great philosopher with an active sense of humour' — the spelling of quotations must be preserved! The other made the sweeping declaration that 'in the whole of these two volumes there is not a selfish, a cruel, a priggish, or a dull sentence.' It is because this is the essential truth that this biography, so largely an autobiography, is precisely what it is — one of the books that are just as new and just as vital in the second, third, or tenth year of their existence as in the first.

* * *

The *Letters of William James* have fallen into many hands, both here and in England, where the book was published soon after its appearance in America, and it is bound, in the nature of the case, to fall into many more. Another book of letters which we published a year ago — *A Scholar's Letters to a Young Lady: Passages from the Later Correspondence of Francis James Child* — has another history, and another future. It was brought out only in a limited edition, and was not distributed to the reviewers of books. What a recent editorial writer in the New York *Times* has called 'the sly Chaucerian humor' of Professor Child and his letters was one of the qualities of the book which, like its peculiarly personal flavor, made us feel a year ago that its appeal would be to the few, and that the many might reasonably be expected to pass it by. But, in proportion to the limited numbers of copies that were printed, the few have become the many, or, to put it differently, it is now only the really few who can hope to secure copies of the book before the edition is quite exhausted. This, we believe, is preëminently a perennial — not in sales, for there will soon be no more to sell, but in the pleasure it will yield to its fortunate possessors.

* * *

We have yet to issue a special catalogue of perennials, a list of productions not primarily related to the demands of an impending Christmas book-season, yet by no means out of date. Were we doing so at this time, we should place near its head *The Founding of New England*, by **James Truslow Adams.** This book was published in May of the present year, and in the course of the summer, when the eyes of the country were fixed upon Plymouth, was recognized as a valuable and permanent contribution to early New England history. The truest test of the merit of any such book is probably to be found in the opinions it draws

forth from scholars in the field to which it relates. These do not, as a rule, appear immediately upon the publication of a new book substantial and scholarly in character. But in the case of Mr. Adams's book they are beginning to accumulate, and it is a comforting fact that they confirm the impression the book made upon us through all the stages of its production. Professor Andrews, of Yale, for example, describes it in the 'Literary Review,' of the New York *Evening Post* as 'the best treatise on the history of New England in the seventeenth century that has been written at any time for the scholar and general reader alike.' Professor A. B. Hart, of Harvard, writing in the *Outlook*, declares that 'as respects the New Plymouth colonists, no book has appeared which so clearly and sympathetically follows their origin, adventures, and success.' And in the *Nation* Professor MacDonald, of Brown, has written, 'No other history of New England of equal compass is now any longer worth reading, and all the larger histories must be corrected by this one.' Here, we cannot help whispering to ourselves, is the stuff of which perennials are made.

* * *

Everyday Adventures, by **Samuel Scoville, Jr.**, the Philadelphian who shows the city-dweller how easily and profitably nature can be explored even by commuters, is another of those Atlantic books which, if the gods had made us poetical, we should be tempted to call 'bright shoots of everlastingness.' This one has been within the reach of readers for little more than a year, but it has a sort of perpetual timeliness, though it really ought to be read before the author's next book, a collection of animal stories, is issued by the Atlantic Monthly Press in the course of 1922. A second book is vastly better for having read a first!

* * *

So much of our talk this month has had to do with the books of previous seasons that the casual reader may wonder whether our new books are not worth talking about. If he is also a regular reader he will remember that in recent months we have had a great deal to say about them. It is not yet time to report the good opinions they have won from others than ourselves, as we have just been doing in relation to other books. The James Letters appeared so late last year that it was hardly a Christmas book at all. *The Founding of New England* has just entered its first autumn season, and the reasons for counting other books among the Christmas possibilities of 1921 are abundant. But the new books — such as *A Magnificent Farce*, *The Life and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson*, *The Great Quest*, *Wild Brother*, *The Seven Ages of Man*, *Many Children*, *Zodiac Town*, and *The Little Garden* — well, our advertising pages speak for our own belief in these; and in future months we shall doubtless have many reports to make upon the reception they are meeting from readers who have not seen them in manuscript and proof.

* * *

And since we are not of those who subscribe to the motto, Do your Christmas shopping early — on the morning of December 24, this seems the very best time to mention the fact that the Christmas Prints which we have published in other years are now increased in number by three uncommonly attractive additions. The first of these is a little pamphlet, *Merry Christmas from Boston*, written by **Miss Frances Lester Warner** of the *Atlantic* staff, author of *Pilgrim Trails*, and illustrated by **Mr. Maurice Day**, whose drawings for *The Firelight Fairy Book* and that veritable perennial, *Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill*, contributed so much to their success. This new Christmas keepsake has an authentic, if humorous, flavor of history which gives it far more than a local appeal. Of the remaining two, a reprint of 'A Visit from St. Nicholas,' and a Christmas message, 'The Best Wishes of the Season,' it is perhaps enough to say at this moment that Mr. Bruce Rogers is responsible for the physical form of the one, and Mr. Updike, of the Merrymount Press, for that of the other. What these names mean to those who recognize the very best products of the printing art, it would be superfluous to say.

* * *

It is only a year since a rival claimant for the authorship of 'A Visit from St. Nicholas,' was presented to the reading public, and the abdication of the long-acknowledged author, **Clement C. Moore**, was requested. We have been steadfast to Moore, as our new reprint of the American Christmas classic will testify. But lo, another Richmond in the field! A New York weekly, which shall be nameless, — we all live in glass houses, and who shall say where an error has its beginning? — announced in September: 'The Atlantic Monthly Press will publish next month "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Bliss Perry, with typographical treatment by Bruce Rogers.'

Bliss Perry! Why, of course — the Visit from St. Nicholas for which he will be responsible this year is symbolized by a copy of his *Life and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson!* It does not always happen that such things are so easily explained by an obvious association of ideas.

* * *

This is the kind of thing they will address to editors: —

I sent thee late a manuscript,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope — at last —
That it might published be.
But thou thereon didst only smile,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when, I swear, its fate was due
Not to itself but thee!

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1921

POOLED SELF-ESTEEM

BY A. CLUTTON-BROCK

I

I AM, I confess, astonished at the lack of curiosity which even psychologists, and they more than most men, discover about the most familiar, yet most surprising, facts of the human mind. They have their formulæ, as that the human mind is unconsciously always subject to the sexual instinct; and these formulæ, while they make psychology easier for those who accept them, utterly fail to explain the most familiar, yet most surprising facts.

There is, for instance, self-esteem, — egotism, — we have no precise scientific name for it; if we go by our own experience, it seems to be far more powerful and constant than the sexual instinct, far more difficult to control, and far more troublesome. The sexual instinct gets much of its power from this egotism, or self-esteem, and would be manageable without it; but self-esteem is, for many of us, unmanageable. Often we suppress it, but still it is our chief obstacle to happiness or any kind of excellence; and, however strong or persistent it may be in us, we never value it. In others we dislike it intensely, and no less intensely in ourselves when we become aware of it; and, if a man can lose it in a passion for something else, then we admire that self-surrender above all things. In spite of the psychologists, we know that the sexual instinct is not the tyrant or the chief source of those delusions to which we are all subject. It is because we are in love with ourselves, not because we are in love with other people, that we make such a mess of our lives.

Now, what we ask of psychology, if it is to be a true science, is that it shall help us to manage ourselves so that we may achieve our deepest, most permanent desires. Between us and those desires there is always this obstacle of self-esteem, and if psychology will help us to get rid of that, then, indeed, we will take it seriously, more seriously than politics, or machinery, or drains, or any other science. For all of these, however necessary, are subsidiary to the management of the self; and all would be a thousand times better managed by a race of beings who knew how to manage themselves. There is not a science, or an art, that is not hampered by the self-esteem of those who practise it; for it blinds us both to truth and to beauty, and most of us are far more unconscious of its workings than we are of the workings of our sexual instinct. The Greeks were right when they said, 'Know thyself'; but we have not tried

to follow their advice. The self, in spite of all our attempts to analyze it away in physical terms, remains unknown, uncontrolled, and seldom the object of scientific curiosity or observation.

In the past, the great masters of religion were well aware of self-esteem; and our deepest and most practical psychology comes from them, though we do not call it psychology. For them the problem was to turn self-esteem into esteem for something else; and to that all other human problems were subsidiary. By God they meant that in which man can utterly forget himself; and they believed in God because the self can sometimes utterly forget and lose itself in something which cannot be seen or touched but which does cause self-forgetfulness. They were sure that the self could not so forget itself except in something more real than itself. 'With thy calling and shouting,' says St. Augustine, 'my deafness is broken; with thy glittering and shining, my blindness is put to flight. At the scent of thee I draw in my breath and I pant for thee; I have tasted and I hunger and thirst; thou hast touched me and I am on fire for thy peace.' Augustine had, no doubt, an exorbitant self, which tormented him; and he was far more aware of his self-esteem and its workings than most men are, even to-day. He was concerned with a real, psychological fact, and his *Confessions* are still interesting to us because of that concern. And the Sermon on the Mount itself is also practical and psychological, concerned with the satisfaction of the self in something else, so that we are still interested in it, however little we may obey it. But still, from this supreme object of self-control, we turn to other tasks and sciences, at best only subsidiary.

We might begin by asking, if once our curiosity were aroused — Why are we born with this exorbitant self? It seems to have no biological purpose; it does not help us in the struggle for life, any more than in the arts and sciences, or in conduct, to be always esteeming, admiring, and relishing the self. The products of our egotism, open or suppressed, are useless and unvalued; the very word vanity expresses our opinion of them. But what a vast part of ourselves is just vanity — far vaster than the part that is instinct or appetite. The demands of appetites cease, for the time, with their satisfaction, but the demands of vanity never. Consider, for instance, how your whole opinion of any man is affected by the fact that he has wounded or flattered your vanity. If he does either unconsciously, the effect on your opinion of him, on your whole feeling toward him, is all the greater; for your vanity knows that unconscious homage or contempt is the most sincere.

The greatest villain in literature, Iago, acts from vanity. He did not know it; we may not know it as we read the play; but Shakespeare knew it by instinct; he saw the possibilities of his own vanity in that of Iago, saw that it was cruel as the grave, and developed it in his tragedy of vanity. Those satanic criminals who seduce and murder woman after woman are not sex-maniacs, but vanity-maniacs, and their conquests feed their vanity more than their lust. They are imprisoned in the self, enslaved to it. And the great masters of religion, intensely aware of this tyrannical self in themselves, fear to be enslaved to it and cry to God for freedom. That is why they are almost morbidly, as it seems to us, concerned with sin. Sin means to them this exorbitant self, this vanity that may draw a man into any monstrous and purposeless villainy. They *will* not allow the analysis of sin into other and more harmless things, or the analysis of righteousness into other things less lovely. For them there is one problem — to be free of the self and of vanity, to be aware of that which glit-

ters and shines, which shouts and calls to the self to forget itself and be at peace. Sin is the blindness, deafness, captivity of the self when it is turned in upon the self; righteousness is its peace and happiness when it is aware of that superior reality they call God.

You may think them wrong in theory, but in practice they are right; they are concerned with the real human difficulty, and aiming at that which all human beings do most deeply and constantly desire. The riddle of life is this riddle of the exorbitant self, which somehow or other must be satisfied, but can be satisfied only when it forgets itself in a superior reality. I say *satisfied*, because suppression or self-sacrifice, as it is commonly understood, is no solution of the problem. You can almost kill the self by lack of interest; but if you do that, you will not satisfy it and, in some indirect way, its egotism will still persist and work mischief in you.

Ascetics are often the worst egotists of all, thinking about nothing but their own souls, which means their own selves, living a life of inner conquest and adventure, which is all artificial because internal. Their interest, because they refuse it to external reality, is the more intensely concentrated on themselves; their very God, to whom they incessantly pray, is but an idol made and set up within the temple of the self and has no likeness to the real God, if there be one. Or it is like a medium, or the leading articles of a newspaper, telling them what they wish to be told, and persuading them that it is true because it seems to come from outside, whereas all the time it is really only the voice of the self echoed back. By those methods we can attain to no freedom because we attain to no self-knowledge or control or satisfaction.

If one is concerned purely with psychology, freed from all biological or other assumptions, one may conjecture that the self comes into life with all kinds of capacities or faculties itching to be exercised, and that the problem of life, for some reason a very hard one, is to find a scope for their exercise. We are born with all these faculties and capacities, but we are not born with a technique that will enable us to exercise them. And, if we never acquire it, then the self remains exorbitant, because they all, as it were, fester and seethe within it. It is as exorbitant as when we have an abscess at the root of a tooth and can think of nothing else. Any thwarting of a faculty, capacity, or appetite produces this exorbitance and tyranny of the self, but, since the satisfaction of faculties and capacities is, for most people, much harder than the satisfaction of appetites, the exorbitance of the self is more often caused by the thwarting of the former than of the latter. The problem of the satisfaction of appetities is comparatively simple, for it does not even need a technique of the mind. We can eat without learning to eat; we can make love, even, without learning to make love; but when it comes to turning the mind outward and away from itself, then it is the mind itself that has to learn, has to realize and discover its external interests by means of a technique painfully acquired.

Civilization means the acquirement of all the techniques needed for the full exercise of faculties and capacities, and, thereby, the release of the self from its own tyranny. Where men are vainest, there they are least civilized; and no amount of mechanical efficiency or complication will deliver them from the suppression of faculties and the tyranny of the self, or will give them civilization. But at present we are not aware how we are kept back in barbarism by the suppression of our faculties and the tyranny of our exorbitant selves. We shall discover that clearly and fully only when psychology becomes really psychology; when it concerns itself with the practi-

cal problems which most need solving; when it no longer tries to satisfy us with dogmas and formulæ taken from other sciences.

II

And now I come to the practical part of this article. I, like everyone else, am aware that we are kept back in barbarism and cheated of civilization by war; but behind war there is something in the mind of man that consents to war, in spite of the fact that both conscience and self-interest are against it; and it seems to me that a real, a practical science of psychology would concern itself with this something, just as the science of medicine concerns itself with pestilence. And a real, a practical science of psychology would not be content to talk about the herd-instinct, which is not a psychological, but a biological hypothesis, and only a hypothesis. It would not say, 'Man is a herd animal; therefore it is natural for herds of men to fight each other.' In the first place, it would remember that herds of animals do not necessarily fight other herds; in the second, that we do not know that man, in his remote animal past, was a herd animal; and, in the third place, that, as psychology, it is concerned with the mind of man as it is, not with what other sciences may conjecture about the past history of man.

Now, if psychology asks itself what it is in the present mind of man, of the peoples we call civilized, that consents to war, it will at once have its attention drawn to the fact that wars occur between nations, and that men have a curious habit of thinking of nations apart from the individuals who compose them; and of believing all good of their own nation and all evil of any other which may, at the moment, be opposed to it. This is commonplace, of course; but, having stated the commonplace, I wish to discover the reason of it. And I cannot content myself with the formula that man is a herd animal, not only because it is not proved, but also because there is no promise of a remedy in it. There is something in me, in all men, which rebels against this blind belief that all is good in my nation, and evil in some other; and what I desire is something to confirm and strengthen this rebellion. When we can explain the baser, sillier part of ourselves, then it begins to lose its power over us; but the hypothesis of the herd-instinct is not an explanation — it says, merely, that we are fools in the very nature of things, which is not helpful or altogether true. We are fools, no doubt, but we wish not to be fools; it is possible for us to perceive our folly, to discern the causes of it, and by that very discernment to detach ourselves from it, to make it no longer a part of our minds, but something from which they have suffered and begin to recover. Then it is as if we had stimulated our own mental phagocytes against bacilli that have infected the mind from outside; we no longer submit ourselves to the disease as if it were health; but, knowing it to be disease, we begin to recover from it.

The habit of believing all good of our own nation and all evil of another is a kind of national egotism, having all the symptoms and absurdities and dangers of personal egotism, or self-esteem; yet it does not seem to us to be egotism, because the object of our esteem appears to be, not ourselves, but the nation. Most of us have no conviction of sin about it, such as we have about our own egotism; nor does boasting of our country seem to us vulgar, like boasting of ourselves. Yet we do boast about it because it is our country, and we feel a warm conviction of its virtues which we do not feel about the virtues of any other country. But, when we boast and are warmed by this conviction, we separate ourselves from the idea of the country, so that our boasting and warmth may not seem to us egotistical; we persuade ourselves that

our feeling for our country is noble and disinterested, although the peculiar delight we take in admiring it could not be if it were not our country. Thus we get the best of both worlds, the pleasures of egotism without any sense of its vulgarity, the mental intoxication without the mental headaches.

But I will give an example of the process which, I hope, will convince better than any description of it. Most Englishmen and, no doubt, most Americans, would sooner die than boast of their own goods. Yet, if someone says — some Englishman in an English newspaper — that the English are a handsome race, unlike the Germans, who are plain, an Englishman, reading it, will say to himself, 'That is true,' and will be gratified by his conviction that it is true. He will not rush into the street uttering the syllogism: 'The English are a handsome race; I am an Englishman; therefore I am handsome'; but, unconsciously and unexpressed, the syllogism will complete itself in his mind; and, though he says nothing of his good looks even to himself, he will *feel* handsomer. Then, if he sees a plain German, he will say to himself, or will feel without saying it, 'That poor German belongs to a plain race, whereas I belong to a handsome one.' Americans may be different, but I doubt it.

So, if we read the accounts of our great feats of arms in the past, we ourselves feel braver and more victorious. We teach children in our schools about these feats, and that they are characteristic of Englishmen, or Americans, or Portuguese, as the case may be; and we never warn them, because we never warn ourselves, that there is egotism in their pride and in their belief that such braveries are peculiarly characteristic of their own country. Yet every country feels the same pride and delight in its own peculiar virtues and its own preëminence; and it is not possible that every country should be superior to all others.

Further, we see the absurdity of the claims of any other country clearly enough, and the vulgarity of its boasting. Look at the comic papers of another country and their patriotic cartoons; as Americans, look at *Punch*, and especially at the cartoons in which it expresses its sense of the peculiar virtues, the sturdy wisdom, the bluff honesty, of John Bull, or the lofty aims and ideal beauty of Britannia; or those other, less frequent, cartoons, in which it criticizes or patronizes the behavior of Jonathan and the ideals of Columbia. Does it not seem to you incredible, as Americans, that any Englishmen should be so stupid as to be tickled by such gross flattery, or so ignorant as to be deceived by such glaring misrepresentations? Have you never itched to write something sarcastic to the editor of *Punch*, something that would convince even him that he was talking nonsense? Well, Englishmen have just the same feelings about the cartoons in American papers; and just the same blindness about their own. Disraeli said that everyone likes flattery, but with royalty you lay it on with a trowel; and nations are like royalty, only more so: they will swallow anything about themselves while wondering at the credulity of other nations.

What is the cause of this blindness? You and I, as individuals, have learned at least to conceal our self-esteem; we are made uneasy by gross flattery; we are like the Duke of Wellington, who, when grossly flattered by Samuel Warren, said to him: 'I am glad there is nobody here to hear you say that.'

'Why, your Grace?' asked Warren.

'Because,' answered the duke, 'they might think I was damned fool enough to believe you.'

But when our country is flattered, and by one of our countrymen, we do not feel this uneasiness; at least, such flattery is a matter of course in the newspapers and at public meetings in all coun-

tries; there is such a large and constant supply of it, that there must be an equally large and constant demand. Yet no one can doubt that it is absurd and dangerous, if not in his own country, in others. Believe, if you will, that all the praises of your own country are deserved, and all the more, because of that belief, you will see that the praises of other countries are not deserved. If America is superior to all other countries in all essential virtues, then, clearly, all the other countries cannot be superior; and there must be some cause for their blind belief in their superiority. Englishmen, for instance, however bad their manners, do not proclaim, or even believe, that they are individually superior to all other men — indeed, you hold that the bad manners of Englishmen come from their belief, not in their individual superiority, but in the superiority of England; if they could be rid of that, they might be almost as well-mannered as yourselves. It is a national vanity, a national blindness, that makes fools of them.

But what is the cause of a folly so empty of either moral, or æsthetic, or even biological value, so dangerous indeed, not only to the rest of the world, but even to themselves? For the danger of this folly, its biological uselessness, has been proved to us in the most signal and fearful manner lately by the Germans. They cultivated national vanity until it became madness; and we are all aware of the results. But, if we suppose that they behaved so because they were Germans and therefore born mad or wicked, we shall learn nothing from their disaster. They were, like ourselves, human beings. There, but for the grace of God, goes England, goes America even; and whence comes this madness from which the Grace of God may not always save us? Because it exists everywhere, and is not only tolerated but encouraged, it must satisfy some need of the mind, however dangerously and perversely. Where there is a great demand for dangerous drugs, it is not enough to talk indignantly of the drug-habit. That habit is but a symptom of some deeper evil, something wrong with the lives of the drug-takers, for which the drug is their mistaken remedy; and the right remedy must be found if the habit is to be extirpated.

National egotism, I believe, is a kind of mental drug, which we take because of some unsatisfied need of our minds; and we shall not cure ourselves of it until we discover what causes our craving for national flattery and also our dislike and contempt of other countries. Somewhere, as in the case of all drug-taking, there is suppression of some kind; and the suppression, I suggest, is of individual egotism. We are trained by the manners and conventions of what we call our civilization to suppress our egotism; good manners consist, for the most part, in the suppression of it. However much we should like to talk of ourselves, our own achievements and deserts, we do not wish to hear others talking about theirs. The open egotist is shunned as a bore by all of us; and only the man who, for some reason, is unable to suppress his egotism, remains an open egotist and a bore, persists in the I — I — I of childhood, and provokes the impatience caused by the persistence of all childish habits in the grown-up.

But this suppression of egotism is not necessarily the destruction of it, any more than the suppression of the sexual instinct is the destruction of that. And, in fact, our modern society is full of people whose egotism is all the more exorbitant and unconsciously troublesome to themselves, because it is suppressed. Their hunger for praise is starved, but not removed; for they dare not even praise themselves. Ask yourself, for instance, whether you have ever been praised as much as you would like to be? Are you not aware of a profound

desert in yourself which no one, even in your own family has ever fully recognized? True, you have your faults, but, unlike the faults of so many other people, they are the defects of your qualities. And then there is in you a sensitiveness, a delicacy of perception, a baffled creative faculty even, in fact, an unrealized genius, which might any day realize itself to the surprise of a stupid world. Of all this you never speak; and in that you are like everyone else in the stupid world; for all mankind shares with you, dumbly, this sense of their own profound desert and unexpressed genius; and if, by some ring of Solomon or other talisman, we were suddenly forced to speak out the truth, we should all proclaim our genius without listening to each other.

I, for my part, believe in it, believe that it does exist, not only in myself, but in all men, and the men of acknowledged genius are those who have found a technique for realizing it. I say *realizing*, because, until it is expressed in some kind of action, it does not fully exist; and the egos of most of us are exorbitant, however much we may suppress their outward manifestations, because they do not succeed in getting themselves born. The word in us is never made flesh; we stammer and bluster with it, we seethe and simmer within; and, though we may submit to a life of routine and suppression, the submission is not of the whole self: it is imposed on us by the struggle for life and for business purposes: and, unknown to ourselves, the exorbitant, because unexpressed, unsatisfied ego finds a vent somehow and somewhere.

III

Self-esteem is the consolation we offer to the self because it cannot, by full expression, win esteem from others. Each one of us is to the self like a fond mother to her least gifted son: we make up to it for the indifference of the world; but not consciously, for in conscious self-esteem there is no consolation. If I said to myself, 'No one else esteems me; therefore I will practise self-esteem, — the very statement would make the practice impossible. It must be done unconsciously and indirectly, if it is to be done at all and to give us any satisfaction. Most of us have now enough psychology to detect ourselves in the practice of self-esteem, unless it is very cunningly disguised: and, what is more, we are quick to detect each other. It is, indeed, a convention of our society, and a point of good manners, to conceal our self-seteem from others, and even from ourselves, by a number of instinctive devices. One of the chief of these is our humor, much of which consists of self-depreciation, expressed or implied; and *we* delight in it in spite of the subtle warning of Doctor Johnson, who said, 'Never believe a man when he runs himself down; he only does it to show how much he has to spare.'

By all these devices we persuade ourselves that we have got rid of the exorbitant ego, that we live in a happy, free, civilized, de-egotized world. We are not troubled by the contrast between our personal modesty and our national boasting, because we are not aware of the connection between them. But the connection, I believe, exists; the national boasting proves that we have not got rid of our self-esteem, but only pooled it, so that we may still enjoy and express it, if only in an indirect and not fully satisfying manner. The pooling is a *pis-aller*, like the floating of a limited company when you have not enough capital to finance some enterprise of your own; but it is the best we can do with an egotism that is only suppressed and disguised, not transmuted.

If I have an exorbitant opinion of myself, it is continually criticized and thwarted by external criticism; I learn, therefore, not to express it, and even

that I have it; but all the while I am seeking, unconsciously, for some means by which I can give it satisfaction. It becomes impossible for me to believe that I am a wonder in the face of surrounding incredulity; so I seek for something, seeming not to be myself, that I can believe to be a wonder, without arousing criticism or incredulity; in fact, something which others also believe to be a wonder, because it seems to them not to be themselves.

There are many such things, but the largest, the most convincing, and the most generally believed in, is Our Country. A man may, to some extent, pool his self-esteem in his family; but the moment he goes out into the world, he is subject to external criticism and incredulity. Or he may pool it in his town; but, as I have heard, the Bostonian-born is subject to the criticism and incredulity of the inhabitants of other towns. What, therefore, we need, and what we get, is a something which at the same time distinguishes us from a great part of the human race, and yet is shared by nearly all those with whom we come in contact. That we find in our country; and in our country we do most successfully and unconsciously pool our self-esteem. True, there are other countries also pooling their self-esteem in the same way, and apt to criticize us and to question our preëminence; but they are far away and we can think of them as an absurd, degenerate horde or rabble; we can look at their newspapers and cartoons in our own atmosphere, and laugh at them securely. They have, indeed, a useful function in the heightening of our own pooled self-esteem; for we are able, from a distance, to compare ourselves, *en masse*, with them, and to feel how fortunate we are, with a kind of hereditary merit, to be born different from them —

> When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
> Arose from out the azure main, —

then also it was the command of Heaven that we should in due course be born Britons, and share in the glory of the mariners of England who guard our native seas; and there is not one of us who, crossing from Dover to Calais for the first time, does not feel that he is more at home on his native seas than any sea-sick Frenchman.

All this is amusing enough to Americans in an Englishman, or to Englishmen in an American; but it is also very dangerous. In fact, it is the chief danger that threatens our civilization, that prevents it from being civilized, and so, secure. We are all aware of private vices, even of individual self-esteem and its dangers; but this great common vice, this pooled self-esteem, we still consider a virtue and encourage it by all means in our power. And this we do because we are not aware of its true nature and causes. We think that it is disinterested, when it is only the starved ego, consoling itself with a *pis-aller;* we suppose that it is necessary to the national existence, when the Germans have just proved to us that it may ruin a most prosperous nation. Still we confuse it with real patriotism, which is love of something not ourselves, of our own people and city and our native fields, and which, being love, does not in the least insist that that which is loved is superior to other things, or people, unloved because unknown. We know that where there is real affection, there is not this rivalry or enmity; no man, because he loves his wife, makes domestically patriotic songs about her, proclaiming that she is superior to all other wives; nor does he hate or despise the wives of other men. In true love there is no self-esteem, pooled or latent, but rather it increases the capacity for love; it makes the loving husband see the good in all women; and he would as soon boast of his own wife as a religious man would boast of his God.

So the true love of country may be clearly distinguished from the patriotism that is pooled self-esteem, by many symptoms. For the patriotism that is pooled self-esteem, though it make a man boast of his country, does not make him love his countrymen. Germans, for instance, before the war, showed no great love of other Germans, however much they might sing 'Deutschland über Alles'; and in England, the extreme Jingoes, or nationalists, are always reviling their countrymen for not making themselves enough of a nuisance to the rest of the world. To them the British Empire is an abstraction, something to be boasted about and intrigued for; but real, living Englishmen are, for the most part, unworthy of it. Their patriotism, because it is pooled self-esteem, manifests itself in hatred rather than in love; just because it cannot declare itself for what it is, because it is suppressed and diverted, its symptoms are always negative rather than positive. For, being suppressed and diverted, it can never find full satisfaction like the positive passion of love. So it turns from one object of hate to another, and from one destructive aim to another. Germany was the enemy and Germany is vanquished; another enemy must be found, another danger scented; and there are always enough patriots in every country, suffering from pooled self-esteem, to hail each other as enemies, and to play the game of mutual provocation.

So no league of nations, no polite speeches of kings and presidents, prime ministers and ambassadors, will keep us from hating each other and feeling good when we do so, unless we can attain to enough self-knowledge to understand why it is that we hate each other, and to see that this mutual hate and boasting are but a suppressed and far more dangerous form of that vanity which we have learned, at least, not to betray in our personal relations. In fact, the only thing that can end war is psychology applied to its proper purpose of self-knowledge and self-control. If once it can convince us that, when we boast of our country, we are suffering from pooled self-esteem, then we shall think it as vulgar and dangerous to boast of our country as to boast of ourselves. And, further, we shall be ashamed of such boasting, as a symptom of failure in ourselves. For pooled self-esteem is self-esteem afraid to declare itself, and it exists because the self has not found a scope for the exercise of its own faculties.

Why did the Germans suffer so much from pooled self-esteem before the war? Because they were a suppressed and thwarted people. The ordinary German was wounded in his personal self-esteem by all the social conventions of his country; he was born and bred to a life of submission; and, though consciously he consented to it, unconsciously his self-esteem sought a vent and found it in the belief that, being a German, he was in all things superior to those who were not Germans. The more submissive he was as a human being, the more arrogant he became as a German; and, with unconscious cunning, his rulers reconciled him to a life of inferiority by encouraging him in his collective pride. So, even while he behaved as if he were the member of an inferior, almost conquered, race, to his military caste, he told himself that this was the price he gladly paid for national preëminence.

Before and during the war the Germans were always saying that they had found a new way of freedom through discipline and obedience; unlike the vulgar, anarchical, democracies of the West, they stooped to conquer; and, since they did it willingly, it was freedom, not servitude. But their psychology was as primitive as it was dangerous. That willingness of theirs was but making the best of a bad job. If only they had known

it, they were not content with their submission; no people so intelligent in some things, so industrious and so self-conscious, could be content. There was in them a dangerous, unsatisfied stock of self-esteem, which, since they dared not express it in their ordinary behavior, found expression at last in a collective national madness. It seems to us now that the German people suffered from persecution mania; but that mania was the vent by which every German eased his sense of individual wrong and soothed his wounded personal pride. By a kind of substitution, he took revenge for the sins of his own Junkers upon all rival nations; and hence the outbreak which seemed to us incredible even while it was happening.

I speak of this now only because it is a lesson to all of us, Americans and English. We too are thwarted, not so systematically as the Germans, but still constantly, in our self-esteem; and we too are constantly tempted to console ourselves by pooling it. In all industrial societies, the vast majority never find a scope for the full exercise of their faculties, and are aware of their inferiority to the successful few. This inferiority may not be expressed politically or in social conventions; in America, and even in England, the successful may have the wit not to insist in any open or offensive manner upon their success; but, all the same, it gives them a power, freedom, and celebrity which others lack. And this difference is felt far more than in the past, because now the poor live more in cities and know better what the rich are doing. Unconsciously, they are wounded in their self-esteem by all that they read in the papers of the doings of the rich; they have become spectators of an endless feast, which they do not share, with the result that they pool their wounded self-esteem either in revolutionary exasperation or in national pride. But, since national pride seems far less dangerous to the rich and successful than revolutionary exasperation, with the profound, unconscious cunning of instinct, they encourage national pride by all means in their power.

There, I think, they are wrong. I believe that national pride, and the hatred of other nations, is a more dangerous vent for pooled self-esteem even than revolutionary exasperation; for, sooner or later, it will, as in Russia, produce a revolutionary exasperation all the more desperate because it has been deferred and deceived. If we have another world war, — and we shall have one unless we discover and prevent the causes of war in our own minds, — there will be revolutionary exasperation everywhere; and it will be vain to tell starving mobs that it is all the fault of the enemy. The chauvinism of the disinherited mob is but a drug, which increases the evil it pretends to heal. Behind revolutionary exasperation, and behind chauvinism, there is the same evil at work, namely, the thwarting of faculties, the sense of inferiority, the disappointed ego; and we must clearly understand the disease if we are to find the remedy.

The remedy, of course, is a society in which faculties will no longer be suppressed, in which men will cure themselves of their self-esteem, not by pooling it, but by caring for something not themselves more than for themselves. To dream of such a society is as easy as to accomplish it is difficult; but we shall have taken the first step toward the accomplishment of it when we see clearly that we have no alternative except a relapse into barbarism. Suppression, good manners, discipline, will never rid us of our self-esteem; still it will find a vent in some collective, and so more dangerous, form, unless we can, as the psychologists say, sublimate it into a passion for something not ourselves. If we believe that our country is not ourselves, we deceive ourselves; we

may give our lives for it, but it is still the idol in which we pool our self-esteem; and the only way to escape from the worship of idols is to find the true God.

I am not now talking religion; I am talking psychology, though I am forced to use religious terms. The true God is to be found by every man only through the discovery of his deepest, most permanent desires; and these he can discover only through the exercise of his highest faculties. So that is the problem for all of us, and, as we now know, it is a collective problem, one which we can solve only all together. So long as other men are thwarted in the exercise of their highest faculties, you are thwarted also; you are kept always from happiness by the unhappiness of others.

You may be rich, brilliant, and a lover of peace; but, so long as the mass of men can do nothing with their self-esteem but pool it, you will live in a world of wars and rumors of wars. You may be an artist, a philosopher, a man of science; but, so long as the mass of men are set by division of labor to tasks in which they cannot satisfy the higher demands of the self, any demagogue may tempt them to destroy all that you value. Until they also enjoy and so value it, it is not secure for you or for the world.

In the past religion has failed because the problem of release from self-esteem has been for it a private and personal one. That is where psychology can now come to its aid. When once we understand that our self-esteem, if suppressed, is pooled, not destroyed, and that we can escape from it only by the exercise of our higher faculties, we shall see also that the problem of release is collective. We are, indeed, all members one of another, as the masters of religion have always said; but only now is it possible for us to see the full truth of their saying. In the past there often seemed to be some incompatibility between religion and civilization; but now we are learning that they are one, and have the same enemy. Once men sought for God alone, and in the wilderness; now we may be sure that they will not find Him unless they search all together. Salvation itself is not a private making of our peace with God: it is a common making of our peace with each other; and that we shall never do until, by self-knowledge, we remove the causes of war from our own minds.

All that I have said in this article is vague, loose, and amateurish; and I have fallen into religious language now and again because there was no other that I could use. But the science that we all need, if we are all together to be saved, does not yet exist. I have written to point out our bitter need of it, and in the hope that the demand will produce the supply.

CONSOLATION

BY ALBION FELLOWS BACON

I

THE door-bell rang in the night. It was toward morning, and cold. We sat up and listened.

It rang again.

The children were asleep across the hall. Their father went downstairs quietly and opened the door.

Leaning over the rail, I heard him talking to a messenger. Then he came back upstairs, shaking violently, as with a heavy chill, and handed me a telegram.

It read, 'Margaret is very ill. Come at once.'

We looked at each other in terror and bewilderment. She had gone away, a few days before, so radiant, and seemingly in perfect health. We had letters telling of her happy visit, and the plans for the wedding at which she was to be bridesmaid. In her letters there was no hint of illness or weakness. It seemed impossible that in such a short time she could be seriously ill. Had there been an accident? Could there be a mistake?

I wondered and reasoned, unable to accept the message, but weighed down with dread forebodings. Her father could say nothing, but he looked gray and broken, as if the telegram had brought news of her death. He told me, afterward, that he was convinced that was what it meant.

'Let us pray for her to be well,' I said, after we had turned the heart-breaking puzzle over and over. 'That is all we can do. We have always prayed, and the children always get well. Perhaps we may get another telegram by morning, saying she is better.'

And so I actually hoped; and, at last, praying, fell asleep. But her father could not sleep. I think he lay awake till morning, when, in the chill, early gray dawn, we made his preparations, and he left to take the first train.

Later, I woke the children and told them what had happened. They were distressed with vague fears, watching me with anxious little faces.

I went about in a strange, unhappy daze, feeling a cold hand clutching my heart, imagining her in pain, in fever, wondering what the physicians were doing for her, longing, in an agony of desire and grief, to be with her. I was hoping every minute for a telegram that would say she was better.

After some hours a telegram came. It announced her death.

Holding it with trembling fingers, I reread it with blurred vision, doubting my sight. It brought no conviction, simply more bewilderment. It was impossible. It was unthinkable. *She* to die! I did not believe it. I had never known anyone so vividly alive. Her lithe, slender body, her face, alight and radiant with thought, seemed to be only an expression of her spirit. 'Spirit, fire, and dew' — so I had often thought of her.

I sat and stared at the telegram, stupidly, as one might look at a heavy club that had smitten one on the head.

I know now that the effect it had was that of a physical blow. I could not think coherently, but one idea kept rising insistently. There was some mistake. It might be a trance. I sent a hasty telegram by telephone, and then another, more explicit and urgent. I waited in a state of suspended life. At last the answer came back: —

'There was no mistake. Five physicians were called.'

There was no mistake. Then —

I could not frame the thought. It was like another, heavier blow. My brain reeled. Thought seemed to stagger, to faint, to rouse and fall, exactly as it does when recovering from an anæsthetic or a blow. I recalled the feeling of the surgeon's knife, the stabs of pain, dulled and then sharp, as consciousness returns.

That impression of the anæsthetic persisted for days — the feeling of dull stupor, with sudden sharp stabs of pain, as realization came at times. It is a merciful result of such a blow that the stupor prevails.

Then, all at once, a clear thought came to me: 'Now she is with God. Now she *knows* what we two have so often wondered about.'

I was overpowered by the wonder, the beauty, and the glory of that thought. I rose and stood by the inner door. Suddenly, it seemed to me that Margaret was with me. She seemed to take my hand and draw me up, a step higher, while she stood close to me, a little higher, still holding my hand.

Then it seemed as if, while we stood thus together, a great brilliant sun rose from the horizon, with rays spreading to the zenith, while an ineffable glory spread over the world.

I do not know how long we stood. It was so wonderful that I found myself smiling, though I stood there, at last, alone.

'She is not dead,' I said to myself. 'She is more vitally, strongly alive than ever before, and she is with God. She is happy.'

The beauty and glory of that experience stayed with me. It left an exaltation that lasted for months. It left, too, a deep conviction that Margaret was in a realm of love and happiness and beauty, infinitely transcending ours.

Because I am not a spiritualist, and would not seek or credit any of their 'communications,' I want to make it plain that there was no appearance, no voice, no touch, no thrill of contact. There was no illusion. The experience did not seem in the least supernatural, but most natural. It seemed to be of the texture of thought, as if I had a strong thought of her being with me. It was a manifestation of her love, I feel sure. It gave me unspeakable comfort and assurance.

II

'When she comes home,' I thought, with throbbing heart,
That danced a measure to my mind's refrain.
Again from out the door I leaned and looked,
Where she should come along the leafy lane.
And then she came — I heard the measured sound
Of slow, oncoming feet, whose heavy tread
Seemed trampling out my life. I saw her face.
Then through my brain a sudden numbness spreåd.
The earth seemed spun away, the sun was gone,
And time, and place, and thought. There was no thing
In all the universe, save one who lay
So still and cold and white, unanswering,
Save by a graven smile, my broken moan.
She had come home, yet there I knelt *alone*.

Years ago I had written that poem, after reading Riley's 'When she comes Home.' Was it a prophecy?

It was some days before they brought her home from that distant state. It seemed like months. I must not dwell on the agony of those days, or anything they held for all of us.

And then she came — I heard the measured sound
Of slow, oncoming feet —

I had looked forward, with a great eagerness, to seeing her again. I went into the room. There, amid a bower of flowers, dressed in glistening, delicate white, lay a beautiful girl. 'So still and cold and white, unanswering' —

I felt a distinct shock of disappointment. This was not Margaret. There was some mistake, after all. But the clear-cut, cameo features were the same, the hair, the hands. I touched them. Who can forget that icy cold! It was marble. It was not Margaret.

I stood, disappointed and puzzled. She was not lying there. I was sure of it. She was alive, and was both with me and in heaven. The flood of triumphant conviction swept over me again. I looked about the room, in a kind of wonder at the funeral flowers — for her, who was not dead! There were pallid white roses. But among them were some splendid rich red roses, full of life and vigor. Yes, they were suitable. And there were her favorite pink ones. Then my eye caught a great wreath of sweet peas, white, rose-pink, and lavender. It seemed to express my thought of her present life and surroundings. I caught it up and laid it over the feet of the beautiful, still figure.

Later in the day someone came and spoke to me about a dress — a black dress. The thought filled me with horror. Black! They wear black for the dead. She was not dead. To wear black would seem to proclaim her dead. I showed them the wreath. 'If it were possible, I should like to wear white, embroidered with rose and lavender, and threads of gold, like light,' I said. 'That is the glorious way I think of her.' But I felt that no one could understand.

They spoke of cards, black-edged, and of kerchiefs, black-edged. It seemed childish to me, even though one were dead. How wide should the border be, to express one's grief? It would be all black, would it not? But it would seem to say that she was dead. I could not bear it, and ordered only white.

Another day passed while the beautiful form lay among the flowers. I need not tell anyone who has experienced it, what those days were to the grief-stricken household.

Then the time came when we stood on the hillside, while light snow-flakes fell, beside the open grave. It almost seemed true, then, what they all said. Dazed, in bewilderment and dumb pain, I saw the blanket of roses laid over the grave. But as we turned heavily away, I knew that Margaret was with us.

As we entered the door of the home there came that piercing, crushing thought that she would never come back, as she had before. But she was alive. She was 'just away,' as she had been on the visit, as her sister had been at school. Farther? No, nearer, very near. I was sure of it. And we would be going to her.

From that time I have looked forward to that meeting, and I can hardly wait.

III

It was a comfort, that first night, to feel that she was with my father and those others we loved. There comes to us all at such times, at first, — and especially at night, — an overwhelming, instinctive fear of the loneliness and darkness and cold. It is as if those who have gone from us had set forth alone, in a tiny boat, upon a misty sea. Are they frightened? Are they lonely? Are they cold? We can think and feel only in terms of the senses, and we torture ourselves with these unreasoning thoughts. We try to reach out human hands of helpfulness to them; and then

we realize with relief that others, like them, can touch and help them, when we cannot.

The thought makes the flesh seem unreal. It makes God seem more real. We are turned back on the thought of God, and of his promises. The Twenty-third Psalm is a refuge. We sink into the comfort of the thought, 'Underneath are the Everlasting Arms.' We hold to the promise of Christ, 'Lo, I am with you always.' It is unspeakably comforting to realize that 'If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.'

Why, they could not be away from Him *anywhere* in the universe. They could not grope a single step in darkness or bewilderment.

Then I began to realize that we are just as entirely dependent on God in the flesh, as we are after we leave it. How helpless are mortals, before the power of the aroused elements, in flood or fire, earthquake or hurricane! How helpless in pestilence! How little human hands can do to protect us! And we are as helpless to provide for our needs, if provision is not made first by Nature.

I realize how God's care anticipates our human needs, provides light for the eye, sound for the ear, adjusts our physical frame to the pressure of the atmosphere, maintains the thermo-equilibrium of the body these and thousands of other provisions. And does He not provide as generously for our souls, even while they are imprisoned in the flesh? In how many ways does He minister to the soul — through the eye, the ear, the intellect, and by spiritual communion.

The study, not only of the human body and mind, but also of physical nature, convinces one of open heart of the care of God.

'Consider the lilies of the field.' 'Behold the fowls of the air. . . . Your heavenly Father feedeth them.'

Many a time, since then, have I stood, as the golden sunset deepened into twilight, and listened to the robins singing their happy vespers among the orchard trees. As it sank to a soft twitter, blending with the contented hum of insects, and the far-off, peaceful sounds of flock and herd, there has swept over me an overwhelming consciousness of the care of the All-Father for his creatures.

Something of this came to me that first night, and I prayed for her who had gone out into what seemed at first to be the great Darkness. It was not that she needed my prayers, for her faith was as deep as mine; but that seemed the only way I could bear her company. Gradually the darkness became luminous, and the horror of cold and loneliness melted away in the warm consciousness of the love and light of God.

The next day a friend brought me a copy of the beautiful prayer that his church uses. It was so comforting that I want to give it to others.

'O God, the God of the spirits of all flesh, in whose embrace all creatures live, in whatsoever world or condition they be; I beseech Thee for her whose name and dwelling-place and every need Thou knowest.

'Lord, vouchsafe her light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation, in Paradise, in the companionship of saints, in the presence of Christ, in the ample folds of thy great love. Grant that her life (so troubled here) may unfold itself in thy sight and find a sweet employment in the spacious fields of eternity. If she hath ever been hurt or maimed by any unhappy word or deed of mine, I pray Thee, of thy great pity, to heal and restore her, that she may serve Thee without hindrance.

'Tell her, O gracious Lord, if it may

be, how much I love her and miss her and long to see her again; and, if there be ways in which she may come, vouchsafe her to me as a guide and guard, and grant us a sense of her nearness, in such degree as thy laws permit.

'If in aught I can minister to her peace, be pleased, of thy love, to let this be; and mercifully keep me from every act which may deprive me of the sight of her as soon as our trial time is over, or mar the fullness of our joy when the end of the days hath come.

'Pardon, O gracious Lord and Father, whatsoever is amiss in this my prayer, and let thy will be done; for my will is blind and erring, but thine is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

'Light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation.' What could I pray for her that she would not have? I prayed God to give her all these, and some special, shining joy, because of her mother's prayer. I prayed for Him to give her my love, and to tell her how deeply we missed her; for, though I lifted my thought to her constantly, I felt that she was more sure to receive the message in that way. I prayed, too, that I might have communion with her, and that my thought might go to her. I feel now that it does. And then I taught the children to pray, 'Please, God, give her our love.' But most of all I prayed that she might be kept as close to Christ as possible. That means all safety, all care, all beatitude.

IV

The pink roses left in the home breathed of her. While they lasted they gave me a kind of faint happiness. When they were gone, I brought more to put by her picture and in her room. She seemed to be there, in a way. But when I went back to the cemetery, I felt that she was not there. There was no satisfaction in going, or in taking flowers. It seemed better to put them in her room, as if she would know.

Her room, all rose-pink and white, had been closed. Some weeks later, I took it for mine, seeming to be nearer to her. Standing before her mirror, I thought how often there had 'glowed the clear perfection of her face.' It seemed as if she must enter through that mirrored door, and smile over my shoulder. The feeling persisted that she would be returning at any time.

Our lives and our thoughts had been much interwoven, and we had much in common. It seemed to me that now, in a peculiar way, I had come to see with her eyes. As I unfolded the delicate gowns she wore, I could not help thinking, 'How coarse and common these must seem to her, compared to the glorious raiment she can choose and fashion now.' Suddenly, I had a thought, almost a feeling, of filmy garments, not woven, but of the texture of a flower-petal. How coarse the finest fabric is, compared to that!

Putting away her trinkets, I thought what childish toys they must seem to her now, compared with the wonders of heaven. But I laid my treasures away with reverent care, for they were all I had, and inexpressibly dear. The thought was satisfying rather than disquieting, for it left a stronger impression of her exalted state, and made me seem more attuned to her spirit.

I felt this, too, when I noticed suddenly the unusual effect of sad or minor strains on my ear. I used to love them, and they are generally supposed to be peculiarly acceptable to those in sorrow. Now they smote on my ear as gratingly as a discord. I realized that this was not the kind of music that Margaret was hearing. It should be happy and triumphant.

I saw the grime and dirt of the city with new vision, and with an overpowering thought of the immaculate purity of those streets, 'like unto molten glass,' and of the incorruptible beauty of that fair country, that real 'Place' that Christ promised to prepare for us. It was good to think of her there.

When someone laid before me that beautiful sonnet of Richard Watson Gilder, 'Call me not Dead,' it came to me with new meaning: —

Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
Into the company of the ever-living
High and most glorious poets. Let thanksgiving
Rather be made. Say: 'He at last hath won
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
Music and song and light of immortal faces;
To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
To-morrow (who can say?) Shakespeare may pass,
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well;
Or Milton; or Dante, looking on the grass
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill.

I had thought of her meeting others. Perhaps she, too, had met Keats and others of those beautiful spirits gone from us, whose books she had loved to read, those masters of music and painting that she enjoyed most. It was a comfort to know that she had always delighted in new places and in making new friends. I pictured her amid groups and companies, amid love and light and harmonies of wonderful music. I could see her conversing, with her bright sparkle and vivacity, with these new friends. How she would enjoy them; and, I could not help thinking, how they would enjoy her!

Then I began to think of her, with a most persistent imagining, as moving in some free, swift, happy motion, almost as if swept along by light clouds, or by electric currents. Not with the old idea of wings! As I saw her, in thought, she was always smiling, almost always laughing, with that light, joyous laugh of hers. And whenever I lifted my eyes, it seemed that, framed among the trees, wreathed in rainbow colors, there was a vanishing vision of her smiling face.

It took nothing from my comfort to think that memory and imagination each had its part in this strong new visualizing. Accustomed to analyze thought, I was aware of a new, strong element, which I believed to be divine.

Many things about the home have helped to make her, not a memory, but a living part of our daily lives. She seems immanent in all beauty, as a living part of it — in sunset or moonlight, in garden walks or woodland paths. And in all holy communion, being nearer to God, I feel nearer to her who is with God.

Most of all, the thought of her comes at sunrise, in the beauty of the quiet dawn, with the words of her best-loved hymn. The air is Mendelssohn's, but there always awakens at the same time the unearthly music of Grieg's 'Morning,' which she often played. It, too, has in it the faint, growing light of the dawn and the stir of awakening birds.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness — I am with Thee.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought — I am with Thee.

To that dawning I lift my eyes.

SHELL-SHOCKED — AND AFTER

BY AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

I

HEADQUARTERS, ——DIVISION,
——, FRANCE,
November 1, 1918.

COLONEL —— ——
General Staff, —

You will proceed to Ceuilly Woods at once, ascertain the conditions existing upon that front, and report the result of your observations by the quickest available means.

By command of
MAJOR GENERAL ——,
Colonel, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

I received the above order within half an hour after reporting for duty as liaison officer for the ——th Division, A.E.F. Brief, to the point, apparently simple of execution, it was the cause of months of the most perfect and unmitigated hell to me.

My automobile, a beautiful Cadillac limousine, was waiting on the street, below the general's office. I climbed aboard, directing my chauffeur to drive toward the front — we were then about ten miles behind the infantry lines. On the way, I stopped to pick up two Salvation Army girls, walking laboriously through the mud to their advanced station. About three miles back of the lines, we came to the field artillery, and were met in the road by a sentinel, who told me that that was the limit for automobiles. I sent the car back to Division Headquarters, grabbed a side-car, and went on. It was an active sector, and things became interesting very soon. We went on, however, until we reached a camouflaged road. I got out, told the driver to wait for me at a town I showed him on my map, and went on afoot, gathering up a lieutenant liaison officer familiar with that section of the front.

We walked along the road a bit, leaving it at an opening in the camouflage, through which ran an abandoned Boche narrow-gauge railroad. We followed this railroad, picking our way carefully, while listening intently to the occasional Boche shells that came over, in order to drop on our bellies in case our ears told us the shells were close. At intervals we were jolted by our own artillery fire, as the seventy-fives searched for some irritating battery of the enemy.

Soon we reached the reserves of our infantry. I stopped at the P.C. of a regiment, asked the colonel about conditions, and went on, still up the abandoned Boche railroad. We were in the woods, and the railroad was the easiest road to travel. Shells came thicker, and now and than we would drop as fast as our legs would wilt, wait an instant for the crash, get up and go on. Soon the shelling became heavier, and one time I dropped and heard a man laugh at me. I got up and looked back at him. He was without a helmet, a dirty, nonchalant boy, not as bluffed as I had been by the shelling.

I looked to the front again, and just as I did so, I heard the most terrifying thing I had ever heard in my life — the loud, malicious scream of a big shell. I believe that there can be nothing more

utterly terrifying than that sound. It is wicked, awful; it makes one feel cold and sick when it is loud. These shells carry with them a warning of death in an awful form, from which there is no escape unless God is good to you and you are quick enough to get close to the ground before the spray of splintered steel flies in all directions. This shell was louder than any I had ever heard — it seemed to be right in front of my face; it called its message with a fluttering, whimpering scream that froze me, nauseated me, weakened my legs, made me breathe a most devout, heartfelt prayer: 'O my God, don't let that hit me!'

I dropped. I crumpled up. I simply collapsed on the ground. But I did not get there fast enough. As I was falling, the whole world blew up. It is indescribable, that crash of sound, so loud one cannot hear it. It stuns, it seems to hit you all over at once — things seem to stop going altogether. Perhaps I was knocked out; I don't know. I remember getting to my feet, my head throbbing, my ears banging, my legs wobbling a bit as I tried to get my balance and stay up. I put my hand to my head in a dazed way, to wipe away from my mind the fogginess that seemed to surround it.

Another crash came and knocked me down. Again I got up. The blue layers of smoke were lying all about me, layer on layer, quiet and still, with the trees showing in between. I turned around, and still I saw those horizontal layers of blue smoke. I could n't think, or move away from where I stood.

Then, as if it had just happened, I heard a man screaming. He was holding his body with both hands, kneeling on the ground, and screaming in agony. Another and another were lying quietly on the track. Then my eyes rested on what was left of the boy who had laughed at me, the blood pumping out of his body like red water from an overturned bucket. Then I realized that the shelling was still going on — heavy, continuous crashes, following closely one after another, many at a time, a perfect din of sound. I fell to the ground, and rolled over and over, off the track into the woods on the side, into a shell-hole, and lay there. My head hurt, my face hurt, my ears and eyes — I hurt all over. I put my hand to my face where it seemed to burn, and found it was covered with blood. I thought how messy it would make my trench-coat, and wondered whether a dry cleaner could get blood out of a fur collar. I lay there in that hole until the barrage lifted a bit — it was a six-inch barrage: the Boche was covering our approaches, which he knew all too well, since we had just pushed him out of that same area the day before. He knew that track very well, and exactly where it was.

I went on to the front, slowly feeling my way, until I got to the lines. There were no trenches, our men were lying on their bellies in the grass, hugging the ground until they went forward a few yards more, only to hug the ground again. At a field-telephone, a bit later, I telephoned back what information I had, and started to return. It took me all the rest of the day to get back to a dressing-station, where I was sewed up. That night I investigated the rest of that immediate sector, found my sidecar, and went back to the division, hugging the right of the road, with no lights of any kind, meeting ammunition-trains lumbering up on the other side, big spectres in the night, noisily making their way to the lines with their load of the iron ration. At times a shell would whinney and flutter — and crash to our right or left. It was a wild ride. Early in the morning we reached headquarters, and I breakfasted with the general and his staff. Jokes were cracked at my hurt face, and I was congratulated on having won a wound-stripe.

II

The Armistice came along in a few days, and I was assigned to command a field-artillery regiment that was to march into Germany. I was glad, as I wanted to make that historic trip. But I wished to high heaven that my head would quit aching. We got ready for the march in, gathering horses here and there, resting our men, sprucing up all we could under the circumstances, hating the quiet and inactivity of it all, wishing we could go home for a week or so, talking about the past already. And still I wished to high heaven that my head would stop its ache, its throb, its feeling as if it were in a vise.

Then our orders came, and in we went. Through miles of horribly devastated France, past miles on miles of barbed-wire entanglements, over roads full of shell-holes, past utterly ruined towns. And then into beautiful Luxemburg, with fields of grain, wonderful forests; through quaint towns, and then to Luxemburg City, where, as I rode at the head of my regiment, the children ran along and threw flowers under my horse's feet — flags waving from the windows, people cheering, until my heart came into my throat and tears to my eyes, and I realized that never in my life again would I feel as I did then. And always my head ached and throbbed, always I wished to high heaven it would some time stop.

The regimental surgeon began to dope me. Every night he would stick something into me, or give me something to drink, feel my pulse, chat a while. Next morning he would stop in and ask how I slept, and sometimes how I ate. I did n't sleep, I could n't eat. And always the ache. And then that dream! It would wake me up in a sweat. Every now and then I would hear that fluttering, whimpering squeal, — and then I would see myself lying on the ground with my face gone — and the blood pumping itself out of the pieces of the boy who had laughed at me. I would wake up and not sleep any more. Then breakfast and no appetite — and always that damnable ache, and throb, and the vise would squeeze my head.

Food became more scarce, transportation was not adequate, the Boche was moving fast, and we must keep up to him. My horses had been gassed from grazing in gassed areas back of the front; they had not had sufficient nourishment, and were weak. My men were very weary. One time we were told that the next day's march was forty-two miles. It almost broke my heart to make the regiment turn out at 4 A.M., and march those forty-two long miles. Horses died, men were evacuated to the hospitals, and between nine and ten that night we staggered into our billets, almost all in. And the hill we climbed that day — what a pull for those horses! I love horses, and as I rode up that hill, I thought of how little these drafted men knew of driving a six-line team up a hill with a jack-knife turn at the top. So I stopped, spread the regiment out so that there was road-room between the carriages, and personally drove every gun-carriage around that turn. There were only three men in the regiment who knew how to keep six horses in draft around a turn like that. The two majors knew, one a West Pointer, the other an old-type field-artillery first sergeant. I was the other one. It took six hours to get the two miles of regiment over the top of that hill. They got there, though.

Across the river into Germany! How I do remember that day. From the laughter, the waving flags, the happy children strewing flowers in Luxemburg, into Germany — silent, sullen Germany. The women turned their backs, the children clung to their mothers'

skirts, and stared, or scampered into the house, looking backward as they ran. How quiet it all was! How sullenly antagonistic! My men joked and kidded each other about the way the girls turned their backs, and comments were made on how that would all change when the Q.M. furnished us with new uniforms. It did change, too, almost overnight, as if it had been ordered from the German Great Headquarters. Then we were treated well, almost as guests. The sullenness vanished, to be replaced by a welcoming hand and offers of food and shelter if we did not have enough. My orderly came to me and said, 'Colonel, we 've been fighting the wrong people!' It shocked me for a moment and made me think, and has made me think a good deal since — that remark. I began to learn how many of my men spoke German, how many had been born in Germany, or were of German parentage.

I was made military governor of an area, was treated well by my host, the mayor of the town where I made my headquarters. I remember how delicious his Frau's outing-flannel sheets felt to me at night, after the variety I had been accustomed to at the front. But I could not sleep well at all, nor could I eat well. The doctor began to talk of my taking a rest, a few days in the hospital, and so forth, to ease up a bit. And there was more dope in my arm, or something to drink. But the throb in my head kept on — and so did the dream. For about three months that continued; my nerves were getting bad, I was becoming more and more irritable. I was ill, but did not quite know it. I was sent to the hospital, was transferred to another, fainted once, was put to bed. And then things began to fade away at times. They were kind to me there, very kind. I shall always remember the kindness of those nurses and doctors.

The next thing I remember I was at Saint-Nazaire, waiting in the hospital for a transport to take me home, with a lot of wounded and sick men. They told me afterward that I acted all right; but the five weeks intervening between the hospital in Germany and Saint-Nazaire are a blank — I simply remember nothing at all.

The trip across was fine — did me lots of good. I was looking forward with a great deal of happiness to meeting some dear friends on this side, and subconsciously waiting for the kind welcome they would give me, and the rest and peace that I would have. A wireless came to me from a girl who had written to me a good deal. If only my head would have let up a bit, — and the nausea have stopped, — I could have been quite happy.

III

We were met in New York by a reception committee, and handed newspapers. Officers came to me, saying that the men were angry at something and wanted my opinion. I happened to be the senior officer on board and, although on sick-report, was, nevertheless, asked about this thing that bothered the men. After hearing it out, I put it up to the men themselves, and they voted to a man that they did not want to be received by a committee headed by a New York newspaper man whom they considered worse than a Boche. The Boche at least would fight — this man stayed home and did all he could to mess up our work apparently. So I told the committee that the men wanted no reception from them, and they departed. How odd it seemed to me that we should be met by a pro-German at such a time! As I look back, I remember this as the first of the disappointments which my country had in store for its men from overseas.

I was feeling a bit rocky, and dodged the good people who met us. The surgeon, who had been sleeping in the same room with me on the way across, took me to a receiving hospital in New York City. A friend of mine, an officer who had been shell-shocked, was missing, and I asked for him. The surgeon said that he had jumped overboard. Then it dawned upon me why the doctor had slept in my room.

I want to give all credit to the wonderful staff of the hospital. The nurses and doctors were all one could want. They were kindness itself, thoughtful, and most considerate. At times in the months to follow there were other bright lights of happiness that shine forth as I look back; but, in the main, the year that followed was dominated by misery, physical pain, and mental anguish. If I knew that I was doomed to go through that period again, I would not face it.

For some reason I shrank from meeting my friends — and the girl. But after a bit I was allowed to go out, and I called on her. She was apparently glad to see me, and for a while I enjoyed her company; but some intuition made me feel uncomfortable — why, I could not tell. Gradually this began to become clearer to me, however, as I came to realize how far apart we were, how different her sheltered life had been on this side, and how utterly impossible it was for her to appreciate how I felt. I closed up like an oyster, finding it out of the question to tell what wanted to be told. I tried to a few times, only to catch the look of conscious interest — and again shut up.

This was my second disappointment. It surprised me — it hurt me. The longer I remained in this country, the more it hurt, until, finally, I became callous to the fact; for I realized, much against my will, that my friends, my country, spoke a different language! That thought rang through my brain in the long months that followed! Back in my own country, back among my friends, among scenes that I loved, that meant everything to me, and yet not back at all. I know that I am but repeating a thing that has been told many times, but the big fact remains, that the quick abandonment of interest in our overseas men by Americans in general is an indictment against us as a nation, not soon to be forgotten by the men in uniform from the other side. This fact burns in the minds of the thousands of men who at this very moment are living their broken lives in almshouses, jails, insane asylums, and hospitals, or wandering, hopeless, about the streets. I wanted relaxation, rest, anything to take my mind away from myself. I wanted to see musical comedies, read light books; I wanted to laugh and play. These were difficult things to obtain, however. My best friends wanted to see heavier plays — they wanted to see Nazimova writhe and squirm about the stage; they wanted to hear Heifetz play exquisite music, over which they raved. Exquisite music, yes, but not the sort to feed to a man who was in dire need of something vastly different.

I had friends who were intellectual, who were interested in things of real worth; but they could not discuss them in the human terms that interested me.

In New York drawing-rooms I met musicians of international repute, men of letters, of travel, who were interesting to most people and would have been to me, normally; but I was only bored. Back my mind wandered to France; and now and then that old dream came back, and I saw the red blood streaming from the ripped, torn body of the boy who had laughed at me. I became more nervous as sleep kept away, and food lost its interest.

A party of us drove up the Hudson and spent a few hours at my old Alma

Mater, to me the most beautiful spot in America, from which have come so many of our most famous men: the school, founded by George Washington, which gave us Grant, Lee, Sheridan, Sherman, Taylor, Pershing, and many others of international fame in civil as well as military life. There is something about that school that holds its graduates with a loyalty that exceeds anything I have seen.

The Corps! Bare-headed, salute it!
With eyes up, thanking our God
That we of the Corps are treading
Where they of the Corps have trod.
We sons of to-day salute you,
You sons of its earlier day;
We follow close order behind you,
Where you have pointed the way.
The long gray line of us stretches
Through the years of a century told,
And the last man feels to his marrow
The grip of your far-off hold.

It was good to be back, but those with whom I was did not understand. They had no realization of the value of such a school to the nation. Somebody remarked that West Point was a place where men were taught to kill Germans who had done us no harm. That grated on me, and I replied that, if I knew anyone who was pro-German at the time, I would most certainly report him to the authorities.

'Would you report me?' asked an American woman in the party.

'I most certainly would,' I answered.

'Well,' she replied, 'you know my friend Fritz —— is a German, and I have a great deal of sympathy for Germany.'

My comments were a bit sharp, I am afraid, and were apparently distasteful to another member of the party, who said that I was a coward if I were willing to report to the Secret Service such a friend as the other woman was to me. Things grew disagreeable, but we drove back to New York in peace, though I was worried and tired out. I retired that night exhausted in mind and body, and could not sleep, though the doctor gave me an opiate. That element of pro-Germanism at that time was extremely distasteful to me — I had seen too much, had felt too much, to be kindly disposed. Besides, it was a distinct shock to learn that my own friends felt so friendly toward those people with respect to whom I felt quite the opposite, because of things I had seen and been through myself. I learned later that that feeling was very prevalent among people calling themselves good Americans.

After a bit I was assigned to duty with the General Staff in Washington. My duties began at once — getting ready for another war. Another war! I used to sit at my desk in the War Department, thinking it over. Another war — God, what a thought! How under high heaven it could be that we should prepare for another war was beyond my powers of comprehension. I could not keep my mind on my work, I thought of other things, fumbled with my papers, dreamed and took walks during office-hours, trying to get my mind clear and get away from that damnable ache in my head. I would go to sleep at my desk, making up for the night before. To the Department I was practically useless.

Occasionally I went to New York, but had best have stayed away. I met an editor of a newspaper which had as its object the uplift of people; but I never got to know exactly what he wanted — he seemed a bit vague himself on that score. I listened to many conversations on the subject of the improvement of the condition of this and that. Then came Germany and the indemnity, and how awful it all was to make poor Germany pay. I went to hear a preacher of the gospel, and was disgusted with his ideas. I heard him address a meeting in Madison Square, at-

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tended by hundreds of men and women. As I looked around, I saw not one face that I took to be American; and as this American preacher remarked that the Bolsheviki must succeed, he was cheered to the echo, hats were thrown in the air — the crowd went mad. I told my companions that I would not stay in such a place in an American uniform — and left. They came, too, not because they did not sympathize with the speaker, but because they would not stay alone, without the protecting influence of that same uniform.

The drive home started in silence, but became a nightmare memory to me. Two women, one an American, one a foreigner of aristocratic birth, began to talk — and such talk! Again were my eyes opened very wide, and I was stunned and shocked by the opinions expressed. I was told that America should never have entered the war at all; that we should have accepted things peacefully; that, even if the Germans came over here, they would make themselves so hated that they would soon depart whence they came! I was informed that I should be ashamed of myself for ever going to the front; that my decorations were a disgrace to wear, as being tokens given to me for killing Germans! It was a disgrace to be a soldier at all, killing helpless women and children! I was a liar when I said that American troops were not accustomed to doing such things. And this too from well-bred women — intellectuals, so-called.

This was the beginning of the end of my association with these people, of whom I had been very fond before I sailed overseas. I reported them to the Secret Service in Washington, and believe that their pernicious activities ceased. The foreigner had taken refuge on our shores from the violence and anarchy which reigned in her own country; had for three years accepted all that we had to give — our safety, hospitality, music and art, the associations which meant most to her. And yet, in conversation with me one evening, holding her aristocratic arms aloft, she loudly proclaimed that REVOLUTION was what was needed to cure my country's ills! Some things are beyond comprehension, beyond the power of human understanding.

IV

Back in Washington, we still worked on war, preparing for the next one. I did my best, but one day things broke. I was sitting at my desk, and suddenly realized that there was something radically wrong. I got to my feet, laughing and feeling silly. I saw little white circles chasing each other in front of my eyes. They came slowly into view from nowhere and tumbled from left to right, scurrying along one after another; and as I looked after them, they hurried on, always from left to right. I turned my head — and still they rolled over and over, those soft, round things that came out of nothing and fled away just as I turned my head to see where they were hurrying. I grew tense, and laughed. Then I began to play with them as they rolled along from left to right, always just a little ahead of me. I grabbed at them — and laughed and giggled in my play. I turned my head, but they rolled on, always just a bit ahead. I turned around myself, grabbing at those damnably elusive things that seemed to mock me in this game. And as I jumped for them, I laughed and chuckled delightedly.

In the middle of it all I stopped — there came a noise outside that brought me up sharp. I stopped and listened — everything was very still for an instant. Then a car-bell rang on the street below; then came steps in the hall outside, and the subdued voices of officers

in the next room in a conference. I felt a chill of fear grip me. I locked myself in, sat down, and held on to my desk as things got gray and the ache in my head gave way to a hum, a low chanting hum, like the one that comes when one is just going under an anæsthetic. It required all my will-power to keep conscious then. Many times afterward I used my will to keep control of myself; but I remember that as the first time, and it left me tired physically, hot all over, and shaking with an intangible fear of a thing not understood.

Then a thought came to me, slowly, in a vague sort of way — I was losing my mind! Dear God, I was losing my mind! I grabbed my head in my hands, closed my eyes to keep away those fooling, fluffy, flying things that came out of nowhere and tumbled off into nowhere again. Things became quiet, I got control, picked up my cap, unlocked the door, and started to leave the office. My secretary met me at the door and laughingly asked me why I had locked her out — that she had been knocking. I said I would not be back that afternoon.

I went as straight as I could go to the attending surgeon, an old friend. In the seclusion of his office I told him my story, and went all to pieces and sobbed like a woman. Pretty soon we were in my car, and he was driving me to the Walter Reed Hospital, talking to me quietly on the way. Then followed those interminable examinations, day after day, — blood-tests, eye-tests, ear-tests, balance-tests, every test apparently that could be devised. I was thankful for my shoulder-straps, which gave me a room to myself.

There came interviews with a famous nerve specialist, a man whose grasp of human nature was wonderful; but he did not know the answer. He advised one thing and then another; he was kindness itself, and his understanding was remarkable. A man nationally famous, he had given up his practice to help the army in its time of need — but he had not been 'over there,' and he did not know. It was this man, whose opinion I valued so highly, whose keen perception was always a source of wonder to me, whose training was all along the line that would lead to a real understanding of my case, who first showed me how utterly alone I was to be in the year that followed.

I had been more or less alone before, because everyone seemed to be so incapable of seeing things as I saw them, but my previous feeling was but little, compared to what followed. I wish that I could properly describe that feeling of utter loneliness in the world. I wish I could in some way convey to those who had their men on the other side how perfectly damnable that solitude is to some of those men. I wish more still that I could in some way get it into the minds of all Americans who have not been through it, how dreadfully alone a shell-shocked man can be, even though surrounded by those who love him most.

After some weeks I was given more liberty and would drive out to see friends — but with what result? Always I met with the same thing, that lack of interest, — either assumed or real, I do not know, — and would go back to the hospital and lie on my bed and lose all control of myself, and cry like a baby. Sleep did not come when I seemed most to need it, and food was positively repulsive a great deal of the time.

There is no use in going into the details of what followed in the hospital, except that one day three doctors came in to see me. They seemed to have something on their minds, but took some time to get it off. Finally, with the greatest consideration, calmly and with expressions of regret, I was informed that it was their opinion that I

had best get my affairs in shape as I would probably not live for more than a month, or at best would be permanently insane.

Angry? When I had heard them out, I was more than that. I seemed to have an insane desire to hurt those men. I called them all the names I could think of; damned them with as much abuse as I could command. I wanted to break the furniture, to smash anything that came near me. They must have thought me crazy; perhaps I was, but it was the craziness of a wild rage at anybody who was such a fool as to think I was ready to die. Die? Why, I would not have died to please those doctors — and I did n't.

The thought has come to me since, that perhaps those specialists told me that with a purpose. I don't know — I have never asked; but it has occurred to me that perhaps they told me that to bring out all the fight there was in me. If that was their object, I will grant them a hundred per cent of success. That interview was the turning-point in my illness. From that minute I was obsessed with the idea that I would not die — I was damned if I would die! The whole object of my life was to show those men what fools they were to think that I was going to die. I remember how I screamed at them in that room, and how they stood there listening to me, watching me, and saying nothing. I screamed and cursed those men until I cried, and slung myself down on my bed, and wore myself out trying to control the hysterical sobs that seemed to shake me all to pieces.

I locked my nurse out, but she got in and was good to me and gave me an opiate. She was a sweet girl, the daughter of a great man, giving her time and earnest effort to doing good. I knew her brother, who, himself a shell-shock case, had killed himself after returning from overseas.

V

At my own request I was soon allowed to leave the hospital on a long sick leave, to do whatever I wished. Apparently the doctors had done all they could — it was up to me.

I was mad all through, fighting mad. I was simply possessed with the idea that I would not die, that I would show those doctors what fools they were. In the year that followed, I exhausted everything I could think of that would help me to get well, to get back to where I had been two years before. My constant thought was that I was going to win in some way. It would be tedious to tell it, except in the most general way, but I want to remind anyone who may read this that that period of continual, continuous scrap lasted for a year, and in that time there was but one person who spoke my language. With this one exception, I was as alone as if I had been in a deserted world.

I went to one friend after another, searching for help, suggestions that would assist me; but it was like searching for the pot of gold at the rainbow's end — it simply was not there. There were those who were sympathetic in thought and in deed, but apparently they did not know how to do anything practical.

The one person who knew was the military attaché at the French Embassy, a young captain of the French Army. We were chatting in his apartments one day, talking over the past, when it dawned upon us both that we had been through the same terrible thing. It was like finding some precious possession, long mourned as lost, for us to find each other. We clung to each other like blind men left alone. He spoke English — I spoke French — we both spoke the language of the Front, and we both spoke the language that needs no words, which exists between

two men who have experienced shell-fire and suffered the misery of exhausted, shattered nerves known to the world as shell-shock. In the Somme offensive with the battery, he had been filling a sand-bag, when a shell of large calibre struck within a few feet of him. He had been peppered with splinters, but not badly hurt. He had been caught running back and forth behind the front, muttering to himself, and had been for months in hospital until his mind began to clear. Being of a prominent family in France, he had been sent to the United States to get him away from the war, and was going through the same thing I was, fighting it out alone. What long talks we had! We drove about in the country, lay on the grass in the woods, and talked and talked, searching together for the spark in the empty dark that would be a hint of the life to come.

I went to an old friend, a teacher who kept a school for the daughters of rich parents. She was a graduate of Vassar, and I thought she could help me. And the disappointment that followed! I thought that she was human, but she was n't. She had developed into the same sort that I have found elsewhere since then — the type of neurotic weaklings who hide away from reality and live in a comfortable fog of voluntary ignorance. While the war was in progress, she had refused to read about it, on the ground that it was all too horrible. She had purchased Liberty Bonds, in order to be able to tell her clientèle how patriotic she was. She had 'closed her door on the war,' as she dramatically told me.

'Close your door on the war?' I said; 'how can you close your door on the biggest event since the coming of Christ?'

She was shocked, horrified at my blasphemy. She folded her hands, closed her eyes, and said that I must seek solitude, weeks of solitude — and read *Pilgrim's Progress!*

It is so useless to go through the list of people to whom I went looking for help. To their credit be it said that many of them wanted to do something; but they never did it, because they could not, since they did not have the understanding to do it. So I left them, one after another, and went my way — alone, always alone.

My head continued to ache and throb, I continued to be nauseated, I still could not sleep. An insane desire to kill myself, as four other friends had done, took possession of me. I would toy with my automatic, and think how best to do it. I would lock myself in my room when attacks came that I had to fight, attacks that made me tense all over, that made me want to scream, break the furniture, pull my clothes to pieces. I would lean against the wall, tears running down my face, and scratch at the plaster, and sob and gag, and end by throwing myself on my bed, utterly exhausted by the effort to regain control. I would lock my windows before retiring for the night, lock my door and throw the key through the transom, to prevent my doing some insane thing before morning. I would go to sleep late, and wake at about half-past three in the morning, and stare at the dark, trying to think out the meaning of this thing.

I read New Thought, studied Christian Science, read the Bible, became a regular attendant at church. I got a copy of that great piece of logical thought, Burke's 'Conciliation with the American Colonies,' and read it carefully, searching it for his great ideas on how to cure an ill by removing the cause. What was the cause of this thing? That was what I searched for in my own case. The thing to do was to remove the cause — but what was the cause?

My mother came and stayed with

me. Never in my life before had I known what a mother could be. I believe that very few men really appreciate their mothers. I know I never appreciated mine until then. I have never seen such utter unselfishness, such obliviousness to her own desires, her own interests, as in my mother's loving thought, her anxiety to help her son.

But it was too much — I could not stand her anxiety. I could not have her coming to my room in the middle of the night, and sitting with me hour after hour, listening to my raving. So I got a nurse and traveled for months on end. I took a ship and sailed off on a cruise through the Southern Seas. I stopped at an island in the south, took a house near the sea, and spent a month or more there. It was wonderful in that quiet and peace. I lay in a hammock, looking out over the beautiful blue Caribbean, listening to the pounding of the waves on the rocks, with the limpid azure of the sky, and its fleecy, scattered clouds overhead.

I breathed in the balm of the fronded palms in the hush of the moonlit nights, until a wonderful thing came to me. The shadows broke, the night of that hideous fight was gone, and the first faint dawn of another day of my life came to me, in the knowledge that I was winning. Then the light came truly bursting in upon my consciousness. I was winning! I was getting well again! I was sleeping better — I could eat — the pains in my head were lessening — my periods of depression were coming at lengthening intervals. I was getting well!

The knowledge that I was coming back came to me suddenly, all at once, and gave me a strength that I thought I could never have again. But once it came, the months that were to come were easy indeed, compared with the ones that had gone before. It was still a struggle, it still required all my will-power to keep going; but I knew that I could win. Before that time I had been trying to find out if that were a possible thing.

Nearly two years after I received the order that sent me into the shelled area of the Front, I left the army and returned to civil life. I got a job that took me again away from my country for several months. I was not yet really well, but this change helped a great deal, and rapidly I returned to normal again. Periods of ache and pain became very short, and few and far between. I believe the last one has come and gone. It was several months ago that I was writing on a typewriter, smoking my pipe. The pipe suddenly rattled in my teeth, my fingers became tense, my muscles tightened. I grabbed my pipe out of my mouth, stood up, forced my fingers out straight against my desk, took my hat, and walked and walked out into the country for a few miles, fighting for myself again. Finally I lighted my pipe again, and smoked. There was no more rattle then, my fingers were again all right. Once more I had won. That was the last time. Since then I have never had an indication that I had a nerve in my body anywhere. That was the last dying gasp of the thing that had held me in its grip for so long.

My work brought me back to the United States. I began to read the papers Articles caught my eye — ex-soldiers not cared for, ex-soldiers out of work, in insane asylums, in jails, walking the streets. I looked into the matter and found that there were thousands upon thousands of these men in straitened circumstances, in poverty. There were more thousands, who needed hospital attention, who were not getting it. There was trouble in Washington over the means to care for these men. Governmental bureaus overlapped, passed

the buck to each other — and still nothing seemed to be accomplished. What was the matter with my country? Was it really ungrateful? Was it true that the public had tired of this responsibility? Statements were made to me that magazines would no longer accept war-stories, and that publishers would no longer print anything pertaining to the war, or the men who had fought in it. I found that these statements could be easily disproved, but, nevertheless, it was disheartening, when I kept learning for myself how these men were suffering.

I was walking down Broadway, and my walking-stick accidentally struck against a man. I apologized perfunctorily, but upon looking at him, I saw a poorly dressed man who looked familiar. Then he spoke. 'Colonel,' he said, 'can you do me a favor?'

I was astonished — did not know him. But he knew me — he had been in my regiment overseas. He wanted money — two hundred dollars to start a cigar-stand. We went to the bank and he left me happy. Some day I shall hear from that man, who drove a lead pair on the march into silent, sullen Germany. He will win some day. All he needed was a little help, practical help to start again; not emotional sentimentality, but help — practical, substantial help.

How many others there are just like him, who need just a little help. Are we going to give it? I believe we shall, if we but realize the truth; if we will but see, and not 'close our door on the war.'

There has come a thought to me that I wish the American people would ponder over when they grow tired of the war, which they felt so very, very little. When they damn the men who bother them for jobs, who pester them for help, they should search their own hearts first.

> Judge not!
> The workings of his heart and of his mind
> *Thou* canst not see.
> What in our dull brain may seem a stain,
> In God's pure light may only be a scar,
> Brought from some well-fought field,
> Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

Shall we help back those thousands of humble men who trod the rocky pathway of the Front in France? Shall we give them the little boost that they need, to come back? And what of those other men who have suffered, whose minds are gone? Shall we be but ghosts for those unburied dead — who did not die?

THE ROUND-FACED BEAUTY

A STORY OF THE CHINESE COURT

BY L. ADAMS BECK

In the city of Chang-an music filled the palaces, and the festivities of the Emperor were measured by its beat. Night, and the full moon swimming like a gold-fish in the garden lakes, gave the signal for the Feather Jacket and Rainbow Skirt dances. Morning, with the rising sun, summoned the court again to the feast and wine-cup in the floating gardens.

The Emperor Chung Tsu favored this city before all others. The Yen Tower soaring heavenward, the Drum Towers, the Pearl Pagoda, were the only fit surroundings of his magnificence; and in the Pavilion of Tranquil Learning were held those discussions which enlightened the world and spread the fame of the Jade Emperor far and wide. In all respects he adorned the Dragon Throne — in all but one; for Nature, bestowing so much, withheld one gift, and the Imperial heart, as precious as jade, was also as hard, and he eschewed utterly the company of the Hidden Palace Flowers.

Yet the Inner Chambers were filled with ladies chosen from all parts of the Celestial Empire — ladies of the most exquisite and torturing beauty, moons of loveliness, moving coquettishly on little feet, with all the grace of willow branches in a light breeze. They were sprinkled with perfumes, adorned with jewels, robed in silks woven with gold and embroidered with designs of flowers and birds. Their faces were painted and their eyebrows formed into slender and perfect arches whence the soul of man might well slip to perdition, and a breath of sweet odor followed each wherever she moved. Every one might have been the Empress of some lesser kingdom; but though rumors reached the Son of Heaven from time to time of their charms, — especially when some new blossom was added to the Imperial bouquet, — he had dismissed them from his august thoughts, and they languished in a neglect so complete that the Great Cold Palaces of the Moon were not more empty than their hearts. They remained under the supervision of the Princess of Han, August Aunt of the Emperor, knowing that their Lord considered the company of sleeve-dogs and macaws more pleasant than their own. Nor had he as yet chosen an Empress, and it was evident that without some miracle, such as the intervention of the Municipal God, no heir to the throne could be hoped for.

Yet the Emperor one day remembered his imprisoned beauties, and it crossed the Imperial thoughts that even these inferior creatures might afford such interest as may be found in the gambols of trained fleas or other insects of no natural attainments.

Accordingly, he commanded that the subject last discussed in his presence should be transferred to the Inner Chambers, and it was his Order that the ladies should also discuss it, and their

opinions be engraved on ivory, bound together with red silk and tassels, and thus presented at the Dragon feet. The subject chosen was the following: —

Describe the Qualities of the Ideal Man

Now when this command was laid before the August Aunt, the guardian of the Inner Chambers, she was much perturbed in mind, for such a thing was unheard of in all the annals of the Empire. Recovering herself, she ventured to say that the discussion of such a question might raise very disquieting thoughts in the minds of the ladies, who could not be supposed to have any opinions at all on such a subject. Nor was it desirable that they should have. To every woman her husband and no other is and must be the Ideal Man. So it was always in the past; so it must ever be. There are certain things which it is dangerous to question or discuss, and how can ladies who have never spoken with any other man than a parent or a brother judge such matters?

'How, indeed,' asked this lady of exalted merit, 'can the bat form an idea of the sunlight, or the carp of the motion of wings? If his Celestial Majesty had commanded a discussion on the Superior Woman and the virtues which should adorn her, some sentiments not wholly unworthy might have been offered. But this is a calamity. They come unexpectedly, springing up like mushrooms, and this one is probably due to the lack of virtue of the inelegant and unintellectual person who is now speaking.'

This she uttered in the presence of the principal beauties of the Inner Chambers. They sat or reclined about her in attitudes of perfect loveliness. Two, embroidering silver pheasants, paused with their needles suspended above the stretched silk, to hear the August Aunt. One, threading beads of jewel jade, permitted them to slip from the string and so distended the rose of her mouth in surprise that the small pearl-shells were visible within. The Lady Tortoise, caressing a scarlet and azure macaw, in her agitation so twitched the feathers that the bird, shrieking, bit her finger. The Lady Golden Bells blushed deeply at the thought of what was required of them; and the little Lady Summer Dress, youngest of all the assembled beauties, was so alarmed at the prospect that she began to sob aloud, until she met the eye of the August Aunt and abruptly ceased.

'It is not, however, to be supposed,' said the August Aunt, opening her snuff-bottle of painted crystal, 'that the minds of our deplorable and unattractive sex are wholly incapable of forming opinions. But speech is a grave matter for women, naturally slow-witted and feeble-minded as they are. This unenlightened person recalls the Odes as saying: —

> 'A flaw in a piece of white jade
> May be ground away,
> But when a woman has spoken foolishly
> Nothing can be done —

a consideration which should make every lady here and throughout the world think anxiously before speech.'

So anxiously did the assembled beauties think, that all remained mute as fish in a pool, and the August Aunt continued: —

'Let Tsŭ-ssŭ be summoned. It is my intention to suggest to the Dragon Emperor that the virtues of women be the subject of our discourse, and I will myself open and conclude the discussion.'

Tsŭ-ssŭ was not long in kotowing before the August Aunt, who dispatched her message with the proper ceremonial due to its Imperial destination; and meanwhile, in much agitation, the beauties could but twitter and whisper in each other's ears, and await the

response like condemned prisoners who yet hope for a reprieve.

Scarce an hour had dripped away on the water-clock when an Imperial Missive bound with yellow silk arrived, and the August Aunt, rising, kotowed nine times before she received it in her jeweled hand with its delicate and lengthy nails ensheathed in pure gold set with gems of the first water. She then read it aloud, the ladies prostrating themselves.

To the Princess of Han, the August Aunt, the Lady of the Nine Superior Virtues:—

Having deeply reflected on the wisdom submitted, We thus reply. Women should not be the judges of their own virtues, since these exist only in relation to men. Let Our Command therefore be executed, and tablets presented before us seven days hence, with the name of each lady appended to her tablet.

It was indeed pitiable to see the anxiety of the ladies! A sacrifice to Kwan-Yin, the Goddess of Mercy, of a jewel from each, with intercession for aid, was proposed by the Lustrous Lady; but the majority shook their heads sadly. The August Aunt, tossing her head, declared that, as the Son of Heaven had made no comment on her proposal of opening and closing the discussion, she should take no part other than safeguarding the interests of propriety. This much increased the alarm, and, kneeling at her feet, the swan-like beauties, Deep Snow and Winter Moon, implored her aid and compassion. But, rising indignantly, the August Aunt sought her own apartments, and for the first time the inmates of the Pepper Chamber saw with regret the golden dragons embroidered on her back.

It was then that the Round-Faced Beauty ventured a remark. This maiden, having been born in the far-off province of Ssuch-uan, was considered a rustic by the distinguished elegance of the Palace and, therefore, had never spoken unless decorum required. Still, even her detractors were compelled to admit the charms that had gained her her name. Her face had the flawless outline of the pearl, and like the blossom of the plum was the purity of her complexion, upon which the darkness of her eyebrows resembled two silk-moths alighted to flutter above the brilliance of her eyes — eyes which even the August Aunt had commended after a banquet of unsurpassed variety. Her hair had been compared to the crow's plumage; her waist was like a roll of silk, and her discretion in habiting herself was such that even the Lustrous Lady and the Lady Tortoise drew instruction from the splendors of her robes. It created, however, a general astonishment when she spoke.

'Paragons of beauty, what is this dull and opaque-witted person that she should speak?'

'What, indeed!' said the Celestial Sister. 'This entirely undistinguished person cannot even imagine!'

A distressing pause followed, during which many whispered anxiously. The Lustrous Lady broke it.

'It is true that the highly ornamental Round-Faced Beauty is but lately come, yet even the intelligent Ant may assist the Dragon; and in the presence of alarm, what is decorum? With a tiger behind one, who can recall the Book of Rites and act with befitting elegance?'

'The high-born will at all times remember the Rites!' retorted the Celestial Sister. 'Have we not heard the August Aunt observe: "Those who understand do not speak. Those who speak do not understand"?'

The Round-Faced Beauty collected her courage.

'Doubtless this is wisdom; yet if the

wise do not speak, who should instruct us? The August Aunt herself would be silent.'

All were confounded by this dilemma, and the little Lady Summer-Dress, still weeping, entreated that the Round-Faced Beauty might be heard. The Heavenly Blossoms then prepared to listen and assumed attitudes of attention, which so disconcerted the Round-Faced Beauty that she blushed like a spring tulip in speaking.

'Beautiful ladies, our Lord, who is unknown to us all, has issued an august command. It cannot be disputed, for the whisper of disobedience is heard as thunder in the Imperial Presence. Should we not aid each other? If any lady has formed a dream in her soul of the Ideal Man, might not such a picture aid us all? Let us not be "say-nothing-do-nothing," but act!'

They hung their heads and smiled, but none would allow that she had formed such an image. The little Lady Tortoise, laughing behind her fan of sandalwood, said roguishly: 'The Ideal Man should be handsome, liberal in giving, and assuredly he should appreciate the beauty of his wives. But this we cannot say to the Divine Emperor.'

A sigh rustled through the Pepper Chamber. The Celestial Sister looked angrily at the speaker. 'This is the talk of children,' she said. 'Does no one remember Kung-fu-tse's [Confucius] description of the Superior Man?'

Unfortunately none did — not even the Celestial Sister herself.

'Is it not probable,' asked the Round-Faced Beauty, 'that the Divine Emperor remembers it himself and wishes — '

But the Celestial Sister, yawning audibly, summoned the attendants to bring rose-leaves in honey, and would hear no more.

The Round-Faced Beauty therefore wandered forth among the mossy rocks and drooping willows of the Imperial Garden, deeply considering the matter. She ascended the bow-curved bridge of marble which crossed the Pool of Clear Weather, and from the top idly observed the reflection of her rose-and-gold coat in the water while, with her taper fingers, she crumbled cake for the fortunate gold-fish that dwelt in it. And, so doing, she remarked one fish, four-tailed among the six-tailed, and in no way distinguished by elegance, which secured by far the largest share of the crumbs dropped into the pool. Bending lower, she observed this singular fish and its methods.

The others crowded about the spot where the crumbs fell, all herded together. In their eagerness and stupidity they remained like a cloud of gold in one spot, slowly waving their tails. But this fish, concealing itself behind a miniature rock, waited, looking upward, until the crumbs were falling, and then, rushing forth with the speed of an arrow, scattered the stupid mass of fish, and bore off the crumbs to its shelter, where it instantly devoured them.

'This is notable,' said the Round-Faced Beauty. 'Observation enlightens the mind. To be apart — to be distinguished — secures notice!' And she plunged into thought again, wandering, herself a flower, among the gorgeous tree pæonias.

On the following day the August Aunt commanded that a writer among the palace attendants should, with brush and ink, be summoned to transcribe the wisdom of the ladies. She requested that each would give three days to thought, relating the following anecdote. 'There was a man who, taking a piece of ivory, carved it into a mulberry leaf, spending three years on the task. When finished it could not be told from the original, and was a gift suitable for the Brother of the Sun and Moon. Do likewise!'

'But yet, O Augustness!' said the

Celestial Sister, 'if the Lord of Heaven took as long with each leaf, there would be few leaves on the trees, and if —'

The August Aunt immediately commanded silence and retired. On the third day she seated herself in her chair of carved ebony, while the attendant placed himself by her feet and prepared to record her words.

'This insignificant person has decided,' began her Augustness, looking round and unscrewing the amber top of her snuff-bottle, 'to take an unintelligent part in these proceedings. An example should be set. Attendant, write!'

She then dictated as follows: 'The Ideal Man is he who now decorates the Imperial Throne, or he who in all humility ventures to resemble the incomparable Emperor. Though he may not hope to attain, his endeavor is his merit. No further description is needed.' With complacence she inhaled the perfumed snuff, as the writer appended the elegant characters of her Imperial name.

If it be permissible to say that the faces of the beauties lengthened visibly, it should now be said. For it had been the intention of every lady to make an allusion to the Celestial Emperor and depict him as the Ideal Man. Nor had they expected that the August Aunt would take any part in the matter.

'Oh, but it was the intention of this commonplace and undignified person to say this very thing!' cried the Lustrous Lady, with tears in the jewels of her eyes. 'I thought no other high-minded and distinguished lady would for a moment think of it!'

'And it was my intention also!' fluttered the little Lady Tortoise, wringing her hands! 'What now shall this most unlucky and unendurable person do? For three nights has sleep forsaken my unattractive eyelids, and, tossing and turning on a couch deprived of all comfort, I could only repeat, "The Ideal Man is the Divine Dragon Emperor!"'

'May one of entirely contemptible attainments make a suggestion in this assemblage of scintillating wit and beauty?' inquired the Celestial Sister. 'My superficial opinion is that it would be well to prepare a single paper to which all names should be appended, stating that His Majesty in his Dragon Divinity comprises all ideals in his sacred Person.'

'Let those words be recorded,' said the August Aunt. 'What else should any lady of discretion and propriety say? In this Palace of Virtuous Peace, where all is consecrated to the Son of Heaven, though he deigns not to enter it, what other thought dare be breathed? Has any lady ventured to step outside such a limit? If so, let her declare herself!'

All shook their heads, and the August Aunt proceeded: 'Let the writer record this as the opinion of every lady of the Imperial Household, and let each name be separately appended.'

Had any desired to object, none dared to confront the August Aunt; but apparently no beauty so desired, for after three nights' sleepless meditation, no other thought than this had occurred to any.

Accordingly, the writer moved from lady to lady and, under the supervision of the August Aunt, transcribed the following: 'The Ideal Man is the earthly likeness of the Divine Emperor. How should it be otherwise?' And under this sentence wrote the name of each lovely one in succession. The papers were then placed in the hanging sleeves of the August Aunt for safety.

By the decree of Fate, the father of the Round-Faced Beauty had, before he became an ancestral spirit, been a scholar of distinction, having graduated at the age of seventy-two with a composition commended by the Grand Examiner. Having no gold and silver to give his daughter, he had formed her mind, and had presented her with the sole jewel of his family — a pearl as

large as a bean. Such was her sole dower, but the accomplished Ant may excel the indolent Prince.

Yet, before the thought in her mind, she hesitated and trembled, recalling the lesson of the gold-fish; and it was with anxiety that paled her roseate lips that, on a certain day, she had sought the Willow Bridge Pavilion. There had awaited her a palace attendant skilled with the brush, and there in secrecy and dire affright, hearing the footstep of the August Aunt in every rustle of leafage, and her voice in the call of every crow, did the Round-Faced Beauty dictate the following composition: —

'Though the sky rain pearls, it cannot equal the beneficence of the Son of Heaven. Though the sky rain jade, it cannot equal his magnificence. He has commanded his slave to describe the qualities of the Ideal Man. How should I, a mere woman, do this? I, who have not seen the Divine Emperor, how should I know what is virtue? I, who have not seen the glory of his countenance, how should I know what is beauty? Report speaks of his excellences, but I who live in the dark know not. But to the Ideal Woman, the very vices of her husband are virtues. Should he exalt another, this is a mark of his superior taste. Should he dismiss his slave, this is justice. To the Ideal Woman there is but one Ideal Man — and that is her lord. From the day she crosses his threshold, to the day when they clothe her in the garments of Immortality, this is her sole opinion. Yet would that she might receive instruction of what only are beauty and virtue in his adorable presence.'

This being written, she presented her one pearl to the attendant and fled, not looking behind her, as quickly as her delicate feet would permit. On the seventh day the compositions, engraved on ivory and bound with red silk and tassels, were presented to the Emperor, and for seven days more he forgot their existence. On the eighth the High Chamberlain ventured to recall them to the Imperial memory, and the Emperor glancing slightly at one after another, threw them aside, yawning as he did so. Finally, one arrested his eyes, and reading it more than once, he laid it before him and meditated. An hour passed in this way while the forgotten Lord Chamberlain continued to kneel. The Son of Heaven, then raising his head, pronounced these words: 'In the society of the Ideal Woman, she to whom jealousy is unknown, tranquillity might possibly be obtained. Let prayer be made before the Ancestors with the customary offerings, for this is a matter deserving attention.'

A few days passed, and an Imperial attendant, escorted by two mandarins of the peacock-feather and crystal-button rank, desired an audience of the August Aunt, and, speaking before the curtain, informed her that his Imperial Majesty would pay a visit that evening to the Hall of Tranquil Longevity. Such was her agitation at this honor that she immediately swooned; but, reviving, summoned all the attendants and gave orders for a banquet and musicians.

Lanterns painted with pheasants and exquisite landscapes were hung on all the pavilions. Tapestries of rose, decorated with the Five-Clawed Dragons, adorned the chambers; and upon the High Seat was placed a robe of yellow satin embroidered with pearls. All was hurry and excitement. The Blossoms of the Palace were so exquisitely decked that one grain more of powder would have made them too lily-like, and one touch more of rouge, too rose-cheeked. It was indeed perfection, and, like lotuses upon a lake, or Asian birds, gorgeous of plumage, they stood ranged in the outer chamber while the Celestial Emperor took his seat.

The Round-Faced Beauty wore no

jewels, having bartered her pearl for her opportunity; but her long coat of jade-green, embroidered with golden willows, and her trousers of palest rose left nothing to be desired. In her hair two golden pæonias were fastened with pins of kingfisher work. The Son of Heaven was seated upon the throne as the ladies approached, marshaled by the August Aunt. He was attired in the Yellow Robe with the Flying Dragons, and upon the Imperial Head was the Cap, ornamented with one hundred and forty-four priceless gems. From it hung the twelve pendants of strings of pearls, partly concealing the august eyes of the Jade Emperor. No greater splendor can strike awe into the soul of man.

At his command the August Aunt took her seat upon a lesser chair at the Celestial Feet. Her mien was majestic, and struck awe into the assembled beauties, whose names she spoke aloud as each approached and prostrated herself. She then pronounced these words: 'Beautiful ones, the Emperor, having considered the opinions submitted by you on the subject of the Superior Man, is pleased to express his august commendation. Dismiss, therefore, anxiety from your minds, and prepare to assist at the humble concert of music we have prepared for his Divine pleasure.'

Slightly raising himself in his chair, the Son of Heaven looked down upon that Garden of Beauty, holding in his hand an ivory tablet bound with red silk.

'Lovely ladies,' he began, in a voice that assuaged fear, 'who among you was it that laid before our feet a composition beginning thus — "Though the sky rain pearls"?'

The August Aunt immediately rose. 'Imperial Majesty, none! These eyes supervised every composition. No impropriety was permitted.'

The Son of Heaven resumed: 'Let that Lady stand forth.'

The words were few, but sufficient. Trembling in every limb, the Round-Faced Beauty separated herself from her companions and prostrated herself, amid the breathless amazement of the Blossoms of the Palace. He looked down upon her as she knelt, pale as a lady carved in ivory, but lovely as the lotus of Chang-su. He turned to the August Aunt. 'Princess of Han, my Imperial Aunt, I would speak with this lady alone.'

Decorum itself and the custom of Palaces could not conceal the indignation of the August Aunt as she rose and retired, driving the ladies before her as a shepherd drives his sheep.

The Hall of Tranquil Longevity being now empty, the Jade Emperor extended his hand and beckoned the Round-Faced Beauty to approach. This she did, hanging her head like a flower surcharged with dew and swaying gracefully as a wind-bell, and knelt on the lowest step of the Seat of State.

'Loveliest One,' said the Emperor, 'I have read your composition. I would know the truth. Did any aid you as you spoke it? Was it the thought of your own heart?'

'None aided, Divine,' said she, almost fainting with fear. 'It was indeed the thought of this illiterate slave, consumed with an unwarranted but uncontrollable passion.'

'And have you in truth desired to see your Lord?'

'As a prisoner in a dungeon desires the light, so was it with this low person.'

'And having seen?'

'Augustness, the dull eyes of this slave are blinded with beauty.'

She laid her head before his feet.

'Yet you have depicted, not the ideal Man, but the Ideal Woman. This was not the Celestial command. How was this?'

'Because, O versatile and auspicious

Emperor, the blind cannot behold the sunlight, and it is only the Ideal Woman who is worthy to comprehend and worship the Ideal Man. For this alone is she created.'

A smile began to illumine the Imperial Countenance. 'And how, O Round-Faced Beauty, did you evade the vigilance of the August Aunt?'

She hung her head lower, speaking almost in a whisper. 'With her one pearl did this person buy the secrecy of the writer; and when the August Aunt slept, did I conceal the paper in her sleeve with the rest, and her own Imperial hand gave it to the engraver of ivory.'

She veiled her face with two jade-white hands that trembled excessively. On hearing this statement the Celestial Emperor broke at once into a very great laughter, and he laughed loud and long as a tiller of wheat. The Round-Faced Beauty heard it demurely until, catching the Imperial eye, decorum was forgotten and she too laughed uncontrollably. So they continued, and finally the Emperor leaned back, drying the tears in his eyes with his august sleeve, and the lady, resuming her gravity, hid her face in her hands, yet regarded him through her fingers.

When the August Aunt returned at the end of an hour with the ladies, surrounded by the attendants with their instruments of music, the Round-Faced Beauty was seated in the chair that she herself had occupied, and on the whiteness of her brow was hung the chain of pearls, which had formed the frontal of the Cap of the Emperor.

It is recorded that, advancing from honor to honor, the Round-Faced Beauty was eventually chosen Empress and became the mother of the Imperial Prince. The celestial purity of her mind and the absence of all flaws of jealousy and anger warranted this distinction. But it is also recorded that, after her elevation, no other lady was ever exalted in the Imperial favor or received the slightest notice from the Emperor. For the Empress, now well acquainted with the Ideal Man, judged it better that his experiences of the Ideal Woman should be drawn from herself alone. And as she decreed, so it was done. Doubtless Her Majesty did well.

It is known that the Emperor departed to the Ancestral Spirits at an early age, seeking, as the August Aunt observed, that repose which on earth could never more be his. But no one has asserted that *this* lady's disposition was free from the ordinary blemishes of humanity.

As for the Celestial Empress (who survives in history as one of the most astute rulers who ever adorned the Dragon Throne), she continued to rule her son and the Empire, surrounded by the respectful admiration of all.

CRISIS

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I THINK there are two aprons at home that I can hem;
I can put a frill of lace for edge to one of them;
I will have blue ribbon to tie it, and to sew
Just above the pocket in a flaring bow;
And I can sit quite quiet, as if nothing had been
Except the needle's in and out and out and in —
(*Every sorrow ends — every horror ends —*
Every terror ends that we have to face or do —
These hours will end, too.)

Back where I live there still are green things to see —
Lilacs and a rose-bush and a tall old apple tree;
Everything is quiet there — everything will stay
Steady till I come to it as when I went away.
I must remember them, think hard of them, my flowers,
And village folks not caring, and the yellow morning hours —
(*Everything ends that begins beneath the sun —*
There will be kind hours after these hours are done —
How slow, how slow they run!)

All of it will surely stop to-night at least by ten,
And I may be too numb to feel a while before then —
And maybe, if I seem too tired or too like to weep,
They'll give me something merciful to let me get to sleep,
And drop inert and shut my eyes and count, as I lie still,
Sheep slipping through a gap and running down a hill —
(*Lord, once you saw it through, the waiting and the fright,*
And being brave for them to see, as if it all was right —
Send me quick — send quick to-night!)

A VOICE FROM THE JURY

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

My friend and I were discussing the story called 'The Jury,' published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October. It will be remembered that the author leaves with a group of women the problem of whether their old friend, Violet, shall be freely and fully received by them if she accepts the invitation of her husband, Harry, to return to him and to their children, after spending several 'crimson years' with Cyril.

My friend is a business woman, trained in the office and the market-place. I am a professional woman, trained in schools and universities. She chose not to marry. I chose to marry. We have become friends somewhat far along the road, after passing various sorts of milestones. Diverse discipline, work, experiences, and acquaintances have shaped our characters and opinions. Yet these opinions, on matters connected with 'life,' practically always coincide.

So it proved to be when we imagined ourselves parts of the jury in the case of Violet *versus* Society. We began by swiftly agreeing that we had the right to decide in favor of a woman once our friend without feeling too sombrely that this decision would be equivalent to a public statement of our own principles. Friendship, once assumed, entails certain obligations; and we claimed the right to stand by a friend without thereby being understood to regard either her action or her character as models for other women. In this matter of Violet it seemed to us clear that, if her husband and daughters wanted her to come back, and if she wanted to come, it was not for us to create obstacles or to omit the ordinary interchanges of social life with a family that had united in a desire to 'begin again.'

To be sure, we felt that Tina Metcalfe was visionary in thinking that things socially could really be as they were before, and that Harry was tragically mistaken in thinking that his or his children's happiness would bloom again under the given conditions. Violet was to return as arrogantly as she went, still maintaining that her right to a happy life had been superior to theirs. We smiled somewhat cynically over her concern for the *social* status of her daughters, whose every other need she had so readily disregarded. The crimson years had evidently not modified her cold egotism. We anticipated no great success for her in reassuming the rôles of wife and mother, friend and hostess. But that was not our affair. As far as we were concerned, Tina might cable as unanimous a 'come' as she chose.

The thing that alienated us was Violet's own willingness to come. We were both shocked by the cowardice of a woman who could not abide by either choice, by either marriage or free love. Violet was as unsatisfactory as Helena in the recent novel called *Invisible Tides*. Both 'heroines,' without even a decent regret, abandoned their husbands as long as men more agreeable to them lived. Then, when death intervened (in time to save the men from disillusionment), instead of standing alone, as many an unmarried or widowed

woman stands alone, they made use of the love and chivalry of their former victims to return to the comfortable safeties of a conventional life. By this materialistic meanness Violet stripped from her life any pretense of bravery.

We went on to discuss her earlier vagrancy, her original action which, at least, had rejected conventions for the sake of an emotion. But we could not be stampeded by any such show of 'idealism.' The emotion had been one which is glorious only when it submits to be secondary. And with the rejection of certain unessentials went the rejection of priceless treasures that a woman of large mind and large heart would refuse to sacrifice to an isolating passion. Passion harnessed to all the other powers of a generous nature is a mighty dynamo. Divorced from them it shrivels despicably. No, my friend and I knew that Violet, hiding herself with Cyril, had revealed the cheapness of her fibre. She had shown it, too, in the easy frivolity with which she disregarded obligations still scrupulously observed by the other members of a common undertaking. Accustomed to taking seriously business and professional contracts, we were disgusted by the way she tossed aside her spoken contract with Harry — whose only fault was that she liked Cyril better — and shattered brutally the tacit contract made with her children when she forced life upon them.

In our conversation we had not yet reached the profounder expression of our ethical judgment. There was, of course, a stark question of public right and wrong, which must perplex even Harry in relation to his daughters. But ultimately we judged Violet's action, not as it broke a law of church or state, but as it offended against moral principles which support more external prohibitions. The love of man and woman is not a thing apart, a fleshly accident set loose from the domain of spiritual law. Two human wills can unite to preserve married love by observing the laws which ensure the health of all love. Of these, the first and the last are that love dies in self-seeking and is renewed in every act of self-forgetfulness. 'It's not an exhortation, but an axiom,' I said to my friend as we touched upon the subject.

But we were growing tired of Violet, and the world about us was very beautiful. The October sun was laying a sheet of pure flame behind the trunks of the maple trees on the edge of the wide pasture. There were ardent touches of red on the sumach between the straight green savins. The young moon was silvering above the red and gold of the sunset. In the silence, my friend's thoughts roamed I know not where. My own circled and alighted on the magnificent lover in Meredith's *Tragic Comedians*. The silver moon invited him and Clotilde, on the passion-swept night of their first meeting, to go quite mad. But his brilliant mind refused to be eclipsed — 'the handsome face of the orb that lights us would be well enough were it only a gallop between us two. Dearest, the orb that lights us two for a lifetime must be taken all round, and I have been on the wrong side of the moon. I know the other face of it — a visage scored with regrets, dead dreams, burned passions, bald illusions, and the like, the like, the like! — sunless, waterless, without a flower.'

How stupid to mistake this evening's moon for to-morrow's sun! How stupid to mistake the crimson slash on the sumach for the whole broad upland!

CUNJUR AND 'SUASION

PLANTATION CHRONICLES

BY ELEANOR C. GIBBS

I

TOOMBER KAMID! What a name! Well, she was a woman, a negro woman, tall, black, brawny. About her there was something that attracted me by its singularity; yet with this attraction there was a something indescribable that was almost awe-inspiring to a child like me. When I asked her where she got such a queer name, she told me that it was her grandmammy's grandmammy's name. Her grandmammy, she said, was a Mollie Gloskie (Madagascar) negro; and she had been told that *her* grandmammy remembered all about being in Africa, and had told of many strange customs there, where children never wore clothes until they were as tall as their mothers. Then they were sent to the straw-fields to make long aprons for themselves. She said the mothers had to do something to help them to know their own children from the children of other negroes, so they took a sharp knife, made of a shell, and scratched up and down the children's faces, and up and down their arms and legs. As I listened to her, I saw that she was trying to describe tattooing. She told, too, of the rings she used to wear — gold rings, she said: two in her nose, and four or five around her ears, where holes had been pierced for them.

She said she had been told that her grandmammy's grandmammy was a queen in Africa. But one day a big ship came sailing up, and the captain had pretty red calico and gold bracelets and looking-glasses in the ship. She and a crowd of other negroes 'scrouged' along and went on the ship, and the captain gave them some good fire-water, and they got sleepy and went to sleep; and when they woke up, they were 'way off, 'way out in the sea, and the 'maremaids' were swimming all around them.

When I expressed doubts about the 'maremaids,' she said, 'Dey sho is maremaids, kaze my own mammy seed 'em in de 'Tomac ribber. I hyeard her tell 'bout de maremaids times 'pon top uv times. She sho did see 'em wid her eyes — in de 'Tomac ribber. You doan' know 'bout maremaids, but niggers knows 'bout 'em kaze dey seed 'em deyselves. Now Gord knows dat 's de trufe.'

All these stories were as fascinating to me as 'Cinderella' and 'Jack and the Beanstalk' were to other children. I listened with eager interest to stories of the negroes in Africa who were 'cunjur niggers.' 'All uv em wuz cunjur niggers. Dey knowed how to walk on behind anybody an' pick up de tracks and put 'em in a cunjur bag with poisonous spiders and toad-frogs and tree-frogs and devils' horses — great big old grasshoppers wid red-an'-black

wings. Den doodle-bugs and grub-worms and measuring worms would be put in, and cats' fur, and a piece of leather-wing bat's wing, and thousand-legged worms, and lizards' tails, and scorapins.'

When the cunjur bag was completed, it was buried under the eaves of the house where the victim of the cunjurer lived. The 'tarrifyin' pains' would soon make themselves manifest, and in the veins, the stomach, and the bowels of the unfortunate cunjured person these 'varmints an' insecks' would hold high carnival. The victim was doomed. No doctor could relieve him. Only by propitiating the cunjurer was there any hope. This could sometimes be done by giving presents to the cunjurer. The poor cunjured wretch was avoided by all his acquaintances. People did not like to walk on the side of the road where the doomed one lived. When the 'cunjur' was getting off, the 'varmints an' insecks' would sometimes be heard jumping out and falling down flop on the ground.

Filled with interest and curiosity, I asked Toomber if she could tell me anything about conjuring.

'Yes,' she replied, 'cunjurin' sho is true fac'. I bin had de cunjur on me, an' I knows 'bout it. I sho do. One Sunday, when I gwine 'long ter meetin', I seed a cunjur 'oman pickin' up my tracks. Dat was Sunday; den on Monday dat 'oman done put de cunjur on me. I knowed she gwine do dat, kaze I seed her at her devilment, stoopin' down on de san' an' pickin' my tracks right outen de san', an' puttin' 'em in her pocket. I peeped roun' de corner uv my eye an' seed her. I knowed she gwine do devilment. I knowed she a dang'ous 'oman. 'Fore Gord, ef you ever git de cunjur on you, you sho' will know 'bout cunjur. Dat 'oman pick up my tracks on Sunday, an Monday 'bout daybreak de cunjur 'peared. I could n' git out de bed, kaze de misery was in my laig, an' my foots, an' my side, an' my head. I des sot propped up on de side uv de bed an' I moan an' groan. I skeered ter tell 'bout what dat dang'ous 'oman done ter me, kaze hit mought make de cunjur worse an' worse. Den I crope out de bed, an' tuck a knife an' dug up some poke-root an' biled it an' rubbed my swol'd-up laig wid dat, an' rubbed hit wid karosene. But de cunjur did n' leave my cistern. My cistern wuz all discomfused. Hit so full of cunjur I did n' know what ter do.

'Dat night ole squint-eye Sary Jane come ter see my misery, an' she say I mus' fix up a big plate full uv good vittles, an' put two dimes in de plate, an' sen' de plate to de cunjur 'oman wid my love an' complimen's. Gord knows I did n' want dat dang'ous 'oman ter hab dat plate full uv good vittles, but I so skyeurd uv dat 'oman I was mos' crazy. De cunjur kep a-goin' on, an' I kep' sayin', "O Gord! O Gord! O Gord! I'ze cunjured mighty bad. De misery's wuckin' all th'oo my cistern. O Gord! O Gord!" Squint-eye Sary Jane say she'll tote de plate ter de cunjur 'oman ef I can han' out a nice ashcake to her, kaze her belly wuz a growlin' an' groanin' for vittles. Cunjur kin strike you mighty bad when your belly is moanin'. I han' out some taters an' some cushaw an' some lye hominy to Sary Jane, an' she smack'd her mouf an grin' her toofs. Den she toted dat plate uv vittles ter de dang'ous 'oman an' gin her de money. Den de misery got ter 'swagin' down. Den Sary Jane say she pertects herse'f 'ginst cunjur. She totes de lef' hin' foot uv a grabeyard rabbit in her pocket day in an' day out. I gwine get me one. Den cunjur'l lemme 'lone. I sho is gwine ter pertec' myse'f f'om cunjur. I got 'nuf uv cunjur.

'Dem Cincinnati niggers is gittin' so dey likes ter hear 'bout cunjur an' witches an' grabeyard rabbits. Dem

niggers is mighty ign'an'. Dey doan' know nuthin' 'bout de bref uv heaven. I flings my wooden winder-shutters open an' de bref uv heaven goes a sweepin' th'oo my cabin. Dey got glass winders all shut up tight, an' ain' got no great big fireplace. I feels like I wuz sufflicate when I goes in de chu'ch dar. I wants to be back on de plantation whar I kin git de bref uv heaven. I gwine back dar soon's ole Mistiss comes ridin' back f'om Culpeper Cote House.

'I doan' want ter stay in Cincinnati an' be a free nigger. I doan' want two things — I'ze sot 'ginst bein' a free nigger or bein' po' white trash. Niggers 'spises po' white trash an po' white trash 'spises niggers. I bin uster quality white folks. Dey sets heap uv sto' by niggers, an' niggers sets sto' by dem. Dey sho do like one anurr. I gwine back to Kanawha County an' live out all my born days wid quality folks.

'Dem dar Cincinnati niggers got so now dey lis'ns when my tongue 'gins ter run. One uv dem little Ohio niggers wuz layin' up on de bed groanin' wid de headache. She tol' me she dunno what make her head ache so. I say, "Chile, I'll tell you. Sho's you born, you bin th'owed a stran' uv yo' hyar out de winder, an' a bird done tuck hit up in a tree. Cose den eb'ry time de win' blows yo' head 'bleeged to ache. You all so ign'an' up here, you 'bleeged ter be painified." I tell you I knows a heap. I knows when bad luck is comin' 'long, lickity-split, lickity-split. Scritch-owl tells me 'bout dat. He dess scritches an' scritches when he knows bad luck's comin'. Dat he do. One time a ole scritch-owl sot on de ridge-pole uv my cabin un' mos' split his th'oat scritchin'. I settin' down in de cabin, waitin' for my old man ter come home wid de ox-team. De scritch-owl kep' on scritchin'. I th'owed my apurn up ober my face an' sot dar an' shivered an' trimbled. De scritch-owl done got in good chune den, an' he kep' on scritchin'. My ole man nuvar did come home. He done drownded in de creek, cedar creek, one mile f'om de cabin.

'I bin livin' nigh on to a hunderd years, an' I done fin' out how knowin' scritch-owls is. Dey's knowin' in Al'bama an' dey's knowin' in de Mis'sippy bottoms. Whippoorwills is bad-luck birds, too, but scritch-owls kin beat whippoorwills. When I hears a scritch-owl I runs ter de fire, an' sticks a shovel in de fire. Sometimes dat 'pears ter do some good. Sometimes hit doan' do no good. I tries all de ways I hears tell 'bout ter shoo bad luck off. Ef a chunk uv fire rolls down, I puckers up my mouf in a hurry an' spits down, spang on hit. Den when I spittin' I wishes a good-luck wish. Dat's a good way to do. Des say, "Stay dere, ole chunk, an' hev 'memb'ance ter bring good luck!" I spits three times, spang! spang! spang! Den I sets down an' sings a little.

'I likes ter sing. All de plantation niggers likes ter sing. Dem Cincinnati niggers so smart dey say dey sings outen a book, *do, re, mi,* like white folks. I say, Gord teached de plantation niggers an' de mockin' birds how ter sing. I spec' de debble teached de jay birds. I dunno 'bout dat.

'I sho does wish ole Mistiss would git up on her prancin' sorrel horse an' ride back home. I tired bein' chamber-maid on de steamboat. Dey got cuyous vittles on dat steamboat, an' I'ze tired eatin' dem things whar I ain' bin uster eatin' on de plantation. I wants some possum, I does, possum wid sweet 'taters all ranged roun' hit, wid good possum gravy. Plantation niggers knows what good vittles is soon's dey sets dey eyes on hit. 'Pear like I cyarn' go back ter de plantation now; but I know whar I kin go when de right time comes: I kin sho' go ter de promis' lan' up de right road ter glory. I'll go when

Marse Jesus calls. When de angels comes, I sho will wrastle wid 'em, an' dey'll be a flutterin' an' a flyin' roun' worser 'n a chicken wid his head cut off. I ain' 'feard uv angels. I des 'feared uv cunjur an' hants. I gwine ter glory, dat whar I gwine!'

Then her wild voice rang out, —

'Some uv dese mornin's bright an' fair
I'll hitch on my wings an' try de air!'

II

'O Gord! O Gord! Lord 'a' massey on me! Poor me! Dat's bad as a scritch-owl, dess as bad. I looked out my doah an' seed a hog, a ole razor-back red sow, des a-runnin' up an' down de pastur' wid a shuck in her mouf. I knowed she tellin' me den 'bout bad luck. Poor me! I knowed bad luck was comin', kaze las' night I dreamt 'bout muddy water. Den to-day I drapped ter sleep in my split-bottom chair an' dreamt 'bout snakes. Dat a mighty bad sign. Secret enemies gwine ter 'pear when you dreams 'bout snakes. Poor me! Poor me! I 'members de fus time I dreamt 'bout hog runnin' roun' wid shuck in his mouf. I wuz livin' 'way down in Mis'sippy den, on Marse Jeems's lower plantation. Dey did n' hab de same ways down dar dat dey got on dis plantation. Dey gin out a tas' [task] ter ebry nigger on de place. Not a hard big tas', des a tas' 'bout de right size. Atter dat tas' done did, all you got ter do is ter work 'long, an' all you makes Marse Jeems 's gwine buy f'om you.

'I wuz a sassy little gal when I live down in Mis'sippy on Marse Jeems's place. Marse Jeems nuvar did speak discontempshus ter me but one time. I done hyeard 'im tell Mistiss dat I got gifty-gab. I so uppity I traipsed up ter de house, an' pick up de bunch uv peacock feathers ter keep off de flies. I waved dem peacock feathers an' I waved 'em. Den I say, "Marse Jeems, please, suh, splainify 'bout what you say I got — 'bout gifty-gab." Marse Jeems th'owed back his head an' laffed an' laffed. Den I say agin, "Marse Jeems, suh, please splainify 'bout gifty-gab." Den he say, "When you fus' begin comin' up ter de house ter set on de bottom step an' play wid my chillern, I tuck noticemen' dat you nuvar stop talkin', talkin'. You kep' up yo' clack all de time. When folks doan' nuvar stop talkin' I 'clares dat dey sho got gifty-gab. Talk, talk, talk." Den Marse Jeems th'owed back his head agin. He sho did. I ain' stop gifty-gab yit. I spec' I'll keep up gifty-gab 'tel dey hauls me ter de grabeyard. I doan' see no use uv havin' a tongue ef hit gwine ter be closed up 'tween yo teef, day in an' day out. My mammy say I talks in my sleep. I dunno, I ain' nuvar 'mained wake ter see 'bout dat. Dey say de gifty-gab runs day an' night.

'I did n' like ter stay down on Marse Jeems's plantation. Too many ole alligators down dar. My mammy tell me ter stay up on de hill. She say she hyeard dat alligators would bite off little nigger chillern's laigs. Dey nuvar bit my laigs. I got many laigs now as I uver had in all my born days. Dat's de trufe — dat's Gord's trufe.

'Marse Jeems wa'n't like ole Marster hyeah on dis plantation. Marster 's a dignity man. Sometimes Marse Jeems wuz a dignity man — des' sometimes. Den sometimes he so chock full of fun an' devilment, de dignity des' banished. I mos' laffed tell my ribs rattle when I 'members how Marse Jeems punish Nepchune. Dat nigger wuz de lazies' nigger on Marse Jeems's plantation down in Mis'sippy. But he sorter smart nigger, an' he fooled Marse Jeems tel he 'sidered Nepchune a induschus nigger. Den Marse Jeems 'pinted Nepchune for foreman. He tol' 'im ter go an' look at de diff'unt fiel's an' lay off de wuck for hisse'f an' for de gang.

'Nepchune sho did lay off de wuck for hisse'f. All he laid off for hisse'f was ter do nothin' an' res' in de shade. He knowed how ter do. One day Marse Jeems an' Nepchune wuz out in de House gyarden. Marse Jeems 'splained ter Nepchune 'bout plantin' de seed, radish-seed, and turnip-seed, an' all sorts uv little pinhead seed like mustard-seed. Nepchune say he got de understannin' 'bout how ter do. When he went up ter de house an' tol' Marse Jeems he done plant all de seed, Marse Jeems say Nepchune bin mighty smart, an' he gin 'im a present. He gin 'im a whole plug uv 'bacco.

'Nex' day Marse Jeems wuz walkin' in de gyarden, an' unbeknownst he kicked up a brick layin' out dar. Gord 'a' massey! Marse Jeems foun' all de papers uv little pinhead seeds onder dat brick. Marse Jeems a mighty cussin' man when he wuz mad. I hyear 'im say, "Dat infernal rascal! I'll punish im sho as I a born man. I sho gwine punish Nepchune."

'I kep on studyin' 'bout what Marse Jeems gwine ter do ter Nepchune. I foun' out. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Marse Jeems's place most jined on ter Merid'an. One day a Merid'an man comed ter de plantation an' 'swaded Marse Jeems ter buy a great, big, long red hammock. Dat man swung dat hammock up on Marse Jeems's gallery an' lef'. Marse Jeems kep' on studyin' 'bout how Nepchune plant dem seed. I knowed what wuz in his min'. He studyin' an' studyin' 'bout punishin' Nepchune. I sho thought he gwine whip Nepchune bad. Dat I did. No, suh, Marse Jeems mighty notionate man. He got heap uv devilment 'bout 'im, an' heap uv fun. He call Nepchune up ter de gallery an' say:—

'"Nepchune, I mighty sorry you had to work so hard plantin' de gyarden. I knows you tired mos' ter def, poor nigger. I gwine give you some res'. Yo' Marse Jeems ain' gwine ter let you work yo'se'f 'tel yo' tongue mos' hangin' out yo' mouf. He sho ain' gwine ter do dat. Come hyeah, Nepchune, an' teck a li'l' res'. Poor fellow, yo' Marse Jeems sorry for you, he sorry for induschus nigger like you, Nepchune. You needs a res', nigger. Come hyeah."

'Nepchune stepped up on de gallery, an' Marse Jeems say, "Now, Nepchune, git up in dis big red hammock an' stretch yo'se'f out long as you kin."

'Nepchune sorter swunk back. Den Marse Jeems say, "Is you work so hard you got deaf? Poor devil, you sho needs a good res'.

'Nepchune 'bleeged ter git in de hammock an' stretch out. He 'peared mighty sorrowful like. Marse Jeems mighty dignity dat day; talk mighty onnateral, so gently an' sweetified, Nepchune did n' know what wuz de 'casion uv dat soft-soap talkin' to a nigger. When Nepchune done stretch out good, kaze he skyeard not to do dat, Marse Jeems sot hisse'f down by de red hammock. He done tied a twine string ter de hammock. He sot in a big split-bottom chair an' pull dat string, an' made it swing an' swing.

'Presen'ly Nepchune say, "Marse Jeems, I'ze mightily res' up; I wants ter go out in de fiel', suh."

'"No, no, Nepchune. No, no, poor fellow. I gwine ter let you hab a good ole res'."

'Den Marse Jeems swinged Nepchune an' swinged 'im, an' swinged 'im. Eb'ry now an' den some uv de niggers comed up ter de house, 'tendin' dey 'bleeged ter come on business. Dey kep' on comin', an' laffin', an' sayin', "Nepchune, you sho gittin' a good res'. Dat you is." Nepchune nuvar 'sponded nuthin'. Marse Jeems kep' on swingin' dat nigger, an' lookin' like he walkin' 'hind a hearse ter de grabeyard down by de ribber. I wuz des' shakin' my

ribs lookin' at Nepchune restin' in de long red hammock. 'Pear like Marse Jeems could n' git tired swingin' Nepchune. He swinged an' he swinged.

"'Pear like all de niggers on de plantation got business in de house-yard dat day. Mos'ly dey did n' say nuthin'. Sometimes dey step up close ter de gallery an' look devilish an' call out, "Nepchune, is you gittin' a good res'? You ain' nuvar be tired again, I 'spec'."

'Nepchune nuvar said nuthin'. He did n' even grin. Mos'ly Nepchune wuz a mighty grinnin' nigger. He did n' 'pear so grinny de day he wuz restin' in de hammock. He des' 'peared discomfused, mightily discomfused wid all de niggers laffin' at 'im. I seed Nepchune wuz mad. But Marse Jeems — Marse Jeems got mealy-moufed an sweet-spoken more an' more, more an' more. He sho did hab a injoicin' time seein' dat induschus nigger restin' in de red hammock. Dat wuz a good fun day on Marse Jeems's plantation. 'Pear like Marse Jeems mighty induschus, pullin' dat twine string an' swingin' Nepchune.

'Mos' all de niggers on de place, tendin' dis an' tendin' dat, traipsed 'long th'ough de house-yard while Nepchune wuz gittin' his res'. 'Pear like dey could n' keep deyse'ves 'way f'om seein' dat sight. Nepchune mos' daid he so mad wid dem niggers. Dey so consarned 'bout poor, tired Nepchune. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! 'Pear like de sun could n' set. Pear like hit got hitched in a crotch uv de tree while Marse Jeems wuz swingin' de poor tired nigger. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Dat nigger would n' nuvar git tired agin. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

'Atter while de sun did drap. Den I hyeah Marse Jeems say, "Nepchune, nex' time you gits tired, I gwine gib you a long res' agin. I gwine dig a hole six foot deep for you to res' in. Den when you res'n' dar, you won't hear when Gabriel blows his horn."

'All de niggers done flock roun' de gallery den, an' Marse Jeems call out, "Boys, is any of you tired?" Dey all 'spond, "No, Marse Jeems, we doan' need no res'. We ain' tired." Den Marse Jeems say, "Hurrah for you, boys, hurrah!"'

III

'I doan' know but five Injin words. Dey's Choctaw Injin words. Marse Jeems's plantation wuz close to whar dem Choctaw Injins lived in Mis'sippy. Dem Injins say dey's de frienlies' Injins uv all de Injins. Dey sho did count mighty cuyous. "Onarby, tosharby, tuckaloo, toochany": one, two, three, four, five. Dey helt dey fingers out when dey count dem words. Dem Choctaw Injins sho did meck pretty willer baskets. Dey dug up some sort uv roots, or sumpin,' an' dyed de willer. Red willer, yaller willer, black willer, all sorts of culled willer. Den dey made de baskets: little baskets for de gal chillern at Marse Jeems's house ter put hick'y nuts in; baskets for Marse Jeems's wife ter tote her keys in; great big roun' baskets ter hol' de fold-up work whar gwine ter be sewed on; cuyous baskets, one on each side runnin' down ter a p'int: forks goes down in one side, knifes in t'other. Den dey made a monst'ous big basket to put dey puscooses [pappooses] in. Dem baskets got a long strop ter go roun' de haid. Dem little puscooses looked comf'able wid dey heads stickin' out dem baskets.

'Eb'ry year, 'bout time chinkapins an' ches'nuts an' muscadines gits ripe, dem Injins sho ter come. De Injin men come ridin' on Injin ponies. Dey sho ter be tottin' some blow-guns. I doan' know whar dey git dem big ole canes. Dey gits 'em somewhar, an' tecks out all de pith. Den dey mecks Injins arrers, sharp at one eend, an' feathers on t'other eend. Jes' blow in one dem blow-

guns an' dem arrers goes flyin' out. You can kill a jay bird dat way, or a sparrer. 'Cose nobody ain' gwine kill a robin dat way. Dey wait for de robin ter fly up in a Chiny tree an' git drunk. Eb'ry chile on de plantation thinks he 'bleeged ter hab a blow-gun when dem Choctaw Injins comes ridin' in. Jay birds better watch out den. Folks say Choctaw Injins ain' smart as Cher'kee Injins. I doan' know 'bout dat. Dey sho mecks pretty baskets an' blow-guns. But dey doan' know nuthin' 'bout alphabits like Cher'kee Injins does.

'Marse Jeems wuz a mighty smart man. I sot my min' an' cotch heaps uv smartness f'om Marse Jeems on his lower plantation down in Mis'sippy. Dat I did. I 'stonish de Al'bama niggers wid my smartness when I went back to de Black Belt. Dat sho is a Black Belt. Dat ole prairie mud's black as a tar-ball — an' sticky! Gord knows hit's sticky! Des' walk 'long a little way an' de mud sticks so fast to de soles uv yo' foots you cyarn' sca'cely lif' em up. I likes sandy town myse'f, like Livi'ston an' Selma.

'Bless Gord! I knows I is got gifty-gab, like Marse Jeems say. I mos' forgot how skyeard I wuz 'bout bad luck. Mighty bad luck for bird ter come flyin' in yo' house. Bird come flyin' in my house one day. I druv dat bird out. Nex' mornin' dar wuz dat same bird flatted 'ginst my winder-shutter. I so 'stressed I des th'owed myse'f down on de flo' an' put my apurn up over my haid. I tryin' ter fool dat bird. But I could n' fool 'im. He knowed me, an' dat very day de bad luck struck me. I fell down an' broke my laig, my poor old laig wid de rheumatiz pain mos' killin' me. I could n' skyear de bad luck away. Hit done come, an' 'pear like hit gwine ter stay. Poor me!

'Here I is gifty-gabbin' an' forgittin' all de teachmen's my mammy tol' me 'bout huccome niggers han's, an' down side uv dey han's, is white, an' de bottoms uv dey foots. Mammy say Gord A'mighty made all de folks white when he fus' started out ter make 'em. Den he got plum tired lookin' at all dem white folks. Den he 'cided he 'd paint 'em diff'unt colors. He made some red folks like Injins, an' some yaller folks, an' some brown folks. Den he studied 'bout what he gwine do nex'. He 'cided he 'd meck some black folks. Den he tol' some de white folks ter git down on all fours, kaze he gwine paint 'em black. He paint dem folks black while dey down on all fours. 'Cose de bottom uv dey han's an' dey foots did n' git painted black. Dat 's de trufe, sho 's I 'ze a born nigger. My mammy had heaps uv knowin's. White folks doan' know how much knowin's niggers got.

'One day I wuz out in de pastur' gittin' poke-weed. I hyeard ole crook-hand Sal singin' an' singin'. I cotch de words. Dey wuz hitched on ter a chune. Mighty easy ter ketch de words ef dey 's hitched on ter a chune. She kep' on a-singin': —

> 'Yonder go de bell cow.
> Ketch her by de tail.
> Turn her in de pastur',
> Milk hit in de pail.
> Milk hit in de pail,
> An' strain hit in de gourd.
> Set hit in de cornder,
> And kiver wid a board.

'I sung dat over in my min' 'tel I cotched hit good.

'Dat wuz de day a nigger man comed ter Marse Jeems's place f'om Merid'an. He think he mighty smart kaze he bin livin' in Merid'an. He seed me, an' wave his ole black paw at me. Den he hollered out, "Howdy, sweetie!" He all dress up mighty fine in white clo'es. Fus' I would n' look at 'im. Den he holler out agin, "Howdy, sweetie. How is you to-day?" I say, "I worse off on 'casion uv seein' you. Sho 's I born, you look des' like a black snake in a bowl uv cream." Dat smarty-jack

nigger f'om Merid'an 'pear like he discomfused den. He riz up agin' an' hollered out, "You look mighty peart today, sweetie!" Den I 'spond, "Keep yo' sweetnin' for yo'se'f, ole black snake." I sho did discomfuse dat nigger. But he kep' on wavin' his black paw at me. He did n' come back f'om Merid'an no more ter call me sweetie.

'One nice white lady comed f'om Merid'an one time ter see Marse Jeems's wife. She comed f'om de Norf an' she mighty ign'an' lady. She seed me settin' on de tip-top uv de high ten-rail fence, staked an' ridered, an' she say she so 'feared I gwine fall down. I say I doan' see no use in tumblin' down. I mighty com'fable up hyeah. Den I 'menced callin' out, "Cur rench! Cur rench! Cur rench!" She ax me what for I keep sayin' "Cur rench" so much. I tell her she ain' got un'erstannin' ter know what I talkin' 'bout. De cows an' de bulls got un'erstannin'. Look at 'em. Marse Jeems say cows got jography an' 'rithmetic in dey haids. Ef dey long way f'om de cuppen [cow-pen] dey starts home soon. Ef dey short way off, dar dey lays 'tel dey see me puttin' down de bars. Dey got heap uv sense.

'One time, I wuz a little gal den, I layin' down on de flo' kickin' up my heels an' cryin'. Mammy say, "Wha' de matter wid you, chile?" I tol' her my haid wuz splittin' open wid headache. She 'spond, "Chile, I spec' you got de hollow horn like de ole red bull got." Den I got ter laffin' an' laffin'. Den de headache des upped an' went off somewhat.

'When I comed back from Marse Jeems's place, I met ole black Jubiter. I bin gone seb'ral years. When I went dar, de wool on my haid wuz black. Wool on my mammy's haid bin white 'long time. Ole black Jubiter hollered out to me, "Hi! hi! hi! Is you come back ter Al'bama? I mos' did n' know you. You heap more like yo' mammy dan yo'se'f. Dat's a sho fac'."

'I stannin' by de car track den. I axed Jubiter ef de trains wuz regilar in runnin'. He 'spond, "Dey's mighty regilar in bein' onregilar." He sho did tell de trufe dat time — dat one time. Mos'ly Jubiter wuz a big lie-teller. He 'joyed tellin' lies. He had 'joymen' f'om sunup ter sundown dat way.

'I bin havin' 'joymen' all dis day des studyin' 'bout buckwheat cakes. 'Fore Christmus come, on Marse Jeems's plantation, 'peared like ebrybody was busy makin' bags. Bags 'pon top uv bags wuz piled up on de shelves in de house. I knowed what dem bags was for. Ebry Christmus dem bags wuz' piled up dar. 'Bleeged ter hab a high-up pile uv bags for de 'casion. Den de Mistiss had a pile uv dimes an' picayunes in her trunk. She knowed what she gwine do wid all dat silver money. I knowed, too, kaze I bin on Marse Jeems's place 'fore dat time. I knowed dem wuz Chris'mus bags for buckwheat. Niggers nuvar seed buckwheat but one time eb'ry year. Dat wuz Christmus mornin'. All de niggers got up 'fore sunrise dat day. Eb'rybody had big fire in dey big fireplace by time de sun riz. Den all uv 'em went flockin' up ter de house, ter jump out sudden, an' holler out, "Christmus gif'! Christmus gif'! Christmus gif', marster! Christmus gif', mistiss." Dem niggers got Christmus gif's, eb'rybody down ter de suckin' babies. Eb'rybody wuz laffin' an' whoopin' an' hurrahin'. Eb'rybody got Christmus in dey bones.

'Den eb'ry nigger gits a bag, an' back dey troops ter dey cabin. Dey snatches up dey sifters an' 'mence siftin', siftin', siftin'. Dey knowed dimes an' picayunes wuz in dem buckwheat bags. Dey 'termined ter sif' out de money. All de chillern des' scrouges one anurr, an' gits up close ter de sifter ter see if dey kin git a dime or a picayune wid a

hole in it. Dey likes ter hang picayunes an' dimes roun' dey neck, an' strut roun' proud as a ole peacock. Dat what dey wants ter do on Christmus mornin' on Marse Jeems's plantation.

'Some uv de marsters in Mis'sippy does dat away like Marse Jeems. Some doan' do dat away. Dey fix up some sorter way for Christmus fun. Marse Jeems got a big ole barrel uv whiskey in his smoke-house. He sho gits a barrel uv dat once eb'ry year f'om Mobile. He got a 'mission merchan' in Mobile ter sell his cotton. Dat 'mission merchan' buys de sugar an' de flour an' de whiskey an' de rice an' all sort o' groceries down in Mobile. He puts 'em on de steamboat an dey's fotch up ter de landin' at Moscow. Den de wagons goes down dar an' hauls 'em up. Dat's de time we sees oranges an' lemons. Dat's de onlies' time. We's mos' crazy when de wagons comes back. Eb'rybody on de place 'pears ter be plum crazy den. All de chillern in special, white chillern an' nigger chillern. All dey moufs is waterin' an' drippin'. Eb'rybody is hollerin' out, "Yonder comes de wagons!"

'When dey does come, Gord A'mighty! eb'rybody sho is crazy den. De men lif's out a great big hogshead of rice. Dey knocks out de head an' 'mences divin' down in de rice an' pullin' out tin buckets an' tin pans an' sifters, an' I dunno what, all packed in de rice. Sometimes out comes a tin plate wid letters all roun' de edge, big *a*, little *a*, big *b*, little *b*. We knows de house-'oman — one uv de house-'omans — gwine git dat tin plate. Certain sho, she gwine git dat. Dey keeps a-divin' down an' divin' down in dat rice, an' pres'n'ly out comes some doll-heads. All de chillern 'gins ter dance an' laf an' holler. Dey knows Mistiss gwine cut out doll-bodies an' stuff 'em wid cotton. Den up in de seamster's room de seamsters gwine ter sew de doll-heads on de doll-bodies.

'All de chillern stannin' roun' eb'rywhar dances roun' an' hurrahs an' hollers, 'tel Marse Jeems step out an' say, "Too much noise! Too much noise! Ef you cyarn' be quiet, you mus' go back ter yo' cabins." Hit gits so quiet den 'pears like somebody's dyin'. But in a minute dey gins ter 'spond, "Yes, suh, Marse Jeems, yes, suh! We gwine be still as a church mouse. Yes, suh, Marse Jeems, yes, suh!"

'I gits ter studyin' 'bout dem days sometimes 'tel hit 'pears like dem days is right here agin. 'T wuz a injoicin' time eb'ry year when de wagons come back f'om Moscow. Sometimes Marse Jeems would han' out some drams ter de niggers. De house-servants done had egg-nog when dey runned up Christmus gif'ing. Marse Jeems had a bung-hole in de whiskey barrel, an' he'd teck a mighty cuyous vial, solid heavy at de bottom, an' let it down th'ough de bung-hole an' draw up de whiskey. Dat vial too little ter draw much whiskey. Nobody did n' get none but special house-niggers. Dey did n' git much.

'All de whiskey Marse Jeems ever drunk was one mint julep once a day. I hyeard him say one day, "Mint is de grass dat grows on de graves uv all good Virginians." Dat's what I hyeard Marse Jeems say. Dat what he tol' his comp'ny settin' up dar on de gallery. Once eb'ry day Marse Jeems tuck one mint julep. All his chillern runned to him den, an' he gin each one a teaspoonful of dat good julep.

'Somehow I keeps on studyin' an' studyin' 'bout dem ole days. 'Pears like I kin set down in Jerushy's cabin an' see de fiddler fiddlin'. He sot up on a high stool on top uv a table. He de one dat called out de figgirs uv de dance. 'Fore dat, one o' de niggers would step out an' cut de pigeon wing, an' one would give a double shuffle. All de niggers would clap an' rap den, an' somebody would holler out, "Play 'Chicken

in de bread tray,' play 'Ole Firginny nuvar tire,' play 'Susanna gal.'"

'De fiddler did n' pay no 'tention ter all dem callin's-out. He de one gwine call out. Den he'd stan' up a minute an' holler, "Time's a-flyin'. Choose yo' pardners! Bow perlitely! Dat de way! S'lute yo' pardners! Swing corners! Cyarn' yo' hear de fiddle talkin'? Hail, Columbia! Halleloo! Hol' yo' han's up highfilutin'! Look permiskus! Dat 's de way! Dat's de way! Keep on dancin'!" An' dey sho did dance an' promenade, tel de bref mos' gin out.

'Den de fiddler sho ter put his fiddle down an' call out, "I knows what you wants. You wants some banjo music." When de banjo started up, de niggers 'peared plum 'stracted. Dat's de music for niggers. Dey kin fling a souple toe when de banjo talkin' ter 'em. But I got rheumatiz in my laig, an' I doan' dance dese days. I'd be skyeard ter dance too, kaze I mought cross my foots, an' den de debble'd cotch me. I 'members de song: "He! Hi! Mr. Debble! I knows you'ze at de doah. I knows you'ze grabblin' grabble wid yo' ole sharp toe."

'Here I is studyin' so much 'bout de debble I mos' los' 'membrance uv all de good Christmus vittles. Up at de house de table sho' did look scrumshus; a whole roas' pig at one eend uf de 'hogany table, wid a lemon in his mouf an' red ribbon on his tail. Dey had turkeys too 'pon top uv turkeys, tame turkeys an' wil' turkeys, an' roas' ducks, an' fried chickens, an' baked hams, an' mutton saddles, an' venison, an' — O Gord 'a' massey! dey had so much good vittles dat I ain' got de 'membrance uv one half uv all dat. Eb'rybody sho did git a fill-up wid good vittles. Den come de de'sert: drop-cakes, an' hole-in-de-middle cakes, an' snowball cakes, an' jelly, an' ice-cream, an' apples, an' blackberry cordial, an' pork wine. All de house-niggers got so much leavin's on de white folks' plates dat dey was stuffed full as a egg.

'Eb'rybody down on Marse Jeems's plantation say dey'd like ter have Christmus all de year, 'stid uv des' one week. All dat Christmus day you could n' sca'cely hear yo'se'f talk. Eb'rybody wuz tryin' to see how much noise dey could meck. De white folks, up an' down de plantation, wuz firin' off Christmus guns f'om sunup ter sundown. Dey'd teck a big hick'nut tree wid a nachul hollow in hit, or dey'd meck a hollow. Den dey'd fill dat hollow plum-full uv gunpowder an' plug hit up. When de match wuz tetched ter de powder, you sho did hear noise. Sometimes dey'd fill up bottles an' canisters wid gunpowder an' put 'em onder barrels an' hogsheads an' set a match to 'em. Eb'rybody'd holler, an' hurrah, an' whoop eb'ry time de 'sploshun come. Dat de way 't wuz all day long.

'I nuvar did go down ter de cow-house Christmus night, but I hear tell 'bout what gwine-ons dey wuz down dar. Out in de fiel's, an' down in de cow-house, an' out in de stables, all de cattle knowed when midnight come. Des' like roosters knows when ter crow. When midnight come, all de cattle fell down on dey knees wid dey faces turned ter de eas'. Dar dey 'mained, clean till daylight. I sorry I did n' go down dar ter de cow-house an' see de cattle prayin', an' prayin', an' prayin'. Beastes got a heap uv sense. Dat dey is. I b'leeve all de beastes is gwine ter heab'n. I sho do. Hit sho'd be mighty lonely up dar bedout any beastes.

'Folks doan' know how ter hab good Christmus times now like dey knowed on Marse Jeems's plantation down in Mis'sippy. Dem sho wuz good ole Christmus times, mun! Dey doan' know 'bout good Christmus times up hyeah in Livi'ston. Dey ain' nuvar live down in Mis'sippy on Marse Jeems's plantation.'

SOME TRAITS IN THE CHINESE CHARACTER

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

THERE is a theory among Occidentals that the Chinaman is inscrutable, full of secret thoughts, and impossible for us to understand. It may be that a greater experience of China would have brought me to share this opinion; but I could see nothing to support it during the time when I was working in that country. I talked to the Chinese as I should have talked to English people, and they answered me much as English people would have answered a Chinese whom they considered educated and not wholly unintelligent. I do not believe in the myth of the 'subtle Oriental': I am convinced that in a game of mutual deception an Englishman or American can beat a Chinese nine times out of ten. But as many comparatively poor Chinese have dealings with rich white men, the game is often played only on one side. Then, no doubt, the white man is deceived and swindled; but not more than a Chinese mandarin would be in London.

One of the most remarkable things about the Chinese is their power of securing the affection of foreigners. Almost all Europeans like China, both those who come only as tourists and those who live there for many years. In spite of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, I cannot recall a single Englishman in the Far East who liked the Japanese as much as the Chinese. Those who have lived long among them tend to acquire their outlook and their standards. New arrivals are struck by obvious evils: the beggars, the terrible poverty, the prevalence of disease, the anarchy and corruption in politics. Every energetic Westerner feels at first a strong desire to reform these evils, and of course they ought to be reformed.

But the Chinese, even those who are the victims of preventable misfortunes, show a vast passive indifference to the excitement of the foreigners; they wait for it to go off, like the effervescence of soda-water. And gradually strange doubts creep into the mind of the bewildered traveler: after a period of indignation, he begins to doubt all the maxims that he has hitherto accepted without question. Is it really wise to be always guarding against future misfortune? Is it prudent to lose all enjoyment of the present through thinking of the disasters that may come at some future date? Should our lives be passed in building a mansion that we shall never have leisure to inhabit?

The Chinaman answers these questions in the negative, and therefore has to put up with poverty, disease, and anarchy. But, to compensate for these evils, he has retained, as industrial nations have not, the capacity for civilized enjoyment, for leisure and laughter, for pleasure in sunshine and philosophical discourse. The Chinaman, of all classes, is more laughter-loving than any other race with which I am acquainted; he finds amusement in everything, and a dispute can always be softened by a joke.

I remember one hot day, when a party of us were crossing the hills in chairs. The way was rough and very steep, the work for the coolies very severe. At the highest point of our journey, we stopped for ten minutes to let the men rest. Instantly they all sat in a row, brought out their pipes, and began to laugh among themselves as if they had not a care in the world. In any country that had learned the virtue of forethought, they would have devoted the moments to complaining of the heat, in order to increase their tip. We, being Europeans, spent the time worrying whether the automobile would be waiting for us at the right place. Well-to-do Chinese would have started a discussion as to whether the universe moves in cycles or progresses by a rectilinear motion; or they might have set to work to consider whether the truly virtuous man shows *complete* self-abnegation, or may, on occasion, consider his own interest.

One comes across white men occasionally who suffer under the delusion that China is not a civilized country. Such men have quite forgotten what constitutes civilization. It is true that there are no trams in Peking, and that the electric light is poor. It is true that there are places full of beauty, which Europeans itch to make hideous by digging up coal. It is true that the educated Chinaman is better at writing poetry than at remembering the sort of facts which can be looked up in *Whitaker's Almanac*. A European, in recommending a place of residence, will tell you that it has a good train-service; the best quality he can conceive in any place is that it should be easy to get away from. But a Chinaman will tell you nothing about the trains; if you ask, he will tell you wrong. What he tells you is that there is a palace built by an ancient emperor, and a retreat in a lake for scholars weary of the world, founded by a famous poet of the Tang dynasty. It is this outlook that strikes the Westerner as barbaric.

The Chinese, from the highest to the lowest, have an imperturbable quiet dignity, which is usually not destroyed, even by a European education. They are not self-assertive, either individually or nationally; their pride is too profound for self-assertion. They admit China's military weakness in comparison with foreign powers, but they do not consider efficiency in homicide the most important quality in a man or a nation. I think that at bottom they almost all believe that China is the greatest nation in the world, and has the finest civilization. A Westerner cannot be expected to accept this view, because it is based on traditions utterly different from his own. But gradually one comes to feel that it is, at any rate, not an absurd view; that it is, in fact, the logical outcome of a self-consistent standard of values. The typical Westerner wishes to be the cause of as many changes as possible in his environment; the typical Chinaman wishes to enjoy as much and as delicately as possible. This difference is at the bottom of most of the contrast between China and the English-speaking world.

We in the West make a fetish of 'progress,' which is the ethical camouflage of the desire to be the cause of changes. If we are asked, for instance, whether machinery has really improved the world, the question strikes us as foolish: it has brought great changes, and therefore great 'progress.' What we believe to be a love of progress is really, in nine cases out of ten, a love of power, an enjoyment of the feeling that by our fiat we can make things different. For the sake of this pleasure, a young American will work so hard that, by the time he has acquired his millions, he has become a victim of dyspepsia, compelled to live on toast and water, and to

be a mere spectator of the feasts that he offers to his guests. But he consoles himself with the thought that he can control politics, and provoke or prevent wars as may suit his investments. It is this temperament that makes Western nations 'progressive.'

II

There are, of course, ambitious men in China, but they are less common than among ourselves. And their ambition takes a different form — not a better form, but one produced by the preference of enjoyment to power. It is a natural result of this preference that avarice is a widespread failing of the Chinese. Money brings the means of enjoyment, therefore money is passionately desired. With us, money is desired chiefly as a means to power; politicians, who can acquire power without much money, are often content to remain poor. In China, the *tuchuns* (military governors), who have the real power, almost always use it for the sole purpose of amassing a fortune. Their object is to escape to Japan at a suitable moment, with sufficient plunder to enable them to enjoy life quietly for the rest of their days. The fact that in escaping they lose power does not trouble them in the least. It is, of course, obvious that such politicians, who spread only devastation in the provinces committed to their care, are far less harmful to the world than our own, who ruin whole continents in order to win an election campaign.

The corruption and anarchy in Chinese politics do much less harm than one would be inclined to expect. But for the predatory desires of the Great Powers, — especially Japan, — the harm would be much less than is done by our own 'efficient' governments. Nine tenths of the activities of a modern government are harmful; therefore, the worse they are performed, the better. In China, where the government is lazy, corrupt, and stupid, there is a degree of individual liberty which has been wholly lost in the rest of the world.

The laws are just as bad as elsewhere: occasionally, under foreign pressure, a man is imprisoned for Bolshevist propaganda, just as he might be in England or America. But this is quite exceptional; as a rule, in practice, there is very little interference with free speech and a free press. The individual does not feel obliged to follow the herd, as he has in Europe since 1914, and in America since 1917. Men still think for themselves, and are not afraid to announce the conclusions at which they arrive. Individualism has perished in the West, but in China it survives, for good as well as for evil. Self-respect and personal dignity are possible for every coolie in China, to a degree which is, among ourselves, possible only for a few leading financiers.

The business of 'saving face,' which often strikes foreigners in China as ludicrous, is only the carrying out of respect for personal dignity in the sphere of social manners. Everybody has 'face,' even the humblest beggar; there are humiliations that you must not inflict upon him, if you are not to outrage the Chinese ethical code. If you speak to a Chinaman in a way that transgresses the code, he will laugh, because your words must be taken as spoken in jest if they are not to constitute an offense.

Once I thought that the students to whom I was lecturing were not as industrious as they might be, and I told them so in just the same words that I should have used to English students in the same circumstances. But I soon found I was making a mistake. They all laughed uneasily, which surprised me until I saw the reason. Chinese life, even among the most modernized, is

far more polite than anything to which we are accustomed. This, of course, interferes with efficiency, and also (what is more serious) with sincerity and truth in personal relations. If I were Chinese, I should wish to see it mitigated. But to those who suffer from the brutalities of the West, Chinese urbanity is very restful. Whether on the balance it is better or worse than our frankness, I shall not venture to decide.

The Chinese remind one of the English in their love of compromise and in their habit of bowing to public opinion. Seldom is a conflict pushed to its ultimate brutal issue. The treatment of the Manchu Emperor may be taken as a case in point. When a Western country becomes a republic, it is customary to cut off the head of the deposed monarch, or at least to cause him to flee the country. But the Chinese have left the Emperor his title, his beautiful palace, his troops of eunuchs, and an income of several million dollars a year. He is a boy of fourteen, living peaceably in the Forbidden City. Once, in the course of a civil war, he was nominally restored to power for a few weeks; but he was deposed again, without being in any way punished for the use to which he had been put.

Public opinion is a very real force in China, when it can be roused. It was, by all accounts, mainly responsible for the downfall of the An Fu party in the summer of 1920. This party was pro-Japanese, and was accepting loans from Japan. Hatred of Japan is the strongest and most widespread of political passions in China, and it was stirred up by the students in fiery orations. The An Fu party had, at first, a great preponderance of military strength; but their soldiers walked away when they came to understand the cause for which they were expected to fight. In the end, the opponents of the An Fu party were able to enter Peking and change the government almost without firing a shot.

The same influence of public opinion was decisive in the teachers' strike, which was on the point of being settled when I left Peking. The Government, which is always impecunious, owing to corruption, had left its teachers unpaid for many months. At last, they struck to enforce payment, and went on a peaceful deputation to the Government, accompanied by many students. There was a clash with the soldiers and police, and many teachers and students were more or less severely wounded. This led to a terrific outcry, because the love of education in China is profound and widespread. The newspapers clamored for revolution. The Government had just spent nine million dollars in corrupt payments to three teachers who had descended upon the capital to extort blackmail. It could not find any colorable pretext for refusing the few hundred thousands required by the teachers, and it capitulated in panic. I do not think there is any Anglo-Saxon country where the interests of teachers would have roused the same degree of public feeling.

Nothing astonishes a European more in the Chinese than their patience. The educated Chinese are well aware of the foreign menace. They realize acutely what the Japanese have done in Manchuria and Shantung. They are aware that the English in Hong Kong are doing their utmost to bring to naught the Canton attempt to introduce good government in the South. They know that all the great powers, without exception, look with greedy eyes upon the undeveloped resources of their country, especially its coal and iron. They have before them the example of Japan, which, by developing a brutal militarism, a cast-iron discipline, and a new reactionary religion, has succeeded in holding at bay the brutal

lusts of 'civilized' industrialists. Yet they neither copy Japan nor submit tamely to foreign domination. They think, not in decades, but in centuries. They have been conquered before, first by the Tartars and then by the Manchus. But in both cases they absorbed their conquerors. Chinese civilization persisted, unchanged; and after a few generations the invaders became more Chinese than their subjects.

Manchuria is a rather empty country, with abundant room for colonization. The Japanese assert that they need colonies for their surplus population, yet the Chinese immigrants into Manchuria exceed the Japanese a hundredfold. Whatever may be the temporary political status of Manchuria, it will remain a part of Chinese civilization, and can be recovered whenever Japan happens to be in difficulties. The Chinese derive such strength from their four hundred millions, the toughness of their national customs, their power of passive resistance, and their unrivaled national cohesiveness, — in spite of the civil wars, which merely ruffle the surface, — that they can afford to despise military methods, and to wait till the feverish energy of their oppressors shall have exhausted itself in internecine combats.

China is much less a political entity than a civilization — the only one that has survived from ancient times. Since the days of Confucius, the Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman empires have perished; but China has persisted through a continuous evolution. There have been foreign influences — first Buddhism, and now Western science. But Buddhism did not turn the Chinese into Indians, and Western science will not turn them into Europeans. I have met men in China who knew as much of Western learning as any professor among ourselves; yet they had not been thrown off their balance, or lost touch with their own people. What is bad in the West — its brutality, its restlessness, its readiness to oppress the weak, its preoccupation with purely material aims — they see to be bad, and do not wish to adopt. What is good, especially its science, they do wish to adopt.

The old indigenous culture of China has become rather dead; its art and literature are not what they were, and Confucius does not satisfy the spiritual needs of a modern man, even if he is Chinese. The Chinese who have had a European or American education realize that a new element is needed to vitalize native traditions, and they look to our civilization to supply it. But they do not wish to construct a civilization just like ours; and it is precisely in this that the best hope lies. If they are not goaded into militarism, they may produce a genuinely new civilization, better than any that we in the West have been able to create.

III

So far, I have spoken chiefly of the good sides of the Chinese character; but, of course, China, like every other nation, has its bad sides also. It is disagreeable to me to speak of these, as I experienced so much courtesy and real kindness from the Chinese, that I should prefer to say only nice things about them. But for the sake of China, as well as for the sake of truth, it would be a mistake to conceal what is less admirable. I will only ask the reader to remember that, in the balance, I think the Chinese one of the best nations I have come across, and am prepared to draw up a graver indictment against every one of the great powers.

Shortly before I left China, an eminent Chinese writer pressed me to say what I considered the chief defects of the Chinese. With some reluctance, I

mentioned three: avarice, cowardice, and callousness. Strange to say, my interlocutor, instead of getting angry, admitted the justice of my criticism, and proceeded to discuss possible remedies. This is a sample of the intellectual integrity which is one of China's greatest virtues.

The callousness of the Chinese is bound to strike every Anglo-Saxon. They have none of that humanitarian impulse which leads us to devote one per cent of our energy to mitigating the evils wrought by the other ninety-nine per cent. For instance, we have been forbidding the Austrians to join with Germany, to emigrate, or to obtain the raw materials of industry. Therefore the Viennese have starved, except those whom it has pleased us to keep alive, from philanthropy. The Chinese would not have had the energy to starve the Viennese, or the philanthropy to keep some of them alive. While I was in China, millions were dying of famine; men sold their children into slavery for a few dollars, and killed them if this sum was unobtainable. Much was done by white men to relieve the famine, but very little by the Chinese, and that little vitiated by corruption. It must be said, however, that the efforts of the white men were more effective in soothing their own consciences than in helping the Chinese. So long as the present birth-rate and the present methods of agriculture persist, famines are bound to occur periodically; and those whom philanthropy keeps alive through one famine are only too likely to perish in the next.

Famines in China can be permanently cured only by better methods of agriculture combined with emigration or birth-control on a large scale. Educated Chinese realize this, and it makes them indifferent to efforts to keep the present victims alive. A great deal of Chinese callousness has a similar explanation, and is due to perception of the vastness of the problems involved. But there remains a residue which cannot be so explained. If a dog is run over by an automobile and seriously hurt, nine out of ten passers-by will stop to laugh at the poor brute's howls. The spectacle of suffering does not of itself rouse any sympathetic pain in the average Chinaman; in fact, he seems to find it mildly agreeable. Their history, and their penal code before the revolution of 1911, show that they are by no means destitute of the impulse of active cruelty; but of this I did not myself come across any instances. And it must be said that active cruelty is practised by all the great nations, to an extent concealed from us only by our hypocrisy.

Cowardice is *prima facie* a fault of the Chinese; but I am not sure that they are really lacking in courage. It is true that, in battles between rival tuchuns, both sides run away, and victory rests with the side that first discovers the flight of the other. But this proves only that the Chinese soldier is a rational man. No cause of any importance is involved, and the armies consist of mere mercenaries. When there is a serious issue, as, for instance, in the Tai-Ping rebellion, the Chinese are said to fight well, particularly if they have good officers. Nevertheless, I do not think that, in comparison with the Anglo-Saxons, the French, or the Germans, the Chinese can be considered a courageous people, except in the matter of passive endurance. They will endure torture, and even death, for motives which men of more pugnacious races would find insufficient — for example, to conceal the hiding-place of stolen plunder. In spite of their comparative lack of *active* courage, they have less fear of death than we have, as is shown by their readiness to commit suicide.

Avarice is, I should say, the gravest defect of the Chinese. Life is hard, and

money is not easily obtained. For the sake of money, all except a very few foreign-educated Chinese will be guilty of corruption. For the sake of a few pence, almost any coolie will run an imminent risk of death. The difficulty of combating Japan has arisen mainly from the fact that hardly any Chinese politician can resist Japanese bribes. I think this defect is probably due to the fact that, for many ages, an honest living has been hard to get; in which case it will be lessened as economic conditions improve. I doubt if it is any worse now in China than it was in Europe in the eighteenth century. I have not heard of any Chinese general more corrupt than Marlborough, or of any politician more corrupt than Cardinal Dubois. It is, therefore, quite likely that changed industrial conditions will make the Chinese as honest as we are — which is not saying much.

I have been speaking of the Chinese as they are in ordinary life, when they appear as men of active and skeptical intelligence, but of somewhat sluggish passions. There is, however, another side to them: they are capable of wild excitement, often of a collective kind. I saw little of this myself, but there can be no doubt of the fact. The Boxer rising was a case in point, and one which particularly affected Europeans. But their history is full of more or less analogous disturbances. It is this element in their character that makes them incalculable, and makes it impossible even to guess at their future. One can imagine a section of them becoming fanatically Bolshevist, or anti-Japanese, or Christian, or devoted to some leader who would ultimately declare himself Emperor. I suppose it is this element in their character that makes them, in spite of their habitual caution, the most reckless gamblers in the world. And many emperors have lost their thrones through the force of romantic love, although romantic love is far more despised than it is in the West.

To sum up the Chinese character is not easy. Much of what strikes the foreigner is due merely to the fact that they have preserved an ancient civilization which is not industrial. All this is likely to pass away, under the pressure of Japanese, European, and American financiers. Their art is already perishing, and being replaced by crude imitations of second-rate European pictures. Most of the Chinese who have had a European education are quite incapable of seeing any beauty in native painting, and merely observe contemptuously that it does not obey the laws of perspective.

The obvious charm which the tourist finds in China cannot be preserved; it must perish at the touch of industrialism. But perhaps something may be preserved, something of the ethical qualities in which China is supreme, and which the modern world most desperately needs. Among these qualities I place first the pacific temper, which seeks to settle disputes on grounds of justice rather than by force. It remains to be seen whether the West will allow this temper to persist, or will force it to give place, in self-defense, to a frantic militarism like that to which Japan has been driven.

THE LETTERS IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

BY ELLEN TERRY

SOME years ago, when I was asked to lecture on Shakespeare's heroines in the light of the knowledge which I had gained of their character through impersonating them on the stage, I wondered if it were possible to find anything to say that had not been said before. 'If nothing is, that has not been before, how are our brains beguiled!' However, I found out, when I applied myself to the task, that even Shakespeare, about whom hundreds of books have been written, has a little of the unknown. For years it was my trade to find out, not what he had been to others, but what he was to *me*, and to make that visible in my acting. It was easier to describe what I saw through my own medium, than through one for which I have had no training; but I am glad that I tried, because it meant more study of the plays, and so, more delightful experiences.

In the course of this study for my lectures on the women in Shakespeare, I was struck by the fact that the letters in his plays have never had their due. Little volumes of the songs have been published; jewels of wit and wisdom have been taken out of their setting and reset in birthday books, calendars, and the rest; but, so far as I know, there is no separate collection of the letters. I found, when I read them aloud, that they were wonderful letters, and worth talking about on their merits. 'I should like to talk about them as well as the heroines,' I said. 'But there are so few,' the friend, to whom I suggested them as a subject for a *causerie*, objected. 'I can't remember any myself beyond those in *The Merchant of Venice*, and *As You Like It*.' 'That's splendid!' I thought. 'If you, who are not at all ignorant, can't do better than that, there must be hundreds to whom it will be a surprise to learn that there are thirty letters, and all good ones!'

There is all the more reason for giving them our attention because they are the only letters written by Shakespeare that have survived. I doubt whether, as a man, he was a good correspondent. He crowded his great life's work, which has made England more honored throughout the world than the achievements of her great soldiers, sailors, and statesmen, into a score of years. He did not begin his career as a youthful prodigy, and he died when he was fifty-two. What with adapting plays, creating them, retouching them at rehearsal, writing sonnets, acting, managing companies of actors, and having a good time with his friends, he could not have had much leisure for pouring out his soul in letters. The man who does that is, as a rule, an idle man, and Shakespeare, I feel sure, was always busy.

People often say we have no authority for talking about Shakespeare as a man at all. What do we know for certain about his life? But I quite agree with Georg Brandes (my favorite Shakespearean scholar) that, given the possession of forty-five important works by any man, it is entirely our own fault if we know nothing about him. But perhaps these works are not by Shake-

speare, but by a syndicate, or by some fellow who took his name! Why should we pursue these tiresome theories? I wish we had just one authentic letter of Shakespeare's to put a stop to it. Otherwise, I should be glad that he left none behind for posterity to thumb. I don't like reading the private letters of a great man. Print is so merciless. Many things pass in hand-writing, which print 'shows up.' Print is so impertinent — flinging open the door of a little room, where, perhaps, two lovers are communing, and saying to the public, 'Have a look at them — these great people in love! You see they are just as silly as little people.' The Browning letters — ought they ever to have been published? The *Sonnets from the Portuguese* gave us the picture of a great love. The letters were like an anatomical dissection of it.

Now these letters in Shakespeare's plays were meant for the public ear — invented to please it; so we can examine them with a clear conscience. Yet they are true to life. We can learn from them how the man of action writes a letter, and how the poet writes a letter. We can learn that, when people are in love, they all use the same language. Whether they are stupid or clever, they employ the same phrases. 'I love you,' writes the man of genius — and 'I love you,' writes the fool. Hamlet begins his letter to Ophelia in the conventional rhymes which were fashionable with Elizabethan gallants:—

'To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia' — 'In her excellent white bosom, these,' and so on.

> 'Doubt thou the stars are fire,
> Doubt that the sun doth move,
> Doubt truth to be a liar,
> But never doubt I love.'

So far he writes in his character of 'the glass of fashion.' But he does not like the artificial style and soon abandons it for simple, earnest prose: —

> O DEAR OPHELIA, I am ill at these numbers. I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.
>
> Thine evermore, most dear lady,
> Whilst this machine is to him,
> HAMLET.

Is this a sincere love-letter? Was Hamlet ever in love with Ophelia? I think he was, and found it hard to put her out of his life. At the very moment when the revelation of his mother's infidelity had made him cynical about woman's virtue, this girl acts in a way that fills him with suspicion. She hands his letters to her father, allows herself to be made a tool. His conclusion is: 'You are like my mother; you could act as she did.' But he loved her all the same.

> I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers
> Could not, with all their quantity of love,
> Make up my sum.

Proteus, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, is one of those professional lovers who are never in love and never out of it. I can imagine him reeling off love-letters with consummate ease, not caring much to whom they were addressed so long as they contained enough beautiful epithets to satisfy *him!* Of his letter to Julia we hear only fragments: 'Kind Julia'; 'love-wounded Proteus'; 'poor forlorn Proteus'; 'passionate Proteus' — more of Proteus than of Julia, you see! — for Julia, like many another woman, has, for the sake of her self-respect, torn up the letter that she is burning to read! She pieces the torn bits together, but these incoherent exclamations are all that her pride has left legible. Proteus's letter to Silvia we hear complete. It is in the fashionable rhyme, affected, insincere, but quite pretty.

> My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
> And slaves they are to me that send them flying:
> O, could their master come and go as lightly,
> Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
While I, their King, that hither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blessed them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune.
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be.
. . . . . .
Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.

How this letter-writer enjoyed playing with words! And how different this skill at pat-ball from the profound feeling in the letter from Antonio to Bassanio in *The Merchant of Venice!* Hear how a man, deeply moved, writes to the friend he loves.

SWEET BASSANIO, — My ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure. If your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

To my mind, in this letter human love at its greatest finds expression. This love has all the tenderness of a woman's love: 'Sweet Bassanio!' the trustfulness of a child's 'I have only to tell him and he will help me'; the generosity and manliness of a true friend's 'Don't feel that you owe me anything. It's all right, but I would like to see you and grasp your hand'; the unselfishness with which wives and mothers love: 'You must n't think of coming all the same, if it puts you out.' Of all the letters in the plays, this one of Antonio's is my favorite.

Our manner of expression is determined by the age in which we live, but in this letter it is the thing expressed that seems to have changed. It is impossible to study Shakespeare's plays closely without noticing that to him friendship was perhaps the most sacred of all human relations. Valentine offers to sacrifice Silvia to Proteus. Bassanio says that his wife matters less to him than the life of his friend. To an Elizabethan audience this exaltation of friendship did not seem strange. Two of Shakespeare's comrades, Beaumont and Fletcher, lived together 'on the Bankside, not far from the playhouse,' and had the same 'clothes and cloak between them'; and there were many such all-sufficing friendships. That attractive old sinner, John Falstaff, was cut to the heart when his friend Prince Hal publicly denounced him. His affection for young Harry is a lovable trait in his character; and who does not feel sorry for him, worthless old waster as he is, when the Prince answers his, 'God save thee my sweet boy,' with 'I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers'? But when Falstaff wrote the following letter, Harry was still unreformed and friendly: —

Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King nearest his father, HARRY PRINCE OF WALES, greeting: —

I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.

Thine by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe.

When we meet Sir John again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, — in which play Shakespeare had to bring him out of his grave, 'by request,' because he was so popular in the theatre that audiences wanted to see him in another play, — his wit is not quite so bright, but his epistolary style is much the same. You may remember that he writes two love-letters, word for word the same, to two women living in the same town, who, as he must have known, met often and exchanged confidences. This alone

shows that the Falstaff of the *Merry Wives* is not quite the man he was in *Henry IV* — does not carry his sack as well, perhaps!

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy. You love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, — at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice, — that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 't is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,

JOHN FALSTAFF.

This letter may not be very funny in print; but when it is read aloud on the stage, it provokes much laughter. Sometimes one thinks that a joke is the thing most affected by the time-spirit. Remove it from its place in time, and it ceases to exist as a joke. Our sense of what is tragic remains the same through the centuries; but our sense of humor — that changes. It is hard to believe that some Elizabethan comedies were ever amusing. In nothing does Shakespeare show himself 'above the law' more clearly than in his fun. It is not always 'nice,' but it is mirth-provoking, that is, if it is not treated academically. If a modern audience does not laugh at Shakespeare's jokes, blame the actors! The letter that Maria, in *Twelfth Night*, palms off on Malvolio as Olivia's has all the material for making us laugh; but I have seen Malvolios who so handled the material as to justify the opinion that Shakespeare's comedy is no longer comic. Here again it is the situation that makes the letter good fun on the stage. It begins in verse of rather poor quality: —

Jove knows I love;
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.
I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore.
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life!

Maria was not much of a poet, but when she takes to prose, she shines.

If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY.

Then follows the postscript; and Maria had reserved her great coup for the postscript (the only one, by the way, that is written in full in the plays): —

If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee!

Shakespeare was no Puritan. He probably enjoyed bear-baiting, and yet, unlike many of his contemporaries, felt sorry for the bear. So after writing this scene, in which Malvolio is baited, and deluded, and made to look a fool, he is able to write another in which our sympathies are roused with the victim of Maria's 'sport royal.' Malvolio's letter to Olivia makes us see that the sport had its cruel side.

By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Although written in circumstances calculated to make the best servant 'a little forget his duty,' this letter is full of the dignity of service, and a just rebuke to those who hold their 'inferiors' up to ridicule.

From a letter from a steward in a gold chain, preserving his dignity in an undignified position, I turn to one from a groom. A plain fellow this. I see him sitting down, laboriously scratching out a few illegible sentences. But they are straight to the point, and they have their dramatic value in adding a touch to the portrait of Cardinal Wolsey in *Henry VIII.*

MY LORD, — The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me, with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the King; which stopped our mouths, sir.

There is a tedious, pedantic letter in *Love's Labour's Lost*, which may have amused Shakespeare's contemporaries because it satirizes the affectations of their day. Armado's style in this letter is only a slight exaggeration of that in which people wrote to Queen Elizabeth. They used six long words when one short one would have conveyed their meaning, and racked their brains for pretentious and extravagant compliments. I used to read this letter in one of my lectures, and oh, what a job it was to get any fun out of it! Here is a sample of its humor: —

The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar, Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici;* which to annothanize in the vulgar, — O base and obscure vulgar! — videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? The king. Why did he come? To see. Why did he see? To overcome. To whom came he? To the beggar. What saw he? The beggar. Who overcame he? The beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose side? The king's. The captive is enriched; on whose side? The beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial; on whose side? The king's; no, on both in one, or one in both.

And so forth.

But, of course, when the audience has seen the popinjay Armado and knows that this high-flown stuff is written to an illiterate peasant-girl, the letter makes a different impression, especially if Boyet, who has to read it, is a good actor! But if he is a wise one, he will probably beg for the effusion to be 'cut.'

'I say she never did invent this letter,' exclaims Rosalind, after hearing the rhymed jingle that Phebe sends her under the impression that she is a handsome young man. This lets us into a little secret about these rhymed letters. They could be bought in many English villages, from the professional letter-writer of the parish. And this was the sort of letter that he turned out: —

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;

And by him seal up thy minds,
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I 'll study how to die.

In *All's Well that Ends Well*, we find that women of property commanded the services of their stewards when they wanted a letter written. Bertram's mother in this play instructs her steward, Rinaldo, to write to her son for her: —

Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife.
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light. My greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Rinaldo evidently obeyed this instruction faithfully, for we hear later on that the letter 'stings Bertram's nature,' and that on the reading of it 'he changed almost into another man.' Bertram ends his letter to his mother with 'My duty to you.' He is not on good terms with her, but he does not forget to be externally filial and polite. An odious young man, yet Helena, whom he treats so outrageously, is annoyingly fond of him.

Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.

My next letter-writer, Leonatus in *Cymbeline*, plays his wife a dirty trick. But in all ages a man whose jealousy is roused is forgiven much. Leonatus is devoted to Imogen, yet he can make her chastity the subject of a wager with a man who scoffs at the idea of any woman being chaste.

He writes and asks her to welcome this man of whom he has every reason to think ill. He goes so far as to describe Iachimo to her as 'one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust — ' 'So far I read aloud,' says Imogen; and adds that the rest of the letter warms 'the very middle of my heart' — a letter written by a husband who cannot believe in her without proof, and has sent a comparative stranger to make an assault on her virtue!

It is not surprising that, when Iachimo returns with his catalogue of all the furniture in Imogen's room, and a careful description of the mole on her left breast, 'cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops i' the bottom of a cowslip,' Leonatus should 'see red'; but there is really no excuse for his sitting down and writing a base falsehood to lure his wife to her death. How differently Imogen behaves when Iachimo traduces Leonatus to her! She is not only indignant; she is reasonable and sensible. When he urges her to be revenged, she says that, if it were true, — but she will not let her heart be abused in haste by her ears, — revenge would not help her. And what wisdom there is in her reply to Iachimo: —

If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st.

She sees through this man, but naturally does not see through this letter from Leonatus.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven; what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

I never could read it on the stage without believing in its sincerity. A woman would have to be very suspicious to take it as 'a trap.' Imogen's love was so great that she forgave the man who wrote it to make her death sure. Did Shakespeare himself hold the opinion that a woman's love and a

man's love have no common denominator? Leonatus shows his love by planning to kill his wife, when he is convinced that she is unfaithful. When he finds that he has been deceived, he calls himself 'a credulous fool,' and other harsh names. But Imogen refrains from petty reproaches. The worst she says is: —

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again.

To love when all goes well — that is easy. To love when the loved one behaves like Leonatus — that requires a self-abnegation which is apparently considered impossible except to women!

Macbeth's letter to his wife is interesting, not only because it is one of those rare tributes that a man sometimes pays to the share his wife has had in the making of his career, but because of the light it throws on the visionary element in Macbeth's character. The goal of his ambition is a material thing, — an earthly crown, — but he believes in the supernatural nature of his 'call.'

They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, King that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

'My dearest partner of greatness!' Is not that a wonderful revelation of the relationship between this husband and his wife? Is not the whole letter a wonderful revelation of the man's character? a man who was driven by dreams into a common and cruel crime.

We could not have a better example than this of Shakespeare's use of the letter in his plays. Dramatists now condemn them, with soliloquies, as a clumsy expedient for letting the audience 'know things.' But Shakespeare employs both letters and soliloquies with a skill that strikes one more when one sees his plays in action than when one reads them. Bellario's letter to the Duke in *The Merchant of Venice*, besides being a model of what a letter should be, is a masterly preparation for Portia's entrance in the Court scene, and an instruction as to how the actress ought to handle that scene. She is not to behave with feminine inconsequence, and provoke laughter by her ignorance of legal procedure, but to conduct herself like a trained advocate. The letter makes Portia's eloquence and intelligence convincing to the audience.

Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome. His name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant. We turned o'er many books together. He is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

What a lot of things there are to think over in this letter! And what pictures it conjures up! No Italian painter could make us see more clearly the learned Bellario receiving his young visitor and instructing her how to conduct her case. With the instinct of genius, the dramatist absorbed the

spirit of the Renaissance in this play, as in *Julius Cæsar* he absorbed the spirit of ancient Rome. If Shakespeare knew 'small Latin and less Greek,' he was able to make this letter of warning to Cæsar typically Latin in its conciseness: —

Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMODORUS.

The whole plot of the play, and the guiding motive of each character, can be found in these short sentences.

If we compare this letter with the long-winded effusion from Armado to the King in *Love's Labour's Lost* (which I am not going to quote here, because it is so terribly long), we get a good idea of the infinite variety of style that the dramatist had at his command, and of his insight into the characteristics of different races at different times. He knew that the Romans were masters of brevity. And he knew that the affected Elizabethan courtier was a master of verbosity. Both he can imitate to the life.

In *Henry IV* Hotspur reads a letter, and this time it is the man who reads it, not the man who writes it, on whom our attention is concentrated. You see a quick-witted, courageous fellow, impatient of cautious people who see both sides of a question and are afraid of going too far. You see the 'extremist,' with all his good points and his bad ones.

He could be contented; why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. . . . 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous'; — why that's certain. 'T is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; . . . the friends you have named uncertain; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan.

There is real 'vinegar and pepper' in this outburst of Hotspur's. Compare it with the 'vinegar and pepper' of Sir Andrew Aguecheek's fiery challenge to Viola in *Twelfth Night*. Sir Andrew is, as you know, a very devil of a fellow. He is quite sure that this letter is bold enough to strike terror into the heart of the most confident enemy: —

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't. Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for. I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me, thou killest me like a rogue and a villain. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself.

Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Besides Hamlet's letter to Ophelia, there are two other letters from him in the play which are often omitted in acting versions. The first is to Horatio, and it has its bright side in the complete confidence he places in his friend: —

Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the King; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour. In the grapple I boarded them. On the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in your ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine,

HAMLET.

The wording of the second letter, to the King, is simple and direct enough, yet it has a sinister and malevolent sound — its very civility is calculated to terrify the guilty conscience of the King: —

High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes, when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.

HAMLET.

'And in a postscript here,' says the King, who reads the letter, 'he says, "alone."'

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare adopts the method of making someone give the substance of a letter, instead of reading the actual words of the writer. Twice Octavius Cæsar enters 'reading a letter,' and twice we have to trust to his honor that he is reporting it fairly. The first, which brings news of Antony, is obviously colored by Octavius's jealousy of his great 'competitor.'

From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the Queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

You feel at once that Octavius reads this as a stroke of diplomacy. He wants to justify himself in the eyes of the world for hating Antony, and he does not trouble to be accurate. Half a truth is always more damning than a lie.

Antony was, as he is represented here, a pleasure-seeker; he had that reckless determination to enjoy the moment, which is not an uncommon attribute of great rulers and great artists. But he was, as well, a fine soldier, one who was at his best in defeat and misfortune. He loved luxury, but he could at times renounce all comfort for the sake of keeping up the courage of his men. But with Roman fortitude he had neither Roman restraint nor Roman simplicity. He loves striking an attitude. Twice he challenges Octavius to single combat, and in language so vainglorious that Octavius exclaims: 'He calls me boy' (this time he is too angry to misrepresent Antony, and we may take it that his version of the challenge is true): —

He calls me boy; and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger
He hath whipped with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die.

Timon of Athens's last message to the world is melancholy reading! Its fierce and savage cynicism shows our gentle Shakespeare in a new light. Timon makes his grave on the 'beached verge of the salt flood,' and erects his own tomb, —

Entombed upon the very hem o' the sea.

A soldier takes an impression in wax of the inscription scratched on it, and brings it to Alcibiades: —

Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft.
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon, who, alive, all living men did hate.
Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here thy gait.

Alcibiades, with a generosity that we should imitate, finds the noble element in this last effort after consistency of a consistent hater of men: —

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven.

Those are good words with which to bring this little study of a corner of the great world of Shakespeare's mind to an end!

THE IRON MAN AND WAGES

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

Operating an automatic machine requires no more than average manual dexterity and ordinary intelligence. In some cases, where the materials in process are heavy, it requires considerable strength and, where several machines are grouped in one man's care, considerable agility. If the operative is willing to trust the company to figure his pay, without checking up in his own interest, no book knowledge is necessary. Simple arithmetic and ability to sign one's name are the top intellectual requirements. Most manufacturers, however, prefer to have their employees read, write, and understand English, though this knowledge is by no means necessary. Consequently, many companies provide instruction in English for immigrants. In general, the ordinary public-school instruction, up to and including the eighth grade, gives a youth all the mental furnishing he needs to function efficiently in automatic production. Considered strictly as an economic being, he could get along with less. When we come to the salaried workers, the so-called white-collar group, we find public education reinforcing the leveling tendency in those branches, just as automatic machinery does in the mills.

Thus far we have considered the automatic machine as leveling wages and distributing labor between farm and factory, home and the mill. In much the same way, the spreading use of automatic machinery tends to level wages in all plants so equipped, though hindered at many points by special conditions and special labor contracts. Certain automatic machines are widely scattered, and can be found in every industrial centre. Many others present family likenesses. Even the greenest of green

workers needs but short tutelage at his assigned machine; while the man who knows how much — or rather how little — is expected of him, can shake down quickly into efficient production. As was said in an earlier article, the per capita cost of labor turnover on the 1920 basis of pay ranged from $25 to $100 per man in the more efficiently organized automobile plants, this cost including the pay of the novitiate and his teacher, the overhead on machine, and allowance for spoiled work. This verifies the evidence presented by a survey of certain large allied plants, to the effect that 70 per cent of the employees could be fitted into their jobs in three days or less. This means that a worker can shift from one line of production to another without grave loss of time. He may be a woodcutter or harvest-hand this month, and a producer of automobile parts the next. If of a roving disposition, in a single year he may can salmon on the Pacific coast, pour cement on an irrigation dam in Idaho, mill flour in Minnesota, cut pearl buttons in Iowa, mould iron in Ohio, weave silk in Jersey, or make rubber tires in New England. The outcome of such easy transitions must be a highly efficient distribution of labor-power on the one hand, and, on the other, a progressive leveling of wages as among all automatized industries. 'The old trade demarcations,' says Mr. E. F. Lloyd, 'have largely ceased to exist, and with their passing the old differences of pay have correspondingly declined.'

This leveling tendency, moreover, is no respecter of sex. Since women can tend many automatic tools as well as men, it follows that the wages of the two sexes must draw together. They may never reach uniformity, because many women view jobs as temporary stopgaps on the road to marriage, and this handicaps them as yet in the eyes of many employers. This, and kindred non-economic considerations, may affect the result; but they cannot stop the drift toward equality of wage. It is no unusual thing, even now, to find a young wife earning as much as, or more than, her husband. As time goes on, this will become too common to command notice.

Likewise, automatic machinery tends to break down the former disparity of wage as between age and youth. Children of twelve can tend many automatic machines as competently as adults. Youths, in fact, approach their highest wage during the very years in which the boys of a generation ago were earning less than living wages as apprentices. The years from eighteen to twenty-five are the most gainful for the 'machinate mammal.'

The leveling proceeds with ruthless disregard for race or nationality. While a knowledge of the native tongue may be desirable, it is by no means essential. Witness the widespread employment on automatic machines of our newly arrived immigrants, their earning on a parity with native-born products of our public schools. Notwithstanding that the color line rarely gives the negro a chance at automatics, the black populations of our northern industrial cities increased faster than the white populations from 1910 to 1920. Bringing black labor north became a highly organized enterprise. The pay of negroes, generally speaking, maintained a parity with white labor on the same kind of work; and while blacks are not often put on machines, there is no doubt that many blacks can fill the requirements of machine attendance. Whether they can stand the steady grind as well as whites, or whether the color line is justifiably drawn at the machine, are moot points, reserved for future discussion. But the general effect of the automatizing process has been to bring the average wages of the two races closer together, not only in the industrial

cities, but to an even greater extent in those sections where the black does most of the field-work. Increased cotton-picking costs and increased wheat-growing costs both resulted from the drain that automatic production put upon rural labor-supplies.

Automatic machines in offices affect the white-collar group in industry precisely as shop-workers are affected. With adding machines and other mechanisms, and standardized office system, need for special skill is decreasing among office-workers. The old-fashioned bookkeeper, the aristocrat of *fin-de-siècle* offices, is fast becoming as obsolete a type as the old-fashioned mechanic, the one-time aristocrat of the shops. Stenographic skill is subject to the competition of the phonograph; the typist is entering into competition with the duplicating typewriter. Meanwhile, public schools and business colleges are producing an abundance of persons sufficiently educated for the simplified office tasks. In addition, the higher social status enjoyed by such workers can be depended upon to furnish surplus labor for such activities in ordinary times, with the result that we pay practically the same rate to washerwomen and typists; also to cooks and stenographers, when board-and-lodging costs are considered. These influences tended to bring office-work down to the wage-level of factory-work before the war; as office-workers began to go over into the ranks of factory-workers, owing to war-wage rates in the factories, office wages began to rise. From this on, owing to the fact that labor can flow from one group to the other more easily than ever before, disparity of wage between the two groups will tend to correct itself promptly.

Transferring the vital function of production from the operative to the machine involves the taking away of skill from the rank and file and concentrating it in the directing and organizing end of industry. The heats of competition, playing through machine improvements, evaporate skill from the lower reaches of industry, and distill it in the upper reaches. Fewer producers need skill; but those few require much longer training and more highly intensified mental powers. It is up to them, not only to design, build, place, and adapt machines to involved tasks, but also to work out systems under which the production of those machines can be coördinated and the produce distributed.

II

To fit an automatic machine for its production-cycle requires high skill in tool-designing and making. Head and hand must work together; jigs and dies must be of the utmost precision. The number of skilled workmen required for this task is small compared to the whole number of industrial employees; but the group is of key importance. In the past, these men were trained under the apprentice system; but that system being in decline, industrial executives are greatly concerned for the future supply of such craftsmen. They look to public education to guard against a famine of skilled artisans; and such is their influence that they are not likely to look in vain. The call of industry has been answered already by the establishment of technical high schools and colleges in many industrial cities, as well as by the erection of private trade-schools. In desperation some employers have established their own trade-schools; but the outlook is that public education, thus challenged, will take up the burden of providing industry with skilled mechanics. Once adequate facilities are provided, we may look with assurance for the greater mental interest attaching to that work to provide candidates in abundance, and so in-

crease the number of qualified men to the point where the pay will approach that of the machine-tender — always being enough more, presumably, to make up for the time and cost of training.

The next layer in the skill compartment contains technical experts, shop-organizers, and salesmen. The third layer includes the executives. It is in these two layers that the thought-processes of modern industry centre; and the demands for special knowledge are such that the personnel must be far better equipped than their predecessors in the old régime. In the swift expansion of automatized industry they have been forced further and further afield for labor and materials on the one hand, and for markets on the other hand. They have been required to finance, not only the inflow of men and machines, but also the outflow of goods; a task so vast and compelling that it has brought into being a distinct adaptation of the banking function to industrial needs. In a very real sense bankers are the aristocrats of modern industry, sitting apart from the actual processes of production and distribution, but furnishing the lifeblood of capital, and through that power exercising a genuine, and usually salutary, control. How are these thought-men of industry going to be affected by these leveling forces at work in modern society? Are they going to be leveled economically by the same forces which brought them such large rewards? Of late years, in the era of industrial expansion, they have commanded large salaries. What is likely to happen to them now that the wheels of industry are slowing down?

So far as the technical experts — chiefly chemists and engineers — are concerned, the situation is fairly clear. They are being turned out in such numbers by colleges and universities that, except in sudden bursts of industrial expansion, the supply tends to outrun the demand. There is no wide rift between the pay of a Bachelor of Science, just out of college, and the pay of a factory operative. A city engineering department can hire draughtsmen about as cheaply as common laborers. All institutions of higher learning are growing in attendance, particularly in the technical branches. Also, the training tends to become more thorough, hence more productive of men fitted to move in the highest circles of industrial production. From all indications, universities and colleges are as apt to flood the market with engineers and chemists as the mothers of the country are to flood it with unskilled labor. Public education, therefore, tends to level toward the general average the pay for such service.

Salesmanship is similarly affected. The personal element does not play the large part it did in disposing of goods. The influence of advertising is to create a market condition in which the salesman becomes more and more an 'order-taker,' disposing of standardized, guaranteed goods at prices and on terms set by his superiors in the organization. As dickering is thrust out of the sales equation, the personal shrewdness of the salesman counts for less and less. His efficiency comes to depend less upon native traits and more upon what can be taught him. Salesmen of the old school were born, not made; but salesmen of the new school can be made out of any normally aggressive public-school product. Schools for salesmanship, established here and there, are likely to succeed. In general, the process of distributing goods tends to become more scientific and less personal; and as that change proceeds, the humbler members of the sales-organization become less important, and more candidates are available. The net result is that the salesman's wage tends toward the common wage-level. The retail

sales-clerk, male or female, earns no more than he or she could earn in a factory. The small retail grocer, whose chief function is that of taking orders, complains because he is being run out of business by a chain store, whose manager is frankly an order-taker, and earns, usually, no more than the average wage of the community. His employer, safeguarded by the cash register and an office system imposing a close check, finds it unnecessary to pay a bonus for character and honesty. The traveling salesman is not the bold, free man of other days; he covers more territory than the 'drummer' of twenty years ago, but he does not have equal responsibility. The tendency, all along the line, is for salesmen's wages to keep in closer touch with the wage-level in the producing end of the business.

III

The situation as respects employers is even more difficult to analyze, because executive ability is so largely applied native force, energy, will-power. Executives, up to date, have been largely self-trained. However, of late, the universities and colleges, recognizing that industrial executives are the most powerful figures in an industrial civilization, have taken steps to train men for these posts. Hence their schools of finance and commerce; hence their courses in business practice; hence the announcements that the universities must train 'for life.' If the educational system makes good on this programme, it is evident that executive salaries must fall. They have always been higher here than abroad. Foreign managers are content with less pay and more prestige. Already the trend is downward. In practically every industrial receivership, the receiver's first step has been to reduce executive salaries. This leveling down is matched by an equally significant recent leveling up in the salaries of minor executives, who were left behind in the war raises for the rank and file, by means of which the laborer, in many cases, came to earn more than the man from whom he took his orders directly. The Pennsylvania Railroad, for example, some months ago raised all its operating officials below the grade of superintendent, while the salaries of the higher executives were not raised.

Consideration of executive salaries, from this standpoint of wage-leveling, is complicated by the fact that many executives play a dual rôle in industry. They are heavy stockholders as well as managers of other persons' capital. Some managers, in fact, own majority interests in the corporations they captain; the corporation, then, is actually the lengthened shadow of the man — and none too lengthened at that. In such cases, managers draw as salaries part of the profits which otherwise would be apportioned as dividends, since competition for leadership does not enter into the equation. This practice has been accelerated by the excess-profits tax.

This dual relationship of the executive to his job seems, however, to be a passing phase. As business institutions age and expand, they tend to divide the functions of management and ownership. Personal enthusiasm and vigor start business projects, but they proceed toward coöperation under the corporate form, with increasing stress upon order and system. Those which survive several generations usually are found operating under other leadership than that of the owners. Accident of birth may produce owners; but it cannot be depended upon to produce those leaders who must be found if the property is to flourish under competition. Few of our younger captains of industry own dominant

holdings in the corporations they manage; some own no stock at all. There is no reason why they should; they hold their positions by reason of their personal powers, their industrial statesmanship. They are better able to hold the balance true as against the demands of labor, capital, and the market — their workers, their stockholders and bondholders, and their customers — than they would be if strong financial interest pulled them to one side.

Homer Ferguson, President of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, calls himself a 'plain hired man,' owning no part of the property he manages; he has elaborated the reasons why that aloofness from ownership strengthens him in his work. He may earn less money in his present job than he would earn running a business of his own; on the other hand, he has more prestige, greater opportunity. Judge Gary dominates United States Steel, not by stock-ownership or stock-jobbing, but by the power of a wise and courageous mind. In his case, too, the chief reward lies in doing a big work and winning the applause of the public, not in his salary check. You cannot picture either man, or any industrial leader worthy of rank alongside them, as quitting his job in the face of a salary-cut, or as higgling over the price of his preferment in the first instance.

In the future, industrial leaders will tend more and more to be picked men, not owners in any important sense. Their salaries will depend upon the number of qualified men in the market, and the existing demand for their services. The lure of such positions and the determined efforts being made to educate for business leadership are sure to increase the number of qualified candidates. The demand is, of course, uncertain; but the chances are that it will not maintain itself relatively to supply, now that education, both public and private, has set itself to increase the supply. In that case, the present high level of executive salaries cannot be maintained. All indications point to the executives of the future carrying their loads of responsibility less because of the money reward and more because of personal pride and public spirit. Business leadership seems likely to become a profession, with professional standards and standing, as well as professional limitations as to its pay.

The learned professions, so called for tradition's sake, are easier to dispose of because, in each case, the leveling tendency is reinforced by an established professional ethic. Teachers, preachers, writers, and artists generally, for centuries have regarded their wages, not as pay, but as their living, their real rewards being service to their ideals and humanity, established social position, and the regard of their fellow men. These non-economic lures attract human nature so strongly that the rewards in these lines sometimes fall below those of unskilled labor. Poets have starved in garrets; ministers are notoriously underpaid, and of late years comparison of the pinched professor and the silk-shirted yokel has led to 'Feed the Prof.' campaigns. Law and medicine, because they work more directly upon life, have been more affected by the industrial swirl; but they, too, are bound to swim out of the commercial current to the high ethical shore. Even now, though physicians may talk about their business, they respond to many humanitarian demands; and there exist some lawyers, if not many, who put the eternal cry for justice ahead of fees. So the leveling influences of automatic machinery are bound to be reinforced and strengthened by the example of professional men, no less than by the teaching of those among them who see service as the high goal of human endeavor.

IV

Thus far we have considered the leveling of labor, as dictated by the automatic tool, solely from the standpoint of production. That is its direct action. Automatic machinery works indirectly toward the same end, however, through the market — through consumption. As the total cost of the product is the total cost of the brain- and hand-labor involved, an immediate effect of production through automatic machines is to reduce the cost of the units produced. The economic advantage of such machinery is so manifest that there can be no stopping its progress short of the point where productive power will so far outrange the world's market ability to consume, that further multiplication of man-power will not be worth while. No one can foresee whether that point is centuries removed or merely decades. Theoretically, the capacity of the human race to consume goods is infinite; but actually it is at all times in competition with the universal human demand for leisure. No matter how cheap goods become, there is a point of accumulation beyond which some men will say, 'Let's knock off and have some fun.' The ranks of labor developed plenty of such cases in 1919.

Short of that point, however, the market repays intensive cultivation. The cheaper goods become, the more of them can be sold, provided the purchasing power does not drop coincidentally with prices. It follows that, with increasing automatization in production, competition among sellers of goods on the one hand and buyers of labor-time on the other must push prices and wages toward a point where maximum production and maximum consumption tend to concur. Such is the diversity of human nature and the insistence of human desire that they may never reach absolute concurrence; but the prospects are that they will approach one another with lessening fluctuations. In this country, mass-buying makes the market for most commodities. A broad division of the proceeds of industry stimulates buying far more than a narrow one; hence, influences flowing from the sales-end of industry will tend to strengthen that leveling of labor which is predetermined by competition among buyers of labor-power for use on automatic machines.

It must be borne in mind that, under competition, some degree of wage-variation always will exist, from causes lying within the individual, as, for example, the varying wages of operatives under piece rates. 'For while the automatic tool works within a fixed cycle, it is not the precise counterpart of the ancient treadmill.' Within narrow and unimportant limits, its productiveness varies somewhat with variations of personal energy and attentiveness. Likewise, there are sure to be variations in different parts of the country, due largely to uneven supply of labor-power resulting from differing local birth-rates and non-economic hindrances to economic shifts of base. Home and family ties, love of one's native environment, stock-ownership by employees, and personal loyalties in work-relations, probably always will influence human beings considerably, and deter them from following the main chance absolutely. Barometric pressure always tends to uniformity, yet is never uniform. 'The wind blowing where it listeth has its counterpart in the now fluid movement of labor in search of employment, higher pay, or, perhaps, escape from monotony.' Enough men and women can be depended upon to follow the main chance to effect a fairly even displacement of labor-power, and to enforce by economic law a fairly even wage-scale over the entire country.

Not the least interesting part of this leveling tendency is that it runs directly toward that socialist dream — equality of income. Yet it proceeds without any assistance from the Socialists, solely as the result of capitalists installing automatic machinery. The tendency itself is strictly economic, and conceivably might work out to its ultimate conclusion without calling forth political action, amending the institution of private property, or changing the present relations between employer and employee. Nothing so simple is to be expected; not so easily does humanity accept revolutionary changes in its methods of sustaining life. Farmer-labor parties in the United States and Canada, recently formed, may be taken as evidence of belated appreciation of the economic solidarity of town and country labor under the new conditions of industry. Woman suffrage gained influence in direct proportion as women became engaged in industrial production. The automatic tool will be the force back of most of our legislation for the next fifty years, just as it will be the mainspring of our educational programme, once its significance is understood by educators still fumbling for the key to modern life. To lads who come as beardless boys into their greatest purchasing power, something must be taught, other than has been taught, if they are ever to use their leisure and their economic power aright. The army of homeless, wifeless men and footloose women is growing; the automatic tool has cut marriage-knots as well as steel bands. Let all who think in terms of public recreation, domestic relations, charity, religion, morals, child-welfare, and social science ponder those reactions of the automatic tool that daily proceed under their eyes.

In other parts of the world classes are wrestling bloodily for the control of machinery. They are of breeds to whom compromise is difficult. It is our boast that we, as inheritors of the Anglo-Saxon tradition, can settle peaceably clashes of interest over which other humans fight. But we shall never be able to settle peaceably and creditably all the problems arising out of the common use of the automatic tool in industrial production unless we grasp the social and political possibilities of its evolution. America gave the automatic tool its chance. Its blessings are evident; but unless controlled by social conscience, it may develop curses equally potent. America's high duty is to guide the continuing evolution of the Iron Man intelligently. For the economic forces which he releases are of such intense reality and abundant vitality that they will break governments which blindly oppose them just as quickly as they will undermine societies which yield too supinely to machine dictation. Governments now stake their existences upon controlling men; in the dawning age, the acid test of sovereignty may be control of machines. Through such control the leveling tendency, inherent in automatic production and reinforced by popular education, may be directed toward the goal of true democracy; whereas, undirected, it may push the human race into a new slavery, or stampede it into a new anarchy.

A PROUD CHOICE OF INFLUENCES

BY MARGARET WILSON LEES

For that is what it really was. But away back in another century, when Patricia was eight and I was six, I didn't know what made her different from the rest of us, and I wondered how she walked safely over pitfalls that engulfed me.

There was the disgraceful episode of the kiss, to take one small instance. How did she know the right thing to do, *in time?* I knew well enough afterward. Oh yes, often enough, afterward, I lived through the scene in imagination, and acted my part in it as it should have been acted. One could n't turn the clock back by any agony of wishing; one could only provide against catastrophe ahead. To find a rule that would fit every possible emergency? The formula at last arrived at had nothing in it about 'a decided and proud choice,' or 'repelling interference.' It was, simply, Watch Patricia and do as she does.

There was a party going on in the drawing-room on the second story; the sound of carpet-balls came up to us in our nursery on the third story — a rumble like thunder in the distance, then the click of balls as they touched. When there was a party, Patricia and I, being the eldest, were allowed to go down to the drawing-room and say good-night before we went to bed.

The nurse looked us over to see that our dresses did n't sag at one shoulder, that our stockings lay smoothly under the crossed elastic of our slippers — that we were altogether 'fit to be seen.' Then we took hands and went downstairs. Sally watched us go, with eyes that seemed to ask an unkind universe why they too might not have a glimpse of the gods at play; but Robin continued to shorten the stirrups of the saddle on his rocking-horse, and envied nobody.

We stood hand in hand at the door of the long drawing-room and looked in. The sight was different from anything one could find anywhere in the world to-day. So were the sounds. If we had been greeted by the clack of tongues that you will hear at your next afternoon tea, I do believe we should have turned and fled. Patricia and I had never heard anything so unlovely. Fortunate ears of the sixties — spared so many of the stridencies to come! Can one imagine now a city with no harsher bird-note than the twitter of the purple martens in the marten-house above the brewery? Not a city sparrow in all the length and breadth of the land; not a motor-horn! Little wonder if the voices in that drawing-room were soft and low-pitched.

I tugged at Patricia's hand to hold her back. It was so very beautiful — I wanted time to look. The game was over. The balls lay quiet at the end of the room where a visiting-card was pinned to the carpet; the players were standing about in groups, 'having conversation,' as I whispered to Patricia — a different matter from plain talking. There was a delightful variety of bright, pretty colors; as the groups broke up and formed new groups, it was like looking into a big kaleidoscope. The ladies were 'in low neck and short sleeves,' like ourselves. The thermometer out-

doors probably stood somewhere about zero at the time, and the big house was heated solely by wood stoves; drawing-room and library, with folding doors between, depended for warmth upon what was called a dumb stove, a kind of enlargement of the stovepipe from my father's office below. Sometimes, when we sat at our lessons in the library, — low-necked and short-sleeved even then, — I would hear my mother on the other side of the folding doors tapping on the dumb stove with her thimble as a signal for more fire; then, studying my arms with interested curiosity, I would discover myself the proud possessor of goose-flesh. Yet that night the bare arms, as I remember them, were warmly smooth and white against the gay dresses. Not mere wisps of color, these, like the evening dresses of to-day, but satisfying, cushiony eyefuls.

I saw nothing amiss with the setting of the scene. The carpet with its big geometrical pattern, the black horsehair furniture, the what-not of seashells, the shade of wax flowers — it was all as inevitable and right as the blue of the sky and the green of the grass. It had always been there. Just now it was softened by candlelight, and glorified by those radiant beings floating about in pink and blue and corn-color and mauve and Nile green.

One in the new color, magenta, was rolling a ball to illustrate some question that had been raised about the game just over. Her stiff silk skirt made a fine 'cheese' as she stooped. By whirling very fast and then squatting, a little girl could make a cheese, but not one like this and not with that fine air of unconcern. When I was grown up, I would wear skirts that ballooned of their own accord. I saw myself in half a dozen situations that called for stooping. Most alluring of the visions was one of my grown-up self at the pantry table, now on a level with my chin, busy — oh, happy me! — at the now forbidden task of skimming the cream from a pan of milk. A bouquet in its silver holder dangled from my wrist. I spoke in the fascinating manner of the young lady in magenta, barely opening my lips.

Patricia let go of my hand and we entered the room. That is to say, Patricia entered. Even at eight she *entered* a room — the whole of her; no astral half left dragging along uncertainly behind. Yes, Patricia was different from other children. Something in the way she was greeted as she passed from group to group — a quick look of interest and admiration — confirmed me in the belief. I followed her, pleasurably excited, but with the gone feeling about the pit of the stomach that came always with that letting go of the hand. In proportion as Patricia's clasp was an assurance that all was right with the world, the loosing of it abandoned one to a path of lonely peril.

A little fuss was made over both of us. Here were the friends and acquaintances of every day, some of them nursery intimates, but all changed, somehow, by being at a party; our own mother looked not so approachable as when in 'high neck and long sleeves.' Here was even our doctor. Being a favorite with him, I had to wait to be taken upon his knee and have my cheeks rubbed into rosiness, and in this way I got behind Patricia in our progress around the room.

When I caught up to her, I saw at once that something had happened.

There she stood, that little maiden of the sixties, the unmoved centre of a teacup tempest. I can see her yet, — her slimness, her straightness, her pretty color, her willfully curved lips, — above all, her evident indifference to the exclamations that were pelting her from every side like a flurry of soft March snow.

'What! Won't kiss Mr. Fitzhugh! O Patricia! Oh, poor Mr. Fitzhugh!'

I looked at Mr. Fitzhugh. He made me think of our dough-men before they were put into the oven. I did n't wonder that she would n't kiss him. His mouth was — well, not the kind one wants to kiss. But he was lame, and were not lame people good? In the story-books, where they abounded plentifully, they were all, all good, and only the wicked were unkind to them.

I looked at Patricia. *Was n't* it wicked to be unkind to lame people? But already she had lost interest in Mr. Fitzhugh — her choice had been made. She had shaken hands with him; she had wiped the impression unobtrusively off upon her skirt; now her eyes were turned to the piano, where the young lady in magenta was beginning to play 'La Cracovienne' with the soft pedal down. Her eyes rested upon the left hand of the player, and from a certain hint of brooding in their expression, I knew that the bass was all wrong.

'Never mind. Here comes Janie. She will give me a kiss, I know. A nice sweet kiss; maybe two, three, four.' He made the sound of four kisses. 'Janie and I are good friends. Are n't we, Janie?'

'Ye-es.' (To myself, 'He 's lame.') 'But if you don't mind, I think I 'd rather just shake hands.' ('I *can't* kiss him.')

Another chorus of 'What! Not kiss Mr. Fitzhugh! Oh, poor Mr. Fitzhugh!' Always, please remember, in the soft voices of eighteen-sixty-one.

('Can I kiss him? No, I can't. But he 's lame.')

'You too, Janie! Who would have believed you could be so cruel! Look at poor Mr. Fitzhugh! Only see how sad he looks!'

Yes, there was no doubt about it. He was looking sad. And he was lame. To be cruel to the lame!

('Now, if you shut your eyes and hurry up, perhaps you can do it. Now, *now*.')

It was done.

It was hard to do. Had n't a little girl some reason to expect approval? But that beautiful, rainbow-colored group had led her on to her undoing, only to turn upon her now with looks and exclamations more shocked than before.

'Janie! Janie! You little coquette! Coming down from the nursery with your kisses all made up, and then pretending to be too coy to give them! Pretending you would n't, when all the time you meant to!'

I turned to Mr. Fitzhugh. He was grinning — an odious grin.

Down dropped my head upon the sofa; hot, shut eyes pressed close against the slippery coolness of its horsehair.

I could feel a fluttering of the air like a flock of butterflies closing in upon me; there was a soft humming, half pity, half mocking laughter. Then the iambic of a lame footstep. At that I straightened up and stood at bay.

I must have breathed Patricia's name, for she stopped trying to reconcile the bass and treble of 'La Cracovienne' and came to me. I wish I could describe how she did it. Straight as the dart of a sailboat — and the circle closing me in parted as naturally as the water at the bow. It was an instinctive movement, altogether free from aggressiveness, but — nobody touched me.

'We can't stay any longer, Janie. Mother 's beckoning to us.'

For once the signal was welcome. As our parents kissed us good-night, their cheerfulness impressed me as a strange thing. If they knew how their child had been disgraced!

I crept up the dimly lighted stairs beside Patricia, crushed and silent. Her hold of my hand was the only comfort she tried to give. Pity would have

come amiss just then. I wanted nothing more to do with pity, my own or another's. It was a mistake. If I had refused to listen to its appeal, like Patricia, I might now have been walking with my head held up like hers.

Only once she spoke.

'If I were you, I would n't pay any attention to what young ladies say. They 're like that — in society. Society 's silly.'

And then we were back in the dear, safe nursery, where treachery was unknown. And Robin had just finished shortening his second stirrup, so I knew that hours and days could not have passed since we left him busy with the first.

STRAYED SYMPATHIES

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

It is probably more instructive to entertain a sneaking kindness for any unpopular person than to give way to perfect raptures of moral indignation against his abstract vices. — ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IT is not only more instructive — it is more enlivening. The conventionalities of criticism (moral, not literary, criticism) pass from mouth to mouth and from pen to pen, until the iterations of the press are crystallized in encyclopædias and biographical dictionaries. And from such verdicts there is no appeal. Their labored impartiality, their systematic adjustments, their careful avoidance of intuition, produce in the public mind a level sameness of misunderstanding. Many sensible people think this a good result. Even a man who did his own thinking, and maintained his own intellectual freehold, like Mr. Bagehot, knew and upheld the value of ruts. He was well aware how far a little intelligence can be made to go, unless it aspires to originality. Therefore he grumbled at the paradoxes which were somewhat of a novelty in his day, but which are outworn in ours, at the making over of virtue into vice, and of vice into something more inspiriting than virtue. 'We have palliations of Tiberius, eulogies on Henry the Eighth, devotional exercises to Cromwell, and fulsome adulations of the first Napoleon.'

That was a half-century ago. To-day, Tiberius is not so much out of favor as out of mind; Mr. Froude was the last man really interested in the moral status of Henry the Eighth; Mr. Wells has given us his word for it that Napoleon was a very ordinary person; and the English people have erected a statue of Cromwell close to the Houses of Parliament, by way of reminding him (in his appointed place) of the survival of representative government. The twentieth century does not lean to extravagant partialities. Its trend is to disparagement, to searchlights, to that lavish candor which no man's reputation can survive.

When Mr. Lytton Strachey reversed Mr. Stevenson's suggestion, and chose, as subject-matter of a book, four people of whom the world had heard little but good, who had been praised and reverenced beyond their deserts, but for whom he cherished a secret and cold hostility, he experimented successfully with the latent uncharitableness of men's minds. The brilliancy with which the four essays were written, the keenness of each assault, the charm and persuasiveness of the style, delighted even the uncensorious. The business of a biographer, said the author in a very engaging preface, is to maintain his own freedom of spirit, and lay bare the facts as he understands them, 'dispassionately, impartially, and without ulterior intentions.'

It sounds fair and square; but the fact remains that Mr. Strachey disliked Manning, despised Arnold, had little sympathy with Gordon, and no great fancy for Florence Nightingale. It must be remembered also that in three cases out of four he was dealing with persons of stubborn character and compelling will, as far removed from irreproachable excellence as from criminality. Of such, much criticism may be offered; but the only way to keep an open outlook is to ask, 'What was their life's job?' 'How well did they do it?' Men and women who have a pressing job on hand (Florence Nightingale was *all* job) cannot afford to cultivate the minor virtues. They move with an irresistible impulse to their goal. It is a curious fact that Mr. Strachey is never so illuminating as when he turns his back upon these forceful and disconcerting personages, and dallies with their more amenable contemporaries. What he writes about Gordon we should be glad to forget; what he writes about Sir Evelyn Baring and Lord Hartington we hope to remember while we live.

The popularity of *Eminent Victorians* inspired a host of followers. Critics began to look about them for other vulnerable reputations. Mr. J. A. Strahan, stepping back from Victoria to Anne, made the happy discovery that Addison had been systematically overpraised, and that every side of his character was open to assault. The result of this perspicuity is a damning denunciation of a man whom his contemporaries liked and esteemed, and concerning whom we have been content to take the word of those who knew him. He may have been, as Mr. Strahan asserts, a sot, a time-server, a toad-eater, a bad official, and a worse friend; but he managed to give a different impression. The just man falls seven times a day. Take sufficient account of all these falls, and he eclipses Lucifer. Addison's friends and neighbors found him a modest, honorable, sweet-tempered gentleman; and Steele, whom he had affronted, wrote these generous words: 'You can seldom get him to the tavern; but when once he is arrived to his pint, and begins to look about him, you admire a thousand things in him which before lay buried.'

This seems to me a singularly pleasant thing to say about anybody. Were I coveting praise, this is the form I'd like the praise to take.

The pressure of disparagement, which is one result of the cooling of our blood after the fever-heat of war, is lowering our enthusiasms, thinning our sympathies, and giving us nothing very dazzling in the way of enlightenment. Americans are less critical than Englishmen, who so value their birthright of free speech that censure of public men has become a habit, a game of hazard (pulling planks out of the ship of state), at which long practice has made them perfect. 'The editor of the *Morning Post*,' observes Mr. Maurice Hewlett wearily, 'begins his day by wondering whom he shall denounce'; and opposing

editors, as nimble at the fray, match outcry against outcry, and malice against malignity.

I doubt if any other than an Englishman could have written *The Mirrors of Downing Street*, and I am sure that, were an American able to write such a book (which is problematic), it would never occur to him to think of it, or to brag of it, as a duty. We grumble at our high officials, and expect our full share of impossibilities; but as task-masters we are not in it with the British. The difficulties surmounted by Mr. Lloyd George make the labors of Hercules look like a picnic; and to begrudge him an hour in his arm-chair, with his young daughter and a friend, seems to us like begrudging an engine-driver his sleep. There was a time when it was thought that an engine-driver could sleep less, and lamentable results ensued.

The public actions of public men are open to discussion; but Mr. Balfour's personal selfishness, his parsimony, his indifference to his domestics, are not matters of general moment. To gossip about these things is to gossip with tradesmen and servants. To deny to Lord Kitchener 'greatness of mind, greatness of character, and greatness of heart,' is harsh speaking of the dead; but to tell a gaping world that the woman 'whom he loved hungrily and doggedly, and to whom he proposed several times, could never bring herself to marry him,' is a personality which *Town Topics* would scorn. *The Mirrors of Downing Street* aspires to a moral purpose; but taste is the guardian of morality. Its delicate and severe dictates define the terms upon which we may improve the world at the expense of our neighbor's character.

The sneaking kindness recommended by Mr. Stevenson is much harder to come by than the 'raptures of moral indignation,' of which he heard more than he wanted, and which are reverberating through the world to-day. The pages of history are heavy with moral indignation. We teach it in our schools, and there are historians like Macaulay who thunder it rapturously, with never a moment of misgiving. But here and there, as we step apprehensively into historic by-paths, we are cheered by patches of sunshine, straight glimpses into truths which put a more credible, because a more merciful, construction upon men's actions, and lighten our burden of dispraise.

I have often wondered why, with Philippe de Commines as an avenue of approach, all writers except Scott should deal with Louis the Eleventh as with a moral monstrosity. Commines is no apologist. He has a natural desire to speak well of his master; but he reviews every side of Louis's character with dispassionate sincerity.

First, as a Catholic: 'The king was very liberal to the Church, and, in some respects, more so than was necessary, for he robbed the poor to give to the rich. But in this world no one can arrive at perfection.'

Next, as a husband: 'As for ladies, he never meddled with them in my time; for when I came to his court, he lost a son, at whose death he was greatly afflicted; and he made a vow to God in my presence never to have intercourse with any other woman than the queen. And though this was no more than he was bound to do by the canons of the Church, yet it was much that he should have such self-command as to persevere firmly in his resolution, considering that the queen (though an excellent lady in other respects) was not a princess in whom a man could take any great delight.'

Finally, as a ruler: 'The king was naturally kind and indulgent to persons of mean estate, and hostile to all great men who had no need of him. . . . But this I say boldly in his commendation,

that in my whole life I never knew any man so wise in his misfortunes.'

To be brave in misfortune is to be worthy of manhood; to be wise in misfortune is to conquer fate. We cannot easily or advantageously regard Louis with affection; but when Commines epitomizes history in an ejaculation, 'Our good master, Louis, whom God pardon!' it rests our souls to say, 'Amen!'

We cannot easily love Swift. The great 'professional hater' frightens us out of the timid regard which we should like — in honor of English literature — to cherish for his memory. But there is a noble sentence of Thackeray's which, if it does not soften our hearts, cannot fail to clarify our minds, to free us from the stupid, clogging misapprehension which we confuse with moral distaste. 'Through the storms and tempests of his [Swift's] furious mind the stars of religion and love break out in the blue, shining serenely, though hidden by the driving clouds and maddening hurricane of his life.' One clear and penetrating note ('Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came') is worth much careful auditing of accounts.

The picture of John Wilkes drawn by Sir George Otto Trevelyan in his *Early History of Charles James Fox*, and the picture of Aaron Burr drawn by Mr. Albert J. Beveridge in his *Life of John Marshall* are happy illustrations of unpopular subjects treated with illuminating kindness. Wilkes was a demagogue and Burr a trouble-maker (the terms are not necessarily synonymous), and neither of them is a man whose history is widely or accurately known. Both historians are swayed by their political passions. An historian without political passions is as rare as a wasp without a sting. To Trevelyan all Conservatives were in fault, and all Liberals in the right. Opposition to George the Third is the acid test he applies, to separate gold from dross. Mr. Beveridge regards the Federalists as the strength and the Republicans as the weakness of the young nation. Thomas Jefferson is *his* test, and a man hated and hounded by Jefferson necessarily wins his support.

Nevertheless, Wilkes and Burr are presented to us by their sympathizers in a cold north light, which softens and conceals nothing. Men of positive quality, they look best when clearly seen. 'Research and fact are ever in collision with fancy and legend,' observes Mr. Beveridge soberly; and it is to research and fact that he trusts, to rescue his accomplished filibuster from those unproved charges which live by virtue of their vagueness. American school histories, remembering the duty of moral indignation, have played havoc with the reputation of Aaron Burr; and American school-children, if they know him at all, know him as a duelist and a traitor. They are sure about the duel (it was one of the few facts firmly established in my own mind after a severe struggle with American history); but concerning the treason, they are at least as ill informed as their elders.

British children do better, perhaps, with John Wilkes. Little Londoners can gaze at the obelisk which commemorates his mayoralty, and think of him as a catless Whittington. The slogan 'Wilkes and Liberty' has an attractive ring to all who are not of Madame Roland's way of thinking. No man ever gave his partisans more to defend, or his opponents better chances to attack; and friends and foes rose repeatedly and fervently to their opportunities. A century later, Sir George Trevelyan, a friend well worth the having, reviews the case with wise sincerity, undaunted confidence, a careful art in the arrangement of his high lights, and a niceness of touch which wins half-way all readers who love the English language. Wilkes was as naturally and inevitably in debt

as was William Godwin, and Wilkes's debts were as naturally and inevitably paid by someone else as were Godwin's; but when Trevelyan alludes softly to his 'unambitious standard of solvency,' this sordid detail becomes unexpectedly pleasurable. So easily are transgressions pardoned, if they provoke the shadow of a smile.

Lord Rosebery's *Napoleon: the Last Phase* is a work nobly conceived and admirably executed; but its impelling motive is an austere resolve to make what amends a single Englishman can make for an ungenerous episode in English history. Its sympathy for a fallen foe bears no likeness to the sympathy which impelled Théodore de Banville, broken in health and hope by the siege of Paris, to write a lyric in memory of a young Prussian officer, a mere boy, who was found dead on the field, with a blood-stained volume of Pindar in his tunic. Lord Rosebery's book is written with a proud sadness, a stern indignation, eminently fitted to its subject; but he is not so much kind as just. Napoleon is too vast a figure to be approached with benevolence. It is true, as Mr. Wells asserts, that, had he been unselfish and conscientious, he would never have conquered Europe; but only Mr. Wells is prepared to say that a lack of these qualities won him renown. He shares the lack with Wilhelm the Second, who has had neither an Austerlitz nor a Waterloo.

II

There is a wide assortment of unpopular characters whose company it would be very instructive to keep. They belong to all ages, countries, and creeds. Spain alone offers us three splendid examples — the Duke of Alva, Cardinal Ximenez, and Philip the Second. Alva, like the Corsair, possessed one virtue, which was a more valuable virtue than the Corsair's, but brings him in less credit, because the object of his unswerving loyalty and devotion was not a guileless lady, but a sovereign, less popular, if possible, than himself. Cardinal Ximenez, soldier, statesman, scholar, priest, ascetic, author, and educator, was also Grand Inquisitor, and this fact alone seems to linger in the minds of men. That, for his day, he was a moderate, avails him little. That he made a point of protecting scholars and professors from the troublesome interference of the Inquisition ought to avail him a great deal. It might were it better known. There is a play of Sardou's in which he is represented as concentrating all the deadly powers of his office against the knowledge which he most esteemed. This is the way the drama educates.

And Philip? It would be a big piece of work to win for Philip even a partial recognition of his moderate merits. The hand of history has dealt heavily with him, and romance has preyed upon his vitals. In fact, history and romance are undistinguishable when they give free play to the moral indignation he inspires. It is not enough to accuse him of the murder of the son whom he hated (though not more heartily than George the Second hated the Prince of Wales): they would have us understand that he probably poisoned the brother whom he loved. 'Don John's ambitions had become troublesome, and he ceased to live at an opportune moment for Philip's peace of mind,' is the fashion in which Gayarré insinuates his suspicions; and Gayarré's narrative — very popular in my youth — was recommended to the American public by Bancroft, who, I am convinced, never read it. Had he penetrated to the eleventh page, where Philip is alluded to as the Christian Tiberius, or to the twentieth, where he is compared to an Indian idol, he would have known that, whatever the book might be, it was not history, and that,

as an historian, it ill became him to tell innocent Americans to read it.

But how were they to be better informed? Motley will not even allow that Philip's fanatical devotion to his church was a sincere devotion. He accuses him of hypocrisy, which is like accusing Cromwell of levity, or Burke of Jacobinism. Prescott has a fashion of turning the King's few amiabilities, as, for example, his tenderness for his third wife, Isabella of France, into a suggestion of reproach. 'Well would it be for the memory of Philip, could the historian find no heavier sin to lay to his charge than his treatment of Isabella.' Well would it be for all of us, could the recording angel lay no heavier charge to our account than our legitimate affections. The Prince of Orange, it is true, charged Philip with murdering both wife and son; but that was merely a political argument. He would as soon have charged him with the murder of his father, had the Emperor not been safely isolated at Yuste; and Philip, in return, banned the Prince of Orange — a brave and wise ruler — as 'an enemy of the human race.'

Twenty-four years ago, an Englishman who was by nature distrustful of popular verdicts, and who had made careful studies of certain epochs of Spanish history, ventured to paint Philip in fresh colors. Mr. Martin Hume's monograph shows us a cultivated gentleman, with a correct taste in architecture and art, sober, abstemious, kind to petitioners, loyal and affectionate to his friends, generous to his soldiers and sailors — a man beloved by his own household, and reverenced by his subjects, to whom he brought nothing but misfortune. The book makes melancholy reading because Philip's political sins were also political blunders, his mad intolerance was a distortion, rather than a rejection, of conscience, and his inconceivable rigidity left him helpless to face the essential readjustments of life. 'I could not do otherwise than I have done,' he said with piercing sincerity, 'though the world should fall in ruins around me.'

Now what befell Mr. Hume, who wrote history in this fashion, with no more liking for Philip than for Elizabeth or the Prince of Orange, but with a natural desire to get within the purlieus of truth? Certain empty honors were conferred upon him: a degree from Cambridge, membership in a few societies, the privilege of having some letters printed after his name. But the University of Glasgow and the University of Liverpool stoutly refused to give him the chairs of history and Spanish. He might know more than most men on these subjects, but they did not want their students exposed to new impressions. The good old way for them. Mr. Hume, being a reader, may have recalled in bitterness of spirit the words of the acute and unemotional Sully, who had scant regard for Catholicism (though the Huguenots tried him sorely), and none at all for Spain; but who said, in his balanced, impersonal way, that Philip's finer qualities, his patience, piety, fortitude, and single-mindedness, were all alike 'lost on the vulgar.'

Lucrezia Borgia is less available for our purpose, because the imaginary Lucrezia, though not precisely beloved, is more popular in her way than the real Lucrezia could ever hope to be. 'In the matter of pleasantness,' says Lucian, 'truth is far surpassed by falsehood'; and never has it been more agreeably overshadowed than in this fragment of Italian history. We really could not bear to lose the Lucrezia of romance. She has done fatigue duty along every line of iniquity. She has specialized in all of the seven deadly sins. On Rossetti's canvas, in Donizetti's opera, in Victor Hugo's play, in countless poems and stories and novels, she has erred

exhaustively for our entertainment. The idea of an attractive young woman poisoning her supper guests is one which the world will not lightly let go.

And what is offered in return? Only the dull statements of people who chanced to know the lady, and who considered her a model wife and duchess, a little over-anxious about the education of her numerous children, but kind to the poor, generous to artists, and pitiful to Jews. 'She is graceful, modest, lovable, decorous, and devout,' wrote Johannes Lucas from Rome to Ercole, the old Duke of Ferrara. 'She is beautiful and good, gentle and amiable,' echoed the Chevalier Bayard years later. Were we less avid for thrills, we might like to think of this young creature, snatched at twenty-one from the maelstrom of Rome, where she had been a pawn in the game of politics, and placed in a secure and splendid home. The Lucrezia of romance would have found the court of Ferrara intolerably dull. The Lucrezia of history took to dullness as a duck to water. She was a sensible, rather than a brilliant woman, fully alive to the duties and dignities of her position, and well aware that respectability is a strong card to play in a vastly disreputable world.

There was a time when Robespierre and Marat made a high bid for unpopularity. Even those who clearly understood the rehabilitation of man in the French Revolution found little to say for its chosen instruments, whose purposes were high, but whose methods were open to reproach. Of late, however, a certain weariness has been observable in men's minds when these reformers are in question, a reluctance to expand with any emotion where they are concerned. M. Lauzanne is, indeed, by way of thinking that the elemental Clemenceau closely resembles the elemental Robespierre; but this is not a serious valuation; it is letting picturesqueness run away with reason — a habit incidental to editorship.

The thoroughly modern point of view is that Robespierre and Marat were ineffective — not without ability in their respective lines, but unfitted for the parts they played. Marat's turn of mind was scientific (our own Benjamin Franklin found him full of promise). Robespierre's turn of mind was legal; he would have made an acute and successful lawyer. The Revolution came along and ruined both these lives, for which we are expected to be sorry. M. Lauzanne does not go so far as to say that the great war ruined Clemenceau's life. The 'Tiger' was seventy-three when the Germans marched into Belgium. Had he been content to spend all his years teaching in a girls' school, he might (though I am none too sure of it) have been a gentler and a better man. But France was surely worth the price he paid. A lifeboat is not expected to have the graceful lines of a gondola.

'Almost everybody,' says Stevenson, 'can understand and sympathize with an admiral, or a prize-fighter'; which genial sentiment is less contagious now than when it was uttered, thirty years ago. A new type of admiral has presented itself to the troubled consciousness of men, a type unknown to Nelson, unsuspected by Farragut, unsung by Newbolt. In robbing the word of its ancient glory, Tirpitz has robbed us of an emotion we can ill afford to lose. 'The traditions of sailors,' says Mr. Shane Leslie, 'have been untouched by the lowering of ideals which has invaded every other class and profession.' The truth of his words was brought home to readers by the behavior of the British merchant marine, peaceful, poorly paid men, who in the years of peril went out unflinchingly, and as a matter of course, to meet 'their duty and their death.' Many and varied are the transgressions

of seafaring men; but we have hitherto been able to believe them sound in their nobler parts. We should like to cherish this simple faith, and, though alienated from prize-fighters by the narrowness of our civic and social code, to retain our sympathy for admirals. It cannot be that their fair fame will be forever smirched by the tactics of a man who ruined the government he served.

The function of criticism is presumably to clear our mental horizon, to get us within close range of the criticized. It recognizes moral as well as intellectual issues; but it differentiates them. When Emerson said, 'Goethe can never be dear to men. His is not even the devotion to pure truth, but to truth for the sake of culture,' he implied that truth, besides being a better thing than culture, was also a more lovable thing, which is not the case. It takes temerity to love Goethe; but there are always men—young, keen, speculative, beauty-loving men, — to whom he is inexpressibly dear because of the vistas he opens, the thoughts he releases, the 'inward freedom' which is all he claimed to give. It takes no less temerity to love Emerson, and he meant that it should be so, that we should climb high to reach him. He is not lovable as Lamb is lovable, and he would not have wanted to be. A man who all his life repelled unwelcome intimacies had no desire to surrender his memory to the affection of every idle reader.

It is such a sure thing to appeal from intelligence to conscience, from the trouble involved in understanding to the ease with which judgment is passed, that critics may be pardoned their frequent transcursions. Yet problems of conduct are just as puzzling as problems of intellect. That is why Mr. Stevenson pronounced a sneaking kindness to be 'instructive.' He offered it as a road to knowledge rather than as a means of enjoyment. Not that he was unaware of the pleasures which follow in its wake. He knew the world up and down well enough to be thankful that he had never lost his taste for bad company.

SOLILOQUY FOR A THIRD ACT

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WHAT is this sullen curious interval
Between the happy Thought, the languid Act?
What is this dull paralysis of Will
That lets the fatal days drift by like dreams?
Of the mind's dozing splendors what remains?
What is this *Now* I utter to you here?

This Now, for great men dead, is golden Future;
For happier souls to come, conjectured Past.

Men love and praise the Past — the only thing
In all the great commodity of life
That grows and grows, shining and heaping up
And endlessly compounds beneath their hands:
Richer we are in Time with every hour,
But in nought else. — The Past! I love the Past —
Stand off, O Future, keep away from me!

Yet some there are, great thoughtless active souls,
Can use the volvant circle of the year
Like a child's hoop, and flog it gleefully
Along the downward slope of busy days;
But some, less lucky.
What wretch invented Time and calendars
To torture his weak wits, to probe himself
As a man tongues a tender concave tooth?
See, all men bear this secret cicatrix,
This navel mark where we were ligatured
To great Eternity; and so they have
This knot of Time-sense in their angry hearts.

So must I die, and pass to Timeless nothing?
It will not, shall not, cannot, must not be!
I'll print such absolute identity
Upon these troubled words, that finding them
In some old broken book (long, long away),
The startled reader cries, Here was a Voice
That had a meaning, and outrode the years!

SEQUELS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

TROPICAL midges of sorts live less than a day — sequoias have felt their sap quicken with the warmth of three thousand springs. Somewhere between these extremes, we open our eyes, look about us for a time, and close them again. Modern political geography and shift of government give us Methusalistic feelings; but a glance at rocks or stars sends us shuddering among the other motes, which glisten for a moment in the sunlight and then vanish.

We who strive for a little insight into evolution, and the meaning of things as they are, forever long for a glimpse of things as they were. Here at my British Guiana laboratory I wonder what the land was like before the dense mat of vegetation covered every rock and grain of sand; or how the rivers looked when first their waters trickled to the sea.

All our stories are of the middles of things — without beginning or end; we scientists are plunged suddenly upon a cosmos in the full uproar of æons of precedent, unable to look ahead, while to look backward we must look down.

Exactly a year ago I spent two hours in a clearing in the jungle back of Kartabo laboratory, and let my eyes and ears have full swing.[1] Now, in August of the succeeding year, I came again to this clearing, and found it no more a clearing. Indeed, so changed was it, that for weeks I had passed close by without a thought of the jungle meadow of the previous year; and now what finally turned me aside from my usual trail was a sound. Twelve months ago I wrote: 'From the monotone of underworld sounds a strange little rasping detached itself, a reiterated, subdued scraping or picking. It carried my mind instantly to the throbbing theme of the Nibelungs, onomatopoetic of the little hammers forever busy at their underground work. I circled a small bush at my side, and found that the sound came from one of the branches near the top; so with my glasses I began a systematic search.' This was as far as I ever got; for a flock of parrakeets exploded close at hand and blew the lesser sound out of mind. If I had stopped to guess, I should probably have considered the author a longicorn beetle or some fiddling orthopter.

Now, a year later, I suddenly stopped twenty yards away; for at the end of the silvery cadence of a wood-hewer, I heard the low, measured, toneless rhythm which instantly revived in my mind every detail of the clearing. I was headed toward a distant palm-frond, beneath whose tip was a nest of Rufous Hermits; for I wished to see the two atoms of hummingbirds at the moment when they rolled from their *petit-pois* egg-shells. I gave this up for the day, and turned up the hill, where, fifty feet away, were the stump and bush near which I had sat and watched. Three times I went past the place before I could be certain; and even at the last I

[1] See 'A Jungle Clearing,' in the *Atlantic* for January, 1920.

identified it only by the relative position of the giant tauroneero tree, in which I had shot many cotingas. The stump was there, a bit lower and more worn at the crevices, leaking sawdust like an over-loved doll; but the low shrub had become a tall sapling, the weeds — vervain, boneset, velvet-leaf — all had been topped and killed off by dense-foliaged bushes and shrubs, which a year before had not raised a leaf above the meadow-level. The old vistas were gone, the landscape had closed in, the wilderness was shutting down. Nature herself was 'letting in the jungle.' I felt like Rip Van Winkle, or even more alien, as if the passing of time had been accelerated and my longed-for leap had been accomplished, beyond the usual ken of mankind's earthly lease of senses.

All these astounding changes had come to pass through the unceasing heat and moisture of a tropical year; and under deliberate scientific calculation there was nothing unusual in the alteration. I remembered the remarkable growth of one of the laboratory bamboo shoots during the rainy season — twelve and a half feet in sixteen days; but that was a single stem, like a blade of grass, whereas here the whole landscape was altered — new birds, new insects, branches, foliage, flowers, where, twelve short months past, was open sky above low weeds.

In the hollow root on the beach, my band of crane-flies had danced for a thousand hours; but here was a sound which had apparently never ceased for more than a year — perhaps five thousand hours of daylight. It was a low, penetrating, abruptly reiterated beat, occurring about once every second and a half, and distinctly audible a hundred feet away. The 'low bush,' from which it proceeded last year, was now a respectable sapling, and the source far out of reach overhead. I discovered a roundish mass among the leaves; and the first stroke of the axe sent the rhythm up to once a second, but did not alter the *timbre*. A few blows, and the small trunk gave way, and I fled for my life. But there was no angry buzzing, and I came close. After a cessation of ten or fifteen seconds the sound began again, weaker but steady. The foliage was alive with small Axteca ants; but these were tenants of several small nests near by and at the catastrophe overran everything.

The largest structure was the smooth carton nest of a wasp — a beautiful species, pale yellowish-red with wine-colored wings. Only once did an individual make an attempt to sting, and, even when my head was within six inches, the wasps rested quietly on the broken combs. By careful watching, I observed that many of the insects jerked the abdomen sharply downward, hitting the comb, or shell, of smooth paper a forceful blow, and producing a very distinct noise. I could not at first see the mass of wasps that were giving forth the major rhythm, as they were hidden deep in the nest, but the fifty-odd wasps in sight kept perfect time; or occasionally an individual skipped one or two beats, coming in regularly on every alternate or every third beat. Where they were two or three deep, the uppermost wasps struck the insects below them with their abdomens in perfect rhythm with the next beat. For half an hour the sound continued, then died down, and was not heard again. The wasps dispersed during the night, and the nest was deserted.

It reminded me of the telegraphing ants, which I have often heard in Borneo — a remarkable sweeping roll, caused by the host of insects striking the leaves with their heads, and produced only when they are disturbed. It appeared to be of the nature of a warning signal, giving me opportunity to back away from the stinging legions

that filled the thicket against which I pushed.

The rhythm of these wasps was very different. They were peaceable, not even resenting the devastation of their home; but always and always must the inexplicable beat, beat, beat be kept up, serving some purpose quite hidden from me. During succeeding months I found two more nests, with similar habits of sound-vibrations that led to their discovery. From one small nest, which fairly shook with the strength of their beats, I extracted a single wasp and placed him in a glass-topped metal box. For three minutes he kept up the rhythmic beat. Then I began a more rapid tattoo on the bottom of the box, and the changed tempo confused him, so that he stopped at once, and would not tap again.

A few little Mazaruni daisies lived on here and there, blossoming bravely, trying to believe that the shade was lessening and not daily becoming more dense. But their leaves were losing heart and paling in the scant light. Another six months, and dead leaves and moss would obliterate them, and the zone of brilliant flowers and gorgeous butterflies and birds would shift many feet into the air, with the tops of the trees as a new level.

As long as I remained by my stump, my visitors were of the jungle. A yellow-bellied trogon came quite close, and sat, as trogons do, very straight and stiff, like a poorly mounted bird, watching passing flycatchers and me and the glimpses of sky. At first he rolled his little cuckoo-like notes, and his brown mate swooped up, saw me, shifted a few feet farther off, and perched, full of curiosity, craning her neck and looking first with one eye, then the other. Now the male began a content song. With all possible variations of his few and simple tones, on a low and very sweet timbre, he belied his unoscine perch in the tree of bird-life and sang to himself. Now and then he was drowned out by the shrilling of cicadas; but it was a delightful serenade, and he seemed to enjoy it as much as I did. A few days before, I had made a careful study of the syrinx of this bird, whom we may call, rather euphoniously, *Trogonurus curucui*, and had been struck by the simplicity of both muscles and bones. Now, he having summoned his mate in regular accents, there followed this unexpected whisper song. It recalled similar melodies sung by pheasants and Himalayan partridges, usually after they had gone to roost.

Once the female swooped after an insect; and in the midst of one of the sweetest passages of the male trogon, a green grasshopper shifted his position. He was only two inches away from the singer, and all this time had been hidden by his chlorophyll-hued veil. And now the trogon fairly fell off the branch, seizing the insect almost before the tone died away. Swallowing it with considerable difficulty, the harmony was taken up again, a bit throaty for a few notes. Then the pair talked together in usual trogon fashion, and the sudden shadow of a passing vulture drew forth discordant cat-calls, as both birds dashed from sight, to avoid the fancied hawk.

A few minutes later the vocal seal of the jungle was uttered by a quadrille bird. When the notes of this wren are heard, I can never imagine open blazing sunshine, or unobstructed blue sky. Like the call of the wood pewee, the wren's radiates coolness and shadowy quiet. No matter how tropic or breathless the jungle, when the flute-like notes arise, they bring a feeling of freshness, they start up a mental breeze, which cools one's thoughts; and although there may be no water for miles, yet we can fairly hear the drip of cool drops falling from thick moss to pools below. First

an octave of two notes of purest silver; then a varying strain of eight or ten notes, so sweet and powerful, so individual and meaningful, that it might stand for some wonderful *motif* in a great opera. I shut my eyes, and I was deaf to all other sounds while the wren sang. And as it dwelt on the last note of its phrase, a cicada took it up on the exact tone, and blended the two final notes into a slow vibration, beginning gently, and rising with the crescendo of which only an insect, and especially a cicada, is master.

Here was the eternal, hypnotic tom-tom rhythm of the East, grafted upon supreme Western opera. For a time my changed clearing became merely a sounding-box for the most thrilling of jungle songs. I called the wren as well as I could, and he came nearer and nearer. The music rang out only a few yards away. Then he became suspicious, and after that each phrase was prefaced by typical wren-scolding. He could not help but voice his emotions, and the harsh notes told plainly what he thought of my poor imitation. Then another feeling would dominate, and out of the maelstrom of harshness, of tumbled, volcanic vocalization, would rise the pure silver stream of single notes.

III

The wren slipped away through the masses of fragrant Davilla blossoms, but his songs remained and are with me to this moment. And now I leaned back, lost my balance, and grasping the old stump for support, loosened a big piece of soft, mealy wood. In the hollow beneath, I saw a rainbow in the heart of the dead tree.

This rainbow was caused by a bug; and when we stop to think of it, we realize how little there is in a name. For when we say bug, — or, for that matter, bogy or bug-bear, — we are garbling the sound which our very, very forefathers uttered when they saw a spectre or hobgoblin. They called it *bugge*, or even *bwg;* but then, they were more afraid of spectres in those days than we are, who imprison will-o'-the-wisps in Very lights, and rub fox-fire on our watch-faces. At any rate, here was a bug who seemed to ill-deserve his name; although, if the Nibelungs could fashion the Rheingold, why could not a bug conceive a rainbow?

Whenever a human, and especially a house-human, thinks of bugs, she thinks unpleasantly and in superlatives. And it chances that evolution, or natural selection, or life's mechanism, or fate, or a creator, has wrought them into form and function also in superlatives. Cicadas are supreme in longevity and noise: one of our northern species sucks in silent darkness for seventeen years, and then, for a single summer, breaks all American long-distance records for insect's voices. To another group, known as Fulgorids, gigantic heads and streamers of wax have been allotted. Those possessing the former rejoice in the name of lantern flies, but they are at present unfaithful-vestal bugs; indeed, it is extremely doubtful if their wicks were ever trimmed or lighted. To see a big wax-bug flying with trailing ribbons slowly from tree to tree in the jungle is to recall the streaming trains of a flock of peacocks on the wing.

The Membracids most of all deserve the name of *bugges*, for no elf or hobgoblin was ever more bizarre. Their legs and heads and bodies are small and aphid-like; but aloft there spring minarets and handles and towers and thorns and groups of hairy balls, out of all reason and sense. Only Stegosaurus and Triceratops bear comparison. Another group of five-sided bugs are the skunks and civet-cats among insects, guarding themselves from danger by an aura of obnoxious distillation.

Not the least strange of all this assemblage is the author of our rainbow in the stump. My awkwardness had broken into a hollow, which opened to the light on the other side of the rotten bole. A vine had tendriled its way into the crevice, where the little weaver of rainbows had found board and lodging. We may call him toad-hopper or spittle-bug — or, as Fabre says, 'Contentons-nous de Cicadelle, qui respecte le tympan.' Like all its kindred, the bubble-bug finds Nirvana in a sappy green stem. It has neither strong flight nor sticky wax, thorny armature nor gas-barrage, so it proceeds to weave an armor of bubbles, a cuirass of liquid film. This, in brief, was the rainbow which caught my eye when I broke open the stump. Up to that moment no rainbow had existed — only a little light sifting through from the vine-clad side. But now a ray of sun shattered itself on the pile of bubbles, and sprayed out into a curved glory.

Bubble-bugs blow their froth only when immature, and their bodies are a distillery, or home-brew, of sorts. No matter what the color, or viscosity, or chemical properties of sap, regardless of whether it flows in liana, shrub, or vine, the bug's artesian product is clear, tasteless, and wholly without the possibility of being blown into bubbles. When a large drop has collected, the tip of the abdomen encloses a retort of air, inserts this in the drop, and forces it out. In some way an imponderable amount of oil or dissolved wax is extruded and mixed with the drop — an invisible shellac, which toughens the bubble and gives it an astounding glutinous endurance. As long as the abdominal air-pump can be extended into the atmosphere, so long does the pile of bubbles grow until the insect is deep buried, and to penetrate this is as unpleasant an achievement for small marauders as to force a cobweb entanglement. I have draped a big pile of bubbles around the beak of an insect-eating bird, and watched it shake its head and wipe its beak in evident disgust at the clinging oily films. In the north we have the bits of fine white foam which we characteristically call frog-spittle; but these tropic relatives have bigger bellows, and their covering is like the interfering mass of film that emerges from the soap-bubble bowl when a pipe is thrust beneath the surface and that delicious gurgling sound is produced.

The most marvelous part of the whole thing is that the undistilled well that the bubble-bug taps would often overwhelm it in an instant, either by the burning acidity of its composition, or by the rubber coating of death into which it hardens in the air. Yet from this current of lava or vitriol our bug does three wonderful things: it distills sweet water for its present protective cell of bubbles; it draws purest nourishment for continual energy to run its bellows and pump; and simultaneously it fills its blood and tissues with a pungent flavor, which in the future will be a safeguard against the attacks of birds and lizards. Little by little its wings swell to full spread and strength; muscles are fashioned in its hind-legs, which, in time, will shoot it through great distances of space; and pigment of the most brilliant yellow and black forms on its wing-covers. When, at last, it shuts down its little still and creeps forth through the filmy veil, it is immature no longer, but a brilliant frog-hopper, sitting on the most conspicuous leaves, trusting, by pigmental warning, to advertise its inedibility, and watchful for a mate, so that the future may hold no dearth of bubble-bugs.

IV

On my first tramp each season in the tropical jungle, I see the legionary army

ants hastening on their way to battle, and the leaf-cutters plodding along, with chlorophyll hods over their shoulders, exactly as they did last year, and the year preceding, and probably a hundred thousand years before that. The Colony Egos of army and leaf-cutters may quite reasonably be classified, at least according to kingdom. The former, with carnivorous, voracious, nervous, vitally active members, seems an intangible, animal-like organism; while the stolid, unemotional, weather-swung Attas resemble the flowing sap of the food on which they subsist — vegetable.

Yet, whatever the simile, in the case of both of these colonies of ants, the net of unconscious precedent is too closely drawn, the mesh of instinct is too fine, to hope for any initiative. This was manifested by the most significant and spectacular occurrence I have ever observed in the world of insects. Some two years or more ago I studied, and reported upon, a nest of Ecitons, or Army Ants.[1] Eighteen months later, apparently the same army appeared and made a similar nest of their own bodies, in the identical spot above the door of the out-house, where I had found them before. Again we had to break up the temporary resting-place of these nomads, and killed about three quarters of the colony with various deadly chemicals.

In spite of the tremendous slaughter, the Ecitons, in late afternoon, raided a small colony of Wasps-of-the-Painted-Nest. These little chaps construct a round, sub-leaf carton-home, as large as a golf-ball, which carries out all the requirements of counter-shading and ruptive markings. The flattened, shadowed under-surface was white, and most of the sloping walls dark brown, down which extended eight white lines, following the veins of the leaf overhead. The side close to the stem of the leaf, and consequently always in deep shadow, was pure white. The eaves, catching high lights, were black.

All this marvelous merging with leaf-tones went for naught when once an advance Eciton scout located the nest. As the deadly mob approached, the wasplets themselves seemed to realize the futility of offering battle, and the entire colony of forty-four gathered in a forlorn group on a neighboring leaf, while their little castle was rifled — larvæ and pupæ torn from their cells, and rushed down the stems to the chaos that was raging in the Ecitons' own home. The wasps could guard against optical discovery, but the blind Army Ants had senses which transcended vision, if not even scent.

Late that night, our lanterns showed the remnants of the Eciton army wandering aimlessly about, making near approach impossible, but apparently lacking any definite concerted action.

At six o'clock the next morning I was starting for a swim, when, at the foot of the laboratory steps, I saw a swiftly moving, broad line of Army Ants on safari, passing through the compound to the beach. I traced them back under the servants' quarters, through two clumps of bamboos, to the out-house. Later, I followed along the column down to the river sand, through a dense mass of underbrush, through a hollow log, up the bank, back through light jungle — to the out-house again; and on a large fallen log, a few feet beyond the spot where their nest had been, the ends of the circle *actually came together*. It was the most astonishing thing, and I had to verify it again and again before I could believe the evidence of my eyes. It was a strong column, six lines wide in many places, and the ants fully believed that they were on their way to a new home; for most were carrying eggs or larvæ, although many had food, including the

[1] See the *Atlantic* for October, 1919.

larvæ of the Painted-Nest wasplets. For an hour at noon, during heavy rain, the column weakened and almost disappeared; but when the sun returned, the lines rejoined, and the revolution of the vicious circle continued.

There were several places which made excellent points of observation, and here we watched and marveled. Careful measurement of the great circle showed a circumference of twelve hundred feet. We timed the laden Ecitons, and found that they averaged two to two and three quarters inches a second. So a given individual would complete the round in about two hours and a half. Many guests were plodding along with the ants — mostly staphylinids, of which we secured five species: a brown Histerid beetle, a tiny Chalcid, and several Phorid flies, one of which was winged.

The fat Histerid beetle was most amusing, getting out of breath every few feet, and abruptly stopping to rest, turning around in its tracks, standing almost on its head, and allowing the swarm of ants to run up over it and jump off. Then on it would go again, keeping up the terrific speed of two and a half inches a second, for another yard. Its color was identical with the Ecitons' armor, and when it folded up, nothing could harm it. Once a worker stopped and antennæd it suspiciously; but aside from this, it was accepted as one of the line of marchers.

All the afternoon the insane circle revolved; at midnight, the hosts were still moving; the second morning many had weakened and dropped their burdens and the general pace had very appreciably slackened. But still the blind grip of instinct held them. On, on, on they must go! Always before in their nomadic life there had been a goal — a sanctuary of hollow tree, snug heart of bamboos; surely this terrible grind must end somehow. In this crisis, even the Spirit of the Army was helpless. Along the normal paths of Eciton life he could inspire endless enthusiasm, illimitable energy; but here his material units were bound upon the wheel of their perfection of instinct. Through sun and cloud, day and night, hour after hour, there was found no Eciton with individual initiative enough to turn aside an ant's breadth from the circle that he had traversed perhaps fifteen times.

Fewer and fewer now came along the well-worn path; burdens littered the line of march, like the arms and accoutrements thrown down by a retreating army. At last, a scanty single line struggled past — tired, hopeless, bewildered, idiotic, and thoughtless to the last. Then some half-dead Eciton straggled from the circle along the beach, and threw the line behind him into confusion. The desperation of total exhaustion had accomplished what necessity and opportunity and normal life could not. Several others followed his scent instead of that leading back toward the out-house; and as an amœba gradually flows into one of its own pseudopodia, so the forlorn hope of the great Eciton army passed slowly down the beach and on into the jungle. Would they die singly and in bewildered groups, or would the remnant draw together, and, again guided by the supermind of its Mentor, lay the foundation of another army, and again come to nest in my out-house?

Thus was the ending still unfinished, the finale buried in the future — and in this we find the fascination of Nature and of Science. Who can be bored for a moment in the short existence vouchsafed us here, with dramatic beginnings barely hidden in the dust, with the excitement of every moment of the present, and with all of cosmic possibility lying just concealed in the future, whether of Betelgeuse, of Amœba, or — of ourselves? *Vogue la galère!*

ERANT ENIM PISCATORES

BY HARRISON COLLINS

THE last rays of the setting sun gilded the distant camel-hump of Hieizan; up the valleys crept the soft fingers of a Japanese night. Spring was abroad in the air, in the bat fluttering over the surrounding paddy-fields, in the yellow evening-primroses already abloom; everywhere save in the young foreign teacher Addison's heart. On his shoulders rested a terrible responsibility; and as the bell for evening prayers clanged through the dormitory, the perpendicular cleft in his conscientious forehead deepened, and he grappled anew with his latest disciplinary problem.

How to present the matter in the most favorable, most compelling light — that was the question. He watched the shadows outside lengthen. Well, he 'd put it up to these Japanese boys just as he had to the fellows at the College 'Y' six months before, at home. They 'd understand. Things certainly could n't continue to go on as at present, from difficult bad to intolerable worse.

Below stairs, stumbling to a chair beyond the ping-pong table and baby-organ, he sat down on a baseball glove, that may or may not have got there by mistake, just as Yagi San screwed a new bulb into its socket and flooded the disorderly room with light. He watched the boys absently, as with tattered hymnals and much flapping of indoor sandals they drew up into the usual circle, giggled, and subsided into vivid silence.

There were ten, in all, present. First, to the left wriggled the Koyama cousins, — Jusan and Eisan, — thirteen and twelve years old respectively; Jusan so fat that his eyes were completely invisible behind horizontal slits; Eisan, tiny, wraithlike, the dormitory's inimitable mimic (when Addison was not present), charter-member of that universal brotherhood of contemporaries whose idea of the last word in humor calls for the intimate association of a chair, a dignified older person, and a tack or a pin. Hirose San, an overgrown, somewhat stupid-looking boy of seventeen — big-headed, moon-faced, thick-lipped — loomed beyond. Then Kuroda San, baseball fan and fielder, sat silent and somewhat bored by his friend Ouye San, also seventeen and fellow admirer of Mr. Babe Ruth. The pair, with their sun-baked hawk countenances, would have made excellent American Indians, had they worn blankets instead of kimonos. Yagi San, of the same age, — a pretty boy, pale, with almost infantile features, — was finding the place in the hymnal for little Fujimura San — a newcomer from Ōsaka, apple-cheeked, fourteen years old. Kawazura San, tall, lean, humorless, a good student, carrying his sixteen years as a Buddha carries his centuries, sat sphinx-like, ready to begin, his large eyes staring. Stunted Inouye San, his neighbor, fifteen years of age, at seven o'clock was already nodding, half asleep. Last, completing the circle, sat good, faithful, handsome, manly Suzuki. (The adjectives were all applicable, thought Addison.) He was nineteen and would be graduated next

year. Not a bad bunch, not half a bad bunch, mused their teacher, while waiting for the meeting to come fully to order and life.

'To-night we 'll sing no hymns. I want to talk. What I say Suzuki here will translate. All right?'

Suzuki blushed and everybody laughed, Addison loudest. Then, remembering his solemn duty, he resolutely banished his smile and summoned again the difficult frown.

'Fellows,' he began threateningly (his manner had been much admired in similar meetings at home), and thumping his closed hymn-book, 'awfully sorry, and all that, but you and I have got to go to the mat now on at least two counts.'

He glared round on all present, and the boys, who knew him in private life as a being not wholly impossible to propitiate, and also as a corking good baseball pitcher, registered appropriate and sympathetic solemnity, without understanding one word. *Sotto voce:* 'Shoot 'em that, Suzuki!'

Suzuki, politely, deprecatingly, in Japanese: 'Honorable everyone! Pardon me, but the Sensei says we're going to the jiu-jitsu room to meet two counts.'

Interested surprise manifested everywhere, but gravity still maintained, since the occasion and the Sensei's face seemed to demand it.

'Number one,' holding up a long forefinger, 'hereafter we've got to cut out all late hours.'

Suzuki, hesitating: 'The first count says we must operate on ourselves. That is' — uncertainly — 'so the Sensei says.'

Puzzlement on part of audience; but foreigners *are* funny creatures anyhow — even Sensei.

Addison, warming up: 'That's right, that's right, Suzuki; give it to 'em straight, give it to 'em straight!'

Then, fixing a baleful eye on trembling twelve-year-old Eisan Koyama, he shouted in a voice of thunder, —

'MEN — '

'Males,' courteously murmured the faithful Suzuki.

'MEN, things can't go on here as they are at present. The Antis in school already say you can tell a Christian dormitory boy by his sleepy face!'

Suzuki: 'Males, in school (in America?) there are kind aunts who give a present to every Christian boy who has a sleepy face.' Then, hurriedly, in the same tone of voice, with unnecessary anxiety lest Addison discover any linguistic blunder: 'So he says, but perhaps I'm not getting all this.'

Addison (in his best manner, with infinite and scathing contempt): 'Such a condition, men, turns your stomach and fills you with disgust.'

Suzuki: 'Such a condition, males, turns your stomach over and fills it with dust.'

Addison held up another accusing finger beside the first: 'Count two.'

'The second count.'

(Recrudescence of interest on the part of the audience.)

'This count is of even greater importance.'

'This count is of even higher rank.'

'MEN, we are losing our vitality in getting across our propaganda.'

Here, Suzuki was forced into surrender and begged for further enlightenment. A conference ensued, and he interpreted: —

'In spreading our propaganda we are losing our lives.'

(Visible consternation on every face except that of Inouye, who was by this time asleep.)

'Pep, *pep*, PEP! We must show more pep. To win out we've got to get a wiggle on. (No, Suzuki, afraid you can't make that one — get a *move* on, I mean.) In a school of eight hundred

boys we ought to rope in more than fifty!' And so on, the translation of his remarks illustrating anew what always happens when enterprising young Westerners try to hustle the East.

He drew for them, he thought, a picture of what the dormitory was and of what it ought to be. He told them, in racy Yankee, what, if they worked, it surely would become. He closed with a forceful appeal, begging them thenceforth to toil like yeomen (though that was not his word), like fishers tugging at the nets, and con*strain*, con*strain* members to come in.

It was a splendid effort. But perhaps, after all, it was just as well that the boys did n't understand it quite — especially the forceful example at the end; because, except for Fujimura San, all of them hailed from the mountainous country of Tamba, in whose rapid rivers custom dictated that *gentlemen* should not fish at all, but lie in canopied boats at pillowed ease and merely watch other men wield the nets.

'Now, fellows,' he said in his ordinary voice, taking the silence for approbation and permanently dropping his frown, 'now, fellows, as a sign of our turning over a new leaf, I suggest that we all go to the Heian Church to-night for the midweek service. We have n't been there for months. It'll mean a fine hike, some good words from Mr. Nishio, and an early snooze.'

What Suzuki made of this, I leave you to puzzle out. But they were going somewhere, that they knew, and they guessed it was to church.

'Banzai!' shouted Jusan wildly, 'Banzai! We're going to church to meet some counts!' And everyone — Inouye San being roused — agreed that it was a far more suitable place than the jiu-jitsu room for receiving two such prominent persons.

To one who knew his Dickens — and who in this dark world and wide does not! — the Reverend Mr. Nishio at once recalled and expressed three illustrious characters: he was as good as Pickwick, as unctuous as Pecksniff, as hopeful as Micawber — and stouter than any of the three. And so, figuratively, if not literally, — being a Japanese, — he welcomed Addison and his nimble flock with open arms. He smiled, and winked his Jusan-like eyes, and rubbed his dimpled hands. Indeed, there was much bowing and intaking of breath on both sides.

They were just in time, it seemed; for, as they entered the main room of the church, a young lady in spectacles and dun-colored kimono had just begun an attack on an asthmatic organ. They sat in a row on the front bench, and even in their wriggling silence lent the otherwise middle-aged and demure congregation the vividness of youth. They made even the minister and organist feel their grateful aura, and turned what had begun as a very drowsy prayer-meeting into something akin to life.

'He is taking Sensei's text,' whispered Suzuki to Addison, when Mr. Nishio, rubbing his hands, and winking and smiling more heartily than ever, began his little talk. And, as it went on, though Addison could grasp scarcely a word, in the voice, the gestures, the rising passion of the preacher, most of all in the open-eyed attention of all the boys, including even sleepy Inouye, he realized what was being said.

The old, old story of Galilee — he breathed it all. The blueness of the cloudless sky and untroubled turquoise water he felt, and saw the two rough fishermen with their ragged nets, listening rapt to the words of the tall, white-robed One whose sandals made purer the stainless sand: —

> Now as he walked by the sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers.
>
> And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after

me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.

And straightway they forsook their nets, and followed him.

Now, as everyone in Kyōto knows, at the junction of Ōmiya and Shijo streets, where one takes the car for cherry-famed Arashiyama, there is a little store which, from the diversity and seasonableness of its wares, merits the name, Jack-of-all-Shops. In winter, it sells fried sweet potatoes to children (who gobble them hot out of the sack); in summer, vegetables; in fall, persimmons. At the time I am speaking of — in spring — its specialty was goldfish.

Addison and his troop, returning from church about nine o'clock, shot round the corner upon it, in full cry, so to speak.

They stopped — as who would n't? Goldfish, goldfish everywhere! In crystal globes on stands, on shelves, globes within globes; in pails, in tubs, in artificial ponds spanned by tiny bridges; of all bulks, from minnows to full-sized carp, the magic creatures swam, twinkling and blazing under the powerful electric light.

Beside one pond in the centre — the largest and most populous of all — lay displayed miniature bamboo rods, with black threads for lines, and microscopic filament-like hooks; while overhead, in Chinese characters, ran the explanatory legend: 'Buy a pole and take home your own catch. Fish as long as you like — *only two sen.*'

'Oh-h-h-h!' shouted the younger contingent; and plunged recklessly between the rows of glass globes for the sport to be had inside.

Addison was not the last, be it said to his credit, to cast in a line. But fishing for goldfish with a hook many sizes smaller than a pin has its own technique. Goldfish are slippery as catfish, and must be caught gently under the belly or gills, and jerked quickly into a waiting pail of water without contact with the fingers, if they are to be taken home alive and unhurt. Time and time again he raised one to the surface of the water only to have it, by a sudden flirt of its lithe body, wriggle away again; and on a dozen occasions he let one flop loose when already in the air.

'Well,' he said disgustedly at the hundredth mishap, 'I quit. I'm going home — have some work to prepare anyway.' To a questioning look of Suzuki's: 'All right, fellows — hang round a bit, if you care to. But don't forget — not too late.'

'*Sayonara*, Sensei!' sang the two or three others who remembered that he existed.

Next morning, Addison opened his eyes, yawned, rose on one arm, noted that the sun already stood high in the heavens, and conscientiously got out of bed. The dormitory was unusually still. Throwing on a few clothes, he slipped down to the common washroom. There, too, unwonted silence reigned. Only the old woman cook could be heard puttering about in the adjoining kitchen.

He plunged his face into a basin of cold water and came to full consciousness. On the floor stood a tub, not a small one, bubbling with panting goldfish. Their scales shone in the morning sun, though here and there a paler upturned belly showed where some weaker warrior had given up the crowded fight.

He poured fresh water into the tub from a pail standing by, and watched it give new ease and life.

'By George, there must be a thousand of them!' he cried.

'Seven hundred and fifty-three,' yawned a voice.

He whipped round to find Suzuki standing at his elbow rubbing sleep-filled eyes.

'Seven hundred and fifty-three ex-

actly. Oh, the man he is angry — bery, bery angry. But we stay and stay and stay, and of course pay no attention to heem. "As long as you weesh," we remind heem that he hab said. "We *weesh* to stay longer." *And* we stay until all are catched — *all*. *And*, Sensei, eef you go there to-day you will find that the advertisement which we saw to-morrow night is no longer there. Twenty leettle sen for ten leettle poles and seven hundred fifty-three pretty leettle feesh. *Also*, you will find bery, bery angry man — *bery* angry man!'

Dazed, hurt, and not a little angry himself, Addison sternly climbed the stairs, Suzuki close behind him.

At the top he turned on the boy accusingly.

'Suzuki, when did you fellows turn in last night?'

'Pardon, dear Sensei, early' — shamefacedly — 'this morning. One o'crock.'

Addison consulted his watch.

'Heck, only ten minutes till the first bell! No breakfast, no preparation, no anything! O Suzuki!'

Snores wafted softly down on them from six open transoms.

His voice trembled: 'Suzuki, how could you?'

'Sensei, do not trouble. I will awoke them before your stomach turn himself over once!'

The student touched his teacher's arm affectionately.

'Sensei, do not trouble. All right. Everyshing is all right. I will awoke them. Sh-h-h-h, listen to them, so brave, so innocent! I will awoke them at once. I am coming to awoke you, my boys!'

Then turning away, reverently, with upraised Nishio-like face and finger to lips: 'Last night, feeshers in feesh. To-day, who know, feeshers in men!'

ENGLAND'S NAVY AND DISARMAMENT

BY SIR ARTHUR HUNGERFORD POLLEN

I

From the point of view of the average educated Englishman, the naval situation to-day is the most extraordinary imaginable. If he is a middle-aged man, he will remember that, barely a generation and a half ago, all the powers combined spent less upon their navies than a single power does to-day. Then England and France spent more than the rest of the world together, and compared in capital ships as three to two. Together they owned more than half of all the battleships afloat, yet between them they spent far less than twenty millions sterling a year. The most expensive ship that either nation had, built or building, cost less than £700,000. To-day, although we are at peace with all the world, our navy is costing ninety millions sterling a year, and we are outbuilt, not by one, but by two powers.

The great change came before the war. Two men are primarily responsi-

ble for the new emphasis given to naval forces during the forty years preceding 1914 — two men whose minds and characters differed fundamentally. The American Mahan had been a midshipman in the Civil War, but had seen no other fighting, and was a student by nature. The Englishman Fisher saw, so far as one is apt to remember, no sea-fighting at all, his solitary experience of warships used in war being the bombardment of Alexandria. He, unlike Mahan, was no student. He was, indeed, proud of his ignorance of history and of his contempt for the so-called scientific doctrines of war. These are common failings of men who believe themselves to be practical, and have a native insight into the possibilities of physical science. Fisher was, in these respects, preëminent. His faith in what the inventors and manufacturers could do was unlimited. His impatience with the old-fashioned and the obsolescent was monumental. Like Mahan's, his memory ran back to the Civil War, and he was apt to think of the sea-war of the future in terms of big guns and thick armor, and the revolution in material of which he had seen so much. It was Fisher who, in the early eighties, started the late Mr. Stead in his journalistic campaign on the 'Truth about the Navy.' It roused England. But it did more. It roused the whole of Europe to a sudden realization that England was England only when her navy was supreme. And this agitation had hardly got well under way when Mahan's first book appeared. The world was now doubly awakened to the function of sea-power in history. Here was Great Britain agitated from end to end in her effort to put her naval house in order; and here was Mahan seemingly giving away the secret of English greatness!

In little more than a generation the sea-aspect of the world had changed completely. Whereas in 1885 Great Britain was spending only eleven millions and a half on her navy, in 1914 she had voted over fifty millions; whereas in 1884 she had no naval competitor but France, in 1914 the Russian, German, Austrian, and Italian fleets would have been greatly superior to her, could they have combined. Germany alone, which had no fleet at all at the first date, had capital ships in number and in power equal to nearly seventy-five per cent of the British force. So much for Europe. The war with Spain had resulted in America's having a very considerable navy; the war with Russia had done the same for Japan.

Yet on the eve of the World War, Great Britain had, built and building, forty-four dreadnought battleships and battle-cruisers, the United States had fourteen, and Japan seven. In other words, a brief seven years ago, Great Britain compared, in capital ships, with America as three to one, and with Japan as six to one. She was rather more than twice as strong as the two put together. Russia and France were allies, Italy was neutral, the Austrian and Turkish fleets could not combine with the German, and war was declared before Turkey could get the two battleships building for her in England. With no rivals outside Europe, and with allies in Europe, Great Britain had a comfortable superiority over the neighbor that shortly was to be her enemy.

But great as was the contrast between the situation of 1914 and that of forty years ago, the contrast between 1914 and 1921 is more striking still.

Since the engagement that took place off the Danish coast on the thirty-first of May, 1916, commonly — and erroneously — talked of as the 'Battle of Jutland,' Great Britain has laid down and completed one battle-cruiser only — the Hood. She has built no other capital ships at all. To be strictly accurate, she has built other ships, bigger

than any battleships, but they were insane freaks, the offspring of fantastic and unwarlike notions, whose fabulous cost and complete futility would have excited angry comment — except that the blunder of building them was submerged in other and more costly, more futile blunders still. The Hood, then, is the only ship we can show that can be said to embody any war experience at all. At Jutland, it will be remembered, the British battle-fleet did not get into action; it was the battle-cruisers that forced the fighting and suffered in the fighting. And the only ship we have completed is a battle-cruiser, and the only change we have made from the old design has been to eliminate the defects shown in action to be fatal in the other ships. Our only modern warship, therefore, is not a vessel of the most formidable fighting value, nor was she built after a full and mature examination of war experience.

Indeed, this experience was not available until after the surrender of the German fleet — it would, perhaps, be more correct to say, until we obtained from Germany, early in 1919, more or less complete data of what the German fleet had suffered from the attentions of Lord Beatty and his captains. But this information was shared with the Associated and Allied powers, and it was they, and not Great Britain, who made use of it. Thus, if the battleship is the most powerful of naval units, and if digested war experience is the best guide to building the best battleships, then it is the simple fact that the British fleet to-day does not possess a single unit that incorporates the lessons of the war. America and Japan, on the other hand, have either completed, or have due for completion within a year or two, sixteen battleships and battle-cruisers apiece, all of which have been put in hand since the Hood was laid down, and most of which have, in one way or another, benefited by the fuller knowledge of the action off Jutland. And nothing that Great Britain can do can alter this state of things, for the next four or five years at least. During this period the British fleet will, in the strongest fighting units, compare with either the American or the Japanese fleet, as a fraction of one to sixteen!

II

Now neither of the two following propositions can be doubted. Battleship strength is the foundation of all sea-power. Without it decisive victory at sea is inconceivable. These are doctrines laid down by the Board of Admiralty over which Lord Beatty presides, and we must remember that they have been endorsed, without qualification, by the General Board of the United States Navy. They were, of course, equally true in 1914. They have been true throughout the history of naval war. It is the most powerful ships that ultimately prevail, if they exist in adequate numbers, and are employed according to right principles.

But these are doctrines which have always been subject to qualification, and it seems to be indisputable that there are factors actually existing and growing in importance to-day that must qualify these principles still further. First, there has been a development of other forms of sea-force, and these make the effective employment of a battle-fleet an infinitely more difficult matter than it was in 1914. There has been a continuous progress, not only in the range and power, but in the accuracy of the torpedo. It is now feasible to employ it from aircraft as well as from seacraft, surface and submerged. And aircraft and submerged seacraft have gained in range, in certainty of action, and in speed, to a most marvelous degree. Again, the

means of communication at sea by wireless telegraphy and telephony have changed so greatly that the tactics for leading up to action or for avoiding it have been greatly facilitated; while the high perfection to which the hydrophone has been brought has made it possible to gain news, not only of submarines, but of surface craft, at far greater distances than was once thought possible, and with far greater precision. These things not only expose the huge and costly units of a battle-fleet to forms of attack undreamed of before the World War, — so that there is a precariousness about battleship strength actually more real than the most sanguine believer in the German attrition theory supposed in pre-war days, — but, what is probably more important, they increase the facility with which a weaker force can tire out a superior force by the successful evasion of action.

Again, each of the new factors I have mentioned is manifestly capable of increases in efficiency. Nor is it less manifest that to these factors new elements can at any moment be added, as invention, scientific research, and experiment bring new devices and new weapons into play. Putting these things together, two things become obvious: first, that a supreme battle-fleet will need a degree of anxious protection that will be both costly to prepare and embarrassing to use; and that, apart from this, the whole problem of employing a battle-fleet to get its designed and desired effect will have been made incalculably more complicated and, therefore, more difficult.

The British Navy has actually had more experience of the novel factors in sea-war than has any other power; and it is natural to suppose — should it have to go to war again — that in this respect it must, for some years, enjoy a great advantage. If, then, it is true that there exist to-day forms of attack on battleship strength that have not existed heretofore, we ought to have something, at least, to set against our crushing material inferiority in fighting-ships of the most modern kind. So that the actual threat to Great Britain of a battle-fleet more formidable than she possesses, viewed as a material problem alone, is very far from being what it was seven years ago.

But this, of course, is far from being the only technical difference between the situation in 1914 and that in 1921. Then our most formidable sea rival was geographically cornered. The mass of our island lay straight across his path to the open sea. He was free to go into the Baltic and free to go into the North Sea. But the first liberty was of little value to him until he gained the Russian seaports by land conquest. He had nothing to gain in the early stages by an action with the Russian Navy; for, although that fleet was small in numbers, it was formidable in power, and more formidable in view of its excellent war-trained officer personnel. And if he had little scope in the Baltic, he had apparently less in the North Sea. For here he could do nothing with effect unless he could force a very superior fleet into action and defeat it decisively. To a great extent, therefore, the German fleet was neutralized by the disadvantages of its situation. If it had been a superior fleet, the situation would not have been wholly reversed. It could have denied British access to the North Sea until it was itself defeated; but if it could not force the British fleet to action, it would be compelled to contain it before it could itself proceed to close our southern and western ports.

The neutralization of an inferior British fleet would have presented problems to a superior German fleet wholly different from those which we had to envisage. The point is simple. When

the threat of the British battle-fleet compelled the Germans to keep to their harbors, or limited them to a very restricted area beyond them, the whole menace of German sea-power was gone. The seas were free to British cruisers and British trade. The German lighter ships, — von Spee's armored cruisers, Emden, Königsberg, Dresden, and the converted merchantmen, — these were all mopped up in a few months. There was nothing between any British ship and her home ports. But with the situation reversed this would not have been so. A British battleship force 'in being,' unhurt, at Scapa in the north, and other forces at Plymouth in the south, could have issued from their harbors and stopped all German sea-borne services, and have harried the German cruisers that attempted to attack our own trade. Nor could the German fleet have left the British fleet on its flank and gone to the open sea to protect its cruisers. So great, in short, was the handicap of the geographical position, that Germany, to counteract it, would have had to possess a fleet twice as strong as ours, merely to win a naval equality.

The present naval situation is, of course, altogether and entirely different. A superior battle-fleet, based on the Atlantic seaports, seems free from the handicap imposed upon the German fleet; for, clearly, a stronger battle-fleet could not be confined to its harbors by a weaker force; and at first sight it would seem as if, with free access to the Atlantic, such a fleet would constitute the most formidable of all threats to Great Britain. But there a new principle affects the situation.

Modern ships have certain vast advantages over the wooden vessels of our forefathers. They have gained incalculably in power and in speed. They have gained still more in the facility with which they are free of every point of the compass. But they have lost in sea endurance, and they are far more dependent upon prompt and frequent access to their bases. And, being vastly more complicated, they need something more at their bases than provisions, ropes, spars, and sails. A modern naval base, to be of the slightest value to a battle-fleet, must be equipped with productive facilities of an engineering order, ample enough to constitute a manufacturing town of very respectable proportions. It must have all the advantages on which the manufacturing town depends for a constant supply of fuel, material, and labor. So vast, indeed, are the necessities of a modern arsenal, that it is practically impossible for one to exist if severed from the mainland of the country that owns it. No country in the world has so many coaling and other naval stations as has Great Britain; but outside Great Britain itself there is not one naval base that could support and supply a battle-fleet in war. Both the American and the Japanese navies, then, suffer — I am discussing this from the point of view of their being a menace to Great Britain — from this severe disability.

Thus, altogether apart from the difficulties that have accumulated during the past few years in employing a battle-fleet at all, British-sea power derives certain advantages from this factor of the distance that separates our bases and the focal points of our trade from the fleets materially superior to ours. In the light of these things, the fact that Great Britain no longer has a predominant fighting fleet has a meaning radically different from mere naval inferiority to a European power: it suggests that the difference is one, not of degree at all, but actually of kind.

Yet, when every allowance has been made, it remains a fact that, for the first time in modern history, Great Britain is not the putative mistress of

the seas. The topsy-turvydom of the World War has brought us no surprise comparable to this. Time out of mind, the invincibility of the British fleet has been a fundamental doctrine of our national policy. What England owes to the sea is a commonplace of everyday knowledge. That England, cut off from the sea, must perish instantly and utterly, is a commonplace of military science. That for two hundred and fifty years Great Britain has never, so far as material provision could prevent, been in danger of sea-defeat, is a simple historical fact. And when I say 'in danger,' I understate the fact. I mean that never, in all this period, was there a time when Great Britain could not face the sea-world in arms: indeed, at one period she actually did so, and with success.

III

Now, we shall not understand why it is that Great Britain no longer has the strongest fleet, unless we understand why for so long she had. It has been assumed that our greatness at sea arose originally — and naturally and inevitably — out of our greatness as a seafaring people, and to our owning and using a larger merchant-shipping than did other nations. And, again, it has been assumed that, as Great Britain was by far the wealthiest country in the world, her maintaining a greater navy was a natural and inevitable function of her wealth. But it is, of course, simply untrue that fighting navies derive from merchant navies by some preordained and unescapable process; and equally untrue that naval strength is, or ever has been, proportionate to a country's wealth.

I shall not attempt to justify these statements by any complete summary of the historical facts that prove them. But there are a few instances in point that will suffice for my purpose. As to the first proposition, let me quote from Mahan's *Naval Strategy:* —

> There is a further conclusion to be drawn from the war between Japan and Russia, which contradicts a previous general impression that I myself have shared, and possibly in some degree have contributed to diffuse. That impression is, that navies depend upon maritime commerce as the cause and justification of their existence. To a certain extent, of course, this is true; and, just because true to a certain extent, the conclusion is more misleading. Because partly true, it is accepted as unqualifiedly true. Russia has little maritime commerce, at least in her own bottoms; her merchant flag is rarely seen; she has a very defective seacoast; can in no sense be called a maritime nation. Yet the Russian navy had the decisive part to play in the late war; and the war was unsuccessful, not because the navy was not large enough, but because it was improperly handled. Probably, it also was intrinsically insufficient — bad in quality; poor troops as well as poor generalship. The disastrous result does not contravene the truth that Russia, though with little maritime shipping, was imperatively in need of a navy.

Here, then, is a case where a navy was essential, though there was virtually no merchant-shipping at all out of which it could germinate. That there have been great merchant marines without navies is, of course, equally true. Norway, with no navy at all, has a singularly high ratio of tonnage to population; and the huge leap in German merchant-tonnage between 1890 and 1909 is a not less striking instance in point. For until 1909 Germany had not even the rudiments of a fleet that could have been formidable at sea.

And as to navies being functions of wealth, this surely is not in the least degree tenable. People do not build fleets and ships because they can afford them as a luxury. Still less do they build them as an investment, trusting to their conquests or their loot to pay

the bill. They build them only because they are a grim necessity. At least, this is certainly the explanation of Great Britain's two centuries and a half of sea-supremacy.

IV

England, after all, is one of the European nations. Until quite recently she was as inferior in population to one and another of her neighbors as she was in area. It was only toward the end of the eighteenth century that she became the wealthiest country in Europe; and although always dependent for a large portion of her wealth on the freest possible access to the sea, it was not primarily her sea trade, but the fact that she was the first of the world's people to become a manufacturing nation, that explained why, for a century and half, hers was the richest people in the world. But, of course, she could not have become so without free access to the sea; and of all the nations that have ever been, she had the greatest interest in preserving this freedom. And she needed a free sea, not only to develop her trade, but for another purpose. Indeed, her trade itself arose out of that purpose.

The end of the fifteenth century, and the beginning of the sixteenth, was the age of the great sea-adventurers. But, of all the countries, England alone maintained the spirit that had first sent her sons afloat. Sometimes they went as colonists — to get a freer religious or political atmosphere than they could get at home; sometimes they went in search of wealth; sometimes, apparently, for the sheer fun of the thing. But, whatever the motive, the spirit of sea-adventuring, the desire for, and a determination to get, free use of the sea, became the mark of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is to this spirit that the northern continent of America, from the Mexican border to the North Pole, owes its control by the descendants of Englishmen; that half of Africa is under the flag of Britain; that India is a British dependency; that Australia is one of His Majesty's Dominions; that China has been opened up to European trade.

Few, if any, of the statesmen of England visualized the enormous scale of national expansion that Destiny had in store for the British people. But they have never failed in the instinct that this people had to be free to expand. At every stage they perceived that there was only one thing that could prevent the English being masters of their Fate: it was that the sea should be closed against them. They saw that there was but one contingency that could so close the sea: it was that the other powers of Europe should combine to do it. There never was a possibility that such a combination would be a spontaneous and voluntary movement; but it was a danger, nevertheless.

The ambition to govern the whole world is an infirmity that has obsessed the minds — noble and otherwise — of many emperors and kings. But the collapse of the Roman Empire, the barbarian invasion of Europe, the slow reconstruction of a new civilization to replace the old, the arrest of the world trade that had existed while the Roman Empire still stood — these and other causes made the business of world-conquest slumber, until Louis the Great emerged from his minority in the seventeenth century and found the whole power and wealth of France concentrated in his hands. His ambitions taught the English the lesson they needed; and when, a century and a quarter after Louis's failure, his political and spiritual heir, Napoleon Bonaparte, came into the same heritage, his military genius seemed to promise success where Louis had failed. But long

pondering on what she had escaped under Louis had prepared England for the emergency. It was during this period that the sea-doctrine of Great Britain had been formulated and had become fundamental.

The 'Balance of Power' had become the target of every modern carper at the old régime. But the adhesion of England to it arose from no insane militarism, nor from any blind devotion to an old-world and corrupt diplomacy. If for more than two hundred years we stood in the way of any one power in Europe dominating the rest, it was not because we were slaves to the pursuit of glory, not because we coveted the wealth of others, not because we reveled in the shameless chicanery of intrigue, but simply because we knew that it was all up with us if we did not. And the only way we could prevent France or any other country from dominating Europe was to keep the command of the seas in our hands.

In time of peace it is usual to talk of national forces, whether they are land-forces or sea-forces, as implements of national 'defense.' In war, of course, there is only one use of force, and that is for an attack upon the enemy. If you wish to defend your territory you will, if you are wise, attack and destroy the force that threatens it. At sea there are no territories, and the traditions of sea-war are not, therefore, confused by the military jargon of offensive and defensive strategy. The function of a fleet is to destroy, or neutralize the possible action of, the enemy's fleet. But its function begins and ends with this. To be sure, if either of these ends is achieved, the way is open for the other arm. But the work proper of the fleet is over when the enemy's fleet is rendered innocuous.

Thus, viewed politically, a navy is not an instrument of conquest. It does not threaten its neighbors — except indirectly — because it opens the way to military conquest. It was this truth that safeguarded the position of England in Europe. As it was our set policy to prevent the domination of any single power, it necessarily followed that, when the disposition to conquer showed itself in any one nation, we were always sure of allies, because it was we alone who could give effective help to those who were in danger of aggression. Thus the compulsion of national security drove us literally to make a virtue of necessity. It became our rôle to stand for liberty and right-dealing on the continent.

In the very nature of things, therefore, we could not follow our destiny without being a great sea-power, and our greatness at sea made us the arbiter and the judge among our neighbors in Europe. But this does not exhaust the advantages that sea-power gave us. From the earliest times sea-war has been the only form of war that has been regulated by international law. This, of course, is a very large subject, which I cannot pursue. Let it suffice to remind the reader that right into the nineteenth century the progress of armies was still marked by unchecked looting and the rape, murder, and torture of the non-combatant population. But, for a century before that, sea-war had been governed by the most rigid rules; and anyone — even an enemy — who suffered in his property or in his person, had access to an Admiralty court, where, if he had right on his side, he was sure of justice. The thing followed inevitably, of course, from the fact that the sea is a common highway, on which, except that they may not help an enemy, neutrals have equal rights with the combatants. But the point is that men fighting at sea, having first to respect the rights of noncombatant neutrals, — who, of course, did not figure in land-war at all, — were then compelled to recognize the personal rights of a noncombatant enemy. It is,

I think, an interesting historical fact that the English, necessarily the great exponents of maritime law, and those best trained in its spirit, were almost the first to insist on a similarly disciplined humanity on land. It was the Duke of Wellington, in the Crimea, and afterward in France, who, by his practice, laid the foundation of all these rules for the protection of noncombatants, which much later on were embodied in the agreements of Geneva and The Hague.

Thus sea-war had a double influence on the national character. It made the English the protagonists of political justice and right dealing, and it trained the nation in the higher humanity that insists that the horrors of war shall be limited by the observance of civilized regulations. Nor was either influence limited to the European sphere. To my mind there is nothing fanciful in the idea that the successive abolitions, first of the slave-trade all over the world, and next of slave-owning in British possessions, were very largely due to the compulsory education that the British people received from seamen. I need hardly remind American readers of the influence of this example on the conduct of their forebears. And it is certainly an historical fact that when, after the Congress of Vienna, the old monarchies of Europe exhibited a deplorable reaction toward absolutism, — against which the popular elements in the South American colonies of Spain and Portugal rebelled, — it was at the instance of the British Prime Minister that President Monroe announced the famous doctrine ever since associated with his name. And it was certainly because of British sea-power that, at that most critical time, the doctrine was respected.

All these things are vaguely in the Englishman's mind when he looks at the present naval situation and sees how lamentably Great Britain has fallen from her great estate. But he will be wholly wrong to blame his government for allowing this thing to be. The deeper and saner interpretation of our sea-supremacy, while it lasted, is not that it corresponded with some such innate national pride as is echoed in 'Britannia rules the waves'; not that it was a luxury which our old overwhelming wealth gave us, and our present poverty cannot afford; not that it was a natural outcome of our merchant-shipping, which, when all is said and done, is as dominant to-day as it was before the war: Great Britain maintained a sea-force superior to that of all other combinations of sea-force for just so long as her security as a nation made it imperative and — this is the point — for no longer. If our navy lasted long enough to defeat the German effort, and if that defeat left us without an enemy or a threat against us in any part of the world, then the British Navy had done its work. Whether America or Japan or any other country with whom we had coöperated to win had a larger fleet than that which we had inherited from pre-war conditions was, so to speak, a matter of indifference. Surprising as the man in the street has found the present naval situation to be, it has, of course, been no surprise at all to those who follow public events closely and who have attempted to understand the causes behind them.

That the American and Japanese fleets do not threaten Great Britain — and here I drop the technical argument and confine myself to the political situation — is certainly clear enough to-day. We have no differences that we know of with either country. We have an offensive and defensive alliance with Japan, against the world, except the United States; and we have a treaty of arbitration with the United States which, as both nations respect their plighted word, is no scrap of paper, but a bond.

It has happened in the history of nations that an unsuspected conflict of economic interests, an outburst of local passion, in which foreign nations suffer, or a sudden conflict of national interest in a third country has induced such violent words and feelings, that governments have been powerless to stem them. Any tension of this sort between Great Britain and the United States is, of course, very improbable. But should it arise, the treaty safeguards the position. Most of us think — and we are certainly right in so thinking — that the real reason why the treaty exists is because it is wholly unnecessary. There could, of course, be no better explanation of a written agreement. The Americans and the British would arbitrate in any event. Be this as it may, the treaty is there; and other things being as they are now. I repeat, neither the American nor the Japanese fleet seems to us a menace to any vital interest.

It, therefore, summarizes my argument to this point to say that the reason why Great Britain maintained a supreme fleet in former days is so obvious, that all who run may read. The mother nation and that league of free nations which is called the British Empire would have been at the mercy of aggression had it not been so. It bears repeating, that this is the sole and only reason why our fleet was maintained at its old relative strength. It is not so maintained to-day — again, for one reason only: the Empire is not threatened by aggression.

V

A final point must be made clear before I leave this part of the argument. If the British Navy, while it was supreme, was not a natural outgrowth of British wealth, while that also was supreme, so, too, the fact that, in the costlier and more powerful units, the British fleet has fallen to the third place is not in the least attributable to the fact that our wealth is not absolutely or relatively what it was. If I am right in saying that the supreme fleet arose from a supreme national emergency, — because without it the nation could not be secure in its possessions, or in its destiny, — then, certainly, I am right in going further and saying that, were these possessions or this destiny again threatened, the fleet would be made supreme again. There is no conceivable sacrifice that would limit it. We have a heavy war-debt, a legacy of heavy post-war extravagances. But from the day when the late hostilities began to the day they ended, it never occurred to a soul in these islands to say that we could not afford the sacrifices involved. No one did suggest, nor could anyone suggest, that five thousand millions, or eight or ten thousand millions, was the limit we could spend. So long as the war lasted, the nation was in peril. The rate of sacrifice had to be maintained until that peril was removed. The principle on which we acted was the principle on which we should act again, if, in time of peace, the threat of war reappeared.

It is important that this truth should be fully grasped, for otherwise we shall not get the Conference issues clearly in our minds. The Conference is commonly spoken of as if its immediate purpose were to bring about a tripartite agreement for the limitation of naval armaments. In other criticisms of mine I have given my reasons for saying that I do not think an agreement on this point is feasible. This doubt is a corollary of the theory I have just put forward. Armaments of all kinds, whether naval or military, either are a necessity of national safety or they manifest an intention to commit some unprovoked aggression on others. Or, of course, they may be the outcome of mere megalo-

mania and vanity. If a nation fears no other nations, and yet maintains great armies or fleets, then, unquestionably, that nation's conduct is inconsequent — unless it has itself a plan of conquest in mind. And if it fears aggression, it will assuredly maintain its force at the safety limit. No example of, and no pressure from, other nations — short of successful war — will be regarded as binding, if that nation believes that the circumstances in which the agreement was made have changed to its disadvantage. The law of preservation clearly admits no exception, and no nation can contract itself out of its obligations.

Even should such perfect accord be reached as to make each of our three countries willing to execute a contract by which none should build or maintain a navy above a stated strength, there would surely be very great difficulties in drawing up the schedule. Naval force is about the most unsettled thing there is. No one can say to-day how a navy will be composed ten years hence. And even to-day you really want a different navy for different wars. It is to me very hard to picture any unanimity, if each country is to have so many battleships, so many cruisers, so many destroyers, and so on. No type is of constant value; the ratio of types will vary as values vary; new types will come into being. Nor is the money limitation a much happier expedient. We can, after all, see and count ships; but once there is an obligation not to spend above a certain sum, be sure the busybodies and spy-hunters will be at work — and that one or the other of us is spending more than we avow will be a constant rumor. I may be wrong. But I see no hope of a binding treaty that shall specify either the scale and kind of navy that is permitted or the amount that may be spent. Let us not forget how Stein defeated Napoleon on the limitation of Prussia's army after Jena.

It seems to me, therefore, that we cannot look to the Washington Conference to result in an immediate agreement for disarmament. But there is no reason at all why immediate disarmament should not be the result of the Conference. For if armament is the outcome of fear, and the Conference can remove that fear, the end we have in view is automatically attained. While I submit that it is no use to tell Japan that she cannot afford, being a poor country, to spend a fabulous proportion of her revenue on her navy, it is of the utmost use that, in an open and public Conference, we should all be able to tell Japan that her possessions and the destinies of her people are in no danger. If we can convince her of this, her people will see to it that they are not taxed for unnecessary armaments.

VI

The work before the Conference, then, is simple. I do not mean that to succeed in getting the work done will prove to be a simple affair. For it is far from easy for the spokesman of a country to be perfectly candid in a statement of national aims; and even if that were easy, it is not a simple business to make that candor intelligible and convincing to others. But, if the Conference is to succeed, it is precisely this that each country, through its delegates, must do.

The Senate has paid me the compliment of including in the report of its proceedings an article on the American Navy, written when the 1916 programme was under discussion; and if I refer to it now, it is because I can appeal to a question asked six years ago as one upon the reply to which the success of the November meeting depends. I had discussed the composition of the proposed new American fleet, and had pointed out that the ratio of battleships

to cruisers and destroyers differed materially from the British ratio before the war, and suggested that war had shown the English ratio to be too high. From this I passed on to the question, what the strength of the American fleet should be. It was obviously not a point to which I could suggest the answer, and I had to be content with saying that the answer was to be found when the Americans had found a reply to the further question: from which country did they expect trouble? Now, if the proceedings at Washington could begin with frank statements from Japan and the United States and Great Britain as to what their world-policies are, we should, I submit, attain a definite result with very little delay. Either it will be found that each country can agree that the policies of the others are harmless to it, or we shall be faced by a certainty of conflict which no debate can remove.

To an Englishman it seems inconceivable that this historic meeting can break up without achieving its desired end. One simply cannot believe that the United States of America really fears any people, or can have so departed from the traditions of its past history as to plan the conquest of any territory, or the defeat of any nation, for the sake of glory. If the 'open door' in Asia is a principle of policy as fundamental as is the Monroe Doctrine to America, then it is a principle to which all Europe and Japan are already pledged; for it figures among the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. And, again, it is inconceivable that Japan can have any avowed policy which America is pledged to thwart; for the problems involved in the desire of Asiatics to settle in countries predominantly European are obviously not such as to lead to war.

Measured, then, by the true test of armaments, — national security, — there seems no reason at all why, after a candid interchange of views, America and Japan should not find it easy, if not to abandon the completion of their present programme, at least not to add to their forces for some years to come; nor, during those years, to maintain those forces fully armed, manned, and ready for action. After all, should they so agree, they will only be acting on a principle that Great Britain has already accepted as a guide to conduct. If we have built but one fighting ship of the first class in the last six years, and no ship of any class in the last three years, we have forborne for one reason and one reason only — there is no enemy for such ships to meet. If Great Britain can sanely abandon a doctrine she has held sacred for more than twice as long as America has held the Monroe Doctrine sacred, and has done so because the occasion for maintaining it no longer exists, then there is at least one occasion less for other nations to crave great strength at sea.

FRANCE, HER POLITICIANS, AND THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

I

NEVER would I consent to write about France's present-day politicians without making it clear that the politicians are not the French people. For it is impossible, with the utmost indulgence, for anyone who has honestly regarded them at work to refrain from some criticism of them. Unfortunately, there has grown up a fallacy that, in speaking without flattery of a country's accidental and temporary leaders, one is in some way attacking the country. It is not so: for my part, I think France is relatively sound. The French people have superb qualities; they deserve all the eulogies that have been or could be written of them, though naturally they have not escaped the contagion of the world-sickness. They have shown a solid sense, a rooted stability, a laboriousness, that are beyond praise. If France has ever shown signs of revolutionary tendencies, — as she did during one period at least, — it has been because she was misguided; and she quickly recovered herself. No country in the world is less likely to break loose, to run into excesses, whether of Militarism or of Socialism. Always does the restraining force of the people keep the wilder spirits — whether those wilder spirits are Nationalist ministers or Communist agitators — in check.

Whenever I wish to know the true sentiments of ordinary folk, I make a little tour of the cabarets of Paris. In the revues there presented I am perpetually surprised at the healthy reaction against Bolshevism on the one hand and against flamboyant and fire-eating patriotism on the other hand (though it must be confessed that every *chansonnier* has his couplet against England). Anyone who supposes that the people liked the call-up of Class 19 of the army, the demobilization, the remobilization, and the demobilization again of young Frenchmen; anyone who supposes that the French people love to indulge in flourishes and menaces toward Germany, threats of occupation, of dislocation, vauntings of victory and vainglorious strutting, need only listen intelligently to the skits on drum-beating in the *spirituel* shows of Paris, which are applauded vociferously. Ministers and Muscovites are good game: they are not angrily railed at, they are wittily satirized; they are for the most part tolerated as inevitable and not particularly important. I have heard nearly every politician of note twitted, with the full approbation of the audience. To tell the truth, throughout the history of the Republic, Parliament and Cabinet have been held in little esteem, while President after President has been mercilessly mocked. There is, in short, a curious separation of people and rulers; and the rulers do not always adequately represent the sentiments of the people. For my part, I do not know any country in which this division is more marked.

Nor, oddly enough, do the journals which are read by everybody reflect, in their politics, the spirit of the people: they reflect the particular view of the Quai d'Orsay and of other government offices, from which, by an elaborate system, they receive the *mot d'ordre*. Less and less am I inclined to form my appreciation of public opinion from a reading of the French newspapers. Public opinion, in the sense in which the term is now employed, is merely the passing opinion of a passing minister, transmitted through 'inspired' journalists. Many misconceptions about the French may be avoided if it is remembered how deliberate is the present method of doping the journals. As for the foreign pressmen, it is unhappily true that the red ribbon which indicates the Legion of Honor exercises a hypnotic effect on many of them. I know some who lose no opportunity of writing comfortable things, of placing themselves at the disposition of the propaganda service which has been openly set up — and of submitting their claims to be decorated at due intervals.

The very word propaganda, since the war, has become obnoxious. It is not, of course, a peculiarly French institution: all governments now advertise, like automobile manufacturers or soap-makers, and have brought the art of suppression, of distortion, of extravagant praise, to a point where it slops over into the grotesque. American visitors to France, of any degree of note, are particularly fêted, and columns of the newspapers are devoted to the tours of American associations. It is probably the French rather than the American organization which is responsible for this fantastic fanfaronnade. I submit that, while we should try to know each other, the present methods of propaganda do not help us to know each other. On the contrary, they serve to rouse suspicion; and extravagant laudation and obviously official representations of facts provoke only a smile, or even an exclamation of disgust. As an organ for propaganda the press is becoming played out: it has been overworked.

This is not, of course, to suggest that the present French politicians do not possess admirable qualities. They are nearly all intensely patriotic; though patriotism is a virtue that may easily become a vice if pushed to extremes. They have considerable parliamentary ability; though this again is a merit that was better suited to the pre-war days, when the problems were not of a vast, universal character. It is when one judges them by the great international standard of world needs that one regrets to see no truly big figure emerging.

But, then, in what country does the world-man emerge? Where is the statesman who sees, what so many thinkers now see, that what the times call for is someone who can lift himself above frontiers, who can escape the limiting moment, whose vision can embrace the future and go round the globe? It is heartbreaking, when superior intellect, superior emotion, are needed as never before, to subordinate the smaller craft of national parliamentarianism to the bigger task of announcing and realizing the interdependence of the peoples, that more than ever we should be all working in our watertight compartments, doing our partial, uncoördinated jobs. It may be that the machinery of civilization has outgrown the capacity of its mechanicians. What was good enough before the war is not good enough now; and the pre-war mind is incapable of grappling with post-war problems. The terms of those problems have changed: they are not affairs of State, but affairs of the world. It is extraordinary that the peace has thrown up no new men. This is true of all

countries (excepting Russia, where the new men have indulged in a disastrous experiment). It is particularly true of France, where practically all the men worth mentioning are the old, tried men.

As I write, I cannot forecast what will be done at Washington; I can only anticipate that the American delegates will be purely American, the British purely British, and the French purely French; each concerned to defend the narrow interests of his own country, when it is a generous coöperation of all countries that is called for. There are some questions, such as general disarmament, such as a general economic and financial settlement, that nobody seems big enough to tackle seriously and honestly; nobody seems big enough even to approach them, except with the desire to show that his own nation is in an exceptional position and cannot conform to any suggested world-order. Most of the ills from which we suffer are not national: they cannot be settled by national statesmen, but only by men with the international mind, men with an outlook as broad as mankind. There are no sectional cures: there are only radical remedies.

H. G. Wells, in his *Outline of History*, says of the politicians of a certain Roman epoch that they only demonstrate how clever and cunning men may be, how subtle in contention, how brilliant in pretense, and how utterly wanting in wisdom and grace of spirit. It seems to me, as it seems to Mr. Wells, that this is a true description of most of the politicians of all countries to-day. It must not be supposed that France is in this respect different from other nations. I am bound to say this much; but, having said it, I must take another measure and paint the French politicians for what they are. They do not, any more than do the men in power in other countries, reach ideal dimensions: they must be judged on their plane.

II

It is a somewhat extraordinary fact that three, at least, of the little group of men who are most conspicuous in French politics, who have climbed to the heights of power, began their career as Socialists. Robert Louis Stevenson, I remember, suggests somewhere that most of us begin as revolutionaries and end up, somewhere about middle age, as conservatives. Certainly it would be difficult to find better examples of this inevitable evolution in the human spirit than are furnished by that trio, Alexandre Millerand, Aristide Briand, and René Viviani. Of course, it is foolish to make a charge of inconsistency. No man can be judged by his youth. It is to their credit that, before they acquired the reticences of later years, before they learned that progress is slow and must be orderly, these distinguished Frenchmen were aflame with the passion of putting the world to rights. However violently, in certain cases, aspirations toward a better order of things were expressed; however incandescent were their sympathies with the downtrodden; however excessive were sometimes their remedies, it does honor to them that they were moved by essentially noble impulses. He is, indeed, a poor man who has never felt wild yearnings, has never been guided rather by the heart than by the head.

When I look round the political field in France, I am invariably surprised with the recurring discovery that not only these three, but nearly all prominent publicists and politicians, have passed through this stage of ardent, if unruly, enthusiasm. They have not entered the arena coldly, calculatingly. They became gladiators because of their generous emotions. They have been shaped into what they are to-day by experience. This is excellent, and is entirely in their favor. It may be that

instances could be discovered where the ensuing disillusionment has induced cynicism. But, on the whole, such a beginning is a proof of sincerity.

On the other hand, they are naturally open to the attacks of the Communists of to-day, who frequently quote against them their speeches of other days and show that they now oppose that which they aforetime promoted. For example, M. Millerand, in 1896, in a famous discourse, proclaimed the right to strike; and in 1920, following a strike, he instituted proceedings against the Confédération Générale du Travail, which have helped to bring this association of trade-unions to its present position of impotence. He was, again, a foremost figure in anti-clerical movements and liquidated the congregations, while during his premiership last year he commenced the negotiations for reëstablishing relations with Rome. It is, however, a peculiarly little mind that would make these apparent reversals of policy a reproach. There was a moment when it was important, above all, to assert the right to strike. There was another moment when the superior interests of the country demanded the suppression of dangerous agitation. There was a moment when the priesthood had become mischievous in France and menaced the Republic. And there was another moment when diplomatic reasons urged the appeasement of the old religious quarrel. Those abstract politicians who forget that circumstances are of more importance than doctrines are open to criticism. Whatever M. Millerand has done, it should never be forgotten that, when he entered the cabinet of Waldeck-Rousseau as the first Socialist minister, he initiated many remarkable social reforms. To him are due pensions, a weekly rest-day for workers, and the shortening of hours for women and children employed in industry.

Most of his ministerial work has been in connection with internal affairs. He has been an able organizer; he is a hard worker of the dogged rather than the brilliant kind. Certainly he is tenacious. When he became Prime Minister after the defeat of M. Clemenceau, who had expected to become President of the Republic, French opinion was just beginning to turn against the authors of the treaty, and was beginning to proclaim that England (to employ a French expression) had taken most of the blanket for herself. Mr. Lloyd George, regarded as too clever by half, was beginning to be cordially detested in France; and it was not long before M. Clemenceau was accused of having given way on almost every point to the British Premier. The old Tiger, who had been placed upon a higher pedestal than any statesman of the Third Republic, now discovered that the Tarpeian Rock was near to the Capitol. There were even clamors for his trial in the High Court of Justice, for having sacrificed French interests in favor of his friends, the English.

The task of M. Millerand, following this amazing fall of M. Clemenceau from the heights of popularity to the depths of unpopularity, was difficult. It was his function to resist Mr. Lloyd George. With his shrewd sense, however, he was aware that a compromise with Germany was inevitable and desirable. But behind him was the clamorous Bloc National, refusing, even in the name of a policy of realism, any further concessions to Germany in respect of reparations, and declining to take any practical step which might be construed as a concession to British views. There began a long-drawn-out fight between France and England. The attempt to get away from the sentimentalism of the Versailles Treaty, with its grotesquely impossible demands on Germany, was rendered hard

by the suspicions of Parliament. While dislike of England grew, anger against Germany grew; and every time that Germany's debt was defined (still in unreasonable terms), M. Millerand was in danger of being overthrown.

More time was needed for the truth to dawn on the politicians, not only of France, but of the Allies generally — the truth that there are limits, easily reached, to the transfer of wealth from one country to another; that, speaking broadly, wealth can be transferred only in the shape of goods which it is against the industrial and commercial interests of the receiving country to accept. This truth has also its application to America, who can be paid what is owing to her by the Allies only in the form of goods which she puts up tariff barriers to keep out.

Gradually the world is awakening to the fact that the only rational policy is one which consists in canceling, not of necessity nominally, but virtually, the bulk of international debts, German or Allied, and in resuming as quickly as possible normal trade-relations. This does not mean, of course, that Germany should make no reparations. She should be made to pay all that it is possible for her to pay; but chiefly she should be obliged to help in the rebuilding of the ruined North, as now, at long last, she promises to do under the Loucheur-Rathenau accord, which makes hay of the treaty and of the London Agreement, and of the principle of collective negotiations and action against Germany. France has, I think, reached a point where the more or less willing coöperation of victor and vanquished is seen to be necessary. But when M. Millerand was in power, he was unable to carry out such a policy. At Spa, where he consented to meet the Germans, matters only became worse. It was assuredly not his fault. Events could not be hurried. It will still take some years before Europe can get far on the right lines. But it must be said of M. Millerand that he did at Spa adumbrate the possibility of voluntary arrangements.

M. Millerand would not be human if he did not sometimes give way to sudden impulses. There was in this atmosphere of opposition between France and England every excuse for his desire to demonstrate the independence of France — not to be forever subordinate to England. There were several incidents that appeared to be inspired by a determination to break the supposed hegemony of England. The Entente is not to be lightly thrown away; but some of the consequences of the Entente, when they run counter to French policy, must be destroyed. M. Millerand may be looked upon as a friend of the Entente, but an enemy of British domination. Thus, he revolted against the British tolerance of Germany's non-fulfillment of her obligations, by marching on Frankfort. Then, against the express advice of England, he recognized Wrangel, that anti-Bolshevist adventurer whose moment of glory soon passed. Then he took Poland's part when Poland had foolishly provoked a war with Russia, and England counseled conciliation — sending General Weygand to save Warsaw. It was precisely this lucky stroke which secured for him the Presidency of the Republic. It seemed hopeless to think of beating back the Bolsheviki from before Warsaw — but the miracle happened. He soared into popularity, and as, at that time, M. Deschanel, the President, had fallen ill and was compelled to resign, he was carried triumphantly to the Élysée.

It may be taken that, as President, M. Millerand exercises more authority than most of his predecessors have exercised. He is extremely strong-willed, and on his acceptance of his seven-year

post, declared that he intended that the premiers he would call should carry out his policy. In France it is not as in America: the President has, constitutionally, little power. The executive chief is the Premier, who is responsible to Parliament and whom Parliament can make or break. Nevertheless, a man like M. Millerand, if he is surrounded by influential supporters and has really the favor of Parliament, can become supreme. It is only when he is faced by a Premier who is backed up by Parliament, and whose policy is in opposition to that of the President, that he must submit, on pain of being broken, as was President MacMahon. M. Poincaré has recently shown that against M. Clemenceau — then at the height of the power derived from Parliament and people — he could do nothing, even though he was strenuously against the provisions of the treaty. The president may be indeed nothing in France, and the Élysée may be a prison. There are those who assert that M. Poincaré, who now enjoys much backing, would have been earlier called to the premiership had not M. Millerand passed him over, just as M. Poincaré for a long time passed over M. Clemenceau. However that may be, M. Leygues, who succeeded M. Millerand as Premier, was little more than the nominee of M. Millerand, carrying out his instructions. M. Briand presently succeeded M. Leygues, and although M. Briand is far from being colorless, Premier and President have worked amicably together, and M. Millerand may be considered to be still in the ascendant, still the supreme authority in France, in fact as in name.

III

M. Aristide Briand, more than any other French politician, has won the reputation of being shrewd and skillful in emergencies. If one wishes for confirmation of this opinion, it is necessary to see him in a tight corner. He knows how to get out of tight corners better than anyone. It may sometimes be thought that he might have avoided getting into tight corners.

Now M. Briand is a fine manœuvrer: it is exhilarating to watch him placing his opponents, when they are most cocksure, in an impossible situation. His method of speech-making is a lesson in Parliamentary strategy. It is odd that, in a country so renowned for its eloquence, the written speech is so common. Often have I seen an orator who has gained great fame take out of his pocket his typewritten reply to a simple expression of thanks for attending a luncheon, and proceed to read formal or flowery phrases. It is somewhat disconcerting to the Anglo-Saxon, who is used to impromptu speeches — the substance of which is doubtless well prepared, but of which the words are left largely to the inspiration of the moment. It is with us regarded as a confession of weakness, a sign of artificiality, to hold in one's hands the evidence of careful study. We have at least to pretend to spontaneity. The form is thus sacrificed, but the appearance of sincerity is saved. But with the French the form counts for much. Out comes the written document, and only its forceful delivery preserves for it its effect of directness.

But M. Briand is not one of those French orators who not only rehearse but write their speeches. On the contrary, his efforts are nearly always impromptu. This is essentially characteristic of the man. He is the improviser *par excellence*. He is an amazing virtuoso. In France they say that he 'plays the violoncello.' He plays it without the music before him. He plays it precisely as the occasion suggests. He would, perhaps, be singularly

embarrassed were he called upon to play a set piece. He loves to embroider, to compose as he goes along, to await the inspiration of the moment and the call of circumstance. This is true of his speeches — but it is also true, in a larger sense, of his politics.

It may indeed be taken as a parable and illustration of the man — this habit of his to search in his audience the words, the ideas, which he utters. There are times when one might pardonably suppose M. Briand to be tired, indifferent; not to put too fine a point upon it — lazy. But this impression is altogether wrong. M. Briand is like Mr. Lloyd George inasmuch as he relies largely on his intuition, his immediate judgments, his ever-ready resources. He comes into the Chamber apparently without anything particular to say. He reads an official statement in a dull voice. He seems to be bored, and so does the Chamber. There is an atmosphere of hostility. One wonders what will be his fate.

And then, discarding the official statement, without notes, without (so far as one knows) any preparation, he begins one of his wonderful discourses. At first he feels his way cautiously. His voice takes on a new animation. There is an interruption. Somebody in the Chamber reveals the ground of antagonism. This is what M. Briand is waiting for. He applies himself to that point; he develops his theme. He vanquishes this particular opposition, only, perhaps, to arouse opposition from the other side of the house. This gives him a fresh start. He seems to seek to penetrate the minds of his opponents in order to demolish their objections. Now he pits the Right against the Left, and now he rouses the Left to enthusiasm. It is the most beautiful balancing of views it is possible to conceive.

Speeches, it is sometimes said, never change a vote in parliamentary assemblies. This may be true of parliaments like the British, where two, or, at the most, three parties sit on their benches with their minds made up, ready to obey their party whip. But it is not true of M. Briand in the French Parliament, where there are many groups and where the possibilities of combination are as numerous as the combinations of a pack of cards. He knows, as few men know, how to shuffle them — how to lead this card and then that. In his way he is certainly the most masterly parliamentarian who has ever been known in France. If proof were necessary, it would be found in the fact that seven times has he been called upon to govern; and this year, in spite of his reputation of belonging to the Left, he has performed the extraordinary feat of governing largely with the support of the Right. For that matter, he belongs, in the formal sense, neither to the Right nor to the Left. He has no party. He has, strictly speaking, no following. He remains, when he is not in office, alone and apart. Well does he know that, when the situation becomes unmanageable, when the Parliamentary team is difficult to drive, his day will again come.

Most of the French politicians — M. Poincaré and M. Viviani are notable instances — combine their rôle of politician with the rôle of journalist, and, when they are not responsible for the government, become the most powerful critics of the government in the press. Such has been the life of M. Clemenceau. Sometimes he has been premier, and at other times he has been a formidable antagonist of the premier, thundering against him, not from the tribune, but from the newspaper that he directed. Now, although M. Briand, like most other French politicians, began his career as journalist, he never takes up the pen in the intervals of office. He does hardly any lobbying; he rarely

commits himself in any way. He sits silent until his hour shall again strike. Always is he something of an enigma. Always does he allow the Left to suppose he is their man, and the Right to believe that he is not against them. In the clash and confusion of rival ambitions, it is Briand, the man who makes no useless efforts, the man who knows how to keep a still tongue although he possesses a winning tongue, who is chosen. The speeches that he makes when he is assailed, and the position has become difficult, are the most persuasive speeches that may be heard; but when I read them at length the next day, I generally find that they are full of repetitions and even of contradictions. That is because he addresses himself, now to this side, then to that side. To know the true Briand, it is not sufficient to hear or to read his speeches. One has to remember whom he is addressing, and what is his immediate purpose. One has to be able to distinguish between what is meant for one party, what for another party; what is meant for France and what is meant for Germany; what is meant for England and what is meant for other countries.

I trust that this portrait does not suggest a mere opportunist, in the worst sense of the term. M. Briand certainly is an opportunist, in that he makes use of the varying views of his auditors, in that he stresses now one point and then another point. It was M. Briand who spoke of the occupation of the Ruhr, and it was M. Briand who condemned such a policy as inept. The occasion has always to be considered. But he is an opportunist only as a sailor is an opportunist. When the wind blows from the west, he must spread his sails accordingly; but when the wind veers to the north, he must trim his sails anew. But the sailor knows where he is going and keeps his course. M. Briand has a policy, and he sticks to his policy in spite of apparent and momentary contradictions. He has to reconcile many opinions, and he has to bring the Ship of State safely toward the land that he sees ahead.

There are, of course, different kinds of opportunists, and to use the word without discrimination as a term of opprobrium is altogether wrong. In my opinion, for example, Mr. Lloyd George, who is undoubtedly the greatest opportunist of our century, has, in spite of all kinds of concessions, all kinds of seeming stultifications of his judgment, kept along exactly the same path in international affairs that he indicated to me and to others in March, 1919. When he has seen rocks in the way, he has gone round them. It is so with M. Briand, whose points of resemblance with him could be multiplied. Perhaps it is only the fool who steers straight ahead. One of the chief grievances of a certain section of French politicians is that M. Briand, in calling up Class 19 for the occupation of the Ruhr, did so to discredit that policy and to make its repetition impossible. As to this I will express no opinion; but it will readily be conceived that a politician may appear to do the opposite of that which he intends to do. M. Briand is not a native of Brittany for nothing. It is from Brittany that France recruits most of her sailors. M. Briand is an expert sailor.

The truth is that M. Briand is essentially a man of liberal views. I do not purpose either to defend or to attack him: I wish merely wish to state the facts as I see them; and it is in this spirit that I record my impression, which is corroborated by conversations of a more or less private character that have come to me from friends — conversations in which he has expressed himself with surprising moderation. He is far from being the implacable taskmaster of Germany that he has been

represented to be on account of certain episodes. No one knows better than does M. Briand the true need of France — the need of a policy that will reconcile old enemies and establish some measure of economic coöperation in Europe. No one realizes more the need for a reduction of armaments, which is possible only if better relations exist in Europe.

France at this moment has an army that is big enough to conquer the Continent. France is not, strictly speaking, obliged to take heed of the opinion of anyone. She can adopt any coercive methods she pleases, and there is no country that can effectively say her nay. But that would be a fatal course. Not only would it be folly to fly in the face of the world's opinion, but France would certainly not obtain any satisfaction in the shape of additional reparations. The army, whether it is put at 800,000 men or at 700,000, is a tremendous burden for a country in economic difficulties, and all sensible men must desire its reduction. It is a burden on the finances of the country, but it is also a burden on the individual Frenchman, who has to spend what should be the most vital preparatory years of his life in idleness and the demoralizing *milieu* of the barracks. There are those who urge, with justice, that, in the economic struggle, Germany will enjoy a great advantage over France by reason of the fact that she is compelled to keep her army at a negligible number, while France has to support a huge body of non-producers. How could any sane person wish to maintain the army at anything like its present level?

But, on the other hand, so long as national safety is secured, no matter what sacrifice must be made, no matter what handicap must be borne, M. Briand, I believe, is all in favor of making such amicable arrangements with Germany as will enable France to forget this terrible preoccupation of her security. Doubtless he, like all other French statesmen, would prefer that America and England, as promised at the Peace Conference, should come into a tripartite military pact. But he is not, as I understand, an advocate of what amounts to perpetual occupation, or of detachment of the Rhineland from the Reich, as are M. Poincaré, M. Tardieu, and M. Maurice Barrès. The most significant thing that was done under his ministry was the signing of the Loucheur-Rathenau accord, which envisages the collaboration of France and Germany, which (provided Germany remains a non-militaristic republic) presages some sort of friendship between the two countries that, in spite of their hereditary hatreds, intensified since the Armistice, have to live side by side. They can be blood-foes with the certainty of another war, or they can compose their age-long differences. There is no middle course.

IV

This brings me to M. Louis Loucheur — easily, in my opinion, the most remarkable figure in French political life. I said just now that there were no new men. I must modify that statement. M. Loucheur is a new man. He has new methods. He is not a politician, although he is in politics. He is the business man. In France the politicians have become what might, not disrespectfully, be called an 'old gang.' M. Loucheur was not even a deputy when he became minister. He brings a fresh mind to the public problems. He has no prejudices, no traditions, no long training along political lines. He is accustomed to see things as they are. He does not idealize them; he is not a sentimentalist, dealing in abstractions, hypnotized by catch-phrases, as are politicians generally. For me he represents

an immense force. He towers over all the rest.

It would be foolish to prophecy, and therefore I shall not assert dogmatically that M. Loucheur will, for the next ten — if not twenty — years, be the real power behind French politics. All I will venture to say is that, at the present moment, he is the man who matters most, and that he should be looked upon, not in his ministerial capacity, but as a man. That is to say, that he will probably continue to occupy a nominally subordinate post. It is extremely unlikely, in my judgment, that he will form a cabinet and put himself at the head of French politics. He is far more likely to remain in the background. But it would be folly to regard him as a supernumerary. He has brains; he has ability; he has energy; he is used to dealing in realities, and he thinks in terms of realities. I do not know whether it has been remarked how unreal politics tend to become, and in what an imaginary world politicians walk. Into this unreal world came M. Loucheur; but he was not corrupted by his environment. He had the advantage of not serving an apprenticeship to politics. He passed through none of the intermediary stages. During the war he controlled numerous companies, and is reputed to be extremely rich, to have made a vast fortune.

It was M. Clemenceau who appealed to him to lend a hand. It was felt that the practical man was the kind of man who was needed to help in the winning of the war and the elaboration of the peace. Only rarely does a non-politician, who has not been elected by the people, find himself called to take up a ministerial office; but in the case of M. Loucheur the experiment was amply justified. I am not blind to the possible disadvantages of thus bringing rich business men into the government. The door is obviously opened to certain abuses. Nor do I consider that the good business man will necessarily make a good minister. Probably the chances are that he will not. But exceptional times call for exceptional men, and M. Loucheur is unquestionably an exceptional man. Afterward, of course, his situation was regularized by his election. He has remained minister through several administrations, and in one capacity or another his services will continue to be enlisted.

It was M. Loucheur who initiated the policy of direct negotiations with Germany, and who oriented France toward the idea of reparations in kind. Had it been possible to impose upon Germany, three years ago, the essential task of repairing the ruined regions of France, there is little doubt that by this time France would have been largely restored; and the speedy restoration would have been worth far more than the nebulous milliards. The two countries would already have settled down on terms of decent neighborliness. Unhappily, everybody was mesmerized by the glittering promise of immense sums hitherto unheard of — sums that could be expressed only in astronomical figures. The consequences might have been foreseen — but they were not, except by the economists. The consequences are the collapse of Germany and the collapse of the treaty. Everybody now realizes that, unless something is done in time, Germany is doomed to bankruptcy. Now, Germany is necessary to Europe, just as Carthage was necessary to ancient Rome. The foolish destruction of Carthage by the Romans deprived them of a base for the Eastern Mediterranean sea-routes. It is easy to look back and make these criticisms. What is of more importance is to look forward, and to appreciate the fact that, if Germany did not exist, it would be necessary to invent her. Nothing more stupid than that policy which would

erase Germany from the map of Europe could, I think, be conceived.

Presently, in view of the impending bankruptcy of Germany, it will be necessary to decide between her destruction and her salvation. Should this nation be broken up into fragments; should there be dislocation, economic anarchy, political chaos? Or should there be an abandonment of the system of coercion, of financial squeezing, and such a collaboration be substituted as would enable all countries to draw specific advantages from the continued existence of a Germany that may work with hope? This is the terrific question that must soon be answered in one sense or another. The decision will be determined by the stress that French opinion lays upon certain things. So-called security would seem to suggest the break-up of Germany, politically and economically. This security, however, would be fallacious. In a military sense, France would undoubtedly be secure; but there are also economic considerations. One bankruptcy will entrain another, and no man can foresee the end of the happenings in Europe.

On the other hand, it is dreadfully hard to reconcile one's self to foregoing claims that have been made and promises that have been held out. The choice is, or would appear to be, between two evils. But perhaps the second would turn out to be not an evil at all. I must content myself with posing the problem in an objective manner.

Now, the Loucheur-Rathenau accord is of tremendous import. It is pretended that it supplements, and does not supplant, the London Agreement for the payment by Germany of 132,000,000,000 gold marks, made in virtue of the treaty. In reality, however long the pretense is kept up, it must be taken as an entirely new system. The London Agreement asks for impossible sums spread over an impossible period of years, and is already breaking down, since Germany simply cannot go on meeting her obligations. The Loucheur Agreement stipulates that Germany shall pay in goods, in *matériel*, a limited amount for the next five years, not to the Allies in general, but to France in particular. This means that common bargaining is abandoned. It means that France, preparing for the crash, is endeavoring to secure for herself, as she has in equity an undoubted right to do, a certain portion of her credits on Germany, and is anxious at least to have the North repaired. It is possible that, when Germany ceases to pay everyone else, she will continue to pay France in kind. She can hardly do both, and it seems to me that France is contracting out of the London Agreement. France is coming to a voluntary arrangement with Germany. As France for the next five years may be paid more than is due to her under the London Agreement, she might be satisfied, and might not resort, in exasperation, to methods of coercion and of sanctions. France, be it noted, is the only country which could or would resort to serious coercion and sanctions.

This policy of M. Loucheur, then, is intensely realist, and denotes a complete change in the manner of regarding the Franco-German problem. It foreshadows a very much wider system of coöperation. It may be the turning-point in European affairs. Its bearing upon the possibility of land-disarmament is obvious.

V

It would be foolish to be too optimistic. Not all French statesmen think on these lines. There is M. Raymond Poincaré, the ex-President of the Republic, who will, in all probability, be called at an early date to the premiership, controlling the destinies of France. I think I am betraying no secret when I say that the ultimate policy of M. Poincaré

is to move toward the same system of collaboration with Germany. But he reserves that policy for the future. For the present, to judge him by his writing, — and he is the most prolific journalist in France, contributing regularly to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Temps*, and the *Matin*, — he believes in turning the screw on Germany as tightly as it may be turned. He was thrust aside by M. Clemenceau in the peacemaking. Although President, he was reduced to silence. He had no effective way of protesting, but he has put on record, in a memorandum addressed to M. Clemenceau, his strong opinion that the limitation of the period of occupation of Germany to fifteen years was disastrous for France. He would have the occupation extended to such time as it will take Germany to fulfill all the monetary obligations of the treaty — which, being interpreted, means forever.

M. Tardieu, the chief assistant of M. Clemenceau, argues that this right is actually conferred by the treaty itself; but M. Tardieu's arguments will not bear examination.

M. Poincaré, in addition, has always shown himself to be one of those ardent, patriotic Frenchmen who believe that the contemporaneous existence of a strong Germany and a prosperous, secure France is impossible. After he retired from the Presidency, he was made Chairman of the Reparations Commission. He resigned because the Reparations Commission showed a tendency to reduce the German debt to more manageable proportions. At each successive abandonment of some French right, he has fulminated against the Premier in office. One can only suppose that, when he becomes Premier himself, he will carry out his policy of no concessions. No concessions, now that the original demands are shown to be, however justified, inexecutable, spells the final ruin of Germany, and, as most people think, the greater embarrassment of France. It is perhaps wrong to suppose that a statesman in office will behave as a statesman out of office writes. He is bound to modify his conceptions in accordance with changing circumstances and proved facts. Nevertheless, one must take M. Poincaré to be what he paints himself to be.

I should certainly describe him as the most formidable of the politicians proper in France. He has a tremendous force. He has been peculiarly consistent in his attitude toward Germany, from the days when he was raised, as a *bon Lorrain*, to the Presidency in the year before the war. His prestige is enormous. There are living at this moment no fewer than four former Presidents of the Republic. As the term of office is seven years, this is a somewhat remarkable fact. But whoever hears of Émile Loubet, or of Armand Fallières? They have gone to trim their vines or to live quietly in complete obscurity. After their occupation of the Élysée, there was no place for them in public life. M. Deschanel, it is true, is a member of the Senate, but he is only nominally in politics. M. Poincaré is made in another mould. Still comparatively young, with an alert mind, full of ambition unsatiated, believing that he is the strong man that his country needs, he declines to be buried alive, and is taking a notable revenge for his impotence during the latter years at the Élysée. He is the indefatigable critic.

VI

I regret that my space will not permit me to treat of other French politicians so fully, but these men are, after all, the really representative men of French politics. M. René Viviani is a highly successful lawyer, gifted with the most amazing flow of language that it has ever been my lot to listen to. The

words simply pour out. He has been Premier, and during the early part of the war performed good service. He has been sent to America on missions not clearly defined — the vague kind of mission that is meant to awaken sympathy, and, indeed, does so. It was hoped that he might influence Washington with regard to the cancellation of debts; but as it was afterward found an inopportune moment to broach this delicate subject, he came out with a denunciation of those who made such proposals, on the ground that Germany might also ask for the cancellation of her debts.

M. Barthou is an impetuous patriot, a somewhat fiery man, conspicuous as a supporter of the Three Years' Military Service Law. He has written, with rather more intimacy than some of us think justifiable, of the private affairs of Sainte-Beuve and Victor Hugo.

My own favorite French statesman — a man whom I consider to be the finest, the noblest, of our time — is M. Léon Bourgeois, the colleague of M. Viviani on the French delegation to the League of Nations. His has been a well-filled life, singularly free from intrigue, singularly free from ambition (he might have aspired to any post, including the Presidency), devoted solely to the furtherance of the idea of the League. Before Mr. Wilson had ever made the suggestion of such an organization, he was already old in its service. He took the leading part in the deliberations of The Hague. I know him well and am happy to pay a tribute to his kindliness, his simplicity, his unselfishness, and his generous thought for humanity. There are not many Bourgeois in the world, so hard-working, so self-sacrificing, so single-minded.

Among the younger men, M. André Tardieu is undoubtedly the ablest, with the best-stored mind. He is inclined to a sort of priggishness, of superiority, that makes him unpopular, but he will probably come into his own again.

There are two officials who will, unless something unexpected happens, play extremely important parts, whether at Washington or at Paris.

Of M. Jules Jusserand it is necessary to say only that he is respected as the most adequate ambassador that France possesses. He is too well known in America to need my eulogy. England has long envied America his possession. He is tactful, active, and has a unique knowledge — an altogether indispensable man. He occupies far too strong a position ever to be displaced. If he is left in charge of part of the proceedings at Washington, France will be represented by a judicious, sagacious, likable man, not likely to make any mistake from the diplomatic standpoint.

At the head of the permanent staff at the Quai d'Orsay is Philippe Berthelot. Berthelot has a memory that is an encyclopædia of foreign affairs. There are archives at the Quai d'Orsay, but the real archives are under the cranium of Philippe Berthelot. In France ministries change frequently. Often no record — or an insufficient record — is kept of negotiations engaged in by the predecessors of the ministries in power. But Philippe Berthelot knows. He can supply the information. He is sometimes the only man who can supply it. It may be urged that it is bad business to give one man the extraordinary power that is thus given to M. Berthelot; but he is sound and shrewd, and whenever he is directly responsible for policy, his judgments are excellent. He is the son of the famous chemist who instituted and developed research work in the properties of coal. M. Berthelot in his early days explored and studied China, and is an authority on Asiatic matters. Ministers may come and ministers may go, but Philippe Berthelot remains.

THE DISSOLUTION OF PETROGRAD

BY JEAN SOKOLOFF [1]

DEAR MARGARET, —

Cut off, as I have been since the spring of 1918, from all my friends in England and Scotland, I must seem to you now as one who has returned from the Land of the Dead. And truly I feel, since my release from the terrors of Soviet Russia, that I have escaped from an existence hardly better than death. Of all my dreadful experiences in Petrograd I cannot write, but I must tell you of some which, here in far-off America, still haunt me like awful nightmares.

After the Revolution of February, 1917, and particularly after the fall of Kerensky, eight or nine months later, the position of the moneyed classes became rapidly desperate, and I soon found myself in a precarious situation. What a change had come over my fortunes! Here I was, the elderly widow of a Russian naval officer, British by birth but Russian by marriage. My husband had left me at his death with an ample income from several investments which seemed perfectly secure. In my long years of residence in Petrograd I had come to love the beautiful city, and I had no intention of leaving it. Why should I? In Petrograd I had friends, possessions, money, servants, and heart's ease but for my husband's death. I could look forward to declining years of comfortable leisure.

Then came the Revolution and Bolshevist rule, and my prospects melted like mist in the sun. My investments became worthless, my chattels were nationalized. I dismissed my last servant, and soon I was suffering privations and hardships I had never dreamed of, and living amid horrors that I had never seen in my wildest delirium.

Of the political and social changes that took place in Russia, and of the ruin into which the poor country rapidly sank, you have read much in recent months, for the Bolsheviki could not conceal these changes forever. I will tell you, therefore, of only some of the things I saw and some of the hardships I suffered in Petrograd. This account I have taken pains to make simple and unvarnished. As I look back now upon my experiences, I do so without spite or resentment against the misguided people who were the cause of so much sorrow. Perhaps my sufferings have made me apathetic; but it seems to me now as if I and the Jean Sokoloff of the last two or three years in Russia were not the same person.

At the beginning everybody spoke of the Revolution as bloodless, and so it was — at first; but, later, dreadful tragedies were enacted. All police officers and government officials who showed loyalty to the Tsar were immediately shot. Not far from my house nine were executed on the second day of the Revolution. For a long time it was quite unsafe to go out into the streets, as there was a great deal of shooting; quick-firing guns were mounted on high buildings, and no one knew when there might be a rain of bullets. In the Nevsky Prospect and other principal streets motor-lorries, bristling with rifles and

[1] This letter recounts, of course, authentic personal experiences. — THE EDITORS.

quick-firing guns and packed with students and other revolutionists, caused excitement and terrorized the people.

The opening of the prisons and the release of all criminals made both life and property very unsafe, especially since there were no police officers. Robberies were frequent, and after dark pedestrians were often stripped of their boots and their upper garments. One lady whom I knew was coming home one evening wearing a long coat of black Persian lamb. Two men stopped her and asked her if she wished to buy a fur coat. She replied that she did not require to, as she had the one she was wearing. 'Why,' they said, 'that is the very one we mean'; and as she did not have the money to redeem it, they took it from her. At length the people took matters into their own hands, and when they caught a robber, they lynched him straight away, and threw his body into a canal. A decree was issued that everybody over sixteen was to take his turn as night-watchman. That is, if a house was rented in seven flats, let us say, each flat had to provide a watch for one night in the week.

I shall never forget my first experience as watchman. Imagine me, an elderly lady with no bloodthirsty ideas whatever, sitting at the great gate which led to the inner court, with a loaded gun across my knees! My watch was from 11 P.M. to 4 A.M., and I was under instructions to shoot if anybody refused to give his name or to tell why he wished admission. I was far more afraid of the gun than I was of any robber who might appear; and taking pity on me, our old house-porter hung up a battered tea-tray near me, and, giving me a stick, told me to bang on the tray if I needed help. Fortunately, I did not have to make use of either the gun or the tray.

On another occasion, the good old porter did me an even more valuable service. A decree was issued that no one renting a house could claim for himself more than two rooms at most; the rest of the house, furnished and with the use of the kitchen, must be given to whoever from the working class might want to use it. Soon there appeared at my door a workingwoman, dirty and unkempt, but arrogant, who demanded that I give up a certain number of rooms to her. The house-porter told the woman and the Bolshevist official who supported her in her demand, that I had a male lodger; I showed them some of my husband's clothes and a man's hat and walking-stick which I had laid out in one of the rooms, and the porter exhibited a false entry which he had made in the house-book. The invaders were satisfied and departed.

Some time after this experience I was obliged to give up my home and rent a room in the dwelling of a friend. As my investments had become worthless, I had applied, many months before my removal, for permission to sell my furniture; as all property had become nationalized, I could not sell my own chattels without a permit. This was finally granted to me on the ground that I was a widow. Shortly after I had moved to my friend's house, we experienced our first armed raid. We were roused from our beds at about two in the morning by five armed men and two women, who said they had come to search for firearms. They nosed into every corner and examined all photographs. My husband's photograph in naval uniform they left, after I had told them that he was dead; but the photographs of King George and King Edward and the Tsar they tore into bits and stamped under foot. Some money and jewelry I had hidden behind pictures and among the tea in the tea-caddy. These valuables they did not discover, and, strange to say, they examined all my boxes excepting the one in which I had packed what table silver

I had not yet sold. After an hour and a half they left. Everything was turned upside-down: bedding, pillows, books, clothing — all were heaped in the middle of the floor.

In a few weeks we had a second midnight raid; but this time they were searching for incriminating documents and did not disturb any of our personal belongings. In November, 1919, we experienced the worst raid of all. Every letter or scrap of written matter my friend and I possessed was taken from us, and we were also relieved of whatever personal effects appealed to the invaders. From me they took all my husband's medals and decorations. I begged them to allow me to keep the crosses of Saint Anna and of Stanislav as a remembrance of him, but they refused saying, 'No one has orders now, and we need the gold.' After searching for nearly two hours, they ordered my friend to get on some clothes, as she must go with them. They took her away at four o'clock in the morning, and she was kept in prison for three months. At the end of that time she was released; but she was never given the satisfaction of knowing why she was arrested.

I was most fortunate, as I was arrested only once and was not then sent to prison. When I came home one day, a soldier arrested me at my door and marched me off to a hall where there were several other prisoners. There we were detained for eight hours, and then released without any explanation as to the cause of our arrest.

One did not have to be in prison to know what hunger means. Those of us who were not imprisoned learned the lesson only too well. Lack of food became more and more acute, and the prices were such that it was impossible to earn enough in one day to buy even a pound of black bread. Milk cost 250 rubles a bottle, and was well watered at that. Potatoes were 200 rubles a pound, and were often half-frozen. Tea and coffee cost thousands of rubles the pound. For a time I drank an infusion of black-currant leaves and also of cranberry leaves, which would have been quite pleasant if I could have had any sugar. The Bolsheviki opened soup-kitchens, for which each person received a monthly ticket on application to a certain department of the Soviet. Often I have stood for a long, long time in a queue, waiting with a pitcher to receive a portion of soup, which was simply water, with some cabbage-leaves or pieces of frozen potato floating in it. For this the charge was eight rubles. Hunger made me glad to eat this soup, but there were days when it smelled so bad, especially when they had added herring heads to it, that I gave it to someone in the queue, or poured it out.

The members of the working class received a special ticket and got a second dish, perhaps some potatoes or a salt herring; but these extras were denied to the Intelligentsia, who suffered far more than did the workers. Sometimes, when it was impossible to procure bread, many of us used to buy turnips and eat them raw as a substitute. You will be surprised that we did not boil them, but we found them more satisfying when raw. As they were very dear, we could not afford to buy more than a few. Some who were hungry even made soup of fresh green grass. This I never tried, but soup made of rhubarb leaves I found could be eaten. At first, when we still had coffee, we used to mix a little flour with the coffee-grounds, and make cookies; but I must say that I could eat these only when I was very hungry. The Intelligentsia could receive on their bread-cards only two ounces per day; and when it was possible to buy any extra, the price was exorbitant. The working class was allowed much more. Any extra bread

could be bought only by chance on the street, from peasants, or in the open market, and often there was more sawdust and minced straw in it than flour. Frequently, when the Bolsheviki ran out of flour, so that they were unable to give us bread on our bread-cards, they substituted oats; but the amount was so meagre that, when we ground it down, very little flour came out.

All stores and shops were closed, and one could buy only in the open markets. Butter in 1919 sold at 2800 rubles per pound, and bacon at 3000. Peasants brought in milk and produce from the country and bartered it for clothing. They did not want money, as they said there was nothing to buy with it. It was sad to see ladies standing in the market, bartering or selling their beautiful dresses and linen to get money for food. As long as they had things to sell, they got good prices; but what was to be done, once they had parted with all their belongings? It was no uncommon thing to see peasant women wearing beautiful fur coats and exquisite evening dresses and also jewelry, probably received in exchange for food.

Some ladies, friends of mine, who were formerly well to do, had to sell flowers and newspapers in the street, to earn a livelihood. All women under fifty years of age had to take their turn at sweeping the snow on the streets, breaking up the ice, and emptying the dust-bins.

There were so many sick that the hospitals were over-crowded. The lack of even the most necessary medicines was great. In former times Germany provided great quantities of the medicaments used. Doctors were scarce, as so many had been sent to the front. Typhus, of course, was raging and claimed many victims. A friend of mine, who went to one of the hospitals to identify a relative who had died, told me that, in the mortuary, the bodies were stacked from floor to ceiling, like logs of wood, and many of them much decomposed. The difficulty was to get a sufficient supply of coffins. Two bodies were placed in each coffin, which was merely a few boards of wood roughly nailed together. One could often see carts piled up with these coffins, which were taken outside of the city, where the bodies were put into a pit and the coffins brought back to be used for the bodies of other victims. Those whose friends died at home had to convey the coffins themselves to the cemetery, either on a sledge or otherwise.

The funeral of a Bolshevik was a very grand affair. The coffin was always covered with bright-red cloth, the hearse also being draped in red, and with wreaths from which scarlet ribbons were suspended. There was always a band, and a procession with many red banners flying. Processions bearing red banners, eulogizing Communism or Bolshevism and denouncing the old régime, were a common sight.

The suffering of poor animals was also terrible, and horses dropped dead on the street from starvation. The fodder was so bad that horses that were starving would turn away from it. Behind the house where I lived the Bolsheviki had a number of horses stabled. Every week I saw several dead ones carried out; and one of the soldiers who cared for the animals told me that there was not a scrap of woodwork left within reach of the horses, because they had gnawed it all away in their hunger. If a dead horse were left in the street at night, by the next day nothing would be left of it but the ribs and perhaps the head, upon which some gaunt dog would be gnawing. People had come in the night and taken away all other parts of the carcass for food. Many ate cats and dogs, and said the flesh tasted good.

Many a night I was not able to sleep for hunger. But lack of food was not my

only privation. Before the Revolution I had never known what it was to be cold indoors; wood, which was used for fuel in Petrograd, was plentiful and cheap. During my last two winters there, there was great suffering caused by lack of fuel. In Finland and parts of Russia there was plenty of wood, cut and ready to be sent to the cities; but the transportation system had broken down completely. This want of wood became more and more acute; many wooden dwelling-houses were pulled down, and all wooden fencing around gardens and wooden walks was utilized for fuel. More than once I was thankful when I could buy an old beam, tie a rope around my waist, and drag it home to be sawed up into short pieces. We were permitted to buy only a small quantity each month and had to show the paper with the date of the preceding purchase, which was compared with the entry in the official books. Often I have left the house in pitch darkness (no lights in the streets), at four o'clock on a winter's morning, to get my place in the queue at the wood-store, so as to be one of the first to be attended to when the office opened at ten o'clock. It was no joke to wait six hours with the temperature below zero. Sometimes the soldiers who were on duty would admit us to a room they had and permit us to warm ourselves for a few minutes. By ten o'clock there were hundreds in line, and when you reached the window you were given only a piece of paper which entitled you to receive the wood on a specified day. Think of what this meant to poor mothers who had to leave young children at home for hours! One poor woman in the queue one morning had a sick baby which she could not leave at home; it died in her arms before she reached the window.

The shortage of food and the other privations all helped to make us more sympathetic toward one another, and we did all in our power to help one another. One of my pupils (for I was trying to keep body and soul together by teaching English) was a Russian naval officer; he used to bring me occasionally a small piece of bread which he had left over. He was serving under the Bolsheviki — under compulsion, like so many others. It was his plan to learn to speak English and then to try to escape from Russia. To my great sorrow, for he was my favorite pupil and could converse fairly well in English, he was arrested by his masters and sent away to Cologda. I never could find out the reason for his arrest or hear anything further about him. He once told me that, if he were arrested, he would take his own life; and I often wonder if he is still alive.

I was deeply touched one day by a workingwoman's bringing me a teaspoonful of dry tea. This was a wonderful present, as she had only a very small quantity, which had been given to her, and tea was at a premium. I did not wish to accept it, but she insisted, because sometimes I had helped her and her children with a little food, and had once procured a situation for her.

So in such ways we tried to cheer one another. Often, when one did show a little kindness, one was repaid fourfold or more. I remember that once, when crossing the Nicholas Bridge, I came upon an elderly lady struggling to carry a very heavy bag. I asked her in what direction she was going, and as it was not very far from my own destination, I carried the bag home for her. When she thanked me at parting, she said, 'I hope that, if ever you have to carry something that is too heavy for you, you also will meet some kind person to help you.' A few days later I had to bring to my home some wood which was very heavy. I tried to carry it on my back, but found it beyond my strength to do so, as my house was quite

a good distance away. Just as I was sitting on a doorstep wondering whatever I should do, a soldier came along, and I summoned up my courage to ask if he would help me, even for a short distance. He immediately picked up the wood, slung it on his back, and asked me where I lived. When I told him, he said, 'I can easily go by that street.' He took me right to the door of my house, and when I offered him money, he refused. 'I was only too glad to help you,' he said; 'I should not like to see my mother carry such a load.' The old lady's wish for me was not long in being realized.

On the streets one seldom encountered an old person, all having died from malnutrition. Some elderly people, unable to work and add to their small incomes, suffered terribly, as food prices were impossible. In the homes for old men and women, where, under the old régime, they were well fed, many deaths from starvation took place every week.

One thing the Bolsheviki tried to do was to feed the children. They had no use for old people and even said openly that they ought to die; but they had to think of the rising generation, for the future of the country. At the schools, children received a free dinner, which consisted of soup and a good piece of black bread, or often some cooked cereal. Of course, there was no fat in the food and little nourishment for growing children. Then the Bolsheviki tried to nationalize the children, asking the parents to give them up at a certain age, that they might be brought up and educated in colonies and trained in all the principles of Bolshevism. When I left, in 1920, they were trying to carry this out; but the parents objected, so I do not know what success they met with later. One mother said to me, 'Where is the joy of motherhood if I must give up my child whenever his infancy is over?'

With all my suffering I cannot but feel that God dealt mercifully with me. I will give you one instance of this. On Christmas Eve, 1918, I was alone and without a scrap of food in the house. As I thought back over my past happy life and the loved ones who had gone from me, I naturally felt much depressed. How I could manage to live to the New Year, I could not imagine. Before retiring to rest that night, I asked God to send me some food. The next morning, at eight o'clock, the back-door bell rang; and when I opened the door, I saw standing there an old servant who had served me faithfully for seventeen years, but whom I had had to dismiss several months previously because of my inability to feed her. Her people were farmers in Poland. She said that she had come to spend Christmas with me and that she had brought with her some provisions, such as black bread, flour, and a little bacon, and some sugar and potatoes. Truly, this was an answer to prayer. In those trying times we learned to live by the day and to rest on the promise, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'

Many whom I knew, who were serving under the Bolsheviki, were merely doing so to earn a livelihood, and it was indeed hard for them to serve such masters. In fact, many were at the point of starvation when they accepted positions under the Soviet. As one put it, 'To all appearances we are Red, but we are just like red radishes; scratch us but a little and we are white underneath.'

Of course, you know that in Russia the custom of giving tips (or, as it is called there, tea-money) was carried to great lengths. If you dined with friends, or paid a call, you were expected to tip the servant who removed your overcoat or wrap. At Christmas and Easter the *dvoriks*, postmen, chimney-sweeps, and men who polished your floors, all called upon you, to receive their tea-

money. I heard a very good story relative to this habit of tipping. After the Revolution, everyone was supposed to be on the same level — no distinction of class. The working class was delighted with this equality. An officer who frequently visited at the house of some friends, had been in the habit of giving the house-porter a liberal tip each time. On his first visit after the Revolution, the porter met him with the greeting, 'Well, comrade, how are you?' and shook him by the hand. The officer, returning the handshake, answered, 'Thank you, comrade, I am well.' At the conclusion of the visit, when the porter opened the door for the officer, the latter held out his hand and said, 'Good-bye. Of course, now we are comrades, it is impossible for me to offer you a tip.' The man was so taken aback that his hand dropped to his side and his jaw fell with astonishment. In this case, he did not appreciate the equality.

In 1919 quite a number of British and other subjects escaped without passes from the Bolsheviki, who had forbidden anyone to leave Petrograd. Those who escaped did so by the back door, as it was called in Russia, that is, illegally, through Finland. There was a secret society which, for large sums of money, arranged these escapes, taking the fugitives across the ice. It was a hazardous journey, and no one could undertake it with children, as they had long distances to walk, and often had to crawl on their hands and knees, or lie flat in a bog, while the Bolsheviki were throwing searchlights on the frontier. All fugitives had to wear some covering of white over their clothes, so as to be less liable to be seen on the white snow. I met one lady in Finland who had thus escaped. Her experiences had been so terrible that her eyeballs stuck out, from the nervous strain she had undergone.

Many and strange were the subterfuges employed to get out of Russia. A Scotch friend of mine, who had married a Russian and thus become a Russian subject, got permission to leave with her three little children, by going before the Soviet with her husband. There they asked to be divorced. A few questions were asked them, one of which was, if the mother wished the children. She answered 'Yes,' and a paper was written out, for which they paid the small sum of ten rubles, according them the divorce, and giving back to my friend her British nationality, so that she was able to leave the country with her three little ones in April, 1920. The husband, of course, had to remain behind; but it was easier for a man to get along alone, than if he had a wife and children to feed.

In the early part of 1920, when I saw different parties of British refugees finally being permitted to leave Russia while I was detained as a Russian subject because of my marriage, I lost all hope of ever getting away. By this time my health was much impaired; my feet and legs, and often my face, were badly swollen, and at times I felt so giddy that it was hard for me to get along. Owing to physical weakness, I suppose, I became quite apathetic and did not seem to care what became of me, although I realized that I could not live through another such winter as the last, since I had already parted with nearly all my belongings and would have nothing to supplement my earnings. Early in April we were told that the Bolsheviki were considering the advisability of allowing the British-born widows of Russian subjects to leave the country, and a few days later a decree was published according this permission. In five days we must leave with some other refugees. Permits and passes had to be obtained. No books or written matter of any kind could be taken with us, and I even had to get the Soviet stamp put

on my Bible, and on some photographs that I wished to take with me.

I cannot tell you all the details of my journey out of Russia, for it is a long story. About two in the afternoon of April 13, we finally approached the point near the frontier where persons and luggage were to be examined. The examination was very thorough: all the women were undressed, their shoes and stockings taken off, and even their hair taken down. Even so, many managed to smuggle their diamonds through, and I was able to slip into my box an old glove containing a pair of large solitaire diamond earrings belonging to a friend. I was fortunate in being one of the last to be examined, and so I was allowed to pass more easily.

After the examination we were taken by a train a little farther, to the frontier line, which is determined by a swift and narrow running stream. It is utterly impossible to describe our feelings as we stepped from the bridge on the other side and stood once again on free soil. Many hearts were full of thankfulness to God, who had delivered us from the power and tyranny of the Bolsheviki. It was difficult to realize the fact that now they could no longer harm us, and we need have no more fears, or nights of terror when sleep forsook our eyes from the dread of arrest. When we crossed the frontier, we were greeted by members of the British Red Cross, who congratulated us warmly on our escape. With them were some British and Irish officers who had just been released from prisons in Moscow. One of their number, belonging to a Highland regiment, wore tartan; and when I saw this bit of transplanted Scotland, my eyes filled with tears and my weak knees grew weaker with emotion. I doubt if the pipes of Lucknow created greater emotion in any breast than did that plaid in mine.

I turned to Janet MacDonald, who had come out of Russia with me after much suffering and imprisonment. The tears were rolling down her cheeks. She buried her face on my shoulder and sobbed out in a transport of joy, 'O Jean, Jean, the tartan breeks, the tartan breeks!'

There is little more to tell. From the frontier we were taken to Terioki on the Gulf of Finland, where we were all examined by a doctor and detained in quarantine for a month. At the end of the month we were taken to Helsingfors, the seaport of Finland, and there embarked on the transport Dongola for Southampton.

Just outside of London was a home for Russian refugees. To this home we were all taken, and here I remained for some weeks until I could inquire about my Scottish relatives and friends. I had not heard from them for years, and undoubtedly some of the letters they wrote to me were among the thousands that were stacked in a huge pile in the courtyard of the General Post Office in Petrograd and eventually burned. A small box contained all my earthly possessions, and, as I looked at it, I came more and more to realize the uncertainty of riches and the need of setting our affections on things above. After several months I finally received my naturalization papers and was again a British subject; and in January, 1921, I left England for America, to visit my only brother in far-off Montana.

Here, amid the changing majesty of these mountains, my mind often turns back to dear Russia, and the tears fill my eyes. I spent many years there in a happy home; and the soil in which I laid my loved ones to rest will ever be sacred. Now the newspapers are bringing tales of more suffering and more famine in that unhappy country. May the good God save Russia, and guide the hearts and hands that would rescue her and bring her out of her distress!

A SUGGESTION ON COAL

BY WALTER L. BALLOU

In his article 'What Shall We Do About Coal?' in the September *Atlantic*, Arthur E. Suffern has suggested a remedy through gradual extension of government control over the waste in natural resources and man-power which present mining methods entail. It is to be doubted whether many who are conversant with the industry will quarrel with his premise; there is every reason to know that there are many who, having the best interest of the industry at heart, will quarrel with his suggested remedy. Nor is the quarrel prompted exclusively by selfish motives — past experience has convinced many of the inadequate costliness of the Government's attempt to control the industry.

It is a truism that the history of American development has been the history of wasted natural resources. Man seldom thinks of conservation until the approach of total consumption of a natural resource prompts him to do so. This is true of forests, agricultural resources, and mines. It is true of man-power and the potential possibilities of man-power, to such an extent, that it has been said that in its treatment of men America is to-day wasting her greatest natural resource.

Conservation is out of the question without the moral support of the public that consumes the product to be conserved. As long as an industry dealing with a natural resource is operated on a competitive basis, so long must waste be the key-note of operation. One mine-operator is forced, for instance, to mine the cream of his potential output, in order to meet the competition from another operator who is doing the same thing. He cannot mine 'clean,' because the cost of such mining will not permit him to meet the competition of the producer who does not mine clean.

The result is to be found in England, where to-day the pits have been worked far back, and each year sees an added cost of production, making more difficult the competition that the British producer has to meet. It is true that, if present mining methods continue in this country unchecked, America will eventually have to face the same problem.

There is no question as to the overproduction of coal in the country, caused by an over-development of mines. That, too, is the result of the basis of open competition that obtains. Good years in the industry call forth the opening of new mines, or the reopening of old ones that have been idle during dull years. What control, other than through government ownership, can the Government exercise, which will check the natural effort of one man to make money in a market where others are making it?

Admitting the evil, we believe there is a solution which, while at the further end of the social pole, will come nearer to being a solution than that proposed by Mr. Suffern. Let us first consider some of the evils which might be expected to accompany government control, and then state the suggestion.

During the 'tight' coal market of the summer of 1920, various attempts at control were made by the Government,

directed chiefly toward forcing lower prices. These were attempted through regulation of the car-supply by priority orders favoring coal-movements. One priority order alone, however, which in effect permitted the abrogation of contracts with dock operators in the northwest, — if, in fact, it did not force that abrogation, — resulted in adding approximately $13,000,000 to the fuel-bill of that section, without getting a pound more coal moved into the territory than would have moved without the orders. Other priority orders, intended to make possible greater production, resulted in a dispersion of available equipment to an extent which militated against the object in view.

As to control by the Government in other industries, the railroads and the merchant marine are eloquent of what waste is possible and actual under such direction. Not only was there an actual loss of millions of dollars during federal operation of the roads, but the loyalty of the railroad men was squandered to an almost irremediable extent. Recent figures given out by the present head of the Shipping Board show that the loss in that venture alone ran higher than $1,000,000 daily during the last fiscal year of operation.

Nor is this condition one that is due to questionable motives or willful intent. Government control lacks that personal interest which nature has decreed must underlie conservation. There is a lack of centralization of responsibility that no idealism of good intent can offset. Delegation of authority and responsibility carries with it a cost which prohibits conservation as it fosters waste. In New Zealand, where government operation of mining in the coal-industry has been tried, it has been found that production costs were higher and labor troubles greater and more frequent than under private operation. The experiment has resulted in less, rather than more, conservation of both money and good-will.

That control is necessary before conservation can be accomplished is evident, since conservation means control. May we suggest that that control can best be effected by increasing industry control, rather than lessening it through the introduction of government control? Railroad heads to-day are confronted by the evils of divided authority as the result of a paternalistic attitude on the part of Government. They are much in the state in which Browning's Saul found himself, — 'death gone, life not come,' — unable to put into effect those economies that are essential if railroad transportation is to recover from its present chaotic condition. Is it not reasonable to believe that an extension of control over coal to government agencies would have a similar result in this industry?

The history of what is commonly called 'big business' has been marked by a degree of conservation that has not been found in other forms of industrial arrangement. Whether we take the packing industry, the steel industry, or the petroleum industry, the gathering of control into a few hands has made possible a saving and elimination of waste that never could have existed, and did not exist, under open competition between hundreds and thousands of small firms and individuals. 'Big business' not only has adopted modern methods of production, accounting, marketing, and 'labor-adjusting,' but has developed raw natural resources to the highest degree, bringing forth by-products in profusion out of what under former management had been waste. Through maximum production, which this control fostered, prices have been frequently lowered as compared with prices under competitive conditions. Monopoly, with all it is frequently said to imply, has been a benefactor

to the public as well as to the industry in which it is born.

In the coal-mining industry such a monopoly would have even greater possibilities for good than in most other industries. Present overdevelopment in coal lands has resulted in wasteful dispersion of railroad equipment, increasing the cost of transportation of fuel, and, in times of emergency, cutting down the potential haulage of the roads. Were the coal lands of the country in the hands of a comparatively few well-financed corporations, new lands would be held in reserve while old ones were being developed along modern scientific lines. Without the struggle that now is frequently necessary in the attempt to meet necessary overhead expenses, it would be possible to install permanent equipment needed for economic mining; the operator would know that he could depreciate that equipment on a producing-time, rather than on a largely idle-time, basis, and would not feel the necessity to recover his investment in a year or two.

Such control would also tend to minimize the waste in man-power that accompanies present methods. Introduction of modern machinery would be one factor; but the elimination of hundreds of mines from operation would in itself release thousands of men from the industry for other employment, and at the same time tend to increase the annual working time of those who remained. Conservation would be accomplished also in the selling end of the industry, since duplication of merchandizing forces would be unnecessary.

It is true that, as in other industries, such concentration in a small circle of control of the vast coal resources of the country would carry with it possibilities of evils and dangers; but it is to be doubted whether these would be as great, from the public's standpoint, as would the waste and inadequacy of government control. The public has not forgotten that heatless days and lightless nights were never known outside of federal control of coal, and that they happened then even after war-inconveniences were past. It may have forgotten that it was government interference that gave the union miners a wage-rate which is largely responsible for the present high price of fuel; and that it was government operation of the railroads which brought about freight-rates on coal that are the other real factor in present coal prices. It finds it possible under monopolistic conditions in the petroleum field to buy gasoline at a satisfactory price and with satisfactory service. It has voiced its sentiments in favor of private control of private business, and it stands ready, we believe, to back that expression, if need be, by revoking its presidential choice of 1920 if the present administration fails to deliver on its pledge.

The Government has been far more successful in coping with the evils of private monopolistic tendencies than it has been in attempts at direct control of an industry. In those fields where a few well-financed firms have gained control of the output, — as in Franklin County, Illinois, for instance, — a stability of policy tending toward efficiency is to be noted, as well as a stability of price in what may be called runaway markets. Is it not reasonable to suggest that an expansion of this control, rather than that of Government, may in the end prove the solution of the problem, and result in a real conservation of coal?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY WIFE'S ADDRESS-BOOK

I WONDER whether other women's address-books are like Cynthia's. Hers defies definition: it cannot be indexed or codified, but must be interpreted by its amazing creator. To give an idea of the system by which it has been compiled I must quote a specific instance.

The other day a lady who was calling on my wife inquired whether she could recommend a good laundress.

'Oh, certainly!' cried the practical Cynthia, 'I always keep the names and addresses of everyone who can possibly be useful to anyone. Algernon,' she called out to me as I was trying to read the paper in the next room, 'just look in my book of Social and Domestic Emergencies and tell me Nora Mahoney's address. It is something River Street.'

Obediently I took up the little red book with its alphabetical pages, and turning to the M's, ran my finger down the list, encountering on the way an alien group of P's who had somehow strayed into the wrong fold. There was no Mahoney among them. But I knew some of my wife's mental processes, and, nothing daunted, I turned to the N's, remembering that Cynthia had once dropped the remark that very few of the people she had ever employed seemed to have last names. There was no Nora among the Nightwatchmen, the Nurses, the Nellys, and the Neds. 'Is your name M or N?' I murmured as I abandoned both initials and turned to L for Laundress. Again I was thwarted, but my hunting-blood was stirred, and I feverishly, but vainly, sought the needle of a Nora in the haystack of Hired Help.

'Don't you find it, dear?' inquired Cynthia with a note of gentle surprise. 'Perhaps you had better let me look. You can never seem to learn my system of registration.'

When the mystic volume was in her hands, she appeared to go into a trance, and with eyes closed muttered, 'Let me see now, would it be under W for Washerwoman? No. Perhaps it might be under G for General Housework — don't you remember, Algernon, how cleverly Nora was always able to do things that we did n't want her to do? Here are the G's, — let me see, — Gasman, Gymnasium teacher, Mrs. Gordon, Glove Cleansing, Miss Grant, Oh, here we are! General Housework! Oh, no, that is n't Housework, it's General Houston — don't you remember that delightful man with the military moustache we met in Virginia? He gave me his card, and I just jotted his name down in my address-book. I put him among the G's because I knew that though I might forget his name, I should never forget that he was a General; so here he is, just where he belongs — only, where is Nora?'

She knit her brow for an instant and then unraveled it hastily. 'Now I remember! How stupid of me to forget the workings of my own mind! I always used to think that Nora's name was Agnes, — it's so exactly the same kind of a name, — and I probably put her down under A, thinking that is where I should look for her. Oh, yes, here she is!' she called to her patiently waiting friend. 'She leads off the A's, like Abou Ben Adhem. Nora Mahoney, 18 Brook Street — just what I told you, except that I thought it was River Street.'

A few days after this episode I tried to get Cynthia really to explain her address-book to me so that I might be able to assist others, or myself, in some domestic crisis, if she were away or ill; but she found me very literal and thick-witted.

'You see,' she interpreted, 'if a person has a very marked characteristic that distinguishes him more than his name, of course I put him down under the initial of his idiosyncrasy. For instance, there's that deaf old upholsterer that Aunt Eliza told me about, who comes to the house and does n't hear the awful noise he makes when he hammers. He is entered under D for Deaf Upholsterer, because the image that is flashed into my mind when the chairs need recovering is of a deaf man — the fact that his name is Rosenburg is of minor importance.'

'But you have such a confusing way of mixing names and profession,' I objected. 'For instance, those delightful English people who were so good to us in London, Sir James and Lady Taylor, would be flattered if they could see that right on the heels of Lady Taylor follows, "Ladies' Tailor, seventy-five dollars and not very good!" Then here under M is Mason, A. P., such and such a street. That of course is our old friend Miss Anna, but right under her name is Mason, A, with some business address following.'

'Oh, but A is n't an initial in that case,' cried Cynthia. 'A is just A, you know, *a mason* whose name I don't remember but who was highly recommended by the carpenter that time when the bricks fell out of the chimney! Really, Algernon, you don't seem to be using your mind.'

I was still doggedly turning over the pages, and hardly listened to her. 'Now look here,' I triumphantly exclaimed, 'can you give me any logical reason why under the letter F, I should find Mrs. Charles B. Redmond, 32 Pineland Road?'

'Why, of course I can!' Cynthia informed me without an instant's hesitation. 'Mrs. Charles Redmond was Fanny Flemming before she was married, and people always speak of her by her maiden name, on account of the alliteration, so I put her down under the initial that brings her to my mind, but of course using the names she is called by. Don't you see?'

I saw, but there were still unplumbed depths of mystery.

'Can you tell me, please,' I asked humbly, 'why there should be flowery beds of E's among the O's, and why a little oasis of blossoms beginning with B should be blooming among the weedy W's? I'm sure there is some perfectly good feminine reason, but —'

'Ah, *there* there is some excuse for you!' Cynthia acknowledged; 'but surely even you must always associate certain letters together for no apparent reason. For instance, perhaps you may have forgotten a name, but you are certain that it begins with a T. Later you remember the name and find that it does n't begin with a T at all, but with an L. Of course, there is some psychological reason why those two letters are associated together in your mind. Now to me, B and W are practically interchangeable, so I have put Mrs. Blake and the Burlingtons and old Miss Bosworth in with the W's, and the Wilkinsons and the Warners are among the B's. It really helps me very much to have them like that, but I can see that it would be confusing to people who had different group associations.'

I closed the little red volume abruptly. 'Oh, well, if your address-book is simply an Intelligence Test — 'I began.

But Cynthia interrupted me. 'It is n't an Intelligence Test, it 's an Intelligence Office,' she gently explained.

'Well, it's no use, I can't understand

it,' I confessed. 'Your addresses are as safe from me as if they were written in Sanscrit instead of ciphers, and were locked into a safety deposit vault. I have no key that fits, and I don't know the combination.'

'That 's because you 're a man,' my wife pityingly explained. 'There is n't a woman of my acquaintance who does n't do her address-book-keeping on this general plan, but the word that opens the combination is one that no man will ever understand.'

'Thank Heaven there are still the Telephone Book and the Social Register,' I cried, stung by the tone of superiority in Cynthia's voice.

But her last word was yet to be spoken. 'If ever you want to look up your own name in my address-book,' she said very sweetly, 'remember the Parable of the Deaf Upholsterer, and look under S.'

FAMILY PRAYERS

If, as one of the younger generation has remarked, 'Religion is the spiritual stream in which we are all floating or swimming or struggling or sinking,' I can only observe that the temperature of the stream is pleasantly tepid in these days, and that it wanders languidly through a flat and uneventful country. It has come a long way from the icy mountain streams and blue lakes that were its source. Back in my boyhood days, in Brierly, it flowed more swiftly, and the water was colder. Some courage was required to plunge into it, and some agility and skill to keep one's head above the current.

I am reminded of a recent statement made, one Sunday morning, by my sister Tryphena, to the effect that in her youth little boys did not play marbles on the Sabbath; and of the crisp note in the voice of my brother Edward's youngest son — aged seven — as he stood on tiptoe to reach his bag of marbles from the playroom shelf, and answered: 'Well, Aunt Tryphena, you see things have changed.'

True. Things have changed. Edward is a good, Christian father, and he goes to church every Sunday morning, when it is too warm or too cold or too wet on the links. He does his duty by his children, but I can't imagine him kneeling down by Jack and praying, with tears in his eyes, for light and strength and guidance for them both, and then supplementing prayer with a hickory switch, the way father did when John, who was twelve at the time, and a member of the church, profaned the Sabbath and outraged all Brierly traditions by wearing his new baseball suit on Sunday morning.

Of course, it was a particularly vivid suit. The trousers were red-and-white striped, and the jacket blue with white stars. And John, who knew only too well the result if he were caught in such a costume on the seventh day, climbed out of the window of his room and down over the woodshed roof, to show himself to Frances and Caroline, who were washing breakfast dishes in the kitchen. But one of the neighbors saw him, and strolled over to the front gate to chat with father; and father appeared at the woodshed door — an avenging Nemesis, with the hickory switch in his hand —

Yes, things have changed. There is still plenty of religion abroad in the land, but the faith that most of us hold nowadays is a milder, more comfortable variety than the sort that permeated Brierly when we were growing up. It seems to consist mainly of a vague optimism, combined with a gentle tolerance of all differing creeds that might be mistaken, by a skeptic, for indifference.

We were n't gently tolerant of other

creeds in Brierly. The details of salvation were desperately vital. Baptism and confirmation were ordeals of tremendous significance. Frances ran away when she was seven years old, to attend a Methodist revival, and was converted. On reaching home, she lay awake all night, from joy that her sins were forgiven; and though the older boys and girls, who had just joined our church, felt this to be an unparalleled piece of uppishness on her part, and father and mother insisted on her attending worship with her own family, no one questioned the depth or reality of her experience.

Things have changed, indeed; and who can doubt that they are changing for the better? Yet there was much beauty and sweetness in the religious life of those days, and many memories dear to us older ones that the present generation will never know. Edward's children are being brought up much as we were, with this difference: their badness is transformed into goodness because they love their parents and fear punishment, while our lives were regulated by the fact that we loved God and feared the devil — a very different thing in reality, although it seems to bring about much the same result.

Not that we had any lack of love for our parents. They stood as a firm bulwark between us and the devil, and as intermediaries between us and God. Father made public intercession for us with the Almighty every morning at prayers, and three times daily at grace before meals; and I know that mother's private devotions were unceasing. I never heard her pray aloud except once, when a visiting minister called on her unexpectedly to lead the Wednesday evening service, in prayer. That night she rose, said simply, 'God bless this meeting,' and quietly resumed her seat. I always felt that her silent petitions went fully as far as father's; but he was the nominal head of the family in matters religious. Every morning, directly after breakfast, he gathered us together in the parlor for family prayers,

We came from the laughter and fun of the breakfast-table into another atmosphere. Father, usually the merriest of us all, was suddenly grave and silent as he took the big family Bible in his hands. The hush that fell over us was accentuated by our being in the parlor; for we lived and played and studied in the 'sitting-room,' and the parlor was reserved for occasions of state. There was, moreover, a constraint born of our uncertainty whether our record for the past twenty-four hours would bear the sight of heaven and the family.

First, each child had to repeat a verse from the Bible. Next, father read aloud from the Scriptures, and then led us in prayer, each of us kneeling before the chair he had previously occupied. Mine was a small carved rosewood one, with a hard haircloth seat. I shut my eyes tight and laid my cheek against it, and tried not to see Edward snuggling into his green tufted cushion.

Father's prayers were really wonderful. In all the time we lived at Brierly, I am sure I never heard him say the same thing twice. And there was more to recommend them than their versatility. They were simple, direct, eloquent. He began by thanking God for the blessings of the day and night that had passed. Next he prayed for the conversion of the Jews, and for the ten tribes of Israel. These duties disposed of, he entered upon the real business of the day. One by one, he took his children by the hand, and led them before the throne of Grace. Our little triumphs were mentioned and our virtues extolled, — though this was always done guardedly, and accompanied by a petition that we might remain free from pride; — and our secret shortcomings were brought unflinchingly to the light.

Frances once told me that she knew the Bible meant father when it said, 'There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed'; and I remember thinking that she was the only one of us who would have dared to say it. But it was with mingled emotions of reverence and relief that we rose from our knees at the close of father's long prayer, and gathered around mother at the piano.

The music was best of all — partly because we all loved it, and partly because it came as a relaxation to minds and muscles after the prayer. On week-days we were limited to one hymn, on account of time; but on Sundays we frequently stood around the piano for an hour, while one 'Gospel Carol' followed another. Sometimes we selected our hymns from mixed motives. Once, after John had been sent upstairs to make his hands fit to be seen, Caroline chose to sing 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow'; and on the morning after the twins were born, my irrepressible Frances suggested: 'More and more, More and more, Still there's more to follow'; but was silenced, for once, by a look from father. Each of us had his favorite, and to this day certain tunes bring back those Sunday mornings with startling clearness, and the singing faces of those boys and girls.

'Pull for the shore, Sailor,' — and I see Gerald and Charlie, one on each side of the piano-stool. 'Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!' — John and Arthur, with their heads close together, singing bass and doing their best to ignore the other parts. 'Rock of Ages,' and Tryphena's face shines out of my memory, sweetly serious, and framed in smooth brown braids. 'Count your blessings' means Caroline's laughing blue eyes and clear soprano, with Edward trying to sing alto and not quite doing it; and whenever, in a Methodist church, I hear 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' I see Frances, true to the creed of her adoption, singing with all her might. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' is father, with the baby on his left arm, beating time with his right hand; and whenever I hear

'O happy band of pilgrims, if onward ye would tread,
With Jesus as your fellow, to Jesus as your head,'

I see the light shining through the east window, across the old square piano, upon mother's face.

The more I think of it, the surer I am that Edward's children are missing something.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

We talk glibly about the greed of profiteers; but there is a sheep-like streak in the human race, which makes us rather enjoy being exploited. How otherwise can one account for the rapidly increasing commercialization of every phase of human affection and sentiment? For instance, the artful and seductive advertiser has so trained us, that the first thing we think on hearing of a friend's engagement is: 'Good Heavens! What shall I give them for a wedding present?' Half-a-dozen weddings in a family are a serious tax on all but its most opulent members; and though something may be said in favor of the habit of receiving wedding presents, the middle-aged bachelor of either sex can find but few kind words for the custom of giving them.

And when the most beautiful festivals of the Church are exploited by the manufacturers and shopkeepers, it is time to call a halt. What idea of the Christian religion would the hypothetical visitor from Mars gain by strolling through the shopping district of any American town shortly before Easter? Easter bonnets, Easter bunnies, Easter eggs are bad enough; but by the time he came to 'Easter corsets,' it would be hard to convince him that Easter was

not as secular and frivolous a date as April Fool's Day.

Christmas has been even more thoroughly commercialized and desecrated, the better to fill money-bags that are already bursting open. Unfortunately, the money-bags have as their firmest allies the well-meaning folk who indulge in orgies of sentiment over what they sobbingly speak of as the 'Christmas spirit.' The scoffers who go on about sun-myths and Druid ceremonies and such-like entertainments will never hurt the spirit of Christmas; it is so human a quality that, like the rest of us, it can be hurt only by its friends. They who bring the Christmas spirit into disrepute are those admirable monsters of forethought who start during the January sales laying in the stock of their nefarious trade; who during December fill the house with reams of white tissue-paper and miles of red ribbon; who positively exude Christmas stickers and seals and tags and labels; who 'remember' everyone with at least a Christmas card; and whose deepest humiliation it is to be remembered by someone they had themselves forgotten. Their preparations endure up to Christmas Eve, their frenzy increasing as the hour approaches. Yet, when the long-expected day dawns at last, does anyone suppose that these virtuous souls can sit back and enjoy life? Far from it! By that time they are completely submerged in the return avalanche; for, to paraphrase the words of Scripture, to him that giveth shall be given; so the rest of the month is spent in writing and receiving unmeaning letters of hollow thanks.

What a horrid parody of what Christmas should be, might still be, if the admirable self-restraint and self-abnegation and sense of humor of my New Year's friend were more widely followed! I can see my New Year's friend in my mind's eye; not her features, — they are unfortunately rather vague and undefined, — but her delightfully whimsical and kindly expression, her look of gentle seriousness breaking into a delicious twinkle. She is generous, sensitive, reserved, humorous, and romantic, and it shows in her face. Though I know her so well, I fear that, in a court of law, this description of her would not be admitted as evidence. To tell the truth, all I actually know of my New Year's friend is that for the past four years I have received on that propitious date, either by an unknown messenger or by the minions of the late Mr. Burleson, a New Year's card accompanying a golden eagle or its paper equivalent, together with an admonition that it is to be spent solely on myself. The envelope is addressed in an unfamiliar hand and bears no stationer's stamp, nor is there any other clue to follow up. I spend the enclosure religiously on some useless and beguiling article, which I should otherwise never think of indulging in.

No other present has ever afforded me the pleasure, amusement, and interest of this anonymous gift; and I am convinced that the giver gets almost as much fun out of it as I do. She cannot fail to do so; for, though her gift does not coincide with Christmas, she has the real Christmas spirit, giving with no possibility of thanks, no hope of return. I am glad at last to be able to tell her a little of the pleasure she has given me. Luckily there is no doubt that she will see this, for a person of her unusual qualities of head and heart must be a confirmed reader of the *Atlantic!*

Now, having won the war, and made the world safe for democracy and the cider-mill and unsafe for the League of Nations and the purchaser of wood-alcohol, why cannot we turn to with a will and save Christmas for our descendants by following the methods of my New Year's friend? Our gifts need not take the form of hard cash, and

some of them might even be given at Christmas; but at least let them be anonymous and appropriate, let none be given to get rid of an obligation, or, still worse, of a last year's white elephant. We should give and receive fewer presents, but they would come radiant with the sheer joy of giving. We should be spared the agony of writing mendacious notes of thanks, and the horrible and demoralizing phrase, 'Suitable for Christmas gifts,' would disappear forever from the advertising columns of the daily press.

It is high time we remembered that the Christmas spirit has nothing in common with the gains of profiteers or with crowded shops and overworked saleswomen; still less with the giving of perfunctory and awkward thanks for perfunctory and undesired 'remembrances.' It should be as free as air, as spontaneous as a child's smile; and the gifts it inspires should be as anonymous as the other good things of life.

While we are about it, we might also rescue Easter from the clutches of the milliner, florist, and stationer, the Fourth of July from the exploitation of the gunpowder and fireworks manufacturer. These may seem very minor reforms, but a moment's reflection will show us that the commercialization of our pleasures and social instincts is one of the dangers of the world to-day, and that the reaction to this dimly perceived peril was a strong factor in the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment. Let us leave the Constitution alone in future, and reform ourselves. It can be done: my New Year's friend has shown the way.

WINTER MORNING

In winter-time we go to school;
And every day the motor-bus
Stops at the gate, and waits for us,
All full of children that we know,
Sitting inside, row after row.

It stops and gets them, one by one,
And brings them home when school is
done.

Then there is ice upon the pool
Where lilies grow. The leafless trees
Stand shivering in the winter breeze,
Except where here and there is seen
A cheerful, warm-clad evergreen.

There 's one I always like to see.
It stands alone upon a hill
Just like some giant's Christmas tree.
I'd like to see the giant fill
It full of giant toys and light
Big candles on it Christmas night.

But when the world is deep in snow
That sparkles coldly in the sun,
And motor-buses cannot run;
They send a pung with runners wide
And two long seats for us inside.

That is the way I like to go.
The horses prance, and ting-a-ling
The bells upon their harness ring.
The driver cracks his whip, and blows
Steam, like a dragon, through his nose.

The birds look lonely as they fly
Across the solemn winter sky.
I wish they were just half as gay
As happy children in a sleigh.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A. Clutton-Brock, critic of art and lover of gardens, has at the *Atlantic's* request contributed a number of papers on modern dangers and difficulties, varied in their subject, but alike in ascribing to religion the real hope of the future. The secret which brought her consolation at a time of anguish many years ago, and which has ever since been the constant companion of her thoughts, **Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon** now feels it right to share with others. The record is, of course, faithful to the last detail. The writer of 'Shell-Shocked — and After,' for manifest reasons, prefers to remain unknown. After many actual pilgrimages to the Orient, **L. Adams Beck** now makes an imaginary one into the heart of the Chinese Empire of other days.

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Margaret Widdemer is a well-known poet of the younger generation. **Anne C. E. Allinson,** author of 'Roads from Rome' and (with her husband) 'Greek Lands and Letters,' was formerly dean of the Women's College in Brown University. From her girlhood experiences upon her father's Southern plantation, **Eleanor C. Gibbs** recalls these memories of old-time slaves. Her forebears were kinsmen of another Virginia planter, George Washington. **Bertrand Russell,** long famous as a mathematician and philosopher, is a grandson of Lord John Russell, the eminent British statesman. Mr. Russell has just returned to London from a winter's stay in China, where he has been teaching at the Government University in Peking.

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This interpretative reading of Shakespeare's letters brings **Miss Ellen Terry** back for one more curtain call. It is characteristic of her discrimination to find in the Shakespearean field a topic quite unworn. During the war **Arthur Pound** edited a confidential weekly bulletin of trade and commodity information, issued by the Chief Cable Censor, U.S.N., for the guidance of American naval censors in handling business cable and radio messages. Traces of this training in international trade-practices are evident now and then in the 'Iron Man' papers. **Margaret Wilson Lees** is a Canadian essayist.

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We wonder how many readers will remember **Agnes Repplier's** first two contributions to the *Atlantic,* on 'Children, Past and Present,' and 'On the Benefits of Superstition.' They marked the beginning of the long and delightful series, different in quality and kind from anything else America has to show. **Christopher Morley,** whose 'Bowling Green' is the sportive element of the New York *Evening Post,* advocates newspaper work because it 'keeps one in such a ferment of annoyance, haste, interruption, and misery, that, occasionally, one gets jolted far enough from the normal to commit something worth while.' **William Beebe's** new book, 'Edge of the Jungle,' is reviewed in this month's *Atlantic.* **Harrison Collins,** at present a member of the faculty in one of the Imperial Normal Colleges in Japan, bases his story on an actual experience with Japanese goldfish and fishermen.

* * *

Sir Arthur H. Pollen is, perhaps, the best-known naval critic in the United Kingdom. Our attention was originally called to **Sisley Huddleston** through the warm recommendation of Mr. Arnold Bennett. Throughout the Paris Conference, his journalistic work seemed to us of the highest importance. Since then *Atlantic* readers have had opportunities to judge it through a number of articles which, once read, are not easily forgotten. **Jean Sokoloff,** the Scotch widow of a Russian officer, after her recent escape from Petrograd, made a flying visit to American cousins, and has returned to her home in Glasgow. **Walter L. Ballou** is the associate editor of *The Black Diamond,* the official organ of the Coal Industry.

* * *

At Mr. Pound's request, we are glad to publish the following acknowledgment.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The receipt of the October number, containing the first of my articles on 'The Iron Man,' brought forcibly to my mind the absorption with which I must have been vacationing when you wrote me

in August of your decision to run the 'Education' and 'International Politics' articles ahead of the 'War.' Otherwise, I am sure I should not have failed, at the outset, to acknowledge gratefully my indebtedness to an unusual man for valuable material.

Mutual friends, knowing my absorption in industrial problems, brought me into touch a year ago with Ernest F. Lloyd of Ann Arbor, Michigan. After some thirty years as a manufacturer of gas-making machinery, and as a public-utility operator supplying gas to several towns, Mr. Lloyd had acquired, as he says philosophically, 'sufficient worldly credit to forego business with decency untainted by affluence.' He took up his residence at Ann Arbor, entering the University of Michigan as a special student in economics. Thereby he reversed the usual educational process, and was able to check theory by practice, and *vice versa*. Starting from the firm base of experience, he studied acutely the problems of capital and labor, especially those underlying economic principles affecting the organization of employers and wage-workers, their bargaining powers and limitations of reward, the historical development of these relations, the influences of modern machinery thereon, and the status of the corporation as the modern industrial employer. These researches ultimately may be published for textbook use in colleges; some have already appeared in academic journals.

Meanwhile Mr. Lloyd kindly gave me free use of his manuscripts, and I have based the economic aspects of 'The Iron Man' largely upon them. On the political, psychological, biological, and educational aspects of the case, my friend will admit no more than a friendly interest, though his keen criticism has been invaluable even there. However, in his special field our articles are really collaborations, in which my observations in the field have been tested in the Lloyd crucible before being passed on to the public *via* the *Atlantic*. Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR POUND.

* * *

Mrs. Cannon's frank expression of misgiving regarding the organization of present-day charity has been seriously debated all over the United States. The Associated Charities of several cities have made it the subject of discussion at stated meetings; and letters from charitable workers, both in support and in attack, have poured in on us. We are sorry to find room for only a few.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mrs. Cannon's article contains many wise and helpful suggestions, but contains also a pretty serious indictment against the philanthrophy of the past thirty years. The author characterizes it as short-sighted and unintelligent, reluctant to coöperate, and apt to be too superficial and selfish to seek the real good of the community, when that implies self-effacement.

He would be a bold man who should affirm that there are no so-called philanthropists whose work is open to these charges, but are they the representative men and women of this calling? If you have charges to make against the medical profession, for instance, you would not select the tyros, the quacks, or the practitioners before the time of Lister, to illustrate your point. A profession has a right to be judged by its best — its great men and the humble but earnest followers who are striving to live up to their ideals.

The philanthrophy of the last thirty years means Jane Addams, Josephine Shaw Lowell, and the thousands of men and women who are spending their lives, like them, in the struggle to bring scientific methods and the profoundest teachings of modern philosophy into the study of human betterment. To private philanthropy we owe to-day most of the public work in that direction. Evening schools, vacation schools, supervised play, the fight against tuberculosis — all these movements and many others were tried out in philanthropic laboratories, and handed over to the city or state after their value and practicability had been proved. Surely 'tenderness and pity' are not incompatible with 'reasoning intelligence'! Sincerely yours,

HELEN CABOT ALMY.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Please permit one of your readers to pay his respects to 'Philanthropic Doubts,' the leading article in your September number. Naturally, as the work of an accomplished thinker and writer, it is delightful reading; probably no less delightful that one finds, instead of 'doubts,' a confident argument in support of quite definite views. This, perhaps, opens the way to an expression of some doubts touching those views. For example:

1. How will this strike the philanthropists?

2. Are reformed philanthropists the key to improved government and the ideal social condition?

3. Assuming that, when shown the error of their ways, they will refrain from further contributions and aid to charitable undertakings, will the philanthropists pour their charity funds into the coffers of the State, and devote to the State their energies hitherto given to philanthropic undertakings?

4. How does it stand with sound principles of government to attempt to make of the State — the community in its corporate, governmental capacity — a universal providence? N.B. Russia under Bolshevism.

5. Can there be an ideal social condition without ideal human beings?

6. Does democratic government seem to be in a fair way to become the perfect, final form of government, and a hopeful agency for bringing the millennium? RUTHERFORD H. PLATT.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Social workers have no quarrel with the person who wishes to lift himself by his boot-straps and who refuses a friendly boost by the philanthropist. Such people rarely sit in a Charity office, and if they do, their visit is only an occasional one. Social workers merely supply the knowledge and incentive for self-fulfillment to those people who, through poverty, have grown stolid, hopeless,

and indifferent. Rarely is pressure brought to bear upon a man in order to make him docile to the wishes or caprice of the philanthropist. Health decisions are practically the only ones ever forced, and these, for the most part, only when the welfare of a child is at stake. As to the philanthropist's influence upon the people with whom he deals, that is impossible to measure. Perhaps, as Mrs. Cannon says, the majority of our clients 'act upon our advice if they must, they disregard it if they can, but they preserve untouched the inner citadel of their personality.' This, however, is no indictment against the philanthropist, but against human nature. God forbid that any of us should fling wide to all comers the inner gates of our personality!

Yours sincerely,
FLORENCE SYTZ.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Perhaps I may be permitted to speak a word for the Settlements, which are included in the alleged 'perfect orgy of charitable activity' in which philanthropists are said to have indulged for the past thirty years. The Settlements have consistently endeavored to avoid the dangers of philanthropic work against which the author rightly inveighs. From the very first they have tried to become an integral part of their neighborhood. An attitude of condescension is as abhorrent to them as to Mrs. Cannon. A cardinal principle of settlement work has been to seek the coöperation of their neighbors in improving local conditions. Their aim, as it was put long ago, I believe by Jane Addams, has been to work *with* and not *for* people. I think it can safely be said that they are not hampered by the 'philanthropists' first handicap' — that of making their 'human contacts on the basis of infirmities, poverty, ignorance, sin, never on the basis of any mutual interest or responsibility.' It is precisely on the basis of mutual interest and responsibility that they seek to make their contacts with their neighbors. Again, the Settlements have all along been trying to pass over to the tax-payers such of their experiments in the promotion of social welfare as have proved of permanent value. Mrs. Cannon concedes that certain 'social pioneers' have done essential work, and that, 'in so far as charitable societies catch the spirit of these adventures and hold the ideal of their own labor as pioneering, they do a vital work, and in the future as in the past, will be essential to social progress.' Without, I trust, assuming too much, Settlement residents may take heart from this admission, for they have thought (modestly, I hope) that such pioneering was an important part of their work, and they believe that the time is not yet come for them to shut up shop. As a matter of fact, modern social workers, like the members of the medical profession, are really intent upon putting themselves out of business, but, like the doctors again, they have not yet achieved this desirable end. Let us not neglect the extension and improvement of public-welfare agencies, while, for the present at least, we maintain such private philanthropies as are serving the community. Very truly yours,
GAYLORD S. WHITE.

Oh, the crimes of the Intellect!

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The popularity of the *Atlantic* with wide-ranging peoples was demonstrated recently, when our house was entered in the night-time, and, along with food-stuffs, safety-razor, flash-light, and sundry kitchen vessels, the August and September *Atlantics* were taken, *with a reading-glass.*

Respectfully yours, HENRY A. BLAKE.

* * *

Our readers seem to think, since there is a woman in the case, that twelve hundred, and not twelve, is the requisite number for a jury. From the full panel we have selected one for the body of the magazine, and here is another for the Column.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your story 'The Jury' intrigues me. It recalls by its unannounced verdict *The Lady or the Tiger?*

It is not easy to determine the exact nature of the plea. There is no prosecution and there is not a suggestion of a defense. It is not quite a petition for pardon with restoration of civil rights. The guilty person — I beg her pardon, the heroine — is not a petitioner of any sort; only, as always, a recipient of unrequited favors. The question seems to be: shall other benefactors rush in to fill a temporary vacancy, her late 'protector' having been removed by death?

The principal speaker's status is not quite clear. Is it that of the *amicus curiæ* of the civil, or of the *advocatus diaboli* of the ecclesiastical court, or just 'your orator' of the old court of equity? She herself is, however, sufficiently convincing. And how admirable are her accessories! The first cigarette that she lights seems to dispel all illusions as to old-fashioned social conventions. The second seems to symbolize the weakened will-power that over-indulgence produces. And then the bridge table! It seems symbolic of the ennui of the unoccupied time of the 'idle rich.'

Surely there can be no question as to the verdict. One seems to hear the unanimous cry: 'Tell Violet Osborne to return. The seventh commandment is out of date. No one can expect a rich woman to care for her children. We take no stock in this talk about "much being required from those to whom much has been given."'

But might not the whole company be persuaded to join Violet Osborne 'abroad,' and make room here for a few more who want to vindicate for America a moral supremacy in meeting the needs of a world wrecked by selfishness and self-indulgence? Very truly yours,
ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD.

* * *

The clergy of the old school kept their sermons in barrels. But now — ?

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You are always glad, I know, to hear how useful you are. Even your wrappers are of use — for sermon-covers. I'm sure the sermons acquire a literary quality they might not otherwise possess.

Practical, too; for each manuscript bears my name and address; you can appreciate the importance of that. One, which I had left by mistake in a strange pulpit, I had returned to me the other day by mail. Sincerely yours,

A. D. Swively.

* * *

In the September number of the *Atlantic*, Mr. Newton, discussing his delightful Old Lady, London, made something of a whipping-post of old Thomas Carlyle. The editor, who has loved the cantankerousness of Teufelsdröch for forty years, gladly prints this letter from an indignant disciple.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the September *Atlantic* the author of the *Amenities of Book-Collecting* slipped from amenities in interrupting his tale of love for 'My Old Lady, London' to express some misinformation about Carlyle.

Our amenitor was treading in Carlyle's footsteps in searching out the Gough Square house: and if he proceeds, he may find other points of agreement. His specific charge is this: 'Carlyle! who never had a good or kindly word to say of any man or thing.' Carlyle has lain in his grave for forty years. When Johnson had lain in his grave for forty-seven years, Carlyle wrote of him: 'Johnson does not whine over his existence, but manfully makes the most and best of it. . . . He is animated by the spirit of the true *workman*, resolute to do his work well; and he *does* his work well; all his work, that of writing, that of living. . . . Loving friends are there! Listeners, even Answerers: the fruit of his long labors lies round him in fair legible writings, of Philosophy, Eloquence, Morality, Philology: some excellent, all worthy and genuine Works: for which too, a deep, earnest murmur of thanks reaches him from all ends of his Fatherland. Nay, there are works of Goodness, of undying Mercy, which even he has possessed the power to do: "What I gave I have; what I spent I had!" . . . How to hold firm to the last the fragments of old Belief, and with earnest eye still discern some glimpses of a true path, and go forward thereon, "in a world where there is much to be done and little to be known"! This is what Samuel Johnson, by act and word, taught his Nation; what his Nation received and learned of him, more than of any other. . . . If England has escaped the blood-bath of a French Revolution, and may yet, in virtue of this delay and of the experience it has given, work out her deliverance calmly into a new Era, let Samuel Johnson, beyond all contemporary or succeeding men, have the praise of it. . . . Since the time of John Milton, no braver heart had beat in any English bosom than Samuel Johnson now bore.'

Better or kindlier words concerning Sam Johnson it will tax the *Amenities of Book-Collecting* to discover.

But enough. Good and kindly words; great, affectionate thoughts Carlyle had for Scott, for Sterling, for Irving, for Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymer, for Allan Cunningham, for Dickens, for Tennyson, for Emerson, and had their sincere and lasting love — contemporaries all; and the list might be extended indefinitely.

Merritt Starr.

* * *

Into each life some rain must fall. The poems penned in wet weather have not infrequently a certain melancholy appeal.

Dear Atlantic, —

I submit herewith an 'Il Penseroso' for that 'L'Allegro' entitled 'Joy' in the October number of your revered publication. Shall we call it

SADNESS

When I am sad
There seems to be
A big Dreadnaught
Inside of me.

It sags, and drags
Down to my feet;
And yet I lose
No chance to eat.

From my sub-con-
Scious mind doth come
(Down in my ep-
I-gas-tri-um)

A 'What care I,
Though there should be
A *fleet* of woe
Inside of me?

For may I not
Of such a toy
At once disarm,
And so find joy?

Very truly yours,
Kate E. Parker.

* * *

We always did like a pessimist. He has a way of looking the world right in the eye. But the editor's family is too considerable to admit of his accepting the following proposal.

Dear Atlantic, —

Am wondering whether you will be interested in a 3000-word article on 'Must Human Propagation Continue?' In a thorough discussion of the subject I suggest the thought that the numerous troubles in the world will cease, and its great problems be solved, only by a cessation of multiplication, sorrow and death be at an end, and the earth itself be better off without human beings. Very truly yours, —— ——.

The same mail brings us a contribution entitled 'The Horrors of Matrimony'; but that — as we might have guessed, even if the note-paper had not told us so — is by a member of the League for the Preservation of Wild Life.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

If in all the world there had never been a printed page about Christmas, where, forsooth, would Christmas be to-day? Not inscribed, for one thing, on all the calendars of Christendom as the 25th of December, nor written down, for another, in whole libraries of books, as the universal festival of affection, of thoughts and words of kindness translated into deeds of kindness.

Christmas and books are thus, in the very nature of things, inseparable, and books have come to stand, with toys for the youngest and flowers for certain older friends, as the most natural medium for the expression of Christmas feeling. Therefore it is almost impossible, in this month of the year, to talk of shop without drifting into the realm of sentiment.

It is frankly shop to say that, as Christmas approached, we found our supply of the facsimile reprint of the first edition of **Dickens's** *Christmas Carol* so nearly exhausted that we have made a second printing of this Christmas book *par excellence*. The American counterpart of the English classic of Christmas is **Clement C. Moore's** *A Visit from St. Nicholas*, this year, for the first time, included in our list of Christmas publications. There has been no attempt to reproduce the typography of the poem as it originally appeared; but **Mr. Bruce Rogers** has clothed the little book in a dress of type and binding that imparts a true 'period' flavor, and, more than that, has taken the text, which has suffered various transmutations in its many reprintings, literally from the original (1837) edition. Whether you want to put your undiluted Christmas sentiment into an English or an American form, here are the classics by which either inclination may be gratified.

* * *

Puritanism was a pretty poor friend to Christmas, yet, according to Professor Palmer, in his article on 'The Puritan Home' in the November *Atlantic*, 'it set great store on intellectual vigor and filled its homes with books.' That is certainly to be counted to the credit of the Puritans, and we may now indulge a little pity for them because there were no Christmas books to swell their libraries. In **Miss Frances Lester Warner's** Atlantic pamphlet, *Merry Christmas from Boston*, there is a lively reminder of the Puritan temper toward Christmas, drawn from that thesaurus of Puritanism, the diary of Judge Samuel Sewell. The judge had a Church of England neighbor, one General Nicholson, who went to church on Christmas Day, a Saturday, and on the Sunday that followed 'was this Lord's Day Rummaging and Chittering with Wheelbarrows etc. to get aboard at Long Wharf, and Firing Guns and Setting Sail.' We are no advocates of Rummaging and Chittering on the Lord's Day ourselves, but the general who kept Christmas rather appeals to us, and we believe he would have liked the pamphlet in which he is brought to light again, and especially Mr. Maurice Day's sketch of him — is he Chittering or Rummaging, or both, at the moment on which the artist has seized?

Since Mr. Day made his characteristic drawings for Miss Warner's *Merry Christmas*, by the way, a Committee of Awards, appointed by the American Institute of Graphic Arts, has awarded him a first prize of $1000 in a competition for cover-designs. Mr. Day's drawings for our little pamphlet are no better than they were before this honor was bestowed upon him; but the award constitutes a sort of *imprimatur*, in which we cannot help taking pleasure.

* * *

It is, indeed, always an agreeable pursuit to record the honors that befall our friends. One of the most notable of these has been the recent award of the 'George Robert White Medal of Honor' by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, 'for eminent service in horticulture,' to **Mrs. Francis King**, of Alma, Michigan, the author of our recently published book, *The Little Garden*. This is the highest horticultural honor in the United States, and has been bestowed in the past upon the baker's dozen of men in America and Europe whose names represent the most distinguished work in the field of horticulture, Professor Charles S. Sargent, Sir Harry James Veitch, and others. It has never before been awarded to a woman. It places on Mrs. King's writing a seal of authority which cannot often be associated with so much of charm as she imparts to her work.

One reader of *The Little Garden*, himself an enlightened enthusiast in gardening, writing from Manitoba, calls it 'the most inspiring and, withal, the most practical book on gardening I have ever read'; declaring further that 'everyone who reads it must become an amateur landscape architect, or be immune to the force of suggestion altogether,' and that '*The Little Garden* should be in millions of ordinary homes all over America.' An Arkansas editor, preaching the gospel of loveliness and order, which are sadly lacking in the land, exclaims, 'I wish I could afford to distribute

10,000 copies.' We share his wish, and are hopeful enough to believe that, through a healthy division of labor, it is quite possible to achieve the end this generous editor has in view, and to achieve it even while the book is celebrating its first Christmas; for it is a book which at least 10,000 amateur gardeners might profitably begin to study and enjoy before the January thaw.

* * *

But there are still other honors to chronicle. *The Mutineers*, by **Mr. Charles Boardman Hawes**, has been chosen for printing in 'embossed type' by the Perkins Institution for the Blind. Those who see have discovered in Mr. Hawes's second story, *The Great Quest*, another remarkable addition to the shelf of marine adventure. In quite another field, another writer on our list, **Alice Van Leer Carrick**, author of *Collector's Luck*, has received a gratifying 'recognition' in her appointment as consulting editor of a new magazine, *Antiques*, which is intended to provide for Americans what the London *Connoisseur* gives to English readers. The collector who has not yet had the luck to collect *Collector's Luck*, the young in heart to whom Mr. Hawes's books are still unknown, should certainly not be overlooked at this time.

* * *

How many readers of these pages are aware of our preparedness to forward any books on our list to any address they may specify? A special card, with a yawning blank to be filled with the Christmas giver's name, inscribed in our best handwriting, stands ready for use. It is not nearly so bad as such things can be.

* * *

Then there are the Atlantic Christmas cards and prints. It is about as hard to describe these to any purpose as it is to write intelligible directions for tying a knot — and the phrasing of instructions for the production of a clove hitch has recently been proposed as a crucial test of one's command over the English language. We can only ask our readers who cannot examine these prints for themselves to believe that our discretion in such matters is matched by our ability to tie a clove hitch — and in that we have long been proficient.

* * *

Was it not Lowell who called the more sumptuous volumes on his shelves 'editions of looks'? A whole essay might be written, especially at Christmas time, on the relations between *luxe* and *looks*, the intrinsic and the skin-deep, the 'good' and the 'cheap.' The skeleton is easy enough to articulate. We shall clothe it with flesh only to the extent of saying that, in our limited edition of **Bliss Perry's** *Life and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson*, we feel that the beautiful surface and the sound core have a singleness of quality that is far from common. It would be only tantalizing to talk about the limited edition of *A Magnificent Farce*, for the collectors had bespoken all the copies of it long before publication. Large-paper copies of the *Letters of William James*, published a year ago at the same time with the regular edition, are still available. So, too, are copies of the *Scholar's Letters to a Young Lady*, published only in a limited edition, which has now been almost wholly absorbed by the knowing readers who do not want to find themselves without the single existing book devoted entirely to the unique personality of **Professor Child** of Harvard. As for *luxe* and *looks*, there was never a shrewder discriminator between them than he.

* * *

We should be doing ourselves, and the printers and binders who have done so well by us through the recent months of tribulation, a grave injustice, if we should give the impression, through talking about 'large-paper editions,' that we have any misgivings with regard to the appearance of the 'trade editions' of our books with two suits of clothing, and of those others which have only one, and that of the homespun sort. A year ago, when the *Letters of William James* appeared, the *New Republic*, commenting upon its outward form in the 'regular' edition, spoke of the 'two slim volumes which are a credit to American book-making, and which would have delighted the eyes of their fastidious author.' This impression was not produced by accident, and it is not by accident that the trade editions of **Mr. Newton's** new book, *A Magnificent Farce*, and **Professor Perry's** *Life and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson*, are also greeted as good examples of the book-maker's art. **Mr. Underwood's** bear story of *Wild Brother*, **Mrs. Van Rensselaer's** *Many Children*, **Miss Turner's** *Zodiac Town* may fairly be mentioned as typical products of the care that has gone into the making of all our new books. We have always admired the restraint of the advertiser who simply announces that his wares are good wares. If we have yielded to the monthly temptation to 'blow up the trumpet in the new moon,' let us do penance, and make the bare announcement that Atlantic Books are Good Books.

* * *

All this while we may have seemed to be drifting rather far from the Christmas sentiments with which we began these rambling remarks. With the slightest consciousness of transition we drift back to them, and venture to express the hope that all Christmas stockings capacious enough to accommodate Atlantic books may be well filled with them, and that those who give and those who receive may experience in the process one of the genuine pleasures of Christmas.

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